





ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN

Prose and Verse ;

SELECTED FROM THE

FUGITIVE PRODUCTIONS

OF THE DAY,

WITH A VIEW TO ILLUSTRATE THE

OPINIONS, WIT, AND TASTE

OF THE

PRESENT AGE,

“ AND CATCH THE MANNERS LIVING
AS THE RISE.”

“ I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers,
and have brought nothing of my own but the thread
that ties them.”

Montaigne.

VOL. VII.

YEOVIL.



I asked some questions about the infernal-machine transaction. Napoleon replied in the following manner:—"It was about Christmas time, and great festivities were going on. I was much pressed to go to the Opera. I had been greatly occupied with business all the day, and, in the evening, found myself sleepy and tired. I threw myself on a sofa in my wife's saloon, and fell asleep. Josephine came down some time after, awoke me, and insisted that I should go to the theatre. She was an excellent woman, and wished me to do every thing to ingratiate myself with the people. You know that when women take a thing into their heads, they will go through with it, and you must gratify them. Well, I got up, much against my inclination, and went in my carriage, accompanied by Lasnes and Bessieres. I was so drowsy that I fell asleep in the coach. I was asleep when the explosion took place, and I recollect, when I awoke, experiencing a sensation as if the vehicle had been raised up, and was passing through a great body of water. The contrivers of this were a man named St. Regent, Imolan, a religious man, who has since gone to America and turned priest, and some others. They got a cart and a barrel resembling that which water is supplied through the streets of Paris, with this exception, that the barrel was put cross-ways. This he had filled with gunpowder, and placed it and himself nearly in the turning of the street through which I was to pass. What saved me was, that my wife's carriage was the same in appearance as mine, and there was a guard of fifteen men to each. Imolan did not know which I was in, and indeed was not certain that I should be in either of them. In order to ascertain this, he stepped forward to look into the carriage, and assure himself of my presence. One of my guards, a great tall strong fellow, impatient and angry at seeing a man stopping up the way and staring into the carriage, rode up, and gave him a kick with his great boot, crying, 'get out of the way, *pekin*,' which knocked him down. Before he could get up, the carriage had passed a little on. Imolan being confused I suppose by the fall, and by his intentions, not perceiving that the carriage had passed, ran to the cart and exploded his machine between the two carriages. It killed the horse of one of my guards and wounded the rider, knocked down several houses, and killed and wounded about forty or fifty *badouls*, who were gazing to see me pass. The police collected together all the remnants of the cart and the machine, and invited all the workmen in Paris to come and look at them. The pieces were recognised by several. One said, I made this, another that, and all agreed that they had sold them to two men, who by their accent were Bas Bretons; but nothing more could be ascertained. Shortly after, the hackney coachmen and others of that description gave a great dinner in the Champs Elysees to Cesar, my coachman, thinking that he had saved my life by his skill and activity at the moment of the explosion, which was not the case, for he was drunk at the time. It was the guardsman who saved it by knocking the fellow down. Possibly, my coachman may have assisted by driving furiously round the corner, as he was drunk and not afraid of any thing. He was so far gone, that he thought the report of the explosion was that of a salute fired in honour of my visit to the theatre. At this dinner, they all took their bottle freely, and drank to Cesar's health. One of them, when he was drunk, said, 'Cesar, I know the men who tried to blow the First Consul up the other day. In such a street, and such a house (naming them), I saw on that day a cart like a water-cart coming out of a passage, which attracted my attention, as I never had seen one there before. I observed the men and the horse, and should know them again.' The Minister of Police was sent for; he was interrogated, and brought them to the house which he had mentioned, where they found the measure with which the conspirators had put the powder into the barrel, with some of the powder still adhering to it. A little also was found scattered about. The master of the house, on being questioned, said that there had been people there for some time, whom he took to be smugglers; that on the day in question they had gone out with the cart, which he supposed to contain a loading of smuggled goods. He added, that they were Bas Bretons, and that one of them had the appearance of being master over the other two. Having now a description of their persons, every search was made for them, and St. Regent and Carbon were taken, tried, and executed. It was a singular circumstance that an inspector of police had noticed the cart standing at the corner of the street for a long time, and had ordered the person who was with it to drive it away; but he made some excuse, and said that there was plenty of room, and the other seeing what he thought to be a water cart, with a miserable horse, not worth twenty francs, did not suspect any mischief."

"If," said he, "I were at the head of affairs in England, I would devise some means of paying off the national debt. I would appropriate to that purpose the whole of the church livings, except a tenth (always excepting those whose incomes were moderate), in a manner that the salary of the highest amongst the clergy should not exceed eight hundred or a thousand a year. What business have those priests with such enormous incomes? They should follow the directions of JESUS CHRIST, who ordered that, as pastors to the people, they should set an example of moderation, humanity, virtue, and poverty, instead of wallowing in riches, luxury, and sloth. In Cambray, before the Revolution, two-thirds of all lands belonged to the church, and a fourth in most other provinces of France. I would appropriate to a similar purpose all sinecures, except those enjoyed by men who had rendered most eminent services to the state; and, indeed, even those might be rewarded by giving them some office, in which they would be obliged to do something. If

you emancipated the Catholics, they would readily pay an immense sum towards liquidating the nation's debt. I cannot conceive," continued he, "why your Ministers have not emancipated them. At the time that all nations are emerging from illiberality and intolerance, you retain your disgraceful laws, which are only worthy of two or three centuries back. When the Catholic question was first seriously agitated, I would have given fifty millions to be assured that it would not be granted; for it would have entirely ruined my projects upon Ireland; as the Catholics, if you emancipated them, would become as loyal subjects as the Protestants. I would," continued he, "impose a tax of fifty per cent. upon absentees, and perhaps diminish the interest upon the debt."

I made some observations upon the intolerance which had been manifested on some occasions by the Catholics.

"The inability to rise above a certain rank, and to be Members of Parliament, and other persecutions once removed from your Catholic brethren," replied he, "you will find that they will be no longer intolerant or fanatical. Fanaticism is always the child of persecution. That intolerance which you complain of, is also the result of your oppressive laws. Remove them once, and put them on a similar footing with the Protestants, and in a few years you will find the spirit of intolerance disappear. Do as I did in France with the Protestants."

Had some conversation about Alexandria.—"Your Ministers," said he, "acted most unwisely in not having retained possession of Alexandria. For if you had kept it *then*, it would now be an old robbery like Malta, and would have remained with you quietly. Five thousand men would be sufficient to garrison it, and it would pay itself by the great trade you would have in Egypt. You could prohibit the introduction of all manufactures except English, and consequently you would have all the commerce of Egypt, as there is no other sea-port town in the country. In my opinion, it would be to you an acquisition far preferable to Gibraltar, or Malta. Egypt once in possession of the French, farewell India to the English. This was one of the grand projects I aimed at. I know not why you set so great a value upon Gibraltar, as it is a bad harbour, and costs an enormous sum of money. From it you cannot prevent a fleet from passing into the Mediterranean. When I was sovereign of France, I would much rather have seen Gibraltar in your hands, than in those of the Spaniards; because your having possession of it, always fed the hatred of the Spaniards against you." I observed that it had been reported he had intended to besiege it, and for that purpose had marched a great army into Spain; although others said that his object was merely to get his troops a footing in that country. He laughed, and said, "*C'est vrai*. Turkey," added he, "must soon fall, and it will be impossible to divide it without allotting some portion to France, which will be Egypt. But, if you had kept Alexandria, you would have prevented the French from obtaining it, and of ultimately gaining possession of India, which will certainly follow their possession of Egypt."

Napoleon observed, that he found Peltier's *Ambigu* very interesting, though it contained many falsehoods and *betises*. "I have been reading," continued he, "the account of the battle of Waterloo contained in it, which is nearly correct. I have been considering who could have been the author. It must have been some person about me. Had it not been for the imbecility of Grouchy," added he, "I should have gained that day."

I asked if he thought that Grouchy had betrayed him intentionally. "No, no," replied Napoleon, "but there was a want of energy on his part. There was also treason amongst the staff. I believe, that some of the staff-officers whom I had sent to Grouchy, betrayed me, and went over to the enemy. Of this, however, I am not certain, as I have never seen Grouchy since."

"Mouton Duvernet," said he, "suffered unjustly, at least considering all circumstances, he did not deserve it more than another. He hung upon the flanks of my little army for two days, and his intentions were for the King. But every one joined me. The enthusiasm was astonishing. I might have entered Paris with four hundred thousand men, if I had liked. What is still more surprising, and I believe unparalleled in history is, that it was effected without any conspiracy. There was no plot, no understanding with any of the generals in France. Not one of them knew my intentions. In my proclamations consisted the whole of my conspiracy. With them I effected every thing. With them I led the nation. Not even Massena knew of my intention. When he was informed of my having landed with a few hundred men he disbelieved it, and pronounced it impossible, thinking that if I had entertained such a project I should have made him acquainted with it. The Bourbons want to make it appear that a conspiracy existed in the army, which is the reason they have shot Mouton Duvernet, Ney, and others, because my having effected what I did, not by the aid of a conspiracy, or by force, as not a musket was fired, but by the general wish of the nation, reflects such disgrace upon them."

"There never was yet," continued Napoleon, "a King who was more the sovereign of the people than I was. If I were not possessed of the smallest talent, I could reign easier in France than Louis and the Bourbons, endowed with the greatest abilities. The mass of the French nation hate the old nobles and the priests. I have not sprung from the *ancienne noblesse*, nor have I ever too much encouraged the priests. The French nation have predominant in them, *la vanita, la leggerezza, l'indipendenza, ed il capriccio*,† with an unconquerable passion for glory. They will as soon do without bread, as without glory; and a proclamation will lead them (*les entrainer*). Unlike England, where the inhabitants of a whole county may be inflamed by, and will follow the opinion of two or three noble families, they must be themselves courted."

† Vanity, levity, independence, and caprice.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. BARRY O'MEARA'S BOOK
"A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA."

I asked him if he thought that Paul had been mad? "Certainly," said Napoleon, "I believe that he was. At first, he was strongly prejudiced against the Revolution, and every person concerned in it; but afterwards I had rendered him reasonable, and had changed his opinions altogether. If Paul had lived, you would have lost India before now. An agreement was made between Paul and myself to invade it. I furnished the plan. I was to have sent thirty thousand good troops. He was to send a similar number of the best Russian soldiers, and forty thousand Cossacs. I was to subscribe ten millions, in order to purchase camels and the other requisites to cross the desert. The King of Prussia was to have been applied to by both of us to grant a passage for my troops through his dominions, which would have been immediately granted. I had at the same time made a demand to the King of Persia for a passage through his country, which also would have been granted, though the negotiations were not entirely concluded, but would have succeeded, as the Persians were desirous of profiting by it themselves. My troops were to have gone to Warsaw, to be joined by the Russians and Cossacs, and to have marched from thence to the Caspian Sea, where they would have either embarked, or have proceeded by land, according to circumstances. I was beforehand with you, in sending an ambassador on to Persia to make interest there. Since that time, your Ministers have been *imbéciles* enough to allow the Russians to get four provinces, which increase their territories beyond the mountains. The first year of war that you will have with the Russians, they will take India from you."

I asked, then, if it were true that Alexander had intended to have seized upon Turkey? Napoleon answered, "All his thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions together about it; at first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, in consequence of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained. I considered that the barbarians of the north were already too powerful, and probably in the course of time would overwhelm all Europe, as I now think they will. Austria already trembles, Russia and Prussia united, Austria falls, and England cannot prevent it. France under the present family is nothing, and the Austrians are so *laches*, that they will be easily overpowered. *Una nazione a colpo di bastone*.* They will offer little resistance to the Russians, who are brave and patient. Russia is the more formidable, because she can never disarm. In Russia, once a soldier, always a soldier. Barbarians, who, one may say, have no country, and to whom every country is better than the one which gave them birth. When the Cossacs entered France, it was indifferent to them what women they violated, old or young were alike to them, as any were preferable to those they had left behind. Moreover the Russians are poor, and it is necessary for them to conquer. When I am dead and gone, my memory will be esteemed, and I shall be revered in consequence of having foreseen, and endeavoured to put a stop to that which will yet take place. It will be revered when the barbarians of the north will possess Europe, which would not have happened, had it not been for you, *Signori Inglesi*."

"At Waterloo not a single soldier betrayed me. Whatever treason there was, existed among the generals, and not among the soldiers or the regimental officers; these last were acquainted with each other's sentiments, and purged themselves by turning out such as they suspected."

"Your nation," continued Napoleon, "is chiefly guided by interest in all its actions. I have found since I have fallen into your hands, that you have no more liberty than other countries. I have paid dearly for the romantic and chivalrous opinion which I had formed of you."

Here I repeated nearly what I had said upon former occasions. Napoleon shook his head, and replied, "I recollect that Paoli, who was a great friend to your nation, in fact who was almost an Englishman, said, on hearing the English extolled as the most generous, the most liberal, and the most unprejudiced nation on earth, 'Softly, you go too far; they are not so generous, nor so unprejudiced as you imagine; they are very self-interested; they are a nation of merchants, and generally have gain in view. Whenever they do any thing, they always calculate what profit they shall derive from it. They are the most calculating people in existence.' This Paoli said, not without at the same time having given you credit for the good national qualities which you really possess. Now I believe that Paoli was right."

He asked some medical questions, went into the billiard-room, ordered some bottled porter, took a glass of it, saying in English, *your health*, and made me take another. Asked many questions about porter, and was much surprised at the low price it bore in England. While walking about the room, "What sort of a man did you take me to be, before you became my surgeon?" said he. "What did you think of my character, and what I was capable of? Give me your real opinion frankly." I replied, "I thought you to be a man, whose stupendous talents were only to be equalled by your measureless ambition, and although I did not give credit to one-tenth part of the libels which I had read against you, still, I believed, that you would not hesitate to commit a crime, when you found it to be necessary, or thought it

* Means a nation that may be ruled by blows.

might be useful to you." "This is just the opinion that I expected," replied Napoleon; "and is perhaps the opinion of Lord Holland, and even of numbers of the French. I have risen to too great a pitch of human glory and elevation, not to have excited the envy and jealousy of mankind. They will say; 'it is true that he has raised himself to the highest pinnacle of glory, *mais pour y arriver, il commit beaucoup de crimes* (but to attain it, he has committed many crimes).' Now the fact is, that I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. *J'ai toujours marché avec l'opinion de grandes masses et les événements* (I have always gone with the opinion of great masses, and with events). I have always made *peu de cas* of the opinion of individuals, of that of the public a great deal; of what use, then, would crime have been to me? I am too much a fatalist, and have always despised mankind too much, to have had recourse to crime to frustrate their attempts. *J'ai marché toujours avec l'opinion de cinq ou six millions d'hommes* (I have always marched with the opinion of five or six millions of men); of what use, then, would crime have been to me?"

"In spite of all the libels," continued he, "I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done, with the faults which I have committed, will be compared. I am not uneasy for the result. Had I succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of the greatest man that ever existed. As it is, although I have failed, I shall be considered as an extraordinary man: my elevation was unparalleled, *because* unaccompanied by crime. I have fought fifty pitched battles, almost all of which I have gained. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws, that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world. Europe was at my feet. My ambition was great, I admit, but it was of a cold nature (*d'une nature froide*), and caused *par les événements* (by events), and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion, that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was *la carrière ouverte aux talens* (the career open to talents), without distinction of birth or fortune, and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much."

"If ever policy," continued he, "authorized a man to commit a crime and murder others, it authorized me to put to death Ferdinand, and the other Bourbons of his family when in France. Were I a man accustomed to commit crimes, would I not have effected one which it would have been so beneficial to me to put in execution? Ferdinand and his family once out of the way, the Spaniards would have had nothing to fight for, and would have submitted. No, had I been inclined to commit crimes, I should not be here. Would a French Bourbon be in existence now, had I consented to their murder? Not only did I refuse to consent, but I positively prohibited that any attempt of the kind should be made."

KING OF PRUSSIA.—I asked him, if the King of Prussia was a man of talent. "Who" said he, "the King of Prussia?" He burst into a fit of laughter. "He a man of talent! The greatest blockhead on earth. *Un ignorantaccio che non ha nè talente, nè informazione*. A Don Quixote in appearance. I know him well. He cannot hold a conversation for 5 minutes." "When," continued Napoleon, "I was at Tilsit, with the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, I was the most ignorant of the three in military affairs. These two sovereigns, especially the King of Prussia, were completely *au fait* as to the number of buttons there ought to be in front of a jacket, how many behind, and the manner in which the skirts ought to be cut. Not a tailor in the army knew better than King Frederick, how many measures of cloth it took to make a jacket. In fact," continued he laughing, "I was nobody in comparison with them. They continually tormented me with questions about matters belonging to tailors, of which I was entirely ignorant, though, in order not to affront them, I answered just as gravely as if the fate of an army depended upon the cut of a jacket. When I went to see the King of Prussia, instead of a library, I found he had a large room, like an arsenal, furnished with shelves and pegs, in which were placed fifty or sixty jackets of various modes. Every day he changed his fashion, and put on a different one. He was a tall dry-looking fellow, and would give a good idea of Don Quixote. He attached more importance to the cut of a dragoon or a hussar uniform, than was necessary for the salvation of a kingdom. At Jena, his army performed the finest and most shewy manœuvres possible, but I soon put a stop to their *coglionerie*, and taught them, that to fight, and to execute dazzling manœuvres and wear splendid uniforms, were very different affairs. If," added he, "the French army had been commanded by a tailor, the King of Prussia would certainly have gained the day, from his superior knowledge in that art; but as victories depend more upon the skill of the general commanding the troops, than upon that of the tailor who makes their jackets, he consequently failed."

DESAIX and KLEBER.—Of all the generals I ever had under me, Desaix and Kleber possessed the greatest talents; especially Desaix, as Kleber only loved glory, inasmuch as it was the means of procuring him riches and pleasures, whereas Desaix loved glory for itself, and despised every thing else. Desaix was wholly wrapt up in war and glory. To him riches and pleasures were valueless, nor did he give them a moment's thought. He was a little black-looking man, about an inch shorter than I am, always badly dressed, sometimes even ragged, and despising comfort or convenience. When in Egypt I made him a present of a complete field-equipage several times, but he always lost it. Wrapt up in a cloak, Desaix threw himself under a gun, and slept as contentedly as if he were in a palace. For him luxury had no charms. Upright and honest in all his proceedings, he was called by the Arabs *the just sultan*. He was intended by nature for a great general. Kleber and Desaix were a loss irreparable to France. Had Kleber lived, your army in Egypt would have perished. Had that imbecile Menou attacked you on your landing with 20,000 men, as he might have done, instead of the division Lanusse, your army would have been a meal for them. Your army was 17 or 18,000 strong, without cavalry.

According to Mr. O'Meara, this was not a mere *brutum fulmen*, or demonstration:—

I asked Napoleon (he tells us) if he had really intended to invade England, and if so, what were his plans? He replied, "I would have headed it myself. I had given orders for two fleets to proceed to the West Indies. Instead of remaining there, they were merely to shew themselves amongst the islands, and return directly to Europe, raise the blockade of Ferrol, take the ships out, proceed to Brest, where there were about forty sail of the line, unite and sail to the Channel, where they would not have met with any thing strong enough to engage them, and clear it of all English men-of-war. By false intelligence, adroitly managed, I calculated that you would have sent squadrons to the East and West Indies and Mediterranean, in search of my fleets. Before they could return, I would have had the command of the Channel for two months, as I should have had about seventy sail of the line, besides frigates. I would have hastened over my flotilla with two hundred thousand men, landed as near Chatham as possible, and proceeded direct to London, where I calculated to arrive in four days from the time of my landing. I would have proclaimed a republic, (I was First Consul then), the abolition of the nobility and the house of peers, the distribution of the property of such of the latter as opposed me amongst my partizans, liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the people. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain; but would have introduced a great reform. I would have published a proclamation, declaring that we came as friends to the English, and to free the nation from a corrupt and flagitious aristocracy, and restore a popular form of government—a democracy which would have been confirmed by the conduct of my army, as I would not have allowed the slightest outrage to be committed by my troops. Marauding, or ill-treating the inhabitants, or the most trifling infringement of my orders, I would have punished with instant death. I think," continued he, "that my promises, together with what I would actually have effected, I should have had the support of a great many. In a large city like London, where there are so many *canaille*, and so many disaffected, I should have been joined by a formidable body. I would at the same time have excited an insurrection in Ireland." I observed, that his army would have been destroyed piece-meal, that he would have had a million of men in arms against him in a short time; and, moreover, that the English would have burnt London, rather than have suffered it to fall into his hands. "No, no," said Napoleon, "I do not believe it. You are too rich, and too fond of money. A nation will not so readily burn its capital. How often have the Parisians sworn to bury themselves under the ruins of their capital, rather than suffer it to fall into the hands of the enemies of France; and yet twice it has been taken. There is no knowing what would have happened, Mr. Doctor. Neither Pitt, nor you, nor I, could have foretold what would have been the result. The hope of a change for the better, and of a division of property, would have operated wonderfully amongst the *canaille*, especially that of London. The *canaille* of all rich nations are nearly alike. I would have made such promises as would have had a great effect. What resistance could an undisciplined army make against mine, in a country like England, abounding in plains? I considered all you have said; but I calculated on the effect that would be produced by the possession of a great and rich capital, the bank, and all your riches, the ships in the river, and at Chatham. I expected that I should have had the command of the Channel for two months, by which I should have had supplies of troops; and when your fleet came back, they would have found their capital in the hands of an enemy, and their country overwhelmed by my armies. I would have abolished flogging, and promised your seamen every thing; which would have made a great impression upon their minds. My proclamations, stating that we came only as friends, to relieve the English from an obnoxious and despotic aristocracy, whose object was to keep the nation eternally at war, in order to enrich themselves and their families with the blood of the people; together with the proclaiming a republic, the abolition of the monarchical government, and the nobility; the declaration of the forfeiture of the property of the latter, and its division amongst the partisans of the revolution, with a general equalization of property, would have gained me the support of the *canaille*, and of all the idle, the profligate, and the disaffected in the kingdom."

And again, "Had I succeeded in effecting a landing," said he, "I have very little doubt that I should have accomplished my views. Three thousand boats, each to carry twenty men and one horse, with a proportion of artillery, were ready. Your fleet having been decoyed away, as I before explained to you, would have left me master of the Channel. Without this, I would not have made the attempt. Four days would have brought me to London. In a country like England, abounding in plains, defence is very difficult. I have no doubt that your troops would have done their duty; but one battle lost, the capital would have been in my power. You could not have collected a force sufficiently strong to beat me in a pitched battle. Your ideas of burning and destroying the towns, and the capital itself, are very plausible in argument, but impracticable in their accomplishment. You would have fought a battle, and lost it. 'Well, then,' you would say, 'we have been beaten, but we have not lost our honour. We shall now endeavour *de tirer la meilleure partie* from misfortune. We must make terms.' I would have offered you a constitution of your own choice, and have said, 'Assemble in London deputies from the people to fix upon a constitution.' I would have called upon Burdett and other popular leaders to organize one according to the wishes of the people. I would have declared the *** fallen from the ***, abolished the nobility, proclaimed liberty, freedom, and equality. Think you, that in order to keep the house of *** on the *** your rich citizens, merchants, and others of London, would have consented to sacrifice their riches, their houses, their families, and all their dearest interests, especially when I had made them comprehend that I only came to ***** away, and to give them liberty? No, it is contrary to history and to human nature. You are too rich. Your principal people have too much to lose by resistance, and your *canaille* too much to gain by a change. If, indeed, they supposed that I wanted to render England a province of France, then indeed the *esprit national* would do wonders. But I would have formed a republic according to your own wishes, required a moderate contribution, barely sufficient to have paid the troops, and perhaps not even that. Your *canaille* would have been for me, knowing

que je suis l'homme du peuple, que je sors de la canaille moi-même, (that I am the man of the people, that I sprang from the populace myself), that whenever a man had merit or talent, I elevated him, without asking how many degrees of nobility he had; and knowing, that by joining me, they would be relieved from the yoke of the aristocracy under which they labour."

"Shortly after Marengo," continued Napoleon, "Louis wrote a letter to me, which was delivered by the Abbe Montesquieu, in which he said that I delayed for a long time to restore him to his throne; that the happiness of France could never be complete without him; neither could the glory of the country be complete without me; that one was as necessary to it as the other; and concluded by desiring me to chuse whatever I thought proper, which would be granted under him, provided that I restored him to his throne. I sent him back a very handsome answer, in which I stated that I was extremely sorry for the misfortunes of himself and his family; that I was ready to do every thing in my power to relieve them, and would interest myself about providing a suitable income for them; but that he might abandon the thought of ever returning to France as a Sovereign, as that could not be effected without his having passed over the bodies of five hundred thousand Frenchmen."

"Cornwallis," said he, "was a man of probity, a generous and sincere character. *Un tres brave homme*. He was the man who first gave me a good opinion of the English; his integrity, fidelity, frankness, and the nobleness of his sentiments, impressed me with a very favourable opinion of you. I recollect Cornwallis saying, one day, 'There are certain qualities which may be bought, but a good character, sincerity, a proper pride, and calmness in the hour of danger, are not to be purchased.' These words made an impression upon me. I gave him a regiment of cavalry to amuse himself with at Amiens, which used to manoeuvre before him. The officers of it loved him much. I do not believe that he was a man of first-rate abilities, but he had talent, great probity, and sincerity. He never broke his word. At Amiens, the treaty was ready, and was to be signed by him at the Hotel de la Ville; at nine o'clock. Something happened which prevented him from going; but he sent word to the French Ministers, that they might consider the treaty as having been signed, and that he would sign it the following day. A courier from England arrived at night, with directions for him to refuse his consent to certain articles, and not to sign the treaty. Though Cornwallis had not signed it, and might have easily availed himself of this order, he was a man of such strict honour, that he said he considered his promise to be equivalent to his signature, and wrote to his Government that he had promised, and that having once pledged his word, he would keep it. That if they were not satisfied, they might refuse to ratify the treaty. There was a man of honour—a true Englishman. Such a man as Cornwallis ought to have been sent here, instead of a compound of falsehood, suspicion, and meanness. I was much grieved when I heard of his death. Some of his family occasionally wrote to me, to request favours for some prisoners, which I always complied with."

Extract from "*A Voice from St. Helena*."—He mentioned that Talleyrand first suggested the attempt upon Spain, partly through hatred of the Bourbon family, and partly in the hope of filling his pockets. Conversing on the policy adopted by our Ministers, 'It would have been better for England,' he observed, 'to have left me on the throne, as Russia, Austria, and Prussia, would, through jealousy of me, have given commercial advantages to England. There is nothing now to prevent their taking steps to promote their own commercial interests, by injuring those of England. Moreover, having great influence with the French nation, and being loved by them, I could have given you a favourable commercial treaty, which the Bourbons, who are hated, dare not propose. But, in truth, there was nothing really to be feared from France, under any Sovereign. Until she has an army of five hundred thousand men, France is not to be dreaded. Besides, it was always for the Allies to grant peace. France was tired of war, and was frightened at the idea of new conquests. I succeeded in beating the Allies, because I attacked them in detail, and destroyed one power before the army of the other could arrive to support it. Hundreds of years will probably elapse before circumstances will arise similar to those which concentrated such a mass of power in me. I repeat that there was nothing to be feared from me, for if I had attempted new conquests, the opinion which brought me back from Elba would have brown me to the ground again.'

Mr. O'Meara, in his "*Voice from St. Helena*," gives the following as one of the conversations of Napoleon Buonaparte:—"When Castlereagh was at Chatillon with the Ambassadors of the Allied Powers, after some successes of mine, and when I had in a manner invested the town, he was greatly alarmed lest I might seize him and make him prisoner. Not being accredited as an Ambassador, not invested with any diplomatic character to France, I might have taken him as an enemy. He went to Caulincourt, to whom he mentioned that "*he laboured under considerable apprehensions that I should cause violent hands to be laid upon him*," as he acknowledged I had a right to do. It was impossible for him to get away without falling in with my troops. Caulincourt replied, that as far as his opinion went, he would say that I should not meddle with him; but that he could not answer for what I might do. Immediately after, Caulincourt wrote to me what Castlereagh had said, and his answer. I signified to him in reply, that he was to tell Lord Castlereagh to make his mind easy and stay where he was: that I would consider him as an Ambassador. At Chatillon (continued Buonaparte), when speaking about the liberty enjoyed in England, Castlereagh observed, in a contemptuous manner, that it was not the thing most to be esteemed in England; that it was an usage they were

obliged to put up with; but that it had become an abuse, and would not answer for other countries."

THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN.—I asked to what he principally attributed his failure of that expedition. "To the cold, the premature cold, and the burning of Moscow," replied Napoleon. "I was a few days too late. I had made a calculation of the weather for fifty years before, and the extreme cold had never commenced until about the 20th of December, twenty days later than it began this time. While I was at Moscow, the cold was at three of the thermometer, and was such as the French could with pleasure bear; but on the march, the thermometer sunk 18 degrees, and consequently nearly all the horses perished. In one night I lost thirty thousand. The artillery, of which I had 500 pieces, was in a great measure obliged to be abandoned: neither ammunition nor provisions could be carried. We could not make a *reconnaissance*, or send out an advance of men on horseback to discover the way, through the want of horses.—The soldiers lost their spirits, fell into confusion, and lost their senses. The most trifling thing alarmed them.—Four or five men were sufficient to frighten a whole battalion. Instead of keeping together, they wandered about in search of fire. Parties, when sent out on duty in advance, abandoned their posts, and went to seek the means of warming themselves in the houses. They separated in all directions, became helpless, and fell an easy prey to the enemy. Others lay down, fell asleep, a little blood came from their nostrils, and, sleeping, they died. In this manner thousands perished. The Poles saved some of their horses and artillery, but the French, and the soldiers of the other nations I had with me, were no longer the same men. In particular, the cavalry suffered. Out of 40,000, I do not think that 3,000 were saved. Had it not been for that fire at Moscow, I should have succeeded. I would have wintered there. There were in that city about 40,000 citizens, who were in a manner slaves. For you must know that the Russian nobility keep their vassals in a sort of slavery. I would have proclaimed liberty to all the slaves in Russia, and abolished vassalage and nobility. This would have procured me the union of an immense and a powerful party. I would either have made a peace at Moscow, or else I would have marched the next year to Petersburg. Alexander was assured of it, and sent his diamonds, valuables, and ships to England. Had it not been for that fire I should have succeeded in every thing. I beat them two days before, in a great action at Moskwa; I attacked the Russian army of 250,000 strong, entrenched up to their necks, with 90,000, and totally defeated them. Seventy thousand Russians lay upon the field. They had the impudence to say that they had gained the battle, though two days after I marched into Moscow. I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in.—Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for their wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the Emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and, moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring.

THE FIRE AT MOSCOW.—Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Several hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches, which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual. I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to shew an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eye-brows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of which there was above a thousand; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides, the wretches that had been hired by Rostopchin, ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napoleon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the

scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!

THE REVOLUTIONISTS.—Heard him express some sentiments afterwards relative to a few of the characters who had figured in the Revolution. "Robespierre," said he, "though a blood-thirsty monster, was not so bad as Collot d'Herbois, Billaud de Varennes, Hebert, Fouquier-Tinville, and many others. Latterly Robespierre wished to be more moderate; and actually, some time before his death, said that he was tired of executions, and suggested moderation. When Hebert accused the Queen *de contrarier la nature*, Robespierre proposed that he should be denounced, as having made such an improbable accusation purposely to excite a sympathy amongst the people, in order that they might rise and rescue her. From the beginning of the revolution, Louis had constantly the life of Charles I. before his eyes.—The example of Charles, who had come to extremities with Parliament, and lost his head, prevented Louis on many occasions from making the defence which he ought to have done against the revolutionists. When brought to trial, he ought merely to have said, that by the laws he could do no wrong, and that his person was sacred.—The Queen ought to have done the same. It would have had no effect in saving their lives; but they would have died with more dignity. Robespierre was of opinion that the King ought to have been dispatched privately. 'What is the use,' said Robespierre, 'of this mockery of forms, when you go to the trial prepared to condemn him to death, whether he deserves it or not.' The Queen," added Napoleon, "went to the scaffold with some sensations of joy; and truly it must have been a relief to her to depart from a life in which she was treated with such execrable barbarity. Had I," continued he, "been four or five years older, I have no doubt that I should have been guillotined along with numbers of others."

TALLEYRAND.—On asking his opinion of Talleyrand, "Talleyrand," said he, "*le plus vil des agitateurs, bas flatteur. C'est un homme corrompu*, who has betrayed all parties and persons. Wary and circumspect; always a traitor, but always in conspiracy with fortune, Talleyrand treats his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends; and his friends, as if they were to become his enemies. He is a man of talent, but venal in every thing. Nothing could be done with him but by means of bribery. The kings of Wirtemberg and Bavaria made so many complaints of his rapacity and extortion, that I took his portefeuille from him: moreover I found that he had divulged, to some *intrigants*, a most important secret which I had confided to him alone. He hates the Bourbons in his heart. When I returned from Elba, Talleyrand wrote to me from Vienna, offering his services, and to betray the Bourbons, provided I would pardon and restore him to favor. He argued upon a part of my proclamation, in which I said there were circumstances which it was impossible to resist, which he quoted. But I considered that there were a few I was obliged to except, and refused, as it would have excited indignation if I had not punished somebody."

I asked if it were true that Talleyrand had advised him to dethrone the King of Spain, and mentioned that the Duke of Rovigo had told me that Talleyrand had said in his presence, "Your majesty will never be secure upon your throne, while a Bourbon is seated upon one." He replied "True, he advised me to do every thing which would injure the Bourbons, whom he detests."

DIFFERENT SOLDIERS.—I asked his opinion relative to the comparative merit of the Russians, Prussians, and Germans. Napoleon replied, "Soldiers change, sometimes brave, sometimes *lâches*. I have seen the Russians at Eylau perform prodigies of valour: they were so many heroes. At Moscow, entrenched up to their necks, they allowed me to beat two hundred and fifty thousand men with ninety thousand. At Jena, and at other battles in that campaign, the Prussians had like sheep; since that time they have fought bravely. My opinion is, that now, the Prussian soldier is superior to the Austrian. The French cuirassiers were the best cavalry in the world *pour enfoncer l'infanterie*. Individually, there is no horseman superior, or perhaps equal to the Mameluke; but they cannot act in a body. As partizans, the Cossacs excel, and the Poles as lancers."—This he said in reply to a question made by me of his opinion relative to the cavalry. I asked who he thought was the best general amongst the Austrians. "Prince Charles," he replied, "though he has committed a thousand faults. As to Schwartzenberg, he is not fit to command six thousand men."

NAPOLEON'S OPINION RESPECTING THE LOWER ANIMALS.—There is a link between animals and the deity. Man (added he) is merely a more perfect animal than the rest. He reasons better. But how do we know that animals have not a language of their own? My opinion is, that it is presumption in us to say no, because we do not understand them. A horse has memory, knowledge, and love. He knows his master from the servants, though the latter are more constantly with him. I had a horse myself, who knew me from any other person, and manifested, by capering and proudly marching with his head erect, when I was on his back, his knowledge that he bore a person superior to the others by whom he was surrounded. Neither would he allow any other person to mount him, except one groom who constantly took care of him; and when rode by him his motions were far different, and such as seemed to say that he was conscious he bore an inferior. When I lost my way, I was accustomed to throw the reins down his neck, and he always discovered it in places where I, with all my observation and boasted superior knowledge, could not. Who can deny the sagacity of dogs? There is a link between all animals. Plants are so many animals who eat and drink; and there are gradations up to man, who is only the most perfect of them all. The same spirit animates them all in the greater or lesser degree.—*Napoleon in Exile.*

When asked his opinion of the Emperor Alexander,—"C'est un homme extrêmement faux. Un Grec du bas empire," replied Napoleon. "He is the only one of the three,* who has any talent. He is plausible; a great dissimulator, very ambitious, and a man who studies to make himself popular. It is his foible to believe himself skilled in the art of war, and he likes nothing so well as to be complimented upon it, though every thing that originated with himself relative to military operations, was ill-judged and absurd. At Tilsit, Alexander and the King of Prussia used frequently to occupy themselves in contriving dresses for dragons; debating upon what button the crosses of the order ought to be hung, and such other fooleries.—They fancied themselves on an equality with the best generals in Europe, because they knew how many rows of buttons there were upon a dragoon's jacket. I could scarcely keep from laughing sometimes, when I heard them discussing these *coglionerie* with as much gravity and earnestness as if they were planning an impending action between two hundred thousand men. However, I encouraged them in their arguments, as I saw it was their weak point. We rode out every day together.—The King of Prussia was *un bête, et nous a tellement ennuyé*; that Alexander and myself frequently galloped away in order to get rid of him.

Napoleon recounted to me some part of his early life: said, that after having been at school at Brienne, he was sent to Paris, at the age of 15 or 16; "where, at the general examination," continued he, "being found to have given the best answers in mathematics, I was appointed to the artillery. After the revolution, about one-third of the artillery officers emigrated, and I became *chef de bataillon* at the siege of Toulon; having been proposed by the artillery officers themselves as the person who, amongst them, possessed the most knowledge of the science. During the siege, I commanded the artillery, directed the operations against the town, and took O'Hara prisoner, as I formerly told you. After the siege, I was made commandant of the artillery of the army of Italy, and my plans caused the capture of many considerable fortresses in Switzerland and Italy. On my return to Paris, I was made general, and the command of the army in La Vendée offered to me, which I refused, and replied that such a command was only fit for a general of gendarmerie. On the thirteenth of Vendémiaire, I commanded the army of the convention in Paris against the sections whom I defeated, after an action of a few minutes. Subsequently I got the command of the army of Italy, where I established my reputation. Nothing," continued he, "has been more simple than my elevation. It was not the result of intrigue or crime. It was owing to the peculiar circumstances of the times, and because I fought successfully against the enemies of my country. *What is most extraordinary, and I believe unparalleled in history, is, that I rose from being a private person, to the astonishing height of power I possessed, without having committed a single crime to obtain it. If I were on my death bed, I could make the same declaration.*"

PROSPECTS OF FRANCE.—He conversed upon the probability of a revolution in France. "Ere twenty years have elapsed, when I am dead and buried," said he, "you will witness another revolution in France. It is impossible that 29 millions of Frenchmen can live contented under the yoke of sovereigns imposed upon them by foreigners, and against whom they have fought and bled for nearly 30 years. Can you blame the French for not being willing to submit to the yoke of such animals as Montchenu? You are very fond in England of making a comparison between the restoration of Charles II. and that of Louis; but there is not the smallest similitude. Charles was recalled by the mass of the English nation to the throne which his successor afterwards lost for a mass: but as to the Bourbons, there is not a village in France which has not lost 30 or 40 of the flower of its youth in endeavouring to prevent their return. The sentiments of the nation are,—'We have not brought back those wretches; no, those who have ravaged our country, burnt our houses, and violated our wives and our daughters, have placed them on the throne by force.'

GENERAL MOORE.—"Moore," said he, "was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent. He made a few mistakes, which were probably inseparable from the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and caused perhaps by his information having misled him." This eulogium he repeated more than once; and observed, that he had commanded the reserve in Egypt, where he had behaved very well, and displayed talent. I remarked, that Moore was always in front of the battle, and was generally unfortunate enough to be wounded. "Ah!" said he, "it is necessary sometimes. He died gloriously—he died like a soldier." Menou was a man of courage, but no soldier. "You ought not to have taken Egypt. If Kleber had lived, you would never have conquered it. An army without artillery or cavalry. The Turks signified nothing. Kleber was an irreparable loss to France and to me. He was a man of the brightest talents, and the greatest bravery. I have composed the history of my own campaigns in Egypt and of yours, while I was at the Briers. But I want the *Moniteurs* for the dates.

HIS WOUNDS.—Napoleon shewed me the marks of two wounds: one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me, against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he

* Alexander, Francis, and the King of Prussia.

was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that, as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shewn by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

MISS WILLIAMS.—I had lent him Miss Williams's "Present State of France" to read. Two or three days afterwards he said to me, while dressing, "That is a vile production of that lady of yours. It is a heap of falsehoods. This," opening his shirt, and shewing his flannel waistcoat, "is the only coat of mail I ever wore. My hat lined with steel too! There is the hat I wore," pointing to the one he always carried. "Oh, she has doubtless been well paid for all the malice and the falsehoods she has poured forth."

One of the things which principally induced the Emperor Napoleon to give himself up to the English was, an offer which Lord Castlereagh made him, on a former occasion, of British protection and hospitality. Speaking to Mr. O'Meara, he said, "My giving myself up to you, is not so simple a matter as you imagine.—Before I went to Elba, Lord Castlereagh offered me an asylum in England, and said that I should be very well treated there, and much better off than at Elba." Mr. O'Meara remarked, that Lord Castlereagh was reported to have asserted, that Napoleon had applied for an asylum in England, but that it was not thought proper to grant it. "The real fact," said Napoleon, "is, that he first proposed it. Before I went to Elba, Lord Castlereagh said to Caulaincourt, 'Why does Napoleon think of going to Elba. Let him come to England. He will be received in London with the greatest pleasure, and will experience the best possible treatment. He must not, however, ask permission to come, because that would take up too much time; but let him give himself up to us without making any conditions, and he will be received with the greatest joy, and be much better off than at Elba.' "This," added the Emperor, "had much influence with me afterwards."

HIS REMEDIES.—Had a long medical argument with him, in which he maintained, that his practice in case of malady, viz. to eat nothing, drink plenty of barley water, and no wine, and ride for seven or eight leagues to promote perspiration, was much better than mine.

DIFFERENT SOVEREIGNS.—He eulogized the King of Saxony, who he said was a truly good man; the King of Bavaria, a plain good man; the King of Wirtemberg, a man of considerable talent, but unprincipled and wicked. "Alexander and the latter," said he, "are the only sovereigns in Europe possessed of talents."

HIS PLANS.—"I expect nothing from the present ministry but ill-treatment. The more they want to lessen me the more I will exalt myself. It was my intention to have assumed the name of Colonel Meuron, who was killed by my side at Arcola, covering me with his body, and to have lived as a private person in England, in some part of the country, where I might have lived retired, without ever desiring to mix with the grand world. I would never have gone to London nor have dined out. Probably I should have seen very few persons. Perhaps I might have formed a friendship with some *savans*. I would have rode out every day, and then returned to my books." I observed that as long as he kept up the title of majesty, the English ministers would have a pretext for keeping him in St. Helena. He replied, "they force me to it. I wanted to assume an *incognito* on my arrival here, which was proposed to the admiral, but they will not permit it. They insist on calling me General Bonaparte. I have no reason to be ashamed of that title, but I will not take it from them. If the Republic had not a legal existence, it had no more right to constitute me general, than first magistrate. If I were in England now, and a deputation from France were to come and offer me the throne, I would not accept of it, unless I knew such to be the unanimous wish of the nation. Otherwise I should be obliged to turn *bourreau*, and cut off the heads of thousands to keep myself upon it—oceans of blood must flow to keep me there.—I have made noise enough in the world already, perhaps too much, and am now getting old, and want retirement. These," continued he, "were the motives which induced me to abdicate the last time."

I observed, that many were surprised at his having retained the title after abdication. He replied, "I abdicated the throne of France, but not the title of emperor. I do not call myself Napoleon, Emperor of France, but the Emperor Napoleon. Sovereigns generally retain their titles. Thus Charles of Spain retains the title of king and majesty, after having abdicated in favour of his son. If I were in England, I would not call myself emperor. But they want to make it appear that the French nation had not a right to make me its sovereign. If they had not a right to make me emperor, they were equally incapable of making me general. A man, when he is at the head of a few, during the disturbances of a country, is called a chief of rebels; but, when he succeeds, effects great actions, and exalts his country and himself, from being styled chief of rebels, he is called general, sovereign, &c. It is only success which makes him such. Had he been unfortunate, he would be still chief of rebels, and perhaps perish on a scaffold. Your nation," continued he, "called Washington a leader of rebels a long time, and refused to acknowledge either him or the constitution of his country; but his success obliged them to change, and acknowledge both. It is success which makes the great man. It would appear truly ridiculous in me," added he, "to call myself emperor, situated as I am here, and would remind one of those poor wretches in Bethlem, in London, who fancy themselves kings amidst their chains and straw, were it not that your ministers force me to it."

BONAPARTE.

[Extracts from O'Meara's Works.]

About his own character Mr. O'Meara describes Napoleon speaking thus:

"What sort of a man did you take me to be, before you became my surgeon?" said he: "What did you think of my character, and what I was capable of?—Give me your real opinion frankly." I replied, "I thought you to be a man, whose stupendous talents were only to be equalled by your measureless ambition, and although I did not give credit to one tenth part of the libels which I had read against you, still I believed, that you would not hesitate to commit a crime, when you found it to be necessary, or thought it might be useful to you." "This is just the answer that I expected," replied Napoleon, "and is perhaps the opinion of Lord Holland, and even of numbers of the French.—I have risen to too great a pitch of human glory and elevation not to have excited the envy and jealousy of mankind. They will say, 'it is true that he has raised himself to the highest pinnacle of glory, *mais pour y arriver, il commit beaucoup de crimes*, (but to attain it, he has committed many crimes).' Now the fact is, that I not only never committed any crimes, but I never even thought of doing so. *J'ai toujours marché avec l'opinion de grandes masses et les événements*, (I have always gone with the opinion of great masses, and with events.) I have always made *peu de cas* of the opinion of individuals, of that of the public a great deal; of what use, then, would crime have been to me? I am too much a fatalist, and have always despised mankind too much, to have had recourse to crime to frustrate their attempts. *J'ai marché toujours avec l'opinion de cinq ou six millions d'hommes*, (I have always marched with the opinion of five or six millions of men); of what use, then, would crime have been to me?"

"In spite of all the libels," continued he, "I have no fear whatever about my fame. Posterity will do me justice. The truth will be known, and the good which I have done, with the faults which I have committed, will be compared. I am not uneasy for the result. Had I succeeded, I should have died with the reputation of the greatest man that ever existed. As it is, although I have failed, I shall be considered as an extraordinary man: my elevation was unparalleled, *because* unaccompanied by crime. I have fought fifty pitched battles, almost all of which I have gained. I have framed and carried into effect a code of laws, that will bear my name to the most distant posterity. From nothing I raised myself to be the most powerful monarch in the world.—Europe was at my feet. My ambition was great, I admit, but it was of a cold nature (*d'une nature froide*) and caused, *par les événements* (by events), and the opinion of great bodies. I have always been of opinion, that the sovereignty lay in the people. In fact, the imperial government was a kind of republic. Called to the head of it by the voice of the nation, my maxim was *la carrière ouverte aux talens* (the career open to talents), without distinction of birth or fortune; and this system of equality is the reason that your oligarchy hate me so much.

Napoleon was great, and did much good in his time, whatever proportion it might bear to the evil: witness his code, and continental monuments. But when he congratulates himself on having never committed a crime, we are forced to recollect Toussaint having died in a prison, quite as uncongenial to his constitution as St. Helena was to Napoleon's, and he reminds us of Rousseau exclaiming to the Deity in his dying moments, that he gave his soul back to its Maker as pure as it had come from his hands. Let us hear, however, what Napoleon has to say of his own actions in detail. The poisoning of the sick at Jaffa he totally denies, and we believe this charge is now generally thought to have been falsely fixed upon his memory. In answer to that of having shot three or four thousand Turks some days after the capture of Jaffa,

Napoleon answered, "It is not true that there were so many. I ordered about a thousand or twelve hundred to be shot, which was done. The reason was, that amongst the garrison of Jaffa, a number of Turkish troops were discovered, whom I had taken a short time before at El-Arish, and sent to Bagdat upon their parole not to serve again or to be found in arms against me for a year. I had caused them to be escorted 12 leagues on their way to Bagdat, by a division of my army. But those Turks, instead of proceeding to Bagdat, threw themselves into Jaffa, defended it to the last, and cost me a number of brave men to take it, whose lives would have been spared, if the others had not reinforced the garrison of Jaffa. Moreover, before I attacked the town, I sent them a flag of truce. Immediately afterwards we saw the head of the bearer elevated on a pole over the wall. Now if I had spared them again, and sent them away upon their parole, they would directly have gone to St. Jean d'Acre, where they would have played over again the same scene that they had done at Jaffa. In justice to the lives of my soldiers, as every general ought to consider himself as their father, and them as his children, I could not allow this. To leave as a guard a portion of my army, already small and reduced in number, in consequence of the breach of faith of those wretches, was impossible. Indeed, to have acted otherwise than as I did, would probably have caused the destruction of my whole army. I therefore, availing myself of the rights of war, which authorize the putting to death prisoners taken under such circumstances; independent of the right given to me by having taken the city by assault, and that of retaliation on the Turks, ordered that the prisoners taken at El-Arish, who, in defiance of their capitulation, had been found bearing arms against me, should be selected out and shot. The rest, amounting to a considerable number, were spared. I would," continued he, "do the same thing again to-morrow, and so would Wellington, or any general commanding an army under similar circumstances."

About the libels on his own character, he thus expressed himself:

"As yet," said he, "you have not procured me one that is worthy of an answer. Would you have me sit down and reply to Goldsmith, Pichon, or the Quarterly Review? They are so contemptible and so absurdly false, that they do not merit any other notice than to write *faux, faux*, in every page. The only truth I have

seen them is, that one day I met an officer, Rapp, I believe, in the field of battle, with his face covered with blood, and that I cried, *oh, comme, il est beau!* This is true enough; and of it they have made a crime. My admiration of the gallantry of a brave soldier is construed into a crime, and a proof of my delighting in blood. But posterity will do me that justice which is denied me now. If I were that tyrant, that monster, would the people and the army have flown to join me with the enthusiasm they shewed when I landed from Elba with a handful of men? Could I have marched to Paris, and have seated myself upon the throne without a musket having been fired? Ask the French nation! Ask the Italian!"

"I have," continued he, "been twice married. Political motives induced me to divorce my first wife, whom I tenderly loved. She, poor woman, fortunately for herself, died in time to prevent her witnessing the last of my misfortunes. Let Marie Louise be asked with what tenderness and affection I always treated her. After her forcible separation from me, she avowed in the most feeling terms to *** her ardent desire to join me, extolled with many tears both myself and my conduct to her, and bitterly lamented her cruel separation; avowing her ardent desire to join me in my exile. Is this the result of the conduct of a merciless, unfeeling tyrant? A man is known by his conduct to his wife, to his family, and to those under him. I have doubtless erred more or less in politics, but a crime I have never committed. The doctor in his book makes me say that I never committed a useless crime, which is equivalent to saying that I have not scrupled to commit one when I had any object in view, which I deny altogether. I have never wished but the glory and the good of France. All my faculties were consecrated to that object, but I never employed crime or assassination to forward it.

"The Duke d'Enghien, who was engaged upon the frontiers of my territories in a plot to assassinate me, I caused to be seized and given up to justice, which condemned him. He had a fair trial. Let your ministers and the Bourbons do their utmost to calumniate me, the truth will be discovered. *Le mensonge passe, la vérité reste*. Let them employ all dishonourable means like Lord C****, who, not content with sending me here, has had the baseness to make me speak and to put such words into my mouth as he thinks will best answer his views. *C'est un homme ignoble*. Perhaps they wish me to live for a short time and do not put me to death, in order to make me say whatever will suit their purposes. The ruin of England was never my intention.—We were enemies, and I did my utmost to gain the upper hand. England did the same. After the treaty of Amiens, I would always have made a peace, placing the two countries upon equal terms as to commercial relations.

One of the most striking accounts of his gigantic projects, is that of having invaded India, in conjunction with the Russians:—

"If Paul had lived, you would have lost India before now. An agreement was made between Paul and myself to invade it. I furnished the plan. I was to have sent thirty thousand good troops. He was to send a similar number of the best Russian soldiers, and forty thousand Cossacs. I was to subscribe ten millions, in order to purchase camels and the other requisites to cross the desert. The King of Prussia was to have been applied to by both of us to grant a passage for my troops through his dominions, which would have been immediately granted. I had at the same time made a demand to the King of Persia for a passage through his country, which also would have been granted, though the negotiations were not entirely concluded, but would have succeeded, as the Persians were desirous of profiting by it themselves. My troops were to have gone to Warsaw, to be joined by the Russians and Cossacs, and to have marched from thence to the Caspian Sea, where they would have either embarked, or have proceeded by land, according to circumstances. I was beforehand with you, in sending an ambassador on to Persia to make interest there. Since that time, your ministers have been *imbéciles* enough to allow the Russians to get four provinces, which increase their territories beyond the mountains. The first year of war that you will have with the Russians, they will take India from you."

I asked, then, if it were true that Alexander had intended to have seized upon Turkey? Napoleon answered, "All his thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions together about it; at first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world, to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon the consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, in consequence of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would have destroyed the equilibrium of power in Europe. I reflected that France would gain Egypt, Syria, and the islands, which would have been nothing in comparison with what Russia would have obtained. I considered that the barbarians of the north were already too powerful, and probably in the course of time would overwhelm all Europe, as I now think they will. Austria already trembles; Russia and Prussia united, Austria falls, and England cannot prevent it. France, under the present family is nothing, and the Austrians are so *lâches*, that they will be easily overpowered. *Una nazione a colpi di bastone*. They will offer little resistance to the Russians, who are brave and patient.—Russia is the more formidable, because she can never disarm. In Russia, once a soldier, always a soldier.—Barbarians, who, one may say, have no country, and to whom every country is better than the one which gave them birth. When the Cossacs entered France, it was indifferent to them what women they violated, old or young were alike to them, as any were preferable to those they left behind. Moreover the Russians are poor, and it is necessary for them to conquer. When I am dead and gone, my memory will be esteemed, and I shall be revered in consequence of having foreseen, and endeavored to put a stop to, that which will yet take place. It will be revered, when the barbarians of the north will possess Europe, which would not have happened had it not been for you, *signori Inglesi*."

* Means, a nation that may be ruled by blows.

He (Napoleon) spoke at length about the state of England, observed, that it was necessary not to yield too much to the people, or to allow them to think that it was conceded through fear. That perhaps the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act might, for a short time, be a proper step, as well as an army kept up to intimidate the *canaille*. "But," said he, "I consider these to be only topical applications, which if used without general remedies, that should act upon the constitutional disease, might prove repellent and dangerous, by driving the complaint to nobler parts. England may be likened unto a patient requiring to have his system changed by a course of mercury. The only radical remedy is that which will affect the constitution, that is to say, relieve the misery which exists. This can only be effected by procuring a vent for your manufactures, and by reduction of expenditure, ministers setting the example themselves, by giving up the sinecures, &c. This would contribute essentially to calm the public agitation.—Had the ministers come forward like men, at the opening of the session of Parliament, and thrown up their sinecures, this, with the example set by the Prince Regent, would have quieted all tumults and complaints. The people, in expectation of experiencing something radically beneficial from so good a beginning, would have united, and time would have been gained to adopt measures to relieve the general distress. An exclusive commercial treaty for twenty years with the Brazils and Spanish South America might still be demanded with success. Or assist the colonies in rendering themselves independent, and you will have all their commerce. A war with Spain, if she refused to agree to your demands, would divert the attention of the public, employ soldiers and sailors, and a great portion of manufacturers. All your miseries I maintain to be owing to the imbecility and ignorance of Lord Castlereagh, and his inattention to the real prosperity of his own country. Had Lords Grenville or Wellesley been ambassadors, I am convinced that the interests of England would have been consulted. What would those Englishmen who lived one hundred years ago, say, if they could rise from their graves, be informed of your glorious successes, cast their eyes upon England, witness her distress, and be informed, that in the treaty of peace not a single article for the benefit of England had been stipulated! that, on the contrary, you had given up conquests and commercial rights necessary to your existence. When Austria gained ten millions of inhabitants, Russia eight, Prussia ten, Holland, Bavaria, Sardinia, and every other power, obtained an increase of territory, why not England? who was the main organ of all the success. Instead of establishing a number of independent maritime states, such as Hamburg, Stralsund, Dantzic, Genoa, to serve as *entrepôts* for your manufactures, with conditions, either secret or otherwise, favourable to your commerce, you have basely given up Genoa to the King of Sardinia, and united Belgium to Holland. You have rendered yourselves hated by the Italians and Belgians, and have done irreparable injury to your trade. For, although it is a great point for you, that Belgium should be separated from France, it is a serious disadvantage to you that she should be united to Holland. Holland has no manufactures, and consequently would have become a *dépôt* for yours, from whence a prodigious influx would be kept up in the continent. Now, however, that Belgium has been made a part of Holland, this last will naturally prefer taking the manufactures of her own subjects to those of a stranger, and all Belgium may be called a manufacturing town. Independent of this, in case of any future war with France, Holland must join the latter through fear of losing the provinces of Belgium. People always consider the danger that is most imminent. They will reason thus: 'If we declare against France, we lose, directly, Belgium and our manufactures; if against England, what can she do?—Blockade our ports, and effect disembarkations. We shall still have the commerce of the continent, and shall have time enough to prepare ourselves. We must, therefore, declare for France.' It would have been much better that you should have given it to Austria, or why not have made it an independent country, and placed an English prince as sovereign? Now let us see the state you are actually in. You are nearly as effectually shut out from the continent, as when I reigned and promulgated the continental system. I ask you what peace dictated by me, supposing that I had been victorious, could have been worse in its effects for England, than the one made by Lord Castlereagh when she was triumphant. The hatred which your ministers bear to me, has precipitated them into an abyss. You recollect I told you some time ago, that I thought it bad policy to leave the English troops in France, and make Lord Wellington commander-in-chief. You now see the effect of it. Prussia denies entrance to your merchandise. What can you do? You can neither attempt to intimidate, nor proceed to extremities, as Prussia could fall upon Lord Wellington and his forty thousand men. While you retain your troops on the continent, you will never be independent. Had you, after the grand blow was given, when I was disposed of, withdrawn your troops from the continent, you would have been independent; you would not have drawn down the hatred and jealousy of the continental powers, especially at seeing Lord Wellington commander-in-chief, and they never would have dared to shut their ports against you. You could then have sent your ships, blockaded their ports, and have declared, 'if you do not permit my merchandise to enter, no other shall either go in or come out.' They would soon have listened to reason.—Now, your hands are tied; your meddling in continental affairs, and trying to make yourselves a great military power, instead of attending to the sea and commerce, will yet be your ruin as a nation. You were greatly offended with me for having called you a *nation of shopkeepers*. Had I meant by this that you were a nation of cowards, you would have had reason to be displeased; even though it were ridiculous and contrary to historical facts; but no such thing was ever intended. I meant that you were a nation of merchants, and that all your great riches, and your grand resources arose from commerce, which is true. What else constitutes the riches of England? It is not extent of territory, or a numerous population. It is not mines of

gold, silver, or diamonds. Moreover, no man of sense ought to be ashamed of being called a shopkeeper.—But your prince and your ministers appear to wish to change altogether the *esprit* of the English, and to render you another nation; to make you ashamed of your shops and your trade, which have made you what you are, and to sigh after nobility, titles, and crosses; in fact to assimilate you with the French. What other object can there be in all those cordons, crosses, and honours, which are so profusely showered. You are all nobility now, instead of the plain old Englishmen. You are ashamed of yourselves, and want to be a nation of nobility and *gentlemen*.* Nothing is to be seen or heard of power in England, but 'Sir John,' and 'my lady.' All those things did very well with me in France, because they were conformable to the spirit of the nation; but believe me, it is contrary both to the spirit and the interest of England. Stick to your ships, your commerce, and counting-houses, and leave cordons, crosses, and cavalry uniforms to the continent, and you will prosper. Lord Castlereagh himself was ashamed of your being called a nation of merchants, and frequently said in France, that it was a mistaken idea to suppose that England depended upon commerce, or was indebted to it for her riches; and added that it was not by any means necessary to her. How I laughed when I heard of this false pride. He betrayed his country at the peace. I do not mean to say," continued he, laying his hand over his heart, "that he did it from here, but he betrayed it by neglecting its interests. He was in fact the *commis* of the allied sovereigns. Perhaps he wanted to convince them that you were not a nation of merchants, by shewing clearly that you would not make any advantageous bargain for yourselves; by magnanimously giving up every thing, that nations might cry, 'Oh! how nobly England has behaved!' Had he attended to the interests of his own country, had he stipulated for commercial treaties, for the independence of some maritime states and towns, for certain advantages to be secured to England, to indemnify her for the waste of blood, and the enormous sacrifices she had made, why then they might have said, 'What a mercenary people, they are truly a nation of merchants; see what bargains they want to make;' and Lord Castlereagh would not have been so well received in the drawing-rooms!"

"Talent he may have displayed in some instances," continued the Emperor, "and great pertinacity in accomplishing my downfall; but as to knowledge of, or attention to, the interests of his own country, he has manifested neither the one nor the other. Probably for a thousand years, such another opportunity of aggrandizing England will not occur. In the position of affairs, nothing could have been refused to you. But now after such romantic and unparalleled successes; after having been favoured by God and by accidents, in the manner you have been; after effecting impossibilities, I may say—effecting what the most sanguine mind could never have entertained the most distant idea of, what has England gained?—the cordons of the allied sovereigns for Lord Castlereagh!"

* This he said in English, as well as the words marked with commas, which follow.

VANDAMME.—Heard a curious anecdote of General Vandamme. When made prisoner by the Russians, he was brought before the Emperor Alexander, who reproached him in bitter terms with being a robber, a plunderer, and a murderer; adding, that no favour could be granted to such an execrable character. This was followed by an order that he should be sent to Siberia, whilst the other prisoners were sent to a much less northern destination. Vandamme replied, with great *sang froid*, "It may be, sire, that I am a robber and a plunderer; but at least I have not to reproach myself with having soiled my hands with the blood of a father!"

SOULT.—I asked his opinion about Soult, and mentioned that I had heard some persons place him in the rank next to himself as a general. He replied, "he is an excellent minister-at-war, or major-general of an army: one who knows much better the arrangement of an army, than to command in chief."

DEATH OF MOREAU.—"In the battle before Dresden," said Napoleon, "I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army.—While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate, (about 500 yards,) I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a Captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: to throw a dozen bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it. It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment before Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck with a cannon shot. The King conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head-quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw 18 or 20 bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian army was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the Emperor, "is more destructive than a discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number of discharges at a time, it is almost impossible."

* One of the Commissioners.

BONAPARTE.

[Extracts from O'Meara's Work.]

Napoleon spoke about Russia, and said, that the European nations would yet find that he had adopted the best possible policy at the time he had intended to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, which would be the only effectual means of stopping the increasing power of Russia. It was putting a barrier, a dyke to that formidable empire, which it was likely would yet overwhelm Europe. "I do not think," said he, "that I shall live to see it, but you may. You are in the flower of your age, and may expect to live thirty-five years longer. I think that you will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe with four hundred thousand Cossacs and other inhabitants of the deserts, and two hundred thousand real Russians. When Paul was so violent against you, he sent to me for a plan to invade India. I sent him one, with instructions in detail." (Here Napoleon shewed me on a map the routes, and the different points from whence the army was to have proceeded.) "From a port in the Caspian Sea he was to have marched on to India. Russia," continued he, "must either fall or aggrandize herself, and it is natural to suppose that the latter will take place. By invading other countries, Russia has two points to gain,—an increase of civilization and polish, by rubbing against other powers,* the acquisition of money, and the rendering friends to herself the inhabitants of the deserts, with whom some years back she was at war.—The Cossacs, Calmucks, and other barbarians, who have accompanied the Russians into France, and other parts of Europe, having once acquired a taste for the luxuries of the south, will carry back to their deserts the remembrance of places where they had such fine women, fine living, and not only will not themselves be able to endure their own barbarous and sterile regions, but will communicate to their neighbours a desire to conquer these delicious countries. In all human probability, Alexander will be obliged either to take India from you, in order to gain riches and provide employment for them, and thereby prevent a revolution in Russia; or he will make an irruption into Europe, at the head of some hundred thousand of those barbarians on horseback, and two hundred thousand infantry, and carry every thing before him. What I say to you is confirmed by the history of all ages, during which it has been invariably observed, that whenever those barbarians had once got a taste of the south of Europe, they always returned to attempt new conquests and ravages, and have finally succeeded in making themselves masters of the country. It is natural to man to desire to better his condition; and those *canaille*, when they contrast their own deserts with the fine provinces they have left, will always have an itching after the latter, well-knowing also, that no nation will retaliate, or attempt to take their deserts from them. Those *canaille*," continued he, "possess all the requisites for conquest. They are brave, active, patient of fatigue and bad living, poor, and desirous of enriching themselves. I think, however, that all depends upon Poland. If Alexander succeeds in incorporating Poland with Russia, that is to say, in perfectly reconciling the Poles to the Russian government, and not merely subduing the country, he has gained the greatest step towards subduing India. My opinion is, that he will attempt either the one or the other of the projects I have mentioned, and I think the last to be the most probable."

I observed that the distance was great and that the Russians had not the money necessary for such a grand undertaking. "The distance is nothing," replied the Emperor; "supplies can easily be carried on camels, and the Cossacs will always ensure a sufficiency of them. Money they will find when they arrive there. The hope of conquest would immediately unite armies of Cossacs and Kalinucks without expense. Hold out to them the plunder of some rich cities as a lure, and thousands would flock to their banners. Europe," continued he, "and England in particular, ought to have prevented the union of Poland with Russia."

"A great object for England," added Napoleon, "ought to be to keep Belgium always separate from France, as France having Belgium might be said, in case of a war with England, to have possession of Hamburgh, &c. It would, however, have been better for England, that Austria had it than it should be possessed by Holland, because Austria is stronger; and when France rises from her present state of nothingness Holland being too weak to stand alone, will always be at her feet."

"If I had succeeded in my expedition to Russia," added he, "I would have obliged Alexander to accede to the Continental system against England, and thereby have compelled the latter to make peace. I would also have formed Poland into a separate and independent kingdom." I asked what kind of a peace he would have given to us. "A very good one," replied Napoleon. "I would only have insisted on your discontinuing your vexations at sea." I asked if he would have left us Malta; to which he replied in the affirmative, adding, that he was tired of war, and was as well adapted for the former as the latter; that he would have employed himself in improving and adorning of France, in the education of his son, and in writing his history. "At least," said he, "the allied powers cannot take from me hereafter the great public works which I have executed, the roads which I made over the Alps, and the seas which I have united. They cannot place their feet to improve where mine have not been before. They cannot take from me the code of laws which I formed, and which will go down to the latest posterity. Thank God, of these they never can deprive me."

I said, that I had been seeking for the number of ships which had been seized by the English prior to the proclamation issued by him for the detention of the English in France, and could only discover that two *chasse marées* had been taken in Quiberon Bay. "Two *chasse marées*?" said Napoleon, "why there was property to the amount of 70 millions, and I suppose above 200 ships detained before I issued the proclamation. But it is what England has always done. In the war of 1773, you did the same, and you gave as a reason, that you had always done so. The great cause of dispute between you and us was, that I would not allow

* The literal English of his words.

you to do what you liked at sea; or at least, if so, that I would act as it pleased me by land. In short, I did not wish to receive laws from you, but rather to give them. Perhaps in this I pushed matters too far.—Man is liable to err. When you blockaded France I blockaded England; and it was not a paper blockade, as I obliged you to send your merchandise round by the Baltic, and occupy a little island in the North Sea in order to smuggle. You said that you would shut me out from the seas, and I said that I would shut you out from the land. You succeeded, but had it not been for accidents, you would not. Your country is nothing the better for it, through the imbecility of your ministers, who have aggrandized Russia instead of their own country."

"If," said he, "Lord Castlereagh were to offer to place me again upon the throne of France on the same conditions that Louis fills it, I would prefer remaining where I am. There is no man more to be pitied than Louis. He is forced upon the nation as king, and instead of being allowed to ingratiate himself with the people, the allies oblige him to have recourse to measures which must increase their hatred instead of conciliating their affections. Royalty is degraded by the steps they have made him adopt. *On la rend si sale et si méprisable*, that it reflects upon the throne of England itself. In place of making him respectable, *on l'a couvert d'ordure*."

"The French nation," continued he, "would never willingly consent to receive the Bourbons as kings, because the allies wish it. They would desire me, because the allies do not; but putting me out of the question, the French are desirous to see the throne filled by one chosen by themselves, and for whom no enemies or foreign powers had interfered. Ask yourselves, you Englishmen, what your sentiments would be in a similar case? The wish of your ministers to re-establish despotic power and superstition in France, cannot be agreeable to the English. A free people, unless indeed a desire to humble and to injure prevails, cannot wish to see another nation enslaved.—I treated as I have been, and deprived of every thing dear to me," added he, "I prefer my sojourn upon this execrable rock, to being seated on the throne of France like Louis, as I know that posterity will do me justice. Another year or two will probably finish my career in this world, but what I have done will never perish. Twelve hundred years hence my name will be mentioned with respect, while those of my oppressors will be unknown, or only known by being loaded with infamy and opprobrium."

HIS RELIGION.—I observed, that in England there were different opinions about his faith; that some had lately supposed him to be a Roman Catholic. "Ebbene," replied he. "*Credo tutto quel che crede la chiesa*."—(I believe all that the church believes.) "I used," continued he, "to make the Bishop of Nantes dispute with the Pope frequently in my presence. He wanted to re-establish the monks. My Bishop used to tell him that the Emperor had no objection to persons being monks in their hearts, but that he objected to allow any society of them to exist publicly. The Pope wanted me to confess, which I always evaded by saying, 'Holy father (*santo padre*), I am too much occupied at present.—When I get older.' I took a pleasure in conversing with the Pope, who was a good old man, *ma testardo*, (though obstinate.)"

"There are so many different religions," continued he, "or modifications of them, that it is difficult to know which to choose. If one religion had existed from the beginning of the world. I should think that to be the true one. As it is, I am of opinion that every person ought to continue in the religion in which he was brought up; in that of his fathers. What are you?"—"A protestant," I replied. "Was your father so?"—"I said, 'Yes.' "Then continue in that belief."

"In France," continued he, "I received Catholics and Protestants alike at my levee, I paid their ministers alike. I gave the protestants a fine church at Paris, which had formerly belonged to the Jesuits. In order to prevent any religious quarrels in places where there were both Catholic and Protestant churches, I prohibited them from tolling the bells to summon the people to worship in their respective churches, unless the ministers of the one and the other made a specific request for permission to do so, and stating that it was at the desire and request of the members of each religion. Permission was then given for a year, and if at the expiration of that year the demand was not renewed by both parties again, it was not continued. By these means, I prevented the squabbles which had previously existed, as the Catholic priests found that they could not have their own bells tolled, unless the Protestants had a similar privilege."

SPAIN.—In answer to a remark, that the invasion of Spain had been a measure very destructive to him, he replied, "If the government I established had remained, it would have been the best thing that ever happened for Spain. I would have regenerated the Spaniards; I would have made them a great nation. Instead of a feeble, imbecile, and superstitious race of Bourbons, I would have given them a new dynasty, that would have no claim on the nation, except by the good it would have rendered unto it. For an hereditary race of asses, they would have had a monarch, with ability to revive the nation, sunk under the yoke of superstition and ignorance. Perhaps it is better for France that I did not succeed, as Spain would have been a formidable rival. I would have destroyed superstition and priestcraft, and abolished the inquisition and the monasteries of those lazy *bestie di frati*. I would at least have rendered the priests harmless. The guerillas, who fought so bravely against me, now lament their success. When I was last in Paris, I had letters from Mina, and many other leaders of the guerillas, craving assistance to expel their *frat* from the throne."

PRUSSIA.—"I gave Hanover to the Prussians," continued he, "on purpose to embroil them with you, produce a war, and shut you out from the continent. The King of Prussia was blockhead enough to believe that he could keep Hanover, and still remain at peace with you. He made war upon me afterwards, like a madman, induced by the Queen and Prince Louis, with some other young men, who persuaded him that Prussia was strong enough, even without Russia. A few weeks convinced him of the contrary."

STATE OF ENGLAND.—The conversation turned upon the national debt and the great weight of taxes in England. Napoleon professed himself doubtful that the English could now continue to manufacture goods so as to be able to sell them at the same price as those made in France, in consequence of the actual necessities of life being so much dearer in England than in France. He professed his disbelief that the nation could support the immense weight of taxes, the dearness of provisions, and the extravagance of a bad administration. "When I was in France," continued he, "with four times the extent of territory, and four times the population, I never could have raised one half of your taxes. How the English *popolazzo* bear it, I cannot conceive. The French would not have suffered one fourth of them.—Notwithstanding your great successes," continued he, which are indeed almost incredible, and to which accident, and perhaps destiny, have much contributed, I do not think that you are yet out of the scrape: though you have the world at command, I do not believe that you will ever be able to get over your debt. Your great commerce has kept you up; but that will fail when you will no longer be able to undersell the manufacturers of other nations, who are rapidly improving. A few years will tell if I am right.

THE WAR.—"Pitt and his politics," continued he, "nearly ruined England by keeping up a continental war with France." I remarked, that it was asserted by many able politicians in England, that if we had not carried on that war, we should have been ruined, and ultimately have become a province of France. "It is not true," said Napoleon; "England being at war with France, gave the latter a pretence and an opportunity of extending her conquests to the length she did under me, until I became emperor of nearly all the world, which could not have happened, if there had been no war.—The conversation then turned upon the occupation of Malta. "Two days," said he, "before Lord Whitworth left Paris, an offer was made to the minister and to others about me of thirty millions of francs, and to acknowledge me as King of France, provided I would give you up Malta."—Napoleon added, however, that the war would have broken out, had Malta been out of the question.

The worst thing England has ever done, was that of endeavouring to make herself a great military nation. In attempting that, England must always be the slave of Russia, Austria, or Prussia, or at least subservient to some of them; because you have not a population sufficiently numerous to combat on the continent with France, or with any of the powers I have named, and must consequently hire men from some of them; whereas, at sea, you are so superior; your sailors are so much better, that you can always command the others with safety to yourselves and with little comparative expense. Your soldiers have not the requisite qualities for a military nation. They are not equal in address, activity, or intelligence, to the French. When they get from under the fear of the lash, they obey nobody. In a retreat, they cannot be managed; and if they meet with wine, they are so many devils (*tanti diavoli*), and adieu to subordination. I saw the retreat of Moore, and I never witnessed any thing like it. It was impossible to collect or to make them do any thing. Nearly all were drunk. Your officers depend upon interest or money for promotion. Your soldiers are brave, nobody can deny it; but it was bad policy to encourage the military mania, instead of sticking to your marine, which is the real force of your country, and one which, while you preserve it, will always render you powerful. In order to have good soldiers, a nation must always be at war.

WATERLOO.—"If you had lost the battle of Waterloo, what a state would England have been in? The flower of your youth would have been destroyed; for not a man, not even Lord Wellington, would have escaped." I observed here that Lord Wellington had determined never to leave the field alive. Napoleon replied, "he could not retreat. He would have been destroyed with his army, if instead of the Prussians, Grouchy had come up." I asked him if he had not believed for some time that the Prussians who had shewn themselves, were a part of Grouchy's corps. He replied, "Certainly; and I can now scarcely comprehend why it was a Prussian division and not that of Grouchy." I then took the liberty of asking whether, if neither Grouchy nor the Prussians had arrived, it would have not been a drawn battle. Napoleon answered, "the English army would have been destroyed. They were defeated at mid-day. But accident, or more likely destiny, decided that Lord Wellington should gain it.—I could scarcely believe that he would have given me battle; because if he had retreated to Antwerp, as he ought to have done, I must have been overwhelmed by the armies of three or four hundred thousand men that were coming against me. By giving me battle, there was a chance for me. It was the greatest folly to disunite the English and Prussian armies. They ought to have been united; and I cannot conceive the reason of their separation. It was folly in Wellington to give me battle in a place, where, if defeated, all must have been lost, for he could not retreat. There was a wood in his rear, and but one road to gain it. He would have been destroyed. Moreover, he allowed himself to be surprised by me. This was a great fault. He ought to have been encamped from the beginning of June, as he must have known that I intended to attack him. He might have lost every thing. But he has been fortunate; his destiny has prevailed; and every thing he did will meet with applause. My intentions were, to attack and destroy the English army.—This I knew would produce an immediate change of ministry. The indignation against them for having caused the loss of forty thousand of the flower of the English army, would have excited such a popular feeling, that they would have been turned out. The people would have said what is it to us who is on the throne of France, Louis or Napoleon; are we to sacrifice all our blood in endeavouring to place on the throne a detested family? No, we have suffered enough. It is no affair of ours,—let them settle it amongst themselves.—They would have made peace. The Saxons, Bavarians, Belgians, Wirtemburghers, would have joined me.—

The coalition was nothing without England. The Russians would have made peace, and I should have been quietly seated on the throne. Peace would have been permanent, as what could France do after the treaty of Paris? What was to be feared from her?"

"These," continued he, "were my reasons for attacking the English. I had beaten the Prussians.—Before twelve o'clock, I had succeeded. Every thing was mine, I may say, but accident and destiny decided it otherwise. The English fought most bravely doubtless, nobody can deny it. But they must have been destroyed.

THE JEWS.—During the conversation, I took the liberty of asking the emperor his reasons for having encouraged the Jews so much. He replied, "I wanted to make them leave off usury, and become like other men. There were a great many Jews in the countries I reigned over; by removing their disabilities, and by putting them upon an equality with Catholics, Protestants, and others, I hoped to make them become good citizens, and conduct themselves like others of the community. I believe that I should have succeeded in the end. My reasoning with them was, that, as their rabbins explained to them, that they ought not to practise usury to their own tribes, but were allowed to do so with Christians and others; that, therefore, as I had restored them to all their privileges, and made them equal to my other subjects, they must consider me to be the head of their nation, like Solomon or Herod, and my subjects as brethren of a tribe similar to theirs. That, consequently, they were not permitted to practise usury with me or them, but to treat us as if we were of the tribe of Judah. That, having similar privileges to my other subjects, they were, in like manner, to pay taxes, and submit to the laws of conscription and others. By this, I gained many soldiers. Besides, I should have drawn great wealth to France, as the Jews are very numerous, and would have flocked to a country where they enjoyed such superior privileges. Moreover, I wanted to establish an universal liberty of conscience. My system was to have no predominant religion, but to allow perfect liberty of conscience and of thought, to make all men equal, whether Protestants, Catholics, Mahometans, Deists, or others; so that their religion should have no influence in getting them employments under government. In fact, that it should neither be the means of serving or of injuring them; and that no objection should be made to a man's getting a situation on the score of religion, provided he were fit for it in other respects. I made every thing independent of religion. All the tribunals were so. Marriages were independent of the priests; even the burying-grounds were not left at their disposal, as they could not refuse interment to the body of any person, of whatsoever religion. My intention was to render every thing belonging to the state and the constitution purely civil and independent of any religion. I wished to deprive the priests of all influence and power in civil affairs, and to oblige them to confine themselves to their own spiritual matters, and meddle with nothing else."

FREEMASONS.—I asked some questions relative to the freemasons, and his opinions concerning them. "A set of imbeciles who meet, *a faire bonne chere*, and perform some ridiculous fooleries. However," said he, they do some good actions. They assisted in the Revolution, and latterly to diminish the power of the pope, and the influence of the clergy. When the sentiments of the people were against the government, every society has a tendency to do mischief to it." I then asked if the freemasons on the continent had any connection with the illuminati. He replied, "No, that is a society altogether different, and in Germany is of a very dangerous nature." I asked if he had not encouraged the freemasons? He said, "Rather so, as they fought against the pope."

NAPOLEON.—Napoleon's hours of rising were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock; in which case, he read or wrote until six or seven; at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his Generals; or laid down again to rest for a couple of hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained by the closure of every gratiny through which a ray of light might pass; although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes, in broad daylight. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated till breakfast-time, or, if the weather was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven: in either cases *a la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game of chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high-seasoned or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have sometimes seen him pare the outside brown part off: he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chattered with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest immediately afterwards. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed by those who have been in his service for 15 years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.—*Napoleon in Exile, or a voice from St. Helena.*

BONAPARTE.

[Extracts from O'Meara's Work.]

Told him (Napoleon) that I had received a Portsmouth paper, in which were contained extracts from a work published in London under his name. He looked over it, and observed that he had not written a line of it, though some parts resembled his manner. He added that there was a Scotchman, whose name he did not recollect, who had written several articles so much in his style, that when in France he had caused some of his works to be translated into French.

I informed him that Colonel Macirone, aid-de-camp to Murat, had published some anecdotes of his late master. "What does he say of me?" said Napoleon. — I replied, that I had not seen the book, but had been informed by Sir Thomas Reade that he spoke ill of him. "Oh," said he, laughing, "that is nothing; I am well accustomed to it. But what does he say?" I answered, it was asserted that Murat had imputed the loss of the battle of Waterloo to the cavalry not having been properly employed, and had said, that if he (Murat) had commanded them, the French would have gained the victory. "It is very probable," replied Napoleon, "I could not be every where; and Murat was the best cavalry officer in the world. He would have given more impetuosity to the charge. There wanted but very little, I assure you, to gain the day for me. *Enfoncer deux ou trois bataillons*, and in all probability Murat would have effected that. There were not, I believe, two such officers in the world as Murat for the cavalry, and Drouot for the artillery. Murat was a most singular character. Four and twenty years ago when he was a captain, I made him my aid-de-camp, and subsequently raised him to be what he was. He loved, I may rather say, adored me. In my presence he was as it were struck with awe, and ready to fall at my feet. I acted wrong in having separated him from me, as without me, he was nothing. With me, he was my right arm. Order Murat to attack and destroy four or five thousand men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; but leave him to himself he was an *imbécille* without judgment. I cannot conceive how so brave a man could be so *lâche*. He was no where brave unless before the enemy. There he was probably the bravest man in the world. His boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, *couvert de penes jusqu'au clocher*, and glittering with gold. How he escaped is a miracle, being as he was, always a distinguished mark, and fired at by every body. Even the Cossacs admired him on account of his extraordinary bravery. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat with some of them, and never returned without his sabre dropping with the blood of those whom he had slain. He was a paladin, in fact a Don Quixote in the field; but take him into the cabinet, he was a poltroon without judgment or decision. Murat and Ney were the bravest men I ever witnessed. Murat, however, was a much nobler character than Ney. Murat was generous and open; Ney partook of the *canaille*. Strange to say, however, Murat, although he loved me, did me more mischief than any other person in the world. When I left Elba, I sent a messenger to acquaint him with what I had done. Immediately he must attack the Austrians. The messenger went upon his knees to prevent him; but in vain. He thought me already master of France, Belgium, and Holland, and that he must make his peace, and not adhere to *demi-mesures*. Like a madman, he attacked the Austrians with his *canaille*, and ruined me. For at that time there was a negociation going on between Austria and me, stipulating that the former should remain neuter, which would have been finally concluded, and I should have reigned undisturbed. But as soon as Murat attacked the Austrians, the Emperor immediately conceived that he was acting by my directions, and indeed it will be difficult to make posterity believe to the contrary. Metternich said, 'Oh, the Emperor Napoleon is the same as ever. A man of iron. The trip to Elba has not changed him. Nothing will ever alter him: all or nothing for him.' Austria joined the coalition, and I was lost. Murat was unconscious that my conduct was regulated by circumstances and adapted to them. He was like a man gazing at the scenes shifting at the opera, without ever thinking of the machinery behind, by which the whole is moved. He never however thought that his secession in the first instance would have been so injurious to me, or he would not have joined the allies. He concluded that I should be obliged to give up Italy and some other countries, but never contemplated my total ruin."

PEACE WITH ENGLAND.—He observed that he had always been willing to make a peace with England. — "Let your ministers say what they like," said he, "I was always ready to make a peace. At the time that Fox died, there was every prospect of effecting one. If Lord Lauderdale had been sincere at first, it would also have been concluded. Before the campaign in Prussia, I caused it to be signified to him, that he had better get his countrymen to make peace, as I would be master of Prussia in two months; for this reason, that although Russia and Prussia united might be able to oppose me, yet that Prussia alone could not. That the Russians were three months' march distant; and that, as I had intelligence that their plan of campaign was to defend Berlin, instead of retreating, in order to obtain the support of the Russians, I would destroy their army, and take Berlin before the Russians came up, who alone I would easily defeat afterwards. I therefore advised him to take advantage of my offer of peace, before Prussia, who was your best friend on the continent, was destroyed. After this communication, I believe that Lord Lauderdale was sincere, and that he wrote to your ministers recommending peace; but they would not agree to it, thinking that the King of Prussia was at the head of a hundred thousand men; that I might be defeated, and that a defeat would be my ruin. This was possible. A battle sometimes decides every thing; and sometimes the most trifling thing decides the fate of a battle. The event, however, proved that I was right, as, after Jena, Prussia was mine. After Tilsit and at Erfurth," continued he, "a letter containing proposals of peace to England, signed by the Emperor Alexander and myself, was sent to your ministers, but they would not accept of them."

BONAPARTE.

[Extracts from O'Meara's Work.]

I told Napoleon that in one of the Couriers sent him by the governor, I had observed a speech attributed to Sir Francis Burdett, accusing him of having established eight *bastilles* in France. Napoleon replied, "In some respects it is true. I established a few prisons, but they were for certain persons who were under sentence of death; as I did not like to have the capital punishment executed, and could not send them to Botany Bay, as you were masters of the sea and would have released them, I was obliged to keep them in prisons."

"There were," continued he, "some Vendean chiefs, Chousans, and others, who had been arrested for rebellion and other crimes, to whom the choice was given, either to be tried, or to remain in prison as long as the government might think it necessary for the safety of the state. Those gaols were inspected twice a year by a committee composed of a councillor of state, and two judges; who each time offered the prisoners the choice of continuing in prison as they were, or of being brought to trial; but they always preferred the former. They were allowed three francs a day for their subsistence. —No abuses," continued he "were known to be committed in the prisons; and in fact, instead of being a crime as imputed to me in that paper, it was a mercy. But," added he, "where is the country without gaols; are there not some in England?"

Spoke about the possibility of his remaining in France after the battle of Waterloo, in spite of the efforts of the allied powers. "My opinion was," said he, "that I could not have done so, without having shed the blood of hundreds by the guillotine. I must have plunged my hand up to this in blood;" stretching out one arm and applying the finger of the other to his arm-pits. "Had the legislative body displayed courage, I might have succeeded, but they were frightened and divided amongst each other; La Fayette was one of the chief causes of the success of the enemies of France. To have given me a chance, I must have had recourse to the most sanguinary measures. The conduct of the allies, in declaring that they waged war against me alone, had a great effect. Had it been possible to have rendered me inseparable from the nation, no efforts of the allied powers would have succeeded; but as it was, by isolating me, and declaring that if I were once removed, all obstacles to a peace would cease; people became divided in their sentiments, and I determined to abdicate, and remove, as far as I was concerned, every difficulty. Had the French nation guessed at the intentions of the allies, or that they would have acted as they have done since, they would have rallied round me. But they were overreached like the lambs in the fable, when the wolves declared that they only waged war against the dogs; but the dogs once removed, they fell upon and devoured the lambs."

"There is a great difference of opinion," continued the emperor, "as to what I ought to have done. Many were of opinion that I ought to have fought to the last. Others said, that fortune had abandoned me, that Waterloo had closed my career of arms for ever. My own opinion is, that I ought to have died at Waterloo; perhaps a little earlier. Had I died at Moscow, I should probably have had the reputation of the greatest conqueror ever known. But the smiles of fortune were at an end. I experienced little but reverses afterwards; hitherto I had been unconquered. I ought to have died at Waterloo *j'aurais du mourir à Waterloo*. But the misfortune is, that when a man seeks the most for death, he cannot find it. Men were killed around me, before, behind, every where, but no bullet for me."

MADAME DE STAEL.—"Madame de Stael," said he, "was a woman of considerable talent and great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that at the moment of drowning she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from Court. At Geneva she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba, she sent her son to be presented to me, on purpose to ask payment of 2,000,000 which her father Neckar had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with this request. As I knew what he wanted, and thought that I could not grant it without ill-treating others who were in a similar predicament, I did not wish to see him, and gave directions that he should not be introduced. However, Joseph would not be denied, and brought him in in spite of this order, the attendants at the door not liking to refuse my brother, especially as he said he would be answerable for the consequences. I received him very politely, heard his business, and replied, that I was very sorry it was not in my power to comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws, and would do an injustice to many others. Madame de Stael was not, however, contented with this. She wrote a long letter to Fouché, in which she stated her claims, and that she wanted the money to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, promising that if I complied with her request, I might command her and hers; and that she would be *black and white for me*. Fouché communicated this, and advised me strongly to comply, urging, that in so critical a time, she might be of considerable service. I answered, that I would make no bargains." "Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," continued he, "I was accosted by Madame Stael in a large company, although at that time I avoided going out much in public. She followed me everywhere and stuck so close that I could not shake her off. At last she asked me, 'who at this moment is *la première femme du monde*?' intending to pay a compliment to me, and expecting that I would return it. I looked at her, and coolly replied, 'she who has borne the greatest number of children,' turned round, and left her greatly confused and abashed." He concluded by observing, that he could not call her a *wicked* woman, but that she was a wicked *intrigante*, possessed of considerable talent and influence.

ENGLAND.—Bonaparte speaking about the distress prevailing in England, said, that it was caused by the abuses of the ministry. "You have done wonders," said he; "you have effected impossibilities, I may say;

but I think that England, encumbered with a national debt, which will take 40 years of peace and commerce to pay off, may be compared to a man who has drunk large quantities of brandy to give him courage and strength; but afterwards, weakened by the stimulus which had imparted energy for the moment, he totters and finally falls; his powers entirely exhausted by the unnatural means used to excite them."

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

Speaking of English soldiers Napoleon observed, "the English soldier is brave, nobody more so—and the officers, generally, men of honour; but I do not think them yet capable of executing grand manœuvres. I think that if I were at the head of them I could make them do any thing. However, I know them not enough yet to speak decidedly. I had a conversation with Bingham about it; and although he is of a different opinion, I would alter your system. Instead of the lash I would lead them by the stimulus of honour. I would instil a degree of emulation into their minds. I would promote every deserving soldier, as I did in France. After an action I assembled the officers and soldiers, and asked who had acquitted themselves best? (*Quels sont les braves?*) And promoted such of them as were capable of reading and writing. Those who were not I ordered to study five hours a day, until they had learnt a sufficiency, and then promoted them. What might not be expected from an English army, if every soldier hoped to be made a general if he behaved well!—Bingham says, however, that the greatest part of your soldiers are brutes, and must be driven by the stick." "But surely," continued he, "the English soldiers must be possessed of sentiment sufficient to put them at least upon a level with the soldiers of other nations, where the degrading system of the lash is not used. *Whatever debases man cannot be serviceable.* Bingham says, that none but the dregs of the *canaille* voluntarily enter as soldiers. This disgraceful punishment is the cause of it. I would remove it, and make even the situation of a private soldier be considered as conferring honour upon the individual who bore it. I would act as I did in France. I would encourage young men of education, the sons of merchants, gentlemen, and others to enter as private soldiers, and promote them according to their merits. I would substitute confinement, bread and water, the contempt of his comrades (*le mépris de ses camarades*) and such other punishments for the lash. *Quando il soldato è avvilito è disonorato colle frustre, poco gli preme le gloria o l'onore sua patria.* (When a soldier has been debased and dishonoured by stripes, he cares but little for his own glory, or the honour of his country.) What honour can a man possibly have who is flogged before his comrades? He loses all feeling, and would as soon fight against as for his country, if he were better paid by the opposite party. When the Austrians had possession of Italy, they in vain attempted to make soldiers of the Italians. They either deserted as fast as they raised them, or else, when compelled to advance against an enemy, they ran away on the first fire. It was impossible to keep together a single regiment. When I got Italy, and began to raise soldiers, the Austrians laughed at me, and said that it was in vain, that they had been trifling for a long time and that it was not in the nature of the Italians to fight or to make good soldiers. Notwithstanding this, I raised many, thousands of Italians, who fought with a bravery equal to the French, and did not desert me even in my adversity. What was the cause? I abolished the system of flogging and the stick which the Austrians had adopted. I promoted those among the soldiers who had talent, and made them Generals. I substituted honour and emulation for terror and the lash."

"Saw Napoleon in his writing-room—had some conversation touching Ferdinand of Spain, and the Baron Kolli. 'Kolli,' said he 'was discovered by the police by his always drinking a bottle of the best wine, which so ill corresponded with his dress and apparent poverty, that it excited a suspicion amongst some of the spies, and he was arrested, searched, and his papers taken from him. Among them was a letter from * * * inviting him to escape, and promising support. A police agent was then dressed up, instructed to represent Kolli, and sent with the papers taken from him to Ferdinand; who, however, would not attempt to effect his escape, although he had no suspicion of the deceit practised upon him. While at Bayonne, I offered him permission to return to Spain, informing him, however, at the time, that immediately on his arrival in his own country I should declare war against him. Ferdinand refused to return, unless under my protection. No force or compulsion was employed to induce him to sign his abdication; neither was he confined at the time, but had his friends, and as many of the nobles as he thought proper about him. Had he been treated like me in this island,' continued he 'the ease would have been different; although if your Prince Regent were now to offer me a reception in England, provided I would resign the throne of France, acknowledge myself a prisoner of war, and sign a treaty as such, I would refuse it, and prefer remaining here, although I have already abdicated, and therefore the treaty would be of no consequence. To sign a treaty

acknowledging that the injustice of the English Parliament in detaining me here was lawful I would never do. A treaty not to quit such part of England as might be allotted to me; not to meddle with politics, and be subject to certain restrictions, I would gladly consent to; and moreover would desire to be naturalized as a British subject. The two grand objects of my policy were, first, to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, in order to save Europe from the barbarians of the north; and, next, to expel the Bourbons from Spain, and establish a constitution which would have rendered the nation free—have driven away the inquisition, superstition, the friars, feudal rights and immunities: a constitution which would have rendered the first offices in the kingdom attainable to any person who was entitled to hold them by his abilities, without any distinction of birth being necessary.—With the *imbeciles* who reigned, Spain was nearly useless to me. Besides, I discovered that they had made a secret treaty to betray France. With an active government, the great resources which Spain possesses would have been made use of against England, with such vigour that you would have been forced to make a peace according to liberal maritime rights. Also, I did not like to have a family of enemies so near me—especially after I had discovered this secret treaty. I was anxious to dispossess the Bourbons—they were so with me. It mattered little whether my brother or another family were placed on the throne, provided the Bourbons were removed: in thirty or forty years the ties of relationship would signify nothing, when the interests of a kingdom were under discussion.'

'Fox,' said he, 'was sincere and honest in his intentions; had he lived, there would have been a peace, and England would now have been contented and happy. Fox knew the true interests of your country: he was received with a sort of triumph in every city of France through which he passed. Fêtes, and every honour the inhabitants could confer, were spontaneously offered wherever he was known. It must have been a most gratifying sensation to him to be received in such a manner by a country which had been so long hostile to his own, particularly when he saw that they were the genuine sentiments of the people. Pitt, probably, would have been murdered. I liked Fox, and loved to converse with him. There was a circumstance occurred, which though accidental, must have been very flattering to him. As I paid him every attention I gave orders that he should have free admission every where. One day he went with his family to see St. Cloud, in which there was a private cabinet of mine, which had not been opened for some time, and which was never shown to strangers. By some accident Fox and his wife opened the door and entered. There he saw the statues of a number of great men, chiefly patriots, such as Sidney, Hampden, Washington, Cicero, and Lord Chatham, and among the rest, his own, which was first recognised by his wife, who said—"My dear, this is yours." This little incident, though trifling and accidental, gained him great honour, and spread directly through Paris. The fact was, that a considerable time before I had determined upon forming a collection of the statues of the greatest men, and the most distinguished for their virtues of all nations. I did not admire them the less because they were enemies, and had actually procured busts of some of the greatest enemies of France, amongst others, that of Nelson. I was afterwards diverted from this intention by occurrences that did not allow me time to attend to the collecting of statues. 'It would,' continued Napoleon, 'have been a very easy matter to have made the French and English good friends, and love one another. The French always esteemed the English for their national qualities, and where esteem exists love will soon follow, if proper measures be pursued. They are very nearly a kin. I myself have done much mischief to England, and had it in contemplation to do much more if you continued the war; but I never ceased to esteem you. I had then a much better opinion of you than I now have. I thought that there was much more liberty, much more independence of spirit, and much more generosity in England than there is, or I never would have ventured upon the step I have taken.'

MADAME TALLEYRAND.—Madame Talleyrand was a very fine woman, English or West-Indian, but *sotte* and grossly ignorant. I sometimes asked Denon, whose works I suppose you have read, to breakfast with me, as I took a pleasure in his conversation, and conversed very freely with him. Now all the intriguers and speculators paid their court to Denon, with a view of inducing him to mention their projects or themselves in the course of his conversation, with me, thinking that even being mentioned by such a man as Denon, for whom I had great esteem, might materially serve them. Talleyrand, who was a great speculator, invited Denon to dinner. When he went home to his wife, he said, 'my dear, I have invited Denon to dine. He is a great traveller, and you must say something handsome to him about his travels, as he may be useful to us with the Emperor.' His wife being extremely ignorant, and probably never having read any other book of travels than that of Robinson Crusoe, concluded that Denon could be nobody else than Robinson. Wishing to be very civil to him, she, before a large company, asked him divers questions about his man Friday! Denon, astonished, did not know what to think at first, but at length discovered by her

questions that she really imagined him to be Robinson Crusoe. His astonishment and that of the company cannot be described, nor the peals of laughter which it excited in Paris, as the story flew like wildfire through the city; and even Talleyrand himself was ashamed of it.

In turning over the pages of Mr. O'Meara's "*Voice from St. Helena*," the consideration which naturally suggests itself is—the degree of credit to which this interesting work may be entitled. A candid and dispassionate examination of the contents will, as we think, lead to one general conclusion—that the work contains an accurate, and faithful narrative, of transactions connected with the treatment of Buonaparte—and of personal conversations with that extraordinary man—of which Mr. O'Meara was both an eye, and ear witness. That which has been so long and anxiously desired is therefore now attained—a knowledge of the general sentiments of Buonaparte on the events, and the characters, growing out of the French Revolution.

We have selected a conversation on the subject of Russia, as being applicable to the present crisis with Turkey, and shall occasionally recur to the details and opinions of a man, whose knowledge of European politics during the last quarter of a century must, of necessity, have been more general and minute, than that of any other individual.

"In the course of a few years," added he, "Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain, as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattering which Alexander practised towards me, was to obtain my consent to effect this object. I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed. In the natural course of things, in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who you may say are Russians. The powers it would injure, and who would oppose it, are England, France, Prussia and Austria. Now as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance, by giving her Servia, and other provinces bordering upon the Austrian Dominions, reaching nearly to Constantinople. The only hypothesis that France and England may ever be allied with sincerity, will be in order to prevent this. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia united, cannot prevent it. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen. She quarrels with you, marches off to India an army of seventy thousand good soldiers, and a hundred thousand *canaille*, Cossacks and others, and England loses India. Above all the other powers, she is most to be dreaded, especially by you. Her soldiers are braver than the Austrians, and she has the means of raising as many as she pleases. In bravery, the French and English soldiers are the only ones to be compared to them. All this I foresaw. I see into futurity farther than others, and I wanted to establish a barrier against those barbarians, by re-establishing the Kingdom of Poland, and putting Poniatowski at the head of it as king; but your imbeciles of ministers would not consent. A hundred years hence, I shall be praised (*encensé*) and Europe, especially England, will lament that I did not succeed. When they see the finest countries in Europe overrun, and a prey to those Northern barbarians, they will say, 'Napoleon was right.' The Russians are beginning already with you; I see they have prohibited the introduction of your merchandise. England is falling. Even Prussia prohibits your goods. What a change for England! Under the great Chatham, you forbade the most powerful Sovereign in Europe, the Emperor of Germany, to navigate the Scheldt, or to establish an extensive commerce at Ostend. This was barbarous and unjust, but still you had the power to prevent it, because it was against the interests of England. Now Prussia shuts her ports against you. What a falling-off! In my opinion the only thing which can save England, will be abstaining from meddling in Continental affairs, and by withdrawing her army from the Continent. Then you may insist upon whatever is necessary to your interests, without fear of reprisals being made upon your army. You are superior in maritime force to all the world united, and while you confine yourselves to that arm you will always be powerful, and be dreaded. You have the advantage of declaring war when you like, and of carrying it on at a distance from your home. By means of your fleets, you can menace an attack upon the coast of those powers who disagree with you, and interrupt their commerce without their being able materially to retaliate. By your present mode of proceeding, you forfeit all those advantages. Your most powerful arm is given up, and you send an army to the Continent, when you are inferior to Bavaria in that species of force. You put me in mind of Francis the First, who had a formidable and beautiful artillery at the battle of Pavia. But he placed his cavalry before it, and thus masked the battery, which, could it have fired, would have insured him the victory. He was beaten, lost every thing, and was taken prisoner. So it is with you. You forsake your ships, which may be compared to Francis's battery, and throw fifty thousand men on the continent, which Prussia, or any other power who chooses to prohibit your manufactures, will fall upon and cut to pieces, if you menace or make reprisals.

"So silly a treaty as that made by your Ministers for their own country," continued the Emperor, "was never known before. You give up every thing, and gain nothing. All the other Powers gained acquisitions of country and millions of souls—but you give up colonies. For example, you give up the Isle of Bourbon to the French. A more impolitic act you could not have committed. You ought to endeavour to make the French forget the way to India, and all Indian policy, instead of placing them half way there. Why did you give up Java? Why Surinam, or Martinique, or the other French colonies? To avoid doing so you had nothing more to say than that you would retain them for the five years the Allied Powers were to remain in France. Why not demand Hanover for Hanover? There you would have an *entrepôt* for your manufactures. In treaties, an Ambassador ought to take advantage of every thing for the benefit of his own country."

"It appears to me," said Napoleon, "to be clearly the intention of your Ministers to subject England to a military yoke, to put down by degrees the liberty which prevails there, and to render their own power unlimited. All those honours conferred upon the military, and the tenour of several other steps lately adopted, are only so many preliminaries towards it. I can discern their object. Assistance, if necessary, will probably be rendered by the other Sovereigns of Europe, who are jealous, and cannot bear the idea that England should be the only free nation in Europe. They will all assist in putting you down." I observed that the English would never submit to be made a nation of slaves. He replied, "there is every appearance that the attempt will be made."

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A Pamphlet has been recently published, "principally relating to a visit to the Isle of Elba, and a conversation held with Napoleon Buonaparte during his residence there." It is understood to be from the pen of Mr. Vivian, brother of the distinguished General of that name: what is related may therefore be considered as entitled to credit. The following extracts will be found interesting:

"Speaking of *Switzerland*, Buonaparte said there appeared much to be settled in that country; that he had given them a constitution which it should seem they wished to change. I remarked, that the Canton of Berne wanted to recover what had been separated from it.—"Yes, (replied he,) the large to domineer over the small; there is no yoke so severe as that of a people." The fate of Italy he lamented much, divided as it was into small States. Italy, he said, should have been preserved as a kingdom. I agreed with him entirely in regretting the fate of Italy, but asked who was to be King, and who was to nominate? "Oh! it matters little," said he, "who it is—some Italian—or by whom appointed?" and he instanced Murat. "A sovereign," added he, "is made for his people, and not a people for their sovereign.—The Italians, he observed, were a people of strong passions, and had a great deal of excellent stuff in them as soldiers, —much of the old Roman left.—He spoke of the bad policy of the Austrian Cabinet towards Italy; and that of the Austrian Officers towards the inhabitants, in not associating with them, as the French had done. He added, that he had done much to reform the Italian people; that he had found them effeminate, and living for the women and with them all day long; that it was a fine country. Upon this I remarked, that by transporting to Paris the best of the paintings, &c. he had taken considerably from the interest of Italy. To this he made no reply, but spoke of Bologna as a *bonne et jolie ville*.

"To the *Pope*, as the head of the church and as a Sovereign, he seemed to have a great aversion; he said that he was always sacrificing his conscience to some miserable little piece of policy; that the existence of a Pope was a great misfortune for Europe; that we were very much indebted to our King Henry VIII. for getting rid of him; that he had attempted to do the same, but could not succeed; that the Government of Priests was detestable, and that every Sovereign should be at the head of his own Church, as in England, Prussia, &c.; that as a man the Pope was a very good sort of person; that he had entertained him very well at Fontainebleau, and made him very comfortable there; that he (the Pope) was ignorant in the extreme; and that amongst all the Cardinals (for he had seen them all at Paris,) there was not one he would allow to fill a fourth rank in his (Buonaparte's) Council. Ecclesiastical States, he added, should on no account be allowed; the Empire of the Church was not of this world.

"Speaking of the *Americans*, he said they wanted a ten years' war to make them a nation; that at present they had no noblesse, which they would acquire by a war; that they were now a nation of merchants, as was shewn in the case of the sale of Jefferson's library to the highest bidder; that had we (the English) made peace with them before, we should have gone to congress with more weight; that America had carried on the war with spirit after France had fallen, and that the war, after all, was about nothing—a few feet more or less of lake. He then said something of a great project he had with respect to Mexico, of which I could not catch the meaning; and observed, that we should one day or other lose Canada; adding, "Of what great consequence is it to England, with her numerous colonies." He said, that when America became more powerful, she would probably rival us in our marine; that he had made the attempt to do this, but had failed.—With respect to the right of search, which I called a *droit*, he said it was no *droit*, but a mere *théorie*; that when we were very strong we should exercise it; but if, on the contrary, we had Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, against us, we probably should not insist on it.—He gave it as his opinion, that England and France should be allied. On my signifying, by a shake of my head, the improbability of such an event, he said, "Why not? the world is large enough, France does not want to meddle too much with commerce. There was a man, Fox, who could have effected it; but unfortunately he is dead."

In acknowledging a repulse at Acre from Sir Sidney Smith, Napoleon spoke of him in terms of commendation, and says, "he liked his character"—Of Lord Cornwallis his sentiments were quite enthusiastic.—Of Sir John Moore he said, that he was a brave soldier, an excellent officer, and a man of talent; and that the few mistakes he made were probably inseparable from the difficulties by which he was surrounded.—Mr. Fox, he said, was so great and so good a man, that every member of his family seemed to have taken a tinge from his virtues.—Speaking of Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, he said, "his countenance bespeaks his heart, and I am sure he is a good man; I never yet beheld a man of whom I so immediately formed a good opinion as of that fine, soldier-like old man—there is the face of an Englishman—a countenance pleasing, open, intelligent, frank, sincere." Of Sir George Cockburn, also, he spoke in terms of commendation.

"Now boys with squibs and crackers play,
And bonfires' blaze turns night to day."

Poor Robin's Almanack for 1677.

MR. EDITOR,—To the account of Guy Fawkes, inserted in your Paper of yesterday, you will not, perhaps, think it irrelevant to add—on this the anniversary of his detection—a few further particulars. The execution of this arch-traitor, and his fellow-conspirators, is described by an eye-witness, in an extremely scarce tract among the Harleian MSS. (1606), and which contains also some curious notices of their previous behaviour while in prison, &c.

"In the time of their imprisonment," says this author, "they seemed to feele no part of feare, but rather feasted with their sinnes, than fasted with sorrow for them; were richly appareled, fared deliciously, and tooke tobacco out of measure, with a seeming carelessness of their crime, as it were daring the law to passe upon them." "On being carried from the Tower by water to Westminster, before they came into the Hall, they made some halfe houres stay or more in the Star Chamber; whither being brought, and remaining 'till the Court was all ready to heare them, it was strange to note their carriage, even on their very countenances, some hanging downe the heade, as if their heartes were full of doggednes, and others forcing a stearne looke, as if they would force death with a frowne, never seeming to pray, except it were by the dozen, upon their beades, and taking tobacco, as if that hanging were no trouble to them."

The conspirators tried on this occasion consisted of the following eight persons:—Digby, the two Winters, Grant, Rockwood, Caies or Kies, Bates, and Johnson, alias Fawkes. Four of these, viz. Digby, the elder Winter, Grant, and Bates, were executed in St. Paul's Church-yard, Jan. 30, 1606; the other four, consisting of the younger Winter, Rockwood, Caies, and Guy Fawkes, were executed in Old Palace-yard, on the following day. The behaviour of the whole is described, and generally displayed much firmness; and our author, vindictively as he seems to speak of them in his account, confesses that "men that saw them goe to their execution, did in a sorte grieve to see such proper men in shape, goe to so shamefull an end;" Digby, in particular, is said to have been a man of a noble and imposing appearance.

Fawkes's execution is thus noticed:—"Last of all came the great devill of all, Fawkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder; his body being weake with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but yet with much ado, by the helpe of the hangman, went hie enough to breake his necke with the fall; who made no long speech, but after a sorte seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kinde of forgiveness of the King and the State for his bloodie intent, with his crosses and his idle ceremonies, made his end up the gallows and the blocke, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villaine."

The vault or cellar in which the barrels of gunpowder were lodged, is still in existence, and has been engraved in Smith's Antiquities of Westminster; who, from its style of architecture and other circumstances, conjectures it to have been a kitchen of the ancient Palace of Westminster, as built by Edward the Confessor. When the plot was determined on, says that writer, Piercy, one of the conspirators, hired for their use a house next adjoining the Parliament House, where they began to make their mine about the 11th November, 1604. This house was situated a little north of the King's entrance to the Prince's Chamber, which latter adjoined it on the south-east, and it was in the cellar under that where this business undoubtedly commenced. Guy Fawkes, in his "Confession," says, that when they came to the very foundation of the walls of this house, which had certainly once formed part of the Palace, and was three yards thick, they found their further progress a matter of such great difficulty, that they took to them Robert Winter. He adds, it was about Christmas when they brought their mine to the wall, and about Candlemas they had wrought the wall half through.*

While they were working upon the wall, they heard a rushing in a cellar of removing coals. This noise was in the next room or cellar; and fearing they were discovered, they sent Fawkes to see what was the matter, who, on his return, brought word that it was a cellar where coals had been laid, and were selling, and that the cellar was to be let. Upon this intelligence, Piercy immediately went and hired it, as being directly under the Parliament House, and they laid into it twenty barrels of gunpowder, which they covered with billets and faggots to prevent discovery. It was about Lent when they laid in these twenty barrels; on the 26th of July, they added ten barrels more, and, according to the tract last quoted, four hogsheads more on the 20th of September; but Sir Edward Coke, in his speech on the trial, says there were thirty-six barrels.

To one unacquainted with the place, Mr. Smith observes, the quantity of powder laid in, must seem greatly beyond what was necessary for the purpose; till the astonishing thickness of the stone walls is considered. Fawkes describes the foundation wall as 9 feet thick, and other walls have been found, on admeasurement, 6 feet 8½ inches thick. The size of the cellar is large, being seventy-seven feet long by twenty feet four inches wide; and if the force of the powder had not been sufficient to blow all these stone walls to pieces, the explosion would have found its way out at the doors, without affecting the building above. The whole was intended to have been fired by a train or match, which would burn a certain time before it took effect, during which time it was intended Fawkes should have made his escape.

The means of this plot being discovered by a letter addressed to Lord Montague, son to the Lord Morley, is well known; but it remained until lately a secret, that this intimation came from a lady, and that affection for a brother

prompted the warning, while love for a husband, unfortunately privy to the conspiracy, suggested such means as were best calculated to secure him from detection. This lady was Mary, the wife of Thomas Abington, Esq. of Henslip, in the County of Worcester, and the eldest of the three daughters of Lord Morley; and consequently the eldest sister of Lord Montague. Greenwood, the Jesuit, met at Master Abington's house, with Hall, another Jesuit. Penant observes, that "to this day, the manner in which Providence directed the discovery is unknown." Such, however, was the fact: his concluding remark is right, that the plot was evidently confined to a few persons of desperate zeal and wickedness, who did not dare to trust so dreadful a secret to the multitude. "The success," he says, "they knew must be followed up by a general insurrection and completion of their wishes. The opportunity would have been too irresistible, even to those, who, in cool blood would have rejected with horror a plan so truly diabolical." Dr. Ducarel's statement, copied by this author, of Guy Fawkes's having lived at Vauxhall, and been Lord of the Manor there, has long been exploded, and could only have arisen from a similarity of name. Vauxhall, or Fauxhall, received its name from Fulik, or Falcasius de Brent, a proprietor in the reign of John. The infamous miscreant mentioned, probably never had a foot of land in England in his life. [See Nichols's Hist. of Lambeth, Manning and Bray's Surrey, &c.]

It may be noticed, that it is still the practice for the Lord Chamberlain, with proper officers, previously to the opening of every new Session of Parliament, to make a search for combustibles in all the rooins and cellars under, or nearly under each House of Parliament.

* Bishop of Lincoln's Relation of the Gunpowder Plot, small 8vo. 1679.

The following account of the origin of *Waits*, may be amusing at this period of the year:—

Waits originally arose from musicians attending on great personages, Mayors, and bodies corporate, generally furnished with superb dresses, or splendid cloaks.

In "Rymer's Fœdera," there is an account of the establishment of the Minstrels and Waits in the service of the Court, during the reign of Edward IV. The account of the allowances to the Waits, at this early period, is as follows:—

"A Wayte, that nightelye from Mychelmas to Shreve Thorsday, pipethe the watche withen this courte tower tymes; in the somere nyghtes iij tymes, and makethe bon gayte at every chambeire doore and offyce, as well for feare of pyckeres and pillers. He eateth in the halle with mynstrielles, and takethe lyverey at nyghte a loffe, a galone of alle, and for somere nyghtes ij candles pich, a bushel of coles; and for wintere nyghtes half a loafe of bread, a galone of alle iij candles pich, a bushel of coles; daylye whilste he is presente in Court for his wages in cheque roale allowed iij d. ob. or else ij d. by the discrecion of the stewarde and tressorere, and that, after his cominge and diseruinge, also cloathing with the housholde yeomen or mynstrielles lyke to the wages that he takethe; and he be syke he taketh twoe loves, ij messe of great meate, one gallone of ayle. Also, he partethe with the housholde of general gyfts, and hathe his beddinge carried by the comptrollers asoygonent; and under this yeoman to be a grooine watere. Yf he can excuse the yeoman, in his absence, then he takethe rewarde clotheinge, meat, and all other things lyke to other grooms of household. Also this yeoman waighte at the makinge of Knightes of the Bathe, for his attendance upon them by nyghte tyme, in watchinge in the chapelle pathe to his fee all the watchinge clothinge, that the Knight shall swear upon him."—Your Constant Reader,

The following account of the origin of Newspapers may be amusing to the Literati in that department:—

The first newspaper printed in the world was in London. In the British Museum there are several Newspapers, which were printed while the Spanish Armada was in the English Channel, during the year 1588. In that year a Newspaper was published by Christopher Barkes, printer to Queen Elizabeth, entitled "The English Mercurie!" Newspapers were at first occasional, and afterwards weekly. In 1622, Nicholas Bntler published in London, a weekly Newspaper, in 4to., the title of which was, "The Certain News of the present week." Another weekly Paper was published in London, in 1626, and said to be printed for Mercurius Britannicus. In a collection of pamphlets, which was accumulated by Mr. Charles Tooker, there were Newspapers from 1621 to 1640. Before the execution of Charles I. there had been published more than a hundred Newspapers, with different titles; and from that period to the Restoration, there were upwards of 80 other Newspapers. In the year 1792, there were printed in London 12 daily Newspapers, nine evening Papers, and nine weekly Papers. In that year were also published in England, 69 different Country Papers. The whole number of Newspapers printed in England, in 1792, was 15,005,760. The value of Newspapers in a free country, is truly great, as they form one of the best securities of freedom. Junius says—"Let it be instilled into your children, that the *Liberty of the Press* is the palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman." And it is observed by Hume, that "it is sufficiently known, that despotic power would steal in upon us, were we not extremely watchful to prevent its progress, and were there not an easy method of conveying the alarm from one end of the kingdom to the other. And nothing is so effectual to this purpose as the *Liberty of the Press*; by which all the learning, wit, and genius of the nation, may be employed on the side of liberty, and every one animated to its defence. We may conclude, that the liberty of Britain is gone for ever, whenever any attempts to wrest away the *Liberty of the Press* shall succeed."—Your Constant Reader,

There is scarce an instance of any Christian or Jew in Syria being long permitted to enjoy the power or riches which he may have acquired. The Christian Abd el Ahad resided at Djebail a few years ago; his brother Djordjos Das, at Deir el Kammar; they were the head men of the Emir Beshir, and in fact were more powerful than their master: they were both put to death in the same hour, by the Emir's orders: Abd el Hak at Antioch, Hannah Kubbe, at Ladakie, and Karally, at Aleppo, furnish similar examples. The Jew Hayne, the banker at Damascus and Acre, is supposed to be worth 300,000*l.* sterling; he has lost his nose, his ears, and one of his eyes in Djeddar's service; yet his ambition is such, that he prefers a precarious existence with power, in Syria, to the ease and security which he might enjoy by emigrating to Europe.

On the breaking out of the war between England and the Porte, the Emir Beshir offered Mr. Barker, the English consul at Aleppo, a refuge in the Franciscan Convent of Harissa, within his territory. Mr. Barker accepted the offer, and resided there two years with great advantage to the English name, from his prudence and liberality. The French Consuls on the coast, by express orders from their Government, repeatedly applied to the Emir to remove Mr. Barker: he twice tore their letters in pieces, and returned them by the messenger, as his only answer.

The Jews esteem Tiberias as one of the four holy cities of the Talmud; and they observe a singular custom here in praying:—

"While the Rabbin recites the psalms of David, or the prayers extracted from them, the congregation frequently imitate, by their voice or gestures, the meaning of some remarkable passages; for example, when the Rabbin pronounces the words, 'Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet' they imitate the sound of the trumpet through their closed fists. When 'a horrible tempest' occurs, they puff and blow to represent a storm; or should he mention 'the cries of the righteous in distress,' they all set up a loud screaming; and it not unusually happens that while some are still blowing the storm, others have already begun the cries of the righteous thus forming a concert which it is difficult for any but a zealous Hebrew to hear with gravity."

At Nazareth, Sir Sidney Smith will be long remembered with gratitude. After the retreat of the French, Djeddar Pacha resolved to massacre all the Christians in his Pachalik, and sent orders to that effect to Jerusalem and Nazareth. The British commander remonstrated in the strongest terms, and menaced Acre with a bombardment unless the bloody mandate was revoked. Djeddar gave way without hesitation. Mr. Burckhardt frequently heard both Turks and Christians say of Sir Sidney, "his word was God's word, it never failed!"

Mr. Burckhardt passed the night in an Arab encampment. He alighted at the tent of a Sheikh, who was dying of a lance wound which he had received a few days before; but such was the hospitality of his entertainers, that he did not learn the Sheikh's misfortune till the following day. The sick man lay in the women's apartments, a lamb was killed, and a friend of the family did the honours of the table.

The Christians of Kerek are excellent marksmen and distinguished for their courage. Not long since a party of the Rowella on Sunday, when the men were absent, robbed the Christian encampment of all the cattle. Seven and twenty young men, on the first alarm, pursued the thieves, in number 400, mounted on camels, and many of them armed with firelocks. The battle lasted two hours, when the Rowella fled with the loss of 43 killed, a great many wounded, all their booty, and 120 camels. The Christians lost only four men killed.

"Their custom of entertaining strangers is much the same as at Szalt; they have eight Mezzels or Medhafes, for the reception of guests, six of which belong to the Turks, and two to the Christians; these expenses are not defrayed by a common purse; but whenever a stranger takes up his lodging at one of the Medhafes, one of the people present declares that he intends to furnish that day's entertainment, and it is then his duty to provide a dinner or supper, which he sends to the Medhafa, and which is always in sufficient quantity for a large company. A goat or a lamb is generally killed on the occasion, and barley for the guest's horse is also furnished. When a stranger enters the town, the people almost come to blows with one another in their eagerness to have him for their guest, and there are Turks who every other day kill a goat for this hospitable purpose. Indeed it is a custom here, even with respect to their own neighbours, that whenever a visitor enters a house, dinner or supper is to be immediately set before him. Their love of entertaining strangers is carried to such a length, that not long ago, when a Christian silversmith, who came from Jerusalem to work for the ladies, and who, being an industrious man, seldom stirred out of his shop, when on the point of departure after a two months' residence, each of the principal families of the town sent him a lamb, saying that it was not just that he should lose his due, though he did not choose to come to dine with them. The more a man expends upon his guests, the greater is his reputation and influence, and the few families who pursue an opposite conduct are despised by all the others."

It is considered an unpardonable meanness at Kerek to sell or exchange butter for any of the necessaries or life. Their consumption of this article is very great, one of their commonest dishes being a pudding made of sour milk and a profusion of butter. There are families who thus devour upwards of ten hundred weight of butter in a year. If a man is known to have sold or exchanged this article, his daughters or sisters remain unmarried, for no one would dare to connect himself with the family of a *Baya el Samin*, or seller of butter, the most insulting epithet that can be applied to an inhabitant of Kerek. This custom is peculiar to this one place, and is unknown to the Bedouins.

"It is very unfortunate for European travellers that the idea of treasures being hidden in ancient edifices is so strongly rooted in the minds of the Arabs and Turks; nor are they satisfied with watching all the stranger's steps; they believe it is sufficient for a true magician to have seen and observed the spot where treasures are hidden (of which he is supposed to be already informed by the old books of infidels who lived on the spot), in order to be able afterwards, at his ease, to command the guardian of the treasure to set the whole before him. It was of no avail to tell them to follow me and see whether I searched for money; their reply was, 'of course you will not dare to take it out before us, but we know that if you are a skilful magician you will order it to follow you through the air to whatever place you please.' If the traveller takes the dimensions of a building or a column, they are persuaded that it is a magical proceeding. Even the most liberal minded Turks of Syria reason in the same manner, and the more travellers they see, the stronger is their conviction that their object is to search for treasures. 'Maon delayl,' 'he has indications of treasure with him,' is an expression I have heard a hundred times."

Speaking of the gross ignorance of the priests of Sinai on scriptural subjects, Mr. Burckhardt observes,

"I believe there is not a single individual amongst them, who has read the whole of the Old Testament; nor do I think that amongst Eastern Christians in general there is one in a thousand, of those who can read that has ever taken that trouble. They content themselves, in general, with their prayer-books, liturgies, and histories of saints; few of them read the Gospels, though more do so in Syria than in Egypt; the reading of the whole of the Scripture is discountenanced by the clergy; the wealthy seldom have the inclination to prosecute the study of the holy writings, and no others are able to procure a manuscript copy of the Bible, or one printed in the two establishments in Mount Libanus."

"The Turkmen women do not hide themselves, even before strangers; but the girls seldom enter the men's room, although they are permitted freely to talk with their father's guests. I was much struck with the elegance of their shapes and the regularity of their features: their complexion is as fair as that of European women; as they advance in age the sun browns them a little: as to their morals, chastity becomes a necessary virtue where even a kiss is punished with death by the father or brother of the unhappy offender."

"I could mention several instances of the extreme severity of the Turkmen upon this subject; but one may suffice. Three brothers taking a ride, and passing through an insulated valley, met their sister receiving the innocent carresses of her lover. By a common impulse they all three discharged their fire-arms upon her, and left their fallen victim upon the ground, while the lover escaped unhurt; my host, Mohammed Ali, upon being informed of the murder, sent his servant to bring the body to his tent, in order to prevent the jackalls from devouring it; the women were undressing and washing the body to commit it to the grave, when a slight breathing convinced them that the vital spark was not yet extinguished; in short, the girl recovered. She was no sooner out of immediate danger than one of Ali's sons repaired to the tent of his friends, the three brothers, who sat sullen and silent round the fire, grieving over the loss of their sister. The young man entered, and saluted them, and said, 'I come to ask you, in the name of my father, for the body of your sister; my family wishes to bury her.' He had no sooner finished, than the brothers rose, crying, 'if she was dead, you would not have asked for her, you would have taken the body without our permission.' Then seizing their arms, they were hurrying out of the tent, in search of the still living victim; but Mohammed Ali's son opposed the authority of his father and his own reputation of courage to their brutal intentions; he swore he would kill the first who should leave the tent; told them that they had already sufficiently revenged the received injury, and that if their sister was not dead, it was the visible protection of the Prophet that had saved her; and thus, he at last persuaded them to grant his request. The girl was nursed for three months in Mohammed Ali's family, and married after her complete recovery to the young man who had been the cause of her misfortune."

Dr. Holland was with Mr. Rogers at Paestum, at the time when the latter is supposed to have written his verses, dated from that place. Some months after, Sidney Smith met Dr. Holland at a dinner, and inquired whether it were true that Rogers had written any thing at the moment of their visit. "No—not that I remember—only a verse or two." "Only a verse or two!" interrupted Sidney Smith—"Only a verse or two—why, Rogers takes to his bed after writing a verse or two:—he has straw flung down before the door; his knocker is muffled; his friends send to inquire after him; and his servant answers, 'As well as can be expected.'"

A gentleman, travelling in a stage coach, had been greatly annoyed by the grimaces of a puppyish dandy. The dandy made one of his low jokes, and accompanied it, as usual, with his own loud laugh; instead of joining in which, his fellow traveller very leisurely took a pinch of snuff, when the dandy exclaimed "Law! Sir, do you take snuff?" The gentleman very composedly, and in a certain tone of voice, replied (offering his box at the same time) "Yes, blackguard."

Tobacco was brought to England by Sir Francis Drake, in 1570, who that year made his first expedition against the Spaniards in South America. Lobel informs us, that it had been cultivated in this kingdom previously to that date. Sir Walter Raleigh brought the Virginia tobacco to this country about the year 1586, and it is related that he was the first who brought Tobacco into repute; but, by the caution he took in smoking it privately, it appears he did not intend that it should be copied. But sitting one day in a deep meditation, with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small ale; the fellow coming into the room, threw all the liquor in his master's face, and running down stairs, bawled out "Fire! help! Sir Walter has studied till his head's on fire, and the smoke bursts out of his mouth and nose." After this, Sir Walter made it no secret, and took two pipes just before he went to be beheaded.

Snuff did not come into fashion until after the Restoration, from which we presume it was a French invention.

It is stated in most botanical works, that the Tobacco of Virginia was introduced in 1570. This was prior to the discovery of that part of America; but the date agrees with the year that the Tobacco of Peru was obtained.

It appears by Lord Bacon's account, that the Tobacco of the former country was not held in so great esteem in his time as that of the latter: he says, "The English Tobacco hath small credit, as being too dull and earthy: nay, the Virginian Tobacco, though that be in a hotter climate, can get no credit for the same cause."

Gerard was of opinion, that the Tobacco of our own growth would best suit English constitutions, as that of America would agree with the health of Americans: he adds, "Notwithstanding, it is not so thought nor received of our tabackians: for, according to the English proverbe, 'Far fecht and deere bought is best for ladies.'" Some biographers state, that Queen Elizabeth had no objection to the tobacco-smoke, while others insinuate that *she preferred the smokers!*

James the First wrote a treatise expressly against it, entitled *A Counterblast to Tobacco*. By a Bull of Pope Urban the Eighth, such are excommunicated as take Tobacco in Churches.

The smoking of Tobacco is carried to such an excess by the Turks, that they are rarely to be seen without a pipe, and never enter upon business without smoking, which often gives them an advantage over the Christians with whom they have either commercial or political transactions, as they smoke a considerable time, and reflect before giving a reply to any question. To visit them on business previously to their morning pipe, would only subject the intruder to their caprice and ill humour. An ingenious friend, who has resided several years in Constantinople, and had opportunities of associating with the higher classes of that city, assures us that two thousand pounds is no uncommon price for a Turk to give for the amber mouth-piece of a tobacco pipe exclusive of the bowl or the pipe, the latter of which is made of a branch of the jasmine tree for the summer use, while those for winter smoking are uniformly made of the branches of the cherry tree. In order to obtain them of a regular size without being tapering, the young shoots of these trees have a weight affixed at their extremities to bend them downwards, which prevents the sap from returning to the body of the tree, and causes them to swell equally in all parts. The rind or bark is carefully preserved to prevent the escape of the fume through the pores of the wood. The wealthy Turks pride themselves on the beauty and number of their pipes; and the principal servant in their establishment has no other charge than that of attending to the pipes and tobacco, which are presented to the master or his guests by a servant of an inferior rank. These pipes are so regularly and effectually cleaned, as always to have the delicacy of a new tube; while the German pipe, on the contrary, is enhanced in value by the length of time it has been in use. We are told by the same friend that he has seen among the lower class of Armenians and Jews in Turkey, some smokers who could consume the whole Tobacco of a bowl twice the size of those used in England, and draw the entire fumes into their bodies at one breath, which they discharge from their ears as well as the mouth and nostrils.

Tobacco is one of those rank and poisonous weeds which only grow on rotten soils and dunghills, such as fresh woodlands, and will not thrive well on any others. It was, therefore, a proper plant to exhaust the abundant vegetable manure that many parts of America afforded, when first it began to be cultivated. It is a tall herbaceous plant, growing erect with a fine foliage, and rising with a strong stem from six to nine feet high. The seeds of this plant are extremely small; but so numerous, that it has been calculated that a single plant will produce about 350,000, each capsule containing about a thousand! It thrives best in a warm, kindly, rich soil, light and inclined to be sandy; it likes the southern declivity of a hill. It thrives well in most parts of Europe, and the writers of the sixteenth century state that it prospered in England. Lord Bacon says, "Tobacco is a thing of great price, if it be in request: for an acre of it will be worth (as is affirmed) two hundred pounds by the year towards charge." He adds, "The charge of making the ground, and otherwise, is great, but nothing to the profit."

Ministerial policy has prohibited its cultivation in this country, as well as in France. It seems an extraordinary stretch of power for any Government to interfere with what seeds a landed proprietor may sow, or what plants he may cultivate on his own soil; yet individuals must be satisfied with the axiom, that private benefit must give place to public good.

Coles says, in 1657, "It prospers well about Winscomb in Gloucestershire, where I think the planting of it is now discontinued, because the store that came from thence was an hinderance to the public revenue coming in for the custome of that which is brought from beyond seas."

By various Acts passed in the reign of Charles the Second, Tobacco is forbidden to be planted in England, on forfeiture of forty shillings for every rod of ground thus planted, excepting in physic gardens, where it is allowed in quantities not exceeding half a pole of ground. Justices of Peace have power to issue warrants to constables to search after and destroy the same. It appears that walnut-tree leaves have been used as a substitute for Tobacco; 5 Geo. c. 11, forbids the cutting of walnut-tree leaves, or other leaves (not being Tobacco-leaves), or colouring them so as to resemble Tobacco; or selling the same, mixed or unmixed for Tobacco; under a penalty of forfeiting five shillings a pound, &c.

A French Natural Historian* relates, that in 1750 Maryland and Virginia produced to England more than one hundred thousand tons of Tobacco; of which, he says, the English kept one half for their own consumption, and exported the remainder to France; for which the latter country paid annually the sum of 9,200,000 livres, or about 333,333l. English money.

This vegetable still continues to form so considerable a branch of commerce in this country, that a store-room has lately been erected in the London Docks, for the exclusive purpose of housing Tobacco, which covers with one roof a space of nearly six acres of ground, and which is perhaps the largest room ever built. This immense store-room is, when empty, an object of wonder; but on seeing it full of Tobacco, our amazement must be increased, by reflecting on the extent of our trade, and on the singular destination of such an enormous heap of half-putrefied leaves.

The old writers attribute so many wonderful medicinal virtues to this plant, that we are unable to name a complaint for which they did not make it a cure. Burns, scalds, poisons, dropsy, agues, complaints of the head, breast, lungs, &c.—even hunger and the gout, were all to be relieved by this vegetable. "Tobacco," says Lord Bacon, "comforteth the spirits, and dischargeth weariness; which it worketh, partly by opening, but chiefly by the opiate virtue, which condenseth the spirits."

Of late years it has been spoken of by the generality of medical writers in such a manner as has almost occasioned its dismissal from modern practice; at least from internal use: but this circumstance has not deterred Dr. Fowler, a physician of eminence in Staffordshire, from commencing an inquiry into its medicinal effects. He has published the result of his experiments, which seem to be accurately and faithfully related. That tobacco, under proper regulations, may be administered in-

REPAIRS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Extensive repairs,
Both up and down stairs,
Have been made in a House which is no man's;
Although 'tis a place
Which, as matter of grace,
Is by some call'd the House of the Commons (a).
The Commons, 'tis true,
Have no more to do
(By the Commons I mean the whole people,
Without further comment)
With the House at this moment
Than they had when a Church with a steeple (b).
Be this as it may,
The repairs, as they say,
Are very extensive and thorough:
For Rats, they now find,
Have, time out of mind,
Made the building but one rotten burrow (c).
Near the Treasury Bench;
They say that the stench
Could hardly be borne for a minute;
And was only endur'd
By those most inur'd,
And who all their life long had liv'd in it.
The workmen confest,
That full many a nest
They disturb'd just behind it and routed:
If you ask 'em they show one
That looks like a new one,
That it is so can scarcely be doubted.
The nest is well feather'd,
Which the old Rat had gather'd,
For all that was soft he laid tax on;
And the outside of all
Was the greasy old caul
Of a never-feed Barrister's caxon (d).
Ask C-PL-Y and W-RR-N
(Both with crowns barren) (e)
If a Barrister's wig with the hair in,
Is not far the best,
Of all things for the nest.
Of a Rat that loves ends and cheese-paring?
The old Rat whom they found
Weigh'd many a pound
(Some others were with him—they got 'em),
He was not over quick,
Head and body were thick,
Though far the most broad in the butt-m.
And with this one fat
Was a little black rat,
Of the Arches breed (f), or what they call so:
You readily can tell
I don't mean FR-M-NTLE,
Though he in the nest was snug also (g).
Now leaving these vermine,
The wise ones determine
To repair all the seats and the cushions (h);
Which were very much worn
And in some places torn
By many late shiftings and pushings.
Excuse the expression,
If I say that last Session
Fat placemen became so uneasy,
That much perspiration
On the score of taxation,
Made the seats on that side very greasy.
The lengthen'd debate
On the LORD ADV-C-E,
Made the place that he fill'd quite unpleasant:
His stew and his fret,
I shall never forget,
Nor will any man who was then present.
The motion of CR-V-Y
Against the "Dog Steevy" (i),
And W-N the appointed Presider (k),
Wore out W-N's new seat:
With his fidget and heat,
Two yards underneath him or wider.
The speeches of H-E
Caus'd many to fume,
And thus far produc'd a disbursement:
Each Cabinet Minister
He often put in a stir;
While he shew'd what the words "public purse" meant.
BR-GH-M like a tiger
With patrus vigor (l),
Put in terror the Crown-understrappers,
And occasion'd a charge,
Already too large
For new cushions as well as new wrappers.

(a) "Very extensive repairs and alterations of the House of Commons are now in progress."—*Courier*.

(b) It is not of much importance whether St. Stephen's was a Church or a Chapel, or with or without a steeple.

(c) "The rats have bored under the flooring in many places."—*Courier*.

(d) The Right Honourable C. W. W—N was called to the Bar, but never had an opportunity of practising:

Sed finem impensæ non servat prodiga Roma.—Juv.

(e) This parenthesis alludes merely to their baldness.—The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, however, hides his with scratch; a scratch of a different kind sometimes (on dit) hides that of Mr. CH. J. W—N.

(f) There is a particular sort of rat that breeds in Arches. I do not refer here of course to the "Court of Arches."

(g) "His Grace the Duke was most imperative." It is doubtful if it were necessary that he should have been so.

(h) "The cushions of the benches, Ministerial as well as Opposition, also the secondary coverings of the benches are being renovated."—*Courier*.

(i) King JAMES (see Miss Aikin's Memoirs) always called the then Duke of BUCKINGHAM his "Dog Steevy" or *Steenie*, because he was very handsome, and resembled the picture of St. Stephen by JULIO ROMANO. The same familiar stile has been applied to his present Gr—e, but not from the same cause.

(k) President of the Board of C—l. The motion here noticed touched upon all the Rats of this race.

(l) Hor. L. IV. Ode IV.

And if one side were new
It would not well do,
That the other retain its condition:
The expence is thus run up,
Both sides must be done up,
The Treasury and Opposition (m).
The chiefest improvement
Consists in the movement,
And power of each ventilator (n);
For in all the late years
It plainly appears
They were needed both stronger and greater.

Those fitted up now
Are too small they allow,
And very defective I'm sure are;
For the House I have nam'd
Has always been fam'd
For unwholesome, corrupt and impure air.

Then let us all pray
By night and by day
Henceforth that there be not a fault heard;
That the House and those in it,
Let who will begin it,
May be speedily, thoroughly alter'd.

(m) "Ministerial as well as Opposition benches."—*Courier*.

(n) "In addition to the ventilators already formed, two new ones of considerable dimensions are being constructed."—*Courier*.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaïans!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
It has been, and shall yet be the land of the free;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the foot-prints of MAHOMET'S slaves
May be wash'd out in blood from our forefathers' graves.
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah! what though no succour advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretch'd in our aid—be the combat our own!
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
For we've sworn, by our Country's assaulters,
By the virgins they've dragg'd from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old and their blood in our veins,
That living, we shall be victorious,
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not;
The sword that we've drawn we will sheathe not;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide—waves engulph—fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us:
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves;
But we've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us,
To the charge!—Heaven's banner is o'er us.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, Oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban and shown ourselves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring.
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-waving arms,
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,
When the blood of yon Musulman cravens
Shall have crimson'd the beaks of our ravens.

BREADALBANE'S MARCH.

Strike up the pibroch, 'till echoes the mountain—
Strike up the pibroch, 'till echoes the fountain;
Quick draw your broad swords, and on for the foray,
And hey for the hills and the mountains of Moray!

Strike up the pibroch, 'till hills of Kindrogan
Ring with the notes of the terrible slogan!—
Strike up the pibroch, 'till mountain and Corri
Shall wail for the sons of the mountains of Moray!

Wave shall each bush, each briar and bramble—
Shake shall each cairn with the tread of the CAMPBELL;
Wave shall our banners, all bloody and gory,
O'er the dead sons of the mountains of Moray!

Quake shall each ravine, each torrent, and river;
Benledi, Ben-lawns, and Benlomond shall quiver—
BREADALBANE, undaunted, shall triumph in glory
O'er the proud sons of the mountains of Moray!

Quick on his foes see the CAMPBELL is rushing—
See from their bosoms life's torrents fast gushing!
While the coronach echoes from mountain and corri,
A sad williwa to the daughters of Moray!

BATH: a Rhapsody.

GREAT Toy-shop of England, its pride and its pleasure,
Where millions in search of felicity roam;
For where can the busy more relish their leisure,
Or where can the idle man feel more at home?

Hail Bath! the delight of the ear and the eyes!
Where grandeur joins comfort wherever we go,
On your easy acclivities palaces rise,
And quiet and neatness preside here below.*

No Mulcibers here, with their functions mechanic
And vapours dare use both the sky and the sun ill,
To frighten the Dandies with thunders volcanic,
Or furnish our shops with thick smoke from a funnel.

The site is so healthy, the people so frisky,
While oft to the neighbouring hill they repair
On horseback, in coaches, or snug in a whisky,
That none but the *Doctors* look comfortless here.

Old *Acorns* parboil'd, and in vigour renew'd,
To the Temple of Courtship, the Pump-room, repair;
There hobble along in pursuit of the 'Nude,'
And dream of no sins but the sin of despair.

Of your fresh country maidens, how great is the plenty,
Who flock here to learn the new modes and be courted,
From the bloom of fifteen to the blossoms of twenty,
Their roses and lilies all fresh as imported.

To describe such fine forms, and their delicate features,
In vain I may call on my muse o'er and o'er,
So I leave the description of such magic creatures
To the writer of *Beppo*, or loving Tom Moore.

Here are wives for the young, and for those of mid age,
From the nymph who trips on with a far-darting eye,
To the maïron still rosy, and steady, and sage,
To the widow so busy, so cautious, and sly.

The Music's so loud and so clear, on the floor
See the lame and the deaf all begin to look big:
The deaf, all in unison, cry out *encore*,
And the lame shake their ancles and call for a jig.

Ah! say who that is not a Turk or a Rabbi,
Or one of those people that nobody knows,
Who, when he shall hear the sweet chimes of the Abbey,
Does not feel in his bosom the calm of repose.

Here Charity learns, join'd with caution and law,
To attend to the poor, and the idle dismiss,
The honest to aid, and the vagrant to awe,—
Ye Monmouth-street mumpers, what say ye to this?

If Books are requested to shorten the morning,
Variety here is the favourite plan;
To *Upham* see daily what crowds are resorting,
Employing, and plaguing, and praising the man.

Though millions come here to get rid of diseases,
And with pleasure dismiss both the doctor and nurse;
Yet a man in rude health may come here if he pleases,
And get rid of all tumours he finds in his—purse.

Lo! now convalescent, the time to beguile,
See widows and widowers hasten to mingle,
And entrapp'd by an aple, and charm'd by a smile,
Forget their lost consorts and blush to be single.

What greater enjoyments has life then to offer,
That in Bath, charming Bath, 'tis not easy to find,
Provided you furnish *genteely* your coffer,
And leave your dull cares and bad humours behind?

* The Paradea.

T.

LESLIE'S MARCH TO SCOTLAND.

The following inimitably fine song, so full of caustic irony and bitter ridicule, is preserved in "Hogg's Jacobite Relics." We can remember a time, (not very far distant,) when the last stanza would have formed an admirable description of certain processions which used to disturb the Metropolis and the Hammersmith road. Our readers, who are acquainted with the history of their country during the Commonwealth, need not be informed who Leslie was, or of what materials the army, here so characteristically described, was composed.

March! March! Pinks of election,
Why the devil don't you march onward in order?
March! March! dogs of redemption,
Ere the blue bonnets come over the border.
You shall preach! You shall pray—
You shall teach night and day—
You shall prevail o'er the kirk gone a whoring—
Dance in blood to the knees—blood of God's enemies—
The daughters of Scotland shall sing you to snoring.

March! March! dregs of all wickedness—
Glory, that lower you can't be debased,
March! March! dunghills of blessedness
March and rejoice, for you shall be raised,
Not to board—nor to rope,
But to faith and to hope,
Scotland's athirst for the truth to be taught her—
Her chosen virgin race, how they will grow in grace;
Round as a neep—like calves for the slaughter.

March! march! scourges of heresy;
Dowd with the kirk and its whillabalury—
March! March! down with Supremacy,
And the kist fu' o' whistles that maks sic a cleary;
Fifemen and pipers, braw,
Merry de'ils tak them a';
Gown, lace and livery—lickpot and ladle,
Jockey shall wear the hood,
Jenny the sark of God,
For — and petticoat, dishclout and daidle.

March! March! blest ragamuffins;
Sing us ye go, the hymns of rejoicing!
March! March! justified ruffians,
Chosen of heav'n—to glory you're rising,
Ragged and treacherous,
Lousy and lecherous,
Objects of misery, scorning and laughter;
Never, O happy race,
Magnified so was grace,
Host of the righteous! rush to the slaughter!

From *Croly's Illustrations of Dagley's Gems*, just published.

THE GENIUS OF DEATH:

Represented a Winged Boy, his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in his right-hand.

What is Death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dars come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb!
Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee straw'd
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth—
To the grandeur round thy throne!
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band;
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!
Earth has hosts; but thou canst shew
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on:
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

CUPID CARRYING PROVISIONS:

The God is laden with two baskets suspended from a pole across his shoulder, and trudging on with a heavy look towards the ground.

There was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime;
And everie day was holidaze,
And everie monthe was lovelie May.—
Cupide thenne hadde but to goe
With his purple winges and bowe;
And in blossome vale and grove
Everie shepherde knelte to Love.

Thenne a rosie, dimpled cheeke,
And a blue eye fonde and meeke;
And a ringlette-wreathenne browe,
Like hyacynthes on a bed of snowe;
And a lowe voïce silver-sweete
From a lippe without deccite;
Onlie those the heartes coulde move
Of the simple swaines to love.

But thatte time is gone and paste;
Cange the summerre alwayes laste?

And the swaines are wiser growne,
And the hearte is turnede to stone,
And the maiden's rose may witherre,
Cupide's flet, no manne knowes
whitherre!

But anotherre Cupide's come,
With a browe of care and gloome;
Fixede upon the earthlie moulde,
Thinkinge of the sullenne golde:
In his hande the bowe no more,
At his backe the householde store,
That the bridalle colde muste buye;
Uselesse nowe the smile and sighe:
But he weares the pinion stille,
Flyinge at the sighte of ille.
Oh, for the olds true-love time,
Whenne the worlde was in its prime!

GENIUS BOUND:

A Demi-nude Winged Female, with her arms bound behind her.

Glorious Spirit! at whose birth
Joy might fill the conscious earth;
Yet her joy be dash'd with fear,
As at untold danger near;
A comet rising on her gloom,
Or to light her, or consume!

Beauty is upon thy brow!
Such sad beauty as the bow,
Child of shower and sunbeam, wears,
Waked, and vanishing, in tears;
Yet to its splendid moment given
Colours only lit by heaven.

Thou canst take the lightning's wings,
And see the deep forbidden things;
With thy starry sandal tread
On the ocean's treasure bed;

Or make the rolling clouds thy throne;
Height and depth to thee are one!

Prophet Spirit! thou canst sweep
Where the unborn nations sleep;
Or, from the ancient ages shroud
To judgment call their sceptred crowd;
Earth has to thee nor birth, nor tomb—
Nor past, nor present, nor to come

Yet here thou sitt'st, while earth and
heaven
Are to thy radiant empire given.
Alas! I see the manacle!—
And all thy soul has felt the steel;
Thy wing of fire, thy beauty, vain—
For Genius dies beneath the chain!

The following curious Poetry is from the Rev. Daniel Lyson's *Magna Britannia*, in his History of Widdicombe, in the Moors:—

"The parish church was much damaged by lightning on the 21st of October, 1638, during the time of Divine Service, by which awful event some of the congregation then assembled were killed. The particulars are recorded in some verses, still remaining in the church. They were written by a person who was present at the time:—

In token of our thanks to GOD these tables were erected,
Who, in a dreadful thunder-storm, our persons here protected,
Within this church of Widdicombe, 'mongst many fearful signs,
The manner of it is declared in these ensuing lines:
In sixteen hundred thirty-eight, October twenty-first,
On the LORD'S Day, at afternoon, when people were addressed
To their devotion in this church, while singing here they were
A psalm, distrusting nothing of the danger then so near,
A crack of thunder suddenly, with lightning, hail, and fire,
Fell on the church and tower here, and ran into the choir;
A sulphureous smell came with it, and the tower strangely sent,
The stones abroad into the air with violence were rent;
Some broken small as dust, or sand, some whole as they came out
From of the building, and here lay in places round about;
Some fell upon the church, and break the roof in many places;
Men so perplexed were they knew not one another's faces.
They all, or most, were stupified, that with so strange a smell,
Or other force, whate'er it was, which at that time befel.
One man was struck dead, two wounded, so they died few hours
after.

No father could think on his son, nor mother mind her daughter.
One man was scorched, so that he lived but fourteen days and died,
Whose clothes were very litte burnt, but many there beside
Were wounded, scorched, and stupified in that so strange a storm,
Which who had seen would say 'twas hard to have preserved a
worm.

The different affections of people then were such
That, touching some particulars, we have omitted much;
But what we here related have its truth in most men's mouths;
Some had their skin all over scorched, yet no harm in their clothes.
One man had money in his purse, which melted was in part,
A key likewise, which hung thereto, and yet the purse not hurt,
Save only some black holes, so small as with a needle made.
Lightning, some say, no scabbard hurts, but breaks and melts the
blade.

One man there was sat on the beir that stood fast by the wall,
The bier was tore with stones that fell—he had no harm at all;
Not knowing how he thence came forth, nor how the bier was torn.
Thus in this doleful accident great numbers were forborne,
Amongst the rest a little child, which scarce knew good from ill,
Was seen to walk amidst the church, and yet preserved still.
The greatest admiration was that most men should be free
Among so many dangers here which we did hear and see.
The church within so filled was with timber, stones, and fire,
That scarce a vacant place was seen in church or in the choir;
Nor had we memory to strive from those things to be gone,
Which would have been but work in vain all was so quickly done.
The wit of man could not east down so much from off the steeple,
From off the churches roof, and not destroy much of the people;
But HE who rules both air and fire, and other forces all,
Hath us preserv'd, bless'd be his name, in that most dreadful fall.
If ever people had a cause to serve the LORD and pray
For judgment and deliverance, then surely we are they;
Which, that we may perform by the assistance of his grace,
That we at last in time may have with him a dwelling-place,
All you that look upon these lines of this so sad a story,
Remember who hath you preserved, ascribe unto his glory
The preservation of your lives, who might have lost your breath
When others did, if mercy had not stepp'd 'twixt you and death.
We hope that they were well prepared, although we know not how
'Twas then with them, it's well with you if you are ready now."

ASTONISHING FACTS
REGARDING THE
FAULTS OF ST. MICHAEL'S, DUBLIN.

It is not generally known that the metropolis of Ireland contains a very singular subterraneous curiosity—a burial-place, which, from the chymical properties of the soil, acts with a certain embalming influence upon the bodies deposited within it. I speak of the vaults beneath St. Michael's Church—a scene where those who have the firmness to go down and look death in the face, will find an instructive commentary upon the doctrines of moral humiliation that are periodically preached above.

You descend by a few steps into a long and narrow passage that runs across the site of the church; upon each side there are excavated ample recesses, in which the dead are laid. There is nothing offensive in the atmosphere to deter you from entering. The first thing that strikes you is, to find that decay has been more busy with the tenement than the tenant. In some instances, the coffins have altogether disappeared; in others, the lids or sides have mouldered away, exposing the remains within, still unsubdued by death from their original form. But the great conqueror of flesh and blood, and of human pride, is not to be baffled with impunity. Even his mercy is dreadful. It is a poor privilege to be permitted to hold together for a century or so, until your coffin tumbles in about your ears, and then to re-appear, half skeleton, half mummy, exposed to the gazes of a generation that can know nothing of your name and character beyond the prosing tradition of some moralizing sexton. Among these remnants of humanity, for instance, there is the body of a pious gentlewoman, who, while she continued above ground, shunned the eyes of men in the recesses of a convent. But the veil of death has not been respected. She stands first on the sexton's list of posthumous rarities, and one of the most valuable appendages of his office. She is his buried treasure. Her sapless cheeks, yield him a larger rent than some acres of arable land; and what is worse, now that she cannot repel the imputation, he calls her to her face, "the Old Nun." In point of fact, I understood that her age was one hundred and eleven, not including the forty years that have elapsed since her second burial in St. Michael's.

Death, as has been often observed, is a thorough Radical, and levels all distinctions. It is so in this place. Beside the Nun there sleeps, not a venerable abbess, or timid novice, or meek and holy friar, but an athletic young felon of the 17th century, who had shed a brother's blood, and was sentenced for the offence to the close custody of St. Michael's vaults. This was about 130 years ago. The offender belonged to a family of some consideration, which accounts for his being found in such respectable society.

The preservative quality of these vaults is various in its operation upon subjects of different ages and constitutions. With regard to the latter, however, it does not appear that persons who had been temperate lovers enjoy any peculiar privileges. The departed toper resists decay as sturdily as the ascetic; supplying Captain Morris with another "reason fair, to fill his glass again." But it is ascertained that children are decomposed almost as rapidly here as elsewhere. Of this, a touching illustration occurs in the case of a female who died in child-birth, about a century ago, and was deposited in St. Michael's. Her infant was laid in her arms. The mother is still tolerably perfect; exemplifying, by her attitude, the parental "passion strong in death;" but the child has long since melted away from her embrace. I inquired her name, and was rather mortified to find that it has not been preserved.

But I was chiefly affected by the relics of two persons, of whom the world has unfortunately heard too much: the ill-fated brothers, John and Henry Sheares. I had been told that they were here, and the moment the light of the taper fell upon the spot they occupied, I quickly recognised them by one or two circumstances that forcibly recalled the close of their career: the headless trunks, and the remains of the coarse, unadorned, penal shells, to which it seemed necessary to public justice that they should be consigned. Henry's head was lying by his brother's side—John's had not been completely detached by the blow of the executioner; one ligament of the neck still connects

it with the body. I knew nothing of these victims of ill-timed enthusiasm, except from historical reports; but the companion of my visit to their grave had been their contemporary and friend, and he paid their memories the tribute of a few tears; he lingered long beside them, and seemed to find a sad gratification in relating several particulars connected with their fates. Many of the anecdotes which he mentioned have been already published. Two or three, which interested me, I had not heard before. "It was not to be expected," he said, "that such a man as John Sheares could have escaped the destiny that befel him—his doom was fixed several years before his death. His passion for liberty, as he conceived it, was incurable; for it was consecrated by its association with another passion, to which every thing seemed justifiable.—You have heard of the once celebrated Mademoiselle Therouane. John Sheares was in Paris at the commencement of the Revolution, and was introduced to her. She was an extraordinary creature; wild, imperious, and fantastic in her patriotic paroxysms; but in her natural intervals, a beautiful and fascinating woman. He became deeply enamoured of her, and not the less so for the political enthusiasm that would have repelled another. I have heard that he assisted, in the uniform of the National Guard, at the storming of the Bastille, and that he encountered the peril as a means of recommending himself to the object of his admiration. She returned that sentiment, but she would not listen to his suit. When he tendered her a proposal of marriage, she produced a pistol, and threatened to lay him dead if he renewed the subject. This I had from himself. But her rigour did not extinguish his passion. He returned to Ireland full of her image, and, I suspect, not without a hope that the success of the fatal enterprise in which he embarked might procure him, at a future day, a more favourable hearing; but of this and all his other hopes you see" (pointing to his remains) "the lamentable issue." I asked whether his mistress had heard his fate, and how she bore it. My friend replied, "When I was at Paris, during the short peace of Amiens, I asked the same question, but I met with no one that had personally known her. She was then living, in a condition, however, to which death would have been preferable. She was in a miserable state of insanity, and confined in a public institution. John Sheares," he continued, "flung himself into the revolutionary cause from principle and temperament; but Henry wanted the energy of a conspirator, of this he was forewarned by an accident that I know to have occurred. Shortly after he had taken the oath of an United Irishman (it was towards the close of the year 1797) he was present at the election for the city of Dublin; a riot took place at the hustings, the military interfered, and the people fled in confusion; a tradesman who resided in the vicinity, hearing the shouts, hastily moved towards the spot to inquire the cause. The first person he met was Henry Sheares, pallid, trembling, and almost gasping for breath. He asked what had happened. Sheares, with looks and tones importing extraordinary perturbation, implored him, if he valued his life, to turn back. It was with some difficulty that the interrogator could obtain an intelligible account of the cause and extent of the danger. As soon as he had ascertained the fact, he fixed his eyes on Sheares, and said, 'Mr. Sheares, I know more of some matters than you may be aware of; take a friend's advice, and have no more to do with politics; you have not nerves, Sir, for the business you have engaged in.' But the infatuation of the times, and the influence of his brother's character and example, prevailed. When the catastrophe came, John Sheares felt, when too late, that he should have offered the same advice. This reflection embittered his last moments. It also called forth some generous traits that deserve to be remembered. His appeal to the Court in behalf of his brother, as given in the report of the trial, is a model of natural pathos; but I know of nothing more pathetic in conduct than a previous scene, which Curran once described to me as he had witnessed it. When Curran visited them in prison to receive instructions for their defence, John Sheares rushed forward, and embracing his knees, implored him to intercede for Henry; for himself he offered to plead guilty; to die at an hour's notice; to reveal

all that he knew with the exception of names; to do any thing that might be fairly required of him, provided the Government would consent to spare his brother."

The preserving power of the vaults of Saint Michan's was long ascribed by popular superstition to the peculiar holiness of the ground, but modern philosophy has now wrought the miracle by explaining, on chymical principles, the cause of the phenomenon:—"Water is a sure decayer of your whoreson dead body." The walls and soil of these vaults abound with carbonite of lime and argillareous earth; a compound that absorbs the moisture which is necessary to the putrefactive process. In all weathers the place is perfectly free from damp. The consequence is, that animal matter being exposed to such an atmosphere, though it undergoes important chymical changes, and soon ceases to be strictly flesh, yet retains, for a length of time, its external proportions. I had occasion to observe a circumstance that proves the uncommon dryness of the air. One of the recesses, which is fastened up, is the burial-place of a noble family. On looking through the grating of the door, we saw two or three coronets glittering from the remote extremity of the cell, as brightly as if they had been polished up the day before. The attendant assured us that it was more than a year since any one had entered the place. He inserted a taper within the grating to give us a fuller view, when his statement was corroborated by the appearance of an ample canopy of cobweb, extending from wall to wall of this chamber of death, and which it must have cost the artificers many a weary day and night to weave. A curtain of the same sepulchral gauze overhung the spot where the Sheareses rest.

I had seen the catacombs of Paris, but I was more interested, and made to feel more for others and myself in the vaults of St. Michan's.

When Rob Roy Macgregor was on his death-bed a gentleman, whom he had reason to consider as an enemy, came to see him. On being requested to admit the visitor to his bed side, he said, "No enemy shall see Rob Roy in the posture of defeat. Raise me up; put on my clothes, and buckle on my arms, then admit him." He was obeyed; the guest was received with cold civility by the dying man, and in a short time departed. "Now," said Rob Roy, "now help me to bed and call in the piper." The piper appeared, Rob Roy shook hands with him, and desired him to play *cha-tuile mi tuileadgh*, and not to cease while he continued to breathe. He soon expired, with the "voice of war" pealing around him.

The existence of an organized system of mendicancy in the metropolis, is noticed by writers as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth; from whom it appears, that beggars had then their several degrees, that they were well acquainted with the modern modes of deception, and used a language of their own. Those, "who may be called idle beggars," says Hollingshed, "do what they can to continue their misery; they do stray and wander about as creatures abhorring all labour, and everie honest exercise, and will not be delivered from their poverty, but continue it through their owne lewdness and froward disposition." He then describes the tricks of these impostors in his day, and concludes, by asserting, "that it was not then full threescore years since this trade began; but how it hath prospered since that time," he adds, "it is easie to judge, for they are now supposed, of one and another, to amount to above 10,000 persons, as I have heard reported."

Saint Michael was an archangel who presided over the Jewish nation, and had an army of angels under his command and conduct; he fought also with the Dragon, or Satan, and his angels; and, contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses. This festival has been kept with great solemnity ever since the sixth century. About this time of the year, it has been, and still continues, the custom to elect the Governors of towns or cities. On the election of a *Bailiff* at *Kidderminster*, the inhabitants assemble in the principal streets to throw cabbage-stalks at each other.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

The famous Kabris, son-in-law of the King of the Savages of the island of Noukahiwa, lately died suddenly at Valenciennes, where he went, as to many other towns, to show himself for a small sum. The *Biographie des Hommes vivans* contains the following notice of this singular character:—

"Joseph Kabris, born at Bordeaux, was taken prisoner on board a French ship, where he was a sailor, and conducted to England, where he obtained permission to enter on board a whaler, destined for the South Sea. Escaped from the wreck of this vessel, which was lost on the coast of Noukahiwa (Saint Catherine), in the Great Ocean, Kabris fell into the hands of the Anthropophagi, who were preparing to make him suffer the fate of Marion, and perhaps of La Perouse; the club was actually lifted that was to fell him to the earth, when Valmaiska, the young daughter of the King, demanded and obtained mercy for him, and shortly afterwards married him, to the great disappointment of the gastronomes of the country, in whom the good condition of Kabris had excited a hope of enjoying the most exquisite cheer.

"The morning after his marriage feast, in which Kabris had appeared with a mantle made of the bark of a tree like that worn by the King, the Monarch tattooed him himself as the Nobles of the land are tattooed; he traced on the left side of his face the sign which distinguishes the Royal Family of Noukahiwa. He was then invested with the function of Grand Judge, and acquitted himself with much prudence and cleverness, which was promoted by the simplicity of the language and laws of this people, who do not yet embarrass the march of justice with numerous forms. The thief is tied for several days to a tree. An assassin is killed by the family of the deceased, his body is divided between the different tribes.—The traitor is flayed alive, and thrown into the sea, as he is thought not worthy even of being eaten.—Kabris had been for nine years the father of a family, and enjoyed in his eminent character of Judge, family happiness and the favours of fortune, when he was carried away, as he says, in his sleep, by the Russian Captain Krusenstern.

"When he arrived at Petersburg, he was appointed Professor of Swimming in the Imperial School for the Navy, and he returned to France in 1817, on board the vessel which went to Russia to bring back the remainder of the French troops. It seems that Captain Krusenstern had no other motive for carrying away Kabris but to shew this prodigy to his Sovereign. When he awoke, far from Valmaiska and his children, he made many useless complaints, but forced to resign himself to his fate, to make it more agreeable, he solicited permission to return to France. Soon after his arrival at Paris he was presented to the King, who shewed him signs of his good will, and some time afterwards he received a similar reception from the King of Prussia, who was then in that capital.

"Before returning to his native town, Kabris shewed himself to the public to levy on it the funds necessary for his journey to Bordeaux; from where he proposed to return to the South Sea, desiring again to propound the oracles of justice to the savages of Noukahiwa, whose manners he pretends to have improved. Kabris was possessed of good sense and some instruction, and in his answers displayed a degree of frankness which does not permit us to apply to his stories, at least not too rigorously, the epithet of tiresome, which originates in that country where he was born. People who are fond of observing curious relations have remarked that this man, whose greatness had departed like a dream, chose the *Cabinet des Illusions* as the place to shew himself in, and the Solon of Noukahiwa supplied the place of the dog Munito, at a theatre of *Marionnettes*."

THE "MOAT" AND THE "BEAM."—In some papers we find it mentioned, with great indignation and horror, that the *Infidel* Turks at Smyrna, &c. have offered Greek women, boys, and girls, for sale at their shops and bazaars.—And yet, in the same papers are to be found advertisements, with the names of professing *Christians* at the bottom, such as this:—"For sale, a Negro Family, consisting of a man, his wife, and six children, either together or single, as may suit the purchaser. They are sold for no fault, but to raise money.—Inquire of A. B. C. D. &c."—*Boston Centinel*.

COMPARATIVE POPULATION.—The following table exhibits the comparative Population of the twelve principal towns of Great Britain and France:

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.		FRANCE.	
London, Westminster, Southwark, and the adjoining parishes...	1,225,694	Paris	720,000
Glasgow, with suburbs	147,043	Lyons	115,000
Edinburgh, with Leith and their suburbs...	138,235	Marseilles	102,000
Manchester, with Salford	133,788	Bordeaux	92,000
Liverpool	118,972	Rouen	86,000
Birmingham, with Aston	106,722	Nantes	77,000
Bristol and suburbs...	87,779	Lille	60,000
Leeds and suburbs...	83,796	Strasbourg	50,000
Plymouth, with Dock and suburbs	61,212	Toulouse	50,000
Norwich	50,288	Orleans	42,000
Newcastle-on-Tyne, with Gateshead	46,948	Metz	42,000
Portsmouth, with Portsea	45,648	Nimes	40,000

POPULATION OF ENGLAND IN 1377.—As a matter of historical curiosity, we subjoin the population of the principal towns of England in the year 1377, when an enumeration was made on account of a poll-tax:—

London	35,000	Colchester	4500
York	11,000	Canterbury	4000
Bristol	9000	Beverley	4000
Plymouth	7000	Newcastle-on-Tyne	4000
Coventry	7000	Oxford	3500
Norwich	6000	Bury, Suffolk	3500
Lincoln	5000	Gloucester	Each somewhat
Sarum, Wiltshire	5000	Leicester	3000
Lynn	5000	Shrewsbury	more than

In that remote age the total population of England was 2,300,000; but the proportion of town population was far smaller than at present, since the number of towns containing above 3000 inhabitants was only 18.

THE DEVIL'S TAVERN.—The Devil's Tavern, immortalized by Ben Jonson, was situated in Fleet-st. near Temple-bar, on the site where Childs'-place now stands. The poet wrote his *Leges Convivales*, for a club of wits who assembled in a room at this tavern, which he dedicated to Apollo, over the chimney of which, the laws were preserved.

In an ancient MS. preserved at Dulwich College, there are some of this comic writer's memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine, and the convivial hours he passed at this tavern. The following passages from the MS. justify the opinion.

"Mem. I laid the plot of my Volpone, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm sack, from my very good Lord T—; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause.

"Mem. The first speech in my *Cataline*, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I parted with my friends at the Devil's Tavern; I had drank well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine.

"Mem. Upon the 20th of May, the King (heaven reward him) sent me a hundred pounds. At that time I went often times to the Devil; and before I had spent forty of it, wrote my *Alchymist*.

"Mem. The Devil an Asse, the Tale of a Tub, and some other comedies which did not succeed, (written) by me; in the winter, honest Ralph died; when I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil."

HOW TO KILL THE D—L.—A lad, aged twelve years, in Westerly, (Rhode Island,) one day last week, going to pasture after his cows, had occasion to pass through a wood, where he discovered on a tree, at some distance from the ground, a large and furious looking animal. The boy ran home and told his parents that he had seen the devil! His father promised his son a quarter of a dollar if he would kill him. The boy took his father's gun, charged it well, and repaired with all hast to the woods, where he again found the aforesaid animal. Having placed a stake almost directly under him to rest his gun upon, he fired, and down fell a Panther, weighing 140 pounds, which he quickly dispatched.—*American paper*.

HISTORICAL DOUBTS.—A facetious correspondent of the *Liverpool Kaleidoscope*, in a note to the editor, gives the following specimen of historical research, worthy of being classed with the good things uttered by Cowslip, in O'Keeffe's farce of the Agreeable Surprise:—"I am somewhat in the predicament of the auctioneer, who, at a sale of antiques put up a helmet, with the following observation:—"This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a helmet of Romulus, the Roman Founder; but whether it was a brass or iron founder I can't tell."

ROYAL BON MOT.—A Right Hon. Gentleman, who has been recently appointed to one of the highest offices in the state, having been admitted to the royal presence to receive the seals of office, was observed on his retirement to rub his chin in a very contemplative mood.—I hope, said a friend, "that you met with a gracious reception?"—"I don't know what to think of it," replied the new Secretary; his Majesty, with apparently perfect sincerity, expressed a wish that I should follow the example of my late predecessor, which I am afraid means that nothing would give him so much pleasure, as that I should cut my throat.

The Irish papers, in describing a late duel at Waterford, say that one of the combatants was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh bone! But this is nothing to the real Irish bull of a man named Hendrick who, a few days ago, lodged a complaint at the Dublin Police-office, against a comrade named Lawless, for cheating him out of his share of the produce of a set of harness which they had stolen out of a coach house that morning! Hendrick told his story with great naivete, and mentioned where the harness had been sold, but was quite astonished when the Magistrates ordered him to Newgate. Search was immediately made for Lawless.

To the curious it may be not uninteresting to be informed that an ingenious sportsman in the vicinity of (Newport, R. I.) has lately invented what appears to be entirely a novel mode of trapping birds, animals, &c. It is founded on the principle of the fondness of some animals to associate with each other—and is effected merely by placing a mirror in a suitable trap, so situated that the animal, in passing to and from its usual haunts, may see itself reflected, and is, somehow or other, curiously impelled to approach the glass, and consequently entrapped; for instance, in order to take minks, musk-rats, &c. a common box-trap is made use of, with a mirror at the entrance and (opposite the mouth); this being placed on the margin of a river or pond of water frequented by them, they will necessarily see themselves in it, and, like Narcissus, fall in love with their shadows, and are instantly taken. The inventor has not only been successful in taking the above animals, but he assures me that he has recently caught rabbits and partridges in one of this construction, and that no less than two dozen mice were taken in one night, without any other bait.—*American paper*.

SIR-LOIN.—The sirloin of beef is said to owe its name to King Charles II. who dining upon a loin of beef, and being particularly pleased with it, asked the name of the joint? On being told, he said, "for its merit then I will knight it, and henceforth it shall be called Sir-Loin."

In a ballad of "The new Sir John Barleycorn," this circumstance is thus mentioned:

"Our Second Charles of fame facete,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleas'd, o'er the meat,
Arise, thou fam'd Sir-Loin."

In another ballad, "The Gates of Calais," it is thus noticed:

"Renowned Sir-Loin, oft times decreed,
The theme of English ballad;
On thee our Kings oft deign to feed,
Unknown to Frenchmen's palate;
Then, how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup meagre, frogs, and salad!"

FOOTE.—Foote being in company one evening with two dignitaries of the church, the conversation chanced to turn on some polemical points in divinity; and the two churchmen, with considerable warmth, took different sides of the argument. During the clerical combat, Foote took no other part in the dispute, than to fill their glasses, in order to enable nature to sustain the unusual exertion. At last one of them turned to Foote, and begged that he would take part, as he could sometimes be as argumentative as he could be witty. "Not I," replied Foote, "I make it a rule never to meddle in family affairs."

THE BRAIN.—A small pressure of the brain diminishes, a stronger destroys the sensibility of the whole body. There was some years since a beggar at Paris, part of whose skull had been removed, without injuring the brain, in consequence of a wound. This being healed, he wore a plate upon the upper part where the skull was wanting, to prevent the brain from being hurt by every accidental touch. For a small piece of money this poor creature took off the plate, and allowed the brain to be gently pressed, by laying a handkerchief or some such light subject upon it; this immediately occasioned a dimness of sight and drowsiness;—the pressure being somewhat augmented, he became quite insensible, with high breathing, and every symptom of a person in an apoplexy; from which state he never failed soon to recover upon the pressure being removed. As this experiment was attended with no pain, it was often repeated, and always with the same effect.

The following singular circumstance is related by a correspondent of the *Sporting Magazine* for the present month:—"A circumstance worthy of record in the *Sporting Magazine* occurred on Nov. 22d with Mr. Villebois' (Hampshire) hounds, unique, I believe, in its way. This was a pack appearing at cover, consisting of sixteen couples and a half, all got by one hound (old Pontiff) out of four bitches, viz. Vengeance, Milliner, Notable, and Thoughtless. The veteran sire, and the four mothers, were also in the field; and, what is still more remarkable, old Vengeance, like a second Niobe, appeared on this day with her seven sons and seven daughters, all the produce of two litters only, not one

Prior to the commencement of the 16th century, the qualifications required for those who practiced as surgeons in Edinburgh, were, that they should be able to "wryle and reid, to knaw anatomye, and likewise to knaw all the vaynes of the samyn, that he may mak *flewbothemea* in dew time," together with "a complete knowledge of shaving beards and cutting hair."

DEGREES OF PRECEDENCE IN GEORGIA.—In Georgia, a tract of country partly subject to the Turks and partly to the Persians, a merchant is less respected than a mechanic, and a mechanic less than a husbandman; but one of the most respectable employments in Georgia, is that of a public executioner: the profession is deemed honourable, and the professors all rich. If any man can trace a hangman among his ancestors, he is extremely proud of it, and never fails to mention it with exultation; at the same time observing that nothing is so noble as executing justice, and that the safety of the state depends upon the extermination of criminals.

DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF WOMEN.—At a dinner where there were many females present, Dr. Johnson maintained that "ladies set no value on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them; the greatest profligate will be as well received (he said) as a man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman,—by a woman who says her prayers three times a day."—The ladies endeavoured to defend their sex from this charge, but he roared them down. "No, no; (he continued) a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has threepence more; and what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices: they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion."

ON THE PREVENTION OF SEA SICKNESS.—In a late voyage from Calais to London, I began to speculate on the cause of sea-sickness, and referring it primarily to the motion of the vessel, I considered its proximate effect on the animal system. It was evident that, as the whole body was the patient of the rockings of the vessel, the stomach, and other moveable viscera, would librate within the cavity of the chest and abdomen without the usual energy of the will, and that corresponding muscular force with which the actions and reactions of all the parts are generally in harmony. This unnatural movement, and the resulting friction and irritation of the stomach and viscera, I consequently determined to be the immediate causes of sea-sickness. It appeared to me, therefore, that this phenomenon, like all other phenomena of matter, had its cause in certain special motions, and that the cure could only be found in counteracting motions. I seated myself in a chair upon the deck, and commenced a sharp libration of the body, such as it receives in trotting; and, in a few minutes, the previous nausea abated. In a quarter of an hour I recovered my spirits; in half an hour felt a desire to eat, which I indulged, to the surprise and disgust of those who were vomiting around me; in fine, I kept up the action more or less during the three hours in which we were in rough water, in which time I emptied my pockets of eatables; and, afterwards, I was as well as though I had merely taken my customary morning's ride.—*Monthly Magazine.*

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF GALVANISM.—The benefit to be derived from the application of the galvanic principle to the human body under certain diseases, has long been doubted, and even held in derision; but we have lately witnessed so powerful an effect from this kind of operation, that we feel no hesitation in laying the same before our readers. Many of the inhabitants of this town are aware that there is now residing in King-street a man named Foulds, who for upwards of two years had lost the use of his lower extremities, and was to be seen, upon crutches, dragging his legs after him, at once an object exciting our greatest pity and commiseration. This poor fellow had been favoured with the most respectable medical advice, both in and out of a hospital, and was at length given up as incurable. A benevolent and venerable Quaker, Mr. Frederick Smith, (of Croydon, and of the Haymarket, London) happened to be visiting lately in this town, and hearing of the poor man's miserable situation, he, with that philanthropy which has long marked his character, was induced to attempt his relief.—With feelings of pity he entered the poor man's abode, and by the persevering use of Galvanic Points (an instrument resembling Metallic Tractors) the patient sufferer was enabled in a short time to lay aside his crutches, and walk to church, to pour out his grateful praise to God for blessing the means thus made use of for restoring him to the use of his limbs.—*Maidstone Journal.*

LONDON TAVERNS.—"A tavern," says an old writer, "is a common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker away of a rainy day. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the inns of court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's country. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book."

A considerable change has taken place in the manners of the people in regard to taverns. Formerly they were the general place of resort for men of genius, rank, and fortune; and even princes did not disdain to visit them. How much taverns were frequented by the literati in the early part of the last century, the Spectator, the Tatler, and other British essayists, bear abundant evidence; and there is little doubt but many of these papers were produced at a tavern; or originated in the "wit combats" that frequently took place. Although Sir Richard Steele was extravagant in his uxoriousness, yet who has not admired that passage in one of his letters to his wife, written from a tavern, in which he assures her that he will be with her "within half a bottle of wine?" The change that has taken place in respect to the company frequenting taverns, is supposed to be owing to the increased expense; but the extravagant charges of tavern-keepers, in Queen Anne's time, were not less deserving of complaint then, than they are now. The Duke of Ormond, who gave a dinner to a few friends at the Star and Garter, in Pall-Mall, was charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eight-pence for four dishes and four, that is, first and second courses, without wine or dessert.

WINES.—Swift, speaking of the common use of tea, said, the world must be circumnavigated before a washerwoman could have her breakfast. The more expensive luxury of wines has, however, caused more countries to be explored for its gratification than ever the palate of poverty required: we have wines from every soil,

— "from Teos placid tide,

To where the Save inflates the Danube's pride."

Our mountain wine comes from the mountains around Malaga; our sherry from Xeres, in the south of Spain, where the great battle was fought between the Christians and Saracens, that ended in the conquest of Spain by the latter; our malmsey was from Malvasia, in the Peloponnesus,—a wine which, according to the Italian proverb, is manna to the mouth, and balsam to the brain. It would be endless, however, to enumerate all the varieties of wine we have at one period or other possessed. In former times, the variety was perhaps greater than it is even at present. Harrison mentions fifty-six French wines, and thirty-six Spanish, Italian, &c. To which must be added, several home-made wines, such as Yperas, Clarey, Bracket, &c.; for which, receipts may be found in Arnold's Chronicle.

The quantity of wine drank in Great Britain is more, in proportion, than in any other country not producing its own; and it is remarkable, that of twenty-four thousand six hundred and fifty pipes of Port wine, which were shipped from Oporto in 1821, twenty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-one pipes were sent to Great Britain alone!

CHARCOAL.—A correspondent states, that the medical qualities of pulverized charcoal are daily developing themselves. In addition to its value in bilious disorders, two ounces of the charcoal, boiled in a pint of fresh milk, may be taken in doses of a wine glass full, by adults, every two hours, in the most obstinate dysentery, until relief is imparted, which has not failed to be the effect in almost every instance. It is harmless, and the experiment may be safely tried. Charcoal made from maple wood is the purest that can be readily obtained.—*American paper.*

RICHARD CROMWELL.—Richard Cromwell, when nearly eighty years of age, was brought to London as a witness in a civil suit, tried in Westminster Hall.—After the trial was over, he had the curiosity to go into the House of Lords, which was then sitting. While he stood at the bar, it was whispered about that the once supreme head of the state was present; on which, Lord Bathurst went to the bar and conversed freely with the ex-protector of the commonwealth, for some time. Among other things he asked Mr. Cromwell how long it was since he had been in that house! "Never, my lord," answered Richard, since I sat in that chair," pointing to the throne.

It is said that when Mr. Cromwell was in court on the trial above alluded to, the counsel for the opposite party reviled the good and inoffensive old man, with the crimes of his father; but was reproved by the judge, who, mindful of his former greatness, ordered a chair to be brought for him, and caused him to sit covered. To the honour of Queen Anne, she, on hearing of the circumstance, commended the Judge for his conduct.

DR. WOLCOT.—I used to meet Peter Pindar in dinner-parties at Sir Richard Phillips's. He was one of the strongest-headed and shrewdest men I ever knew. He had a certain round of stories, but they were excellent, and would bear repetition. He acted as well as spoke, and imitated the tones of his speakers with great felicity. Many of his stories were farces, in which he represented all the *dramatis personæ*.

He wrote against the court, but was neither a patriot nor politician. His court scandal was derived from Weltje, the Prince's cook, and his poems were well received at Carlton-House. He hated democracy, and always favoured aristocratic opinions and practices. The sale of his early pieces was prodigious,—10, 20, and even 30,000 copies went off in a month or two. This rendered him a desirable object of bookselling speculation; and about the year 1795, Robinson, Golding, and Walker, entered into a treaty to grant him an annuity for his published works; and, on certain conditions, for his unpublished ones. While this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate; but, at meetings of the parties, his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated, and, instead of a sum of money an annuity of 250*l.* per annum was preferred.—Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did?—"Much better thank you," (said Peter): "I have taken measure of my asthma; the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master."—"Oh!" said Walker, gravely, and turning into an adjoining room, where Mrs. W. a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim, "There now, didn't I tell you he wouldn't die,—fool that you've been—I knew he wouldn't die." Peter enjoyed the joke, and outlived all the parties,—receiving the annuity for 24 years, during which various efforts were used to frustrate his claims; for his works, after that period, never netted £100 per annum; and such is the fluctuation of public favour, that his latter pieces seldom paid for the expenses of printing.—*Monthly Mag.*

WOLCOT AND PAINE.—Dr. Wolcot once chanced to call in at a respectable ale-house, where the then celebrated Tom Paine was the oracle of a convivial party. Paine, though of social habits, seldom conversed long on any subject without betraying the violence of his political opinions; and, on this occasion, he indulged largely in the rights of man. Among other things, he contended, that in Parliament, instead of the questions being decided by the majority, they should be carried by the minority. He attempted to illustrate his argument, by observing, that the proportion of men of sense to the ignorant, was but as one to ten; and that, therefore, the wisest portion of mankind were always in the minority, on any question that was decided. This doctrine was loudly applauded by the company, and not the slightest opposition made to it, when Dr. Wolcot gravely rose. "Your argument, Mr. Paine," said he, "is very cogent, though not entirely convincing. I shall not, however, dispute the question with you, but merely entertain a decidedly negative opinion, and leave it to this good company to determine."

Paine, who saw himself surrounded by his admirers, immediately rose, and with all the gravity of a Lord Chancellor, or Speaker of the House of Commons, addressed the company. "Gentlemen, you, who are of opinion that in all deliberative assemblies, the minority ought to govern the majority, express the same by holding up your hands." Instantly the hand of every person present was held up in favour of the motion, except that of Dr. Wolcot, who now rose, and in that sarcastic humour which he could so well display, said, "Gentlemen, I thank you for this decision in my favour. You seem surprised, gentlemen, but I repeat the expression; this decision is in my favour; for I am that wise minority which ought, in all cases, to govern your ignorant majority; therefore, I carry the vote: let it be recorded."

Luccock, in his notes on Rio Janeiro, says, "A purple bird, called a *Sabiar*, was shot near Saint Gonzales, and, though badly wounded, immediately set up a full and melodious song, which continued until its latest moments." Could this bird have been the Swan of the ancients, whose dying song is so often alluded to?

A Bishop at sea in a gale of wind, heard one of the people say, in five minutes we shall be in heaven. God forbid cried the Bishop.

Reflections, Metaphysical, Physiological, and Moral, excited during a protracted Commitment to the labour of the Tread-Mill.

"Down! thou climbing sorrow?"—*Lear*.

In order to introduce myself with due formality to the humane reader, I have to observe that I was found guilty of the crime for which I was arraigned—in the emphatic language of the Recorder, "after a patient and impartial trial, by the testimony of respectable and unvarying witnesses, by a mild and intelligent Judge, and by a merciful and considerate jury;" and was sentenced to six months' hard labour in the Tread-mill. My first appearance on those boards was in March last. On the evening previous to my debut, the keeper came to me and said, that on the following morning, at half-past seven, my attendance would be required in company with other performers. There is always considerable interest produced by new situations and modes of employment; but on that occasion the interest partook more of alarm than of curiosity. My inquiries were directed to ascertain if there required any particular talent to comprehend or dexterity of limb to execute the task that had been assigned. The keeper assured me that the performance was adapted to the meanest capacities: "Sir, it only consists in putting the best foot foremost; you have only to consider yourself in a marching regiment—it requires no previous study;" adding that in one particular it might be compared to swimming, which is never forgotten; and that the latter result was the object of the contriver. At the appointed hour in the morning I ascended a few steps, which conducted me to my appointed station on the Mill. Our society was select, and clad in the same uniform; and it gave me sincere pleasure to find that neither competition nor jealousy existed, although we all wore the yellow stocking. A profound silence was maintained for the first three hours, when the person who worked on my right hand said, "They intend to convert this into a corn-mill." The person on my left overhearing him, replied, "It is a cursed contrivance for corns; my feet are blistered already." Throughout the toilsome travel of the day I observed, with satisfaction, that no man made a false step. At half-past four in the afternoon the day's performance concluded.

By degrees I became better acquainted with my associates, the majority of whom concurred in reprobating the invention; they considered it impossible to effect a moral reformation by teaching a man to be a *foot-pad*. But there were some so physically callous and morally unrelenting that the discipline seemed to make not the slightest impression on their bodies or minds. A fellow who was a lamplighter laughed at the labour; he said it was much easier than his own trade, and he should consider the period of his commitment as a holiday. A short thickset lad, who was a pot-boy, declared that drawing beer all day and the greater part of the night was much more fatiguing. A chimney-sweeper said it was a clean and genteel profession; and a radical affected to admire the invention, because it proceeded on *revolutionary* principles. A humorous chap, who was classically educated, and had a poetical turn, called the Mill the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and the labour scanning. Suffice it to say, that the same unvarying and monotonous rotation continued during the period of my commitment.

It now remains to communicate the reflections that occurred while I was a working-bee in this hive of reform. For the first week the treading was distressing, and accompanied with considerable pain and stiffness in the calves of the legs and muscles of the thighs; this however gradually diminished, and in the course of a month I performed the labour with alacrity, and viewed it as a species of training. The appetite was much increased; but for this salutary symptom there was no extra provision; the means of satisfying the increase being denied. As the toil proceeded, the thread of life was spun from a staple progressively finer; and when the six months had expired, a very delicate filament appeared to connect the body and soul. This labour, with restricted diet, would be a certain remedy in cases of obesity; and the mill might be safely recommended to the Court of Aldermen and their deputies; masters and wardens of companies; churchwardens, overseers, and sidesmen; butchers' wives, and fat landladies.

That the Tread-mill, under proper regulation, may become a valuable agent in the cure of chronic disorders, there is every reason to expect; and it is to be hoped that valetudinarians may be accommodated with some establishment for this purpose. In wet weather, under proper shelter, sufficient exercise might be taken in the open air without the chance of catching cold; and as the circular wheel resembles the cylinder of a hand-organ, a trifling expense would furnish a set of delightful tunes, commencing with solemn adagios, and progressively advancing to the gayer movements of a waltz. Time, and the rapid march of intellect, will at some future period develop the improvements of which this salutary engine is susceptible.

The effects produced on the mind, by the operation of the Tread-mill are highly interesting, and deserve to be accurately communicated. Although it may be described as the dull unvaried toil that exerts the spirit, and renders the passing moments tiresome and disgusting, yet it has very peculiar effects on the intellectual powers. As perception is in a great degree quiescent, there are abundant opportunities for reflection. The eye dwells only on the boards that form a paling to intercept the view; conversation is prohibited, so that the ear is unoccupied except by exclamations.

there is a physiological reason for the stillness that prevails. In all states of exertion, where the labour exhausts the strength, *num* is the order of the day—the respiration is too actively employed to permit a sufficient supply of breath for continued articulation. That faculty of the mind which is termed attention, becomes wonderfully improved, and in consequence, the memory is enabled to revert to the former incidents of life with the greatest accuracy, and to keep the immediate subject of thought steadily in contemplation.—One of my comrades, who was a strolling player, rehearsed many parts while in the act of treading, and, by his own account, with greater facility than he had ever done before, and this he explained by ascribing it to the relief he experienced, while "plodding" round about "his weary way," in fixing his attention on those dramatic scenes with which he had heretofore stored his memory. He pleasantly called it learning *by rote*.

The reader and the public will now expect that I should detail the practical operation of this discipline and intended castigation on the moral character; and this explanation I will cheerfully give, as far as its effects on myself and others with whom I have conversed, may be considered a fair criterion. It is supposed that idleness is the source of vicious propensities, and inferred that a return to industrious habits will engage the mind in honourable pursuits. This is the ordinary mode of reasoning; but it is founded on false premises. The life of a thief, so far from being inactive, is a series of vigilant, laborious, and hazardous enterprizes. He is compelled to exert his faculties in the contrivance of stratagems to circumvent the most wary, and to elude the pursuit of justice. When other mortals are at rest, and enjoying the blessings of sleep, he prowls about, regardless of the inclemency of the weather, and conceals himself in ditches that he may spring upon the traveller. If employed in the fabrication of bank-notes, or in counterfeiting coin, his exertions are more laborious and longer continued than those of the honest artisan. Cupidity is the stimulus to his unremitted toil, and the fear of surprise and apprehension banishes the refreshment of sleep. Ever on the alert to avoid detection, he is compelled to seek by-paths, and traverse immense tracts, that he may more effectually screen himself from danger;—he shuns the garish eye of day, and often fasts till nature is nearly exhausted. When there is a reward proclaimed for his caption, he views his own species with distrust, knowing that the thirst of gain will induce even his associates to betray him; and he feels that he can no longer confide in the wretched female on whom he has lavished his plunder. Mankind appear to have conspired against him, and he regards his fellow as an antagonist. It is not idleness that is the cause of his delinquency, for the propensity to thieving, in all its departments, is a stimulus that constantly goads him to practice; it is, the eagerness to attain promptly that which he considers the object of his wishes,—the desideratum that appears to constitute his immediate happiness. A child steals gingerbread—a school-boy robs an orchard. When the sexual feelings are developed, the incentive to gratification is increased, and urges the more hazardous attempts. The apprentice drains his master's till, or appropriates the money he has collected in his service to decorate his person, that he may indulge with greater facility in some low amour. The exhilaration kindled by fermented liquors, or the produce of distillation, presents a new source of pleasurable feeling. Under the influence of wine, the bashfulness and timidity, inseparable from chastity and decorum, are utterly dispersed; the tongue acquires extraordinary facilities of expression, scorns confinement and the dullness of fact, and sallies in to the gayer regions of falsehood and imagination.

Among all the conveniences that can be enumerated, especially with the community to which I belong, a lie is justly entitled to the preference. It is an indispensable requisite in the character of a thief, and has presented abundant scope for the ingenuity of gentlemen of the long-robe to detect it by cross-examination. Its excellence depends on the readiness with which it is produced, and on the unblenching effrontery with which it is maintained. Young beginners generally hesitate, colour up, and look down; the eye of the proficient rivets your attention by a point-blank regard. The emoluments of all professions and the profits of trade are founded on this convenience; and the science of producing belief in the mind of another, delicately termed persuasion, is the true "*moyen de parvenir*." Thus the desire of gratification produces the activity which distinguishes the restless life of a rascal!

Speaking from the moral benefits I have derived from this Mill, my expectations are not raised to any high degree: it may in the outset be felt as a punishment; but this, like the nap of a new coat, soon wears off, and by habit becomes merely a salutary exercise. It may possibly be employed with advantage for the correction of beggars, who are really idle; but to reform thieves it is wholly inadequate. It tends to confer no character, and operates by degradation. Personally, I feel that I have performed my task; it is no employment by which, when at large, I can obtain a living. I was discharged in a state of destitution, and must continue the practice of peculation to subsist. My principles are unaltered, and I am condemned to herd with the most abandoned of my species. In the lapse of forty years I have been an inhabitant of the various prisons, repeatedly tried at the different assizes, often whipped in the press-yard at Newgate, and more publicly at the tail of the tumbrel. Once my stubborn neck has bowed in the pillory, and my galls bear the record of incandescent iron. I have been twice transported; and now, with philosophic composure, as the boon of approaching age and infirmity, wait my turn at the

PRINCE LARCENY.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry, as upon a thing altogether unknown to the old classic ages. This has been defined to consist in a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, paid to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget that, in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact, that in England women are still occasionally—hanged!

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off the stage by—*gentlemen*!

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fish-wife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller for some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares “she should be welcome to his seat, *if* she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury!

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle, influencing our conduct, when more than one half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be any thing more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear; to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman, in a well-dressed company, can advert to the topic of *female old age*, without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer; when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” and such-a-one has “over-staid her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man or woman that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-street hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of consistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not *one* system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bare-headed—smile, if you please—to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptation of the word, after women: but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, *womanhood*. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a Countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman), with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter, of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, that he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured, on the following

day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman, placed in her situation, had a right to expect all sort of civil things said to her; that she hoped, she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women: but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought, to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one, (*naming the milliner*)—and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought that if it were only to do me honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches, to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was, after all, my strongest claim and title to them.”

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesey, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of woman kind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her handmaid, or dependant—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and will probably feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her, as she is a woman; and next to that to be respected by him above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character, as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments, and ornaments—as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be—with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex*. ELIA.

Bunce v. Pritchard and Bagwell.—Mrs. Margaret Bunce, a lean, dirty, slovenly woman, apparently between fifty and sixty years old, complained that she had been grossly assaulted by Miss Eliza Pritchard and Miss Hannah Maria Bagwell—a pair of little stunted damsels from the back settlements of Drury-lane; who, according to their own account, maintain themselves “very comfortably by going a *charrin*,” but, nevertheless, calling each other “Miss!”

“Please your Worship,” said Mrs. Bunce, “I lives in Shart's-gardens, and these ladies lives in Charles-street, and I can get no comfort for 'em, night nor day. They'm always at me for everlasting, go out when I will; and yesterday afternoon they pounced upon me as I were standing in *Doory-lane*, and give me this here black eye; and my nose has been as yellow as a *marygold* ever since, as your Worship may see.

Have you any witness? asked the Magistrate.

“Yes; your Worship—I was standing talking to this *lady* at the very time,” replied Mrs. Bunce, pointing to a meagre young woman, in a ragged burden apron, a worn-out man's coat, and an old muddy hat, something in the form of a barber's bason. “I was talking to this lady at the very time.”

The lady came forward, dabbed a curtsy, and wiped her face with the corner of her apron.

“Oh! this lady,” said his Worship; “and what may your name be, Miss?”—“Julia Legge, your Worship.”—“And pray may I ask what occupation you follow, Miss Julia Legge?”

“I sells *vauter cresses* and *sweeps crossings*, your Worship,” replied the gentle Julia; and then she wiped her weather-beaten charms again, and substantiated every word Mrs. Margaret Bunce had uttered.

“Miss Eliza Pritchard, and Miss Hannah Maria Bagwell, what have you to say for yourselves?” asked the Magistrate.

They answered, “in a joint and corporate voice,” “Vy your Vorship ve've this ere to say as ve never did nuttin o' the sort, and that there lady (Miss Julia Legge) vasn't there at the time.”

Mrs. Bunce and the gentle Julia hearing this, lifted up eyes and hands in astonishment, and opened a fresh volley of evidence, which concluded with a declaration from Mrs. Bunce, that she never went to see her own mother that they did not lie in wait for and attack her.

“Your mother!” said the Magistrate, “why how old are you?”

Me, your Worship—why I'm turned of forty.

And pray how old may your mother be?

Why, your Worship, I reckon she must be *fifty*—or thereabout!

There was a general and involuntary, though very ungallant burst of laughter at this broad guess, and poor Mrs. Bunce seemed a good deal confused, but at length the gentle Julia took upon her fair self to say, that Mrs. Bunce's *nanma* was seventy-eight, to her own certain knowledge.

At last it was ordered that the *young ladies*, Miss Eliza Pritchard and Miss Hannah Maria Bagwell, should find bail to keep the peace towards Mrs. Margaret Bunce; and not being prepared with any, they followed the turnkey to his strong hold,—weeping as they went.

"ON MANNER AND MATTER"

TRANSLATED FROM BALTASAR GRACIAN, A SPANISH WRITER, WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In all things, circumstance is as necessary as substance, or even more so. The first thing which presents itself to our notice, is not the essence but the appearance. After examining the exterior we notice the interior. By the rind of the manner, we discern the fruit of the substance; the same as we judge persons whom we know not, by their carriage or exterior. Manner is that part of merit which strikes the eye; and since it is very easy to be acquired, no one is excusable who possesses it not.

Truth is overwhelming, reason has authority, and justice is powerful; but they each lose their lustre, if a pleasing manner does not accompany them; while, on the contrary, if they have it, they become still more valuable. A graceful manner supplies every deficiency, even where reason is absent; it gilds contempt; it paints wrinkles; it hides imperfections; and, finally, disguises all things.

Neither great zeal in a Minister, or courage in a Captain, nor science in a literary man, nor power in a Prince, is sufficient, if that important quality be wanting; but no employment requires it more than a sovereign command. It is a means of engaging superiors to be more humane than despotic. When a Prince gives up his superiority on the score of humanity, there is a double obligation of esteem raised. Juan Ruffo, in his *Apothegms*, observes, "the Prince who wishes to be beloved treats his subjects like children; while, on the contrary, if he desires their hatred, he has only to treat them like slaves. The fear of subjects unaccompanied by love, is like lime without water in order to build with." In the first place, obtain good wishes, and then every thing will follow. Gain benevolence and universal approbation, either by inclination, or artificial means, for those who admire, examine not whether the manner be natural or fictitious.

There are things of little importance in themselves, and yet by manner are esteemed; thus the past is rendered new and again becomes fashionable: for modes that prevail, soften unpleasant things of old times. Taste is continually advancing in its progress, and never recoils; it seeks novelties, and is occasionally deceived by trifling changes in what is old. Circumstances varied in a small degree, makes things revive; they destroy the mouldy smell, and annihilate that wearying phrase worn out, which is always insupportable, especially in imitations; these never can show the sublimities of an original.

The powers of the mind exhibit this truth in a still more striking point of view. Although things be ever so well known, yet they are still listened to with delight, provided the orator or historian speaks or writes them in a new manner. When things are exquisitely drawn, they may be repeated even to the seventh time; however, although they may not tire, yet they cease to call forth admiration; they require seasoning, if they are to engage the attention. Novelty is caressed; it charms the taste—it always produces delight.

The same thing said by two different persons will produce contrary effects; one will excite pleasure the other pain. How important is it then to understand the means to attain a knowledge of this requisite; since a pleasing manner creates delight, and a disagreeable one pain! Since manner is so remarkable a quality, what shall we say of one that is positively and designedly bad in men, especially in those men who hold a public situation? "There is only a trifling defect in thine air and carriage," said a wise man, "however it is enough to occasion every body to be disgusted with thee." On the contrary, an agreeable exterior indicates a cultivated mind, and beauty raises in us an idea that good temper accompanies it.

An elegant manner pleases and gilds a refusal so well, that it is more esteemed than an acquiescence ill-granted. It sweetens truths so skilfully, that they pass for delicacies; and sometimes even it appears to flatter, when telling men not what they really are, but what they ought to be.

"ON APPLICATION AND GENIUS."

(FROM THE SAME.)

Eminence cannot be obtained without one or other of these requisites; but when both these qualities are united, they make a great man.

An inferior mind, by continual application, surpasses a sublime one that exerts itself not. Reputation is acquired by labour. What is easily learnt is of little value. Application, however, does not always succeed, since it is so difficult to force the mind out of its track. It is more praiseworthy to desire to be moderately clever in an elevated situation, than to excel in one more humble.

Aristotle says that three things are necessary for a man to possess, whatever may be his profession, if he intends to be eminent,—viz., nature, study, and exercise.

AMERICAN JEUX D'ESPRIT.—A gentleman by the name of *Wellesley Pole*, (according to the English papers), has unfortunately been so simple as to lose at *sport* the trifling estate of 60,000*l.* per annum—and what is still more distressing, has been obliged to retire to Paris to struggle for a livelihood on his wife's miserable jointure, of 7,000*l.* or 31,000 *doll.* per annum—not above 6,000 *doll.* more than our President receives! To add still further to his distress and mortification, some of his creditors have been ruthless and unfeeling enough to seize upon a few moveables, found at his country residence, among which articles they had the meanness to expose to public sale, "A mahogany *Boot Jack*, which only brought the paltry sum of 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*—besides stripping his windows of their curtains, a pair of which sold for no more than 94*l.* 10*s.*!!! Hard as adamant must be that heart which refuses to bleed at the bare recital of the above distresses! The sufferings among the poor in Ireland in contrast may be considered as a mere flea-bite!—*New York Paper.*

MAXIMS.

TRANSLATED FROM BALTASAR GRACIAN, A SPANISH WRITER WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"On Fortune and Fame."

The one is as changeable as the other is constant. The first exists during life, and the second after death. This resists oblivion, that is opposed to envy. Fortune is sometimes acquired by the assistance of friends, Fame is only obtained by means of industry. The desire of reputation brings forth Virtue,* Virtue and Greatness run in parallel lines. Cato observes that nobody would be virtuous, if once glory was separated from virtue. Fame is the sister of giants, and she is always either applauded or execrated. Othon was signalized by two great actions, one of which deserves to be eternally condemned, and the other to be everlastingly praised, according to Tacitus. *Duobus facinoribus altero flagitiosissimo, altero egregio, tantundem apud posteros meruit bona fama, quantum mala.* Hist. 2.

"On Knowledge and Worth."

These two qualities united in men produce immortality, since they are immortal in themselves. Man is great in proportion as he has information: and he who knows nothing is in darkness. Prudence and power are eyes and hands to the man who possesses knowledge. However, unless science be accompanied by worth, it is of little importance. "The shortest day in the life of a learned man," says Seneca, "is of more value than the whole life of an ignorant man, however long it may be."† One of the Grecian sages observed "that health caused the pleasures of the body, and knowledge those of the mind." Pope Julian II. said "Literature was silver in plebeians, gold in nobles, and diamonds in princes."

"Do not anticipate failure."

The fear of not succeeding in what is undertaken, shows the weakness of him who executes. If the mind is in suspense when in the heat of passion, as soon as the fire shall have cooled it will reproach thee. All actions done in doubt are dangerous, it will be better to abstain from them. Prudence is not satisfied with probability, it always marches with certainty. How should an enterprise succeed, if, as soon as conceived, fear steps in? And if a resolution, having reason and truth for prompters, has an unfortunate termination, what can be expected from that undertaking which is commenced with a wavering mind and a presentiment of failure?

"On complaints."

Complaints are always ruinous to credit; they rather excite a desire in others of giving offence, than compassion or consolation; they open a passage for those who are listeners, to be guilty of the same things, as the individuals of whom we are complaining; and the knowledge of the injuries done by the first, serve as an excuse for those committed by the second. "When thou art dissatisfied," says Juan Ruffo to his son, "hide it if thou canst; for, notwithstanding, agreeably to the common saying, 'relating one's misfortunes to others is a method which will render them less irksome,' yet there is more honour in keeping them secret, since it shows a degree of courage and strength of mind. It is much better policy to publish the services which have been rendered us, because it may act as a stimulant to induce others to oblige us also. It frequently happens that when favours conferred by those who are absent are made the subject of conversation, they become a means of securing the favours of persons who are present; it is like selling the credit of the former to the latter. A prudent man will never make public either his own disgraces or defects, but will rather mention favours and honours conferred upon him: inasmuch as these tend most powerfully to preserve the esteem of his friends, and induce his enemies to treat him with respect."

* Tacitus says, that "from a contempt of reputation springs a contempt of virtue"—*Contemptus famæ e contemptu virtutis*; and that it is proper for good men to aspire to the greatest things—*Optimos mortalium altissima cupere.* Ann. 4.

† *Unus dies hominum eruditorum plus patet quam imperiti longissima ætas.*—Ep. 78.

THE CHESNUT.—"This fruit," says Mr. Savage, in his collection of curious facts, entitled *Memorabilia*, "is a native of the South of Europe, and is said to take its name from Castanea, a city of Thessaly, where anciently it grew in great plenty. Gerard says, that in his time there were several woods of chesnuts in England, particularly one near Feversham, in Kent. This tree grows sometimes to an amazing size. There is one at Lord Ducie's, at Portworth, in the county of Gloucester, which measures 19 yards in circumference, and is mentioned by Sir Robert Atkyns, in his History of that County, as a famous tree in King John's time; and by Mr. Evelyn in his *Sylva*, to have been so remarkable for its magnitude in the reign of Stephen, as then to be called 'the great chesnut of Portworth;' whence it may be reasonably supposed to have been standing before the conquest. Formerly great part of London was built with chesnut and walnut timber."

ORIGIN OF THE CORINTHIAN ORDER OF ARCHITECTURE.

A marriageable young lady of Corinth fell ill, and died. After the interment, her nurse collected together sundry ornaments with which she used to be pleased, and putting them into a basket, she placed it near her tomb. Lest they should be injured by the weather, she covered the basket with a tile. It happened that the basket was placed on a root of *acanthus*, which, in the spring, shot forth its leaves, and these, turning up the side of the basket, naturally formed a kind of volute, in the turn given by the tile to the leaves. Callimachus, a sculptor, passing that way, was struck with the elegance of the basket, surrounded by the leaves of the *acanthus*; and, according to this example, he afterwards made columns for the Corinthians, ordaining the proportions such as constitute the Corinthian order.

"It is better not to miss one's aim once, than to succeed well a hundred times."

When the sun shines no one observes it; but when he is eclipsed everybody notices it. The vulgar do not reckon the blows thou givest, but only those which are ineffectual. Wicked men are more known by murmuring complaints than good men by approbation. Although success may accompany several efforts, yet it will not efface one failure. Be, then, not deceived; and be assured that envy will remark all thy faults, but not one of thy praise-worthy actions.

"Let the end be pursued."

Some are industrious only in beginning, and leave every thing unfinished. They invent, but they do not continue to the end; their minds are so inconstant. They never acquire reputation, since they have no steadiness to complete their designs. The defect of Spaniards is impatience exhibited in their pursuits, whilst the Germans, on the contrary, are constant and patient in them. This is their virtue.—These see the end of affairs, but affairs see the end of these. The former labour until they have conquered a difficulty, and then they remain contented with having conquered it; they know not how to profit by the victory; they show they can do it, but they show also they will not. If the design is good, why not finish the work? if bad, why begin it?

"Never give satisfaction to those who do not demand it."

If too great satisfaction is given even to those who ask it, that is a fault. To apologise before required is to accuse oneself. If one is let blood when in good health, it indicates sickness, to say the least of it. A voluntary excuse awakens discontentment that slept. A prudent man will not show in the slightest degree that he perceives a suspicion arising in another, since it is encouraging resentment at his own expense; he will only endeavour to stifle that suspicion by honourable conduct.

"Abuse not favours."

Do not employ much interest to obtain trifling things, lest you waste what might be useful. Great friends are only to be solicited on important occasions. Let the sacred anchor be preserved for the last extremity. If we are prodigal of the great when little is sought, where will be the resource when necessity urges? In these times there is nothing more valuable than patrons,* nor any thing more precious than favour; it makes and mends, even to giving intellect and taking it away. Fortune has always been as cruel to sages as Nature and Fame have been favourable to them. It is better to preserve friends than riches. The first step to ascend to fortune is more difficult to mount than a mountain. All the difficulty is in this first ascent, because Favour, the prime minister and confidant of Fortune, is there posted. She holds out her hand to assist some in their ascent, but never aids a good man, nor one who really merits it. She invariably selects the worst. As soon as she perceives a fool or an ignorant man, she beckons him to her, but she permits a thousand wise men to wait. And although every body complains of such conduct, yet it amounts to nothing, since she unheedingly hears all that is uttered. Why, O Riches, do you quarrel with good men? Why do you not aid them in time of need? Is it true, as every body cries, that you are always with the vulgar, and that you accompany the greatest scoundrels upon earth? To these questions Riches replies, "If good men see me so seldom among them, it is their fault, and not mine. It is because they do not earnestly seek me. They deceive not; they cheat not; they lie not; they cajole not; they corrupt not; they do not suck the blood of others; they do not flatter; they are not intriguing men. How then can they become possessed of me, since they neglect the means of obtaining me?"†

"Do not always follow the same track."

It is well sometimes to vary your course in order to frustrate curiosity, especially that of your envious neighbours; for if they remark the uniformity of your actions, they will learn how to injure your enterprises. It is very easy to shoot the bird which flies in a direct line, but not so easy the one whose flight is in an irregular one. Neither should the same trick be always resorted to, since it would soon be discovered. Malice is continually on the watch, and it requires much skill to elude its prying search. A good player never plays the card that his adversary expects, and still less the one he wishes.

* Neque enim cuiquam, says the younger Pliny. Ep. 23. lib. 6. tam clarum statim ingenium est, ut possit emergere, nisi illi materia, occasio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat—i. e. There is no one who has sufficient intellect and good fortune to advance himself, if he has not, besides the matter and occasion, also a patron to introduce him into notice.

† We are not disposed to enter into any arguments with our author on his opinions, otherwise we could adduce many examples where good men have obtained riches, without employing the means he describes as necessary to their possession.

PENNER—A Pen case.—In the inventory of the goods of Hen. 5. Rol. Parl. is the following article:—*Un penner et l ynkhorn d'arg' dorrez*; and again, m. 20, *l pennere et l corne covert du velvet blay*.

Authentic Anecdote.—In the theatres of Paris it is customary when a person leaves his place in the pit, to tie his handkerchief to the back of his seat, to secure it. A young man recently did so during a representation, but an Englishman had taken his place in his absence. The first owner claimed it on his return; the Englishman would not consent to give it up, and a dispute arose, in which the Frenchman maintained his right as founded on custom, and appealed to the spectators whether such a handkerchief was not always respected? Many of the by-standers confirmed the truth of this assertion, adding, that they did not doubt that the Englishman would readily give up his seat. The latter consented, but on resigning it over, said to the claimant with sarcastic coolness, "I did not suppose that in this country a dispute represented a gentleman."

"One part of the world ridicules the other, and both laugh at their common follies."

Every thing is good or bad, according to the caprice of mankind: what pleases one disgusts another. That person is guilty of folly who wishes all things to be conformable to his humour. Perfections are not dependent upon a single approbation. Tastes are as various as human countenances, and the differences between them are as numerous. There is no defect without a partisan. If what thou doest, please not some, be not discouraged, since there will not be wanting others, who approve it: but be not puffed up with the approbation of the latter, neither dejected with the censure of the former. The approbation of men really gifted with knowledge, is the only rule by which can be known what is worthy of esteem. Civil life turns not upon a single opinion, nor a single custom.

"Never exaggerate."

It is the distinguishing mark of a wise man never to speak in superlatives, since they either wound truth or prudence. Exaggeration is a sort of prostitution of reputation; it betrays either a feeble understanding or bad taste. Excessive praises awaken curiosity, and spur up envy; therefore, if the merit correspond not to the price set upon it, as it generally happens, common opinion having discovered the deception, turns the flatterer, and the flattered into ridicule. Consequently a prudent man will act with great caution, and will rather offend by speaking in terms too humble than too exalted. Excellence is rarely met with, and deserves, when found, a proper degree of estimation. Exaggeration is a kind of falsehood, and it requires much experience to use terms of praise that will not draw down upon the individual using them this judgment, "that he is either a man of bad taste," or what is worse, "of a weak mind."

"The peaceable man is generally one of a long life."

In order to live, it is necessary to let live. Peaceable people not only live, but they reign. We must hear and see, but then we need not speak what we have gained by either. A day passed without dispute is generally followed by a night of sleep. To live long and to live pleasantly is to live twice; but this is the fruit of interior peace. There is not a greater folly than taking to heart what really ought not to affect us; or of not being interested in what concerns us.

"Foresee offences, and turn them into favours."

There is more skill in avoiding offences than in avenging them. It is great wisdom to make a confidant of the man, whom we foresee may become an enemy, unless trust is reposed in him. Transform into buttresses those things which menace our lives. We stop the passage of a foreseen injury, by applying courtesy. It is truly to know how to live, when we can change displeasing things into pleasant ones.

"To know how to forget."

This is rather good fortune than an art. Things which would be better forgotten, are frequently remembered the best. Memory has not only the incivility of failing when wanted, but the impertinence of obtruding itself when not wanted; in every thing which produces pain it is prodigal, but when pleasure is the subject it is then sterile. Sometimes the remedy of the evil consists in forgetting, and then we forget the remedy. Be then accustomed to have the memory under thy will, since it depends so much upon it, whether thou art happy or miserable. Themistocles replied to a man who promised to teach him the art of memory, that he would rather be taught to forget. Tacitus says that it is not in the power of man to lose his memory.

SUPERSTITION.—Cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs, relates, that while in Spain, he was shown a man who had served seven years as door keeper in a Cathedral, without a leg, but recovered that limb merely by the rubbing of some holy oil on the stump. The Cardinal is positive he saw him with two legs. This miracle was vouched by all the Canons of the Church, and all the inhabitants of Saragossa, were appealed to for a confirmation of the fact!

ANSWER GIVEN TO THE CHALLENGE OF A DUELLIST.—"I have two objections to this duel matter, the one is lest I should hurt you, and the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body; I could make no use of you when dead for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men! Why then shoot down a human creature of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate it would not be fit for long voyages. You might make a good barbacue, it is true; being of the nature of a racoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human now. As to your hide it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year-old colt. As to myself I do not like much to stand in the way of any thing harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistol, take some object, a tree or a barn-door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge that if I had been in the same place you might also have hit me.—*American Paper.*

NEWSPAPERS.—If the sheets published in England in 1821, were laid in a circle upon our globe, a child might walk on paper round the earth; and if the stamp duties were also distributed in shillings, he might easily pick up one shilling at every third step!

British Naval Officers in the Russian Service.

The Sovereigns of Russia have been particularly fortunate in the characters of the British Officers who have from time to time attached themselves to the Russian Navy, which within our own times could boast a list of English Officers, not excelled in merit or valour by their more fortunate countrymen engaged to fight the battles of their native land; and so great was their zeal to set an example to the Russians under their command, that fourteen out of thirty-six English officers were killed or wounded in the Swedish war in less than two years.

The great Catherine, from an early period of her reign, adopted the policy of forming her navy on the model of that of England, and for that purpose confided the construction of her ships to Mr. Yeames, a very scientific builder, and the command of them to the late Admiral Sir Samuel Greig, whose merit she early appreciated, and who justified her patronage by his signal victories over the Turks and Swedes, and whose son, Admiral Alexis Greig, is the worthy representative, in all his estimable qualities, of his excellent father.

The year 1790, when Catherine was disappointed in her aim of crushing the Turks by the vexatious interposition of Gustavus of Sweden, rallied round her flag a bevy of as distinguished young English officers as could well be assembled, their own country being then in a state of profound repose. The effect of the Swedish war was to save Turkey, but the naval engagements in the Baltic were otherwise indecisive; although on every occasion the English officers, as far as their personal influence or example could extend, amply sustained the national character, and several fell in exertions of heroism worthy of a better cause. Capt. Trevenne, a name still remembered and regretted in the British service, fell in one engagement, while within a few days his brother-in-law Capt. Dennison was killed in an attack of gunboats, while serving under the famous Prince of Nassau against the Swedish galley-fleet commanded by the King in person. Capt. Marshall also lost his life on the same occasion; his ship sunk under him, and went down with colours flying.

In the battle of the galley-fleet, a spirited young Irishman of the name of Macarthy was second in command of one of the Russian galley-frigates (commanded by Commodore Dennison, who was killed, as before alluded to, in the same engagement,) which entered so warmly into the action, that she found herself surrounded by the whole of the Swedish galleys, on board of one of which was the King of Sweden, and Captain now Admiral Sir Sidney Smith; in this situation 219 men, out of her complement of about 300, were killed and wounded before she struck—a carnage so tremendous that, when Sir Sidney boarded her, he reproached Macarthy with not having sooner surrendered, upon which that gallant officer observed, that it never should he said that an Englishman was the first to strike a Russian flag, and that he would sooner than have done so perished with every soul on board. This gallant reply was so much admired by Sir Sidney, that he desired Macarthy to consider him for the future as his friend, and that should they ever meet in the British service, he would use his best endeavours to forward his promotion, and which he was afterwards enabled to do. By a singular concatenation of events, this same Macarthy was the means of introducing the celebrated Capt. Wright to Sir Sidney Smith, by whom they were both received as midshipmen on board the Diamond frigate, commanded by him, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, and both afterwards died prematurely; Wright being murdered in the Temple at Paris, and Macarthy being lost, while cruising off Jersey, in a gun-vessel under his command.

Admiral Tate was at this period the senior British officer in the Russian service, and was highly respected for his private worth and professional talents. He has lately died full of years and honour, and has been succeeded by Admiral Crown, whose more active services have obtained for him greater distinctions than any ever hitherto bestowed by Russia on a foreign officer, he being at this time full Admiral of the Imperial Fleet, and decorated with almost all the orders of the empire.

Anecdote related by Mr. Boyle, a French officer.—While on service in Piedmont, I was detached with a party of dragoons into the woods that skirt the vale of Sesia, to prevent the smuggling that went on there. Upon arriving at night in that wild and desolate tract, I perceived among the trees the ruins of an old chateau, which I entered. To my great surprise, it was inhabited. I found within it a nobleman of the country. He was a person of an inauspicious appearance, about six feet high, and forty years of age. He gruffly supplied me with a couple of rooms. My billeting-officer and I amused ourselves there with music. After a few days we discovered that this man had a female in his custody, whom we laughingly called Camilla. We were far from suspecting the horrid truth. In about six weeks she died. I felt an impulse of melancholy curiosity to see her in her coffin. I gave a gratuity to the monk who had charge of her remains; and towards midnight, under the pretext of sprinkling holy water, he introduced me into the chapel where she lay. I found there one of those magnificent figures which continue beautiful even in the bosom of death. She had a large aquiline nose, whose contour, so expressive at once of elevation and tenderness, I never can forget;—I quitted the mournful spot. Five years after, being with a detachment of my regiment that escorted the Emperor when he went to be crowned King of Italy, I contrived to learn the whole story. I was told that the jealous husband, Count * * *, had found attached to his wife's bed an English watch, the property of a young man of the little town in which they resided. On that very day he carried her off to the ruined chateau, in the midst of the woods of Sesia. He uttered not a syllable, but in answer to all her entreaties he coldly and silently shewed her the English watch, which he always kept about his person. He thus passed nearly three years with her. At length she died of a broken heart, in the flower of her age. The husband made an attempt to stab the owner of the watch—missed him—fled to Genoa—threw himself on board a ship, and has never since been heard of.

Traits of the Manners of Women at Paris.

There never was a finer day: in the garden of the Tuilleries I met Madame P. and her daughter, a young lady of seven years old. She was in a morning dress, in which nothing was spared to heighten the effect of her charms. I addressed her. "Is it you? *Mon Dieu!* (says she) Mr. V. from what part of the country do you come? it's quite an age since we saw you."—"Madame, business, and a thousand circumstances, have prevented me the pleasure of paying you my respects."—"However, you shall not escape me now."—"Madame, you flatter me too much."—"I shall return, and you will have the complaisance to accompany me."—"Nothing can make me, Madame, more happy."

I presented her my arm, and we soon arrived. A small beautiful apartment, well furnished, glasses all round, an elegant sofa, was mounted with a tasteful canopy, the whole hung with embroidered cambric: in short, it was the sanctuary of all that could dazzle the imagination.

"Jeanneton," (who was within call,) "what have you for dinner?"—"Madame, some lentils."—"I, that all? Monsieur dines here: add a little salad."—"Madame, infinitely grateful, but—"—"No, I will take no excuse. I have determined it, and you shall dine. When my husband returns from his bureau, he will be very happy to see you."—"Madame, I know not how to resist."

Monsieur makes his appearance. "O! the kind-hearted man." Setting compliments aside, let us approach the table (said he); for I breakfasted at nine, and it is now half-past four, and I can eat with appetite."—We passed into the dining-room, sumptuously arranged; the table covered with a display of ornamental plated ware; no knife, but a silver spoon and fork for each guest, with napkins, and every one a small loaf to themselves. As the French term it, it was superb. Presently was ushered in, with great pomp, a small tureen, likewise apparently of silver, furnished with its splendid cover, and standing on a dish of the same metal. It was soup, which had been served up the day before, for Madame: but we were not to be entirely forgotten; for Jeanneton soon returned, and with a gravity almost pontifical, placed on the centre of the table a dish of the finest English porcelain, large enough if any thing were to follow it. I raised my eyes, and saw fuming about two quarts of lentils, four large onions, and three crusts of bread. This way of serving a dinner appeared to me at first very singular; but in this respect every one judges for himself.

As to the rest, the lentils were well dressed, and I was hungry, and ate my part, and in so doing, did well, for I had only to wait for the small salad, which Madame had ordered on my arrival, to shew me respect. In came all of a sudden the dessert; which consisted of a morsel of *Gruyère* cheese, five large apples, with their cheeks upwards, and two dozen raw chestnuts. She offered me some cheese, which I readily accepted; as to the rest of this magnificent finish, it was probably only designed by way of ceremony, as I was not asked to taste them; though I could just discover that each article was served in the finest porcelain of Sevres. In the meanwhile, Monsieur begged me to excuse their frugality. "Your amiable friend knows perfectly well the difficulty of circumstances," said Madame.

"Jeanneton! my milliner—is she come?"—"Yes Madame, she has brought the hat, the two caps, and a turban, which you ordered."—"Have you paid her the six louis?"—"Yes, Madame. The shoemaker has also brought Monsieur's shoes, which he has mended, and asks fifteen sous."—"I think dear enough. Has he also brought my boots of the blossom colour, which pleased me?"—"No, Madame, he says he can't sell them for less than twelve francs."—"Well, let it be so; for I never beat shoekeepers down for such trifling objects."—"Monsieur's tailor is here, who desires to know if my master wishes a surcoat for the winter."—"No; tell him that last year's is good enough. Besides, I must have two donilleets, and four robes; and I can hardly support even that expense. Hold! here are twelve sous: take what is necessary for the supper.—I have a box to night at the Theatre Italien, and I hope Monsieur V. will do me the honour of his company." I went with her to the opera, but took care not to return to supper; the twelve sous had spoiled my appetite, and I repaired to my hotel, sent for the traiteur, and very soon made up for my abstinence at my lady's,—the brilliant, elegant, astonishing, and dazzling Madame P.

MAN OF THE WORLD'S DICTIONARY.—*Abridgment:* An excellent method of disfiguring an author's productions.

Absence diminishes weak passions, and increases strong ones; as the wind blows out a candle, but nourishes a fire.

Abuse of Words.—A traveller stopped on his way by a torrent, asks a villager on the opposite bank to shew him the ford. "Go to the right," shouts the countryman. He takes the right, and is drowned. The other runs up, crying "Oh! how unfortunate! I did not tell you to go to *your*, but to *my* right."

Amateur.—A man, who is neither poet, painter, nor orator; but who, nevertheless, reads verses, judges pictures, and never misses an academic sitting.

Babbler.—A tiresome person, who tells you all that he thinks, all that he wishes, all that he knows—and, when that fails him, all that he does not know.

Bashfulness.—An old word. A fourth Grace, which gives value to the other three.

Blow.—The conclusion of a conversation, and the commencement of a duel.

Circumstances.—The patrimony of a man of genius.

Conqueror.—One who is always in the right, and has no want of people to prove it.

Expectation.—A state of delusion, whatever be the reality which is to follow.

Fasting.—On the approach of Holy Week, a great lady said to her friend, "We must, however, mortify ourselves a little." "Well," replied the other, "let us make our servants *fast*."

Peter Henry Bruce, who was born at the castle of Dering, in Westphalia, in 1692, and who served in the Prussian and Russian armies, tells the following curious story:—"At the house where I lodged with the colonel, in 1706, I was told a very remarkable story that happened between my landlady and her former husband, who was a native of this town; his name was Niepels, and he was a captain of dragoons in the Dutch service; he courted our landlady at the Hague, who was the daughter of a merchant there, and after a solemn promise of marriage, he seduced and then left her pregnant. Her father was so incensed at her, that he turned her out of the house; but an aunt, taking compassion on her, kept her till she was brought to bed, and afterwards supplied her with a little money, with which, unknown to any of her friends, she equipped herself in men's clothes, bought a horse, and went and offered herself as a volunteer in Captain Niepels' troop: her offer was accepted, and she continued some time in the troop. The Captain used sometimes to tell his volunteer that he was very like an old mistress of his, but never had the least suspicion that he was speaking to the very person: she staid till the end of the campaign, when Captain Niepels, being informed of his father's death, left the service, and went home to take possession of his estate. By this accident she seemed not to lose sight of any opportunity to call the Captain to an account, which was the sole motive of her adventure: however, she followed him, but laid aside the cavalier, and resumed the female, and arriving at Maestricht, she prevailed upon his maid servant (for a little money) to allow her to sleep in a private room in the house for one night, as she was a stranger, and did not chuse to lodge in any public inn. Having thus broken the ground, and got admission, she had an opportunity to reconnoitre the house, particularly the Captain's apartment, who was generally abroad the whole day, and came home late at night. She kept very close, till she thought every body in the house was asleep, and then proceeded with a candle in one hand, and a poniard in the other, to his bed side, she awaked him, and asked if he knew her, and upon his demanding what had brought her there, she told him, that he must now resolve to perform his engagement to her, otherwise she was determined to put him to death. The Captain thought proper to refuse, and at the same time, called to his servants; but, before any of them could arrive, she struck him in the breast; and, notwithstanding all the defence he could make, she gave him several other wounds in different parts of his body: the servants at length came to his assistance, and finding their master streaming with blood, they sent for a magistrate and guards to secure her. In the mean time, the lady never offered to move off, but continued upbraiding him with his treachery, although he entreated her to save herself, as he thought himself mortally wounded; at last the magistrate came with a guard to conduct her to prison, which the Captain would not suffer, but begged them to send for a priest, to whom, on his arrival, he confessed how much he had injured the young woman, and desired him in presence of the magistrate, to marry them without loss of time; which accordingly he did. Upon the surgeon's declaring that none of the wounds were mortal, the guard was withdrawn, and by the careful attendance of the surgeon, and the no less tender care of his now spouse, the Captain soon recovered of his wounds. They lived afterwards in the greatest harmony for several years, till an ill-fated accident put an end to his life. One evening they were walking together before the Trowen Port, and passing by an arsenal, where a number of old useless arms were lying, a gentlewoman in their neighbourhood, with whom they lived in great intimacy, met them, and taking up an old rusty pistol, said jocularly to Captain Niepels, that it was decreed he should die by the hands of women; which he actually did, for the pistol went off, and shot him dead upon the spot. He left three daughters, who were now marriageable; his widow our (landlady) some time after his death, married his nephew."

Singular Discovery of a Murder.—(Extract of a recent letter from Novogorod.)—"A nobleman in this province being out hunting with other noblemen, perceived in a forest a bear muzzled and tied to a tree; the animal appeared to be very tame, and by his wailings indicated that something particular was the matter with him. The nobleman gave orders to untie him, on which the bear, led by a countryman with a rope, immediately ran to a neighbouring spot, and began very eagerly to scratch up the ground; the creature only wanted language to show that something, which nearly concerned him, was here buried. The possibility of this was evident to the nobleman, and he ordered his people to dig up the spot pointed out by the bear, which consisted of very loose earth. To the no little astonishment and horror of all present, they soon found two dead bodies covered with blood, which appeared to have been recently interred. They made a bier of young trees on which they laid the bodies and conveyed them to the next village. The bear, still led by a peasant, goes first, and seems to follow, like a dog, a scent that he has of the murderers of his masters. He is suffered to take his own way; and they soon reach a village on the skirts of the forest, when he halts at the door of a cottage, and his former wailing is changed to a dreadful roaring. This induces the nobleman to call together the male inhabitants, and place them in a certain order, thinking, perhaps, by the help of the bear, to discover the murderers, as of course all deny any knowledge of the deed. The people belonging to the hut, before which the bear stopped, also came up from another side, and scarcely had they, according to the nobleman's desire, placed themselves with the others, when the bear, with a dreadful howl, rushed upon two tall fellows, whom only the animal's muzzle saved from his fury. He was removed from them by force, but the persons so singularly accented were immediately subjected to a strict examination. They confessed all; the two bear leaders, who had money about them, had been murdered by them in the forest, and hastily buried; the hunting horn of the party having made them fly precipitately, leaving the bear tied to the tree, by which the discovery of the murder was effected in a manner almost incredible, and the criminals were delivered into the hands of justice, and will be brought to the punishment which they so justly deserve."

"Mr. Broughton, who, in 1800, commanded the escort of the British resident at the Court of Scindia, furnishes a lively picture of a Mahratta camp, or rather town.

"On marching days the *beencemala*, or quarter-master-general, moves off at an early hour, and on reaching the ground where the army is to encamp, he plants a small white flag, to mark the spot where the tents of the *Muharaj*, or Prince, are to be pitched. The flags of the different bazars or markets are then fixed as they arrive, always in the same relative situation to each other, and generally in as straight a line as the ground will admit. The shops, called *dokans*, are pitched in two lines running parallel to each other, and thus form one grand street from the front to the rear of the army. This street often extends from three to four miles; the Prince's tents, being situated about three-fourths of the whole length from the front, having only the market called *chuorae bazar* in the rear. The Chiefs encamp to the right and left of the principal street; generally, however, in the neighbourhood of some particular bazar.

"Their respective encampments are made without the smallest attention to regularity, cleanliness, or convenience; men, horses, and bullocks, are all jumbled together in a mass, which is surrounded on all sides by others of a similar nature, in a continued series of comfortless confusion. This forms what is termed *bara-lushkar*, or main army; and is generally about as many hundred yards in breadth—that is, from flank to flank, as it is miles in length from front to rear; thus exactly reversing the order of encampment which obtains in the disciplined armies of Europe.

"At the door of every tent is a fire, the smoke of which, being too heavy to ascend, spreads throughout the whole camp, where it serves to keep the people warm, to drive the flies away from the cattle, and to put out the eyes of all those who are unused to so gross an element. A Mahratta army in a march exhibits an assemblage of the most grotesque objects and groups imaginable. Women are intermixed with the men; such as possess the means accompany the army on horseback, galloping among the crowd as fearlessly as the men, and taking no more care than the latter to conceal their faces. It is common enough to see a woman riding aside behind her husband, and keeping her seat with equal gracefulness and ease, while he urges the horse to the height of his speed."

Mr. Broughton gives an interesting account of a young female, who served in Scindia's army, undiscovered, for two or three years. It was observed, that she always dressed her own dinner, and ate it, and performed her ablutions by herself; but not the slightest suspicion of her sex was entertained, till it was discovered by the curiosity of a young comrade, who followed her when she went to bathe. After this, she continued to serve for some months, resolutely declining the patronage of Scindia's consort, who proposed to receive her into her own family, as well as the offers of that Prince to promote her in the corps to which she belonged. To the honour of every party concerned be it recorded, that when her sex was revealed she experienced only increased respect and attention from her comrades; not an individual presuming to utter a word that might insult her, or breathing a doubt that could affect her reputation. It was at length discovered that she had an only brother confined for debt at Bopal, and that this affectionate creature had the courage to enrol herself as a common soldier, and to persist in exposing her person to the dangers and difficulties of a military life, with the generous idea of raising money sufficient to procure his liberation. When Scindia was informed of this circumstance, he ordered her discharge to be made out, and furnished her with a letter to the Nabob of Bopal, warmly recommending both herself and her brother to his favourable notice and protection.

Anecdote of Moreau and Pichegru.—Moreau's celebrated letter to the French Government, stigmatising Pichegru, is well known; and the latter was consequently obliged to take refuge in England, to avoid the persecution of Bonaparte. He resided at Brompton, where he had lived retired, with only his friend Ronsillon occasionally visiting him. Col. T. then a field officer in the Guards, was exercising his men with the sword, in the barrack-yard at Knightsbridge, when Pichegru, passing through the barracks, had nearly been wounded in a motion of one of the men: the apology of the officer induced an interview, and the interview an intimacy. After the peace of Amiens in 1801, Colonel T. determined to visit Paris; and as it was the anxious wish of Pichegru to be reconciled to Moreau, he commissioned his friend to endeavour to bring it about. But well knowing the system of *espionage* adopted by Buonaparte, the difficulty appeared insurmountable. Instructed however by Pichegru, Colonel T. got an introduction to Madame Tallien; but the instant he stated the purpose of his visit, and Pichegru's name was uttered, she betrayed the greatest alarm; she instantly secured the doors of the room, and drew her visitor to an adjoining bondoir. Colonel T. then opened his commission—"I am to tell Therese"—"Enough," exclaimed Madame Tallien, "I know the signal—and I know the purpose, too, with which you have sought me. It shall be done: but, however ill the compliment to an officer and a stranger, never be seen in this house again, and if you meet me, don't speak. We are surrounded by spies; every servant is a spy—and our lives may pay the forfeit." Some days passed, and no further intimation was given, till an anonymous letter was sent to Col. T. desiring him to call on M——, a miniature painter, to sit for his likeness. Here he was led to understand, that an interview with Moreau might be brought about, by offering a favourite horse for disposal, and that General M. would see the "Englishman's non pareil." Still the same system prevented an explanation; but with the *sang froid* which distinguished Moreau, he contrived to shew Col. T. his garden. In this short interview, the same charge was given; never to notice the General in public—but a clear understanding took place. The parties met occasionally—but as strangers; till, one evening, at a ball given by Madame Recamier, at which all the fashion at Paris was present, Moreau contrived to single out Col. T. and briefly addressed him—"C'est fait."—Thus was that important reconciliation between these eminent men effected, the secret of which has never been explained till now.

The following Extract is taken from George Silver's Paradoxes of Defence, printed about the middle of the 16th century, which exhibits a striking picture of the Manners of that time, and elucidates several obsolete words mentioned by Shakspeare, and other ancient writers. The book is now become extremely scarce.

"There were three Italian Teachers of Offence in my time. The first was Signior Rocco: the second was Jeronimo, that was Signior Rocco his boy, that taught gentlemen in the Blacke-Fryers, as vsuer for his maister instead of a man: the third was Vincentio. This Signior Rocco came into England about some thirtie yeares past; he taught the noblemen and gentlemen of the court; he caused some of them to wear leaden soales in their shoes, the better to bring them to nimblenesse of feet in their fight. He disbursed a great summe of mony for the lease of a faire house in Warwick-lane, which he called his colledge, for he thought it great disgrace for him to keepe a fence-schoole, he being then thought to be the only famous maister of the arte of armes in the whole world. He caused to be fairely drawne and set round about his schoole all the noblemen's and gentlemen's armes that were his schollers, and hanging right under their armes their rapiers, daggers, gloves of male and gauntlets. Also, he had benches and stooles, the roome being verie large, for gentlemen to sit round about his schoole to behold his teaching. He taught none commonly under twentie, fortie, fifty, or an hundred pounds. And because all things should be verie necessary for the noblemen and gentlemen, he had in his schoole a large square table, with a greene carpet, done round with a verie brode rich fringe of gold, alwaies standing upon it a verie faire standish covered with crimson velvet, with inke, pens, pin-dust, and sealing-waxe, and quiers of verie excellent fine paper gilded, readie for the noblemen and gentlemen (upon occasion) to write their letters, being then desirous to follow their fight, to send their men to dispatch their business. And to know how the time past, he had in one corner of his schoole a clocke, with a verie faire large diall; he had within that schoole, a roome the which was called his priue schoole, with manie weapons thereip, where he did teach his schollers his secret fight, after he had perfectly taught them their rules. He was verie much beloved in the Court.

"There was one Austen Bagger, a verie tall gentleman of his handes, not standing much upon his skill, but carrying the vallant hart of an Englishman, upon a time being merrie amongst his frendes, said he would go fight with Signior Rocco, presently went to Signior Rocco his house in the Blackfriars, and called to him in this manner: Signior Rocco, thou that art thought to be the only cunning man in the world with thy weapon, thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon any button, thou that takest upon thee to come over the seas, to teach the vallant noblemen and gentlemen of England to fight, thou cowardly fellow come out of thy house if thou dare for thy life; I am come to fight with thee. Signior Rocco looking out at a window, perceiving him in the street to stand readie with his sword and buckler, with his two-hand sworde drawne, with all speed ran into the street, and manfully let flic at Austen Bagger, who most bravely defended himselfe, and presently closed with him, and stroke up his heeles, and cut him over the breech, and trode upon him, and most grievously hurt him under his feet: yet in the end Austen of his good nature gave him his life, and there left him. This was the first and last fight that ever Signior Rocco made, saving once at Queene Hith he drew his rapier upon a waterman, where he was thoroughly beaten with oares and stretchers, but the oddes of their weapons were as great against his rapier, as was his two-hand sword against Austen Bagger's sword and buckler, therefore for that fray he was to be excused.

"Then came in Vincentio and Jeronimo; they taught rapier-fight at the Court, at London, and in the countrey, by the space of seven or eight yeares or thereabouts. These two Italian fenceers, especially Vincentio, said that Englishmen were strong men, but had no cunning, and they would go hacke too much in their fight, which was great disgrace unto them. Upon these words of disgrace against Englishmen, my brother Toby Silver and myselfe made challenge against them both, to play with them at the single rapier, rapier and dagger, the single dagger, the single sword, the sword and target, the sword and buckler, and two hand-sword, the staffe, battell-axe, and morris pike, to be played at the Bell Savage upon the scaffold, where he that went in his fight faster backe then he ought, of Englishman or Italian, should be in danger to breake his necke off the scaffold. We caused to that effect, five or six score bills of challenge to be printed, and set up from Southwarke to the Tower, and from hence through London unto Westminster; we were at the place with all these weapons at the time appointed, within a how-shot of their fence skooles: many gentlemen of good accompt, carried manie of the bills of challenge unto them, telling them that now the Silvers were at the place appointed, with all their weapons, looking for them, and a multitude of people there to behold the fight, saying unto them, Now come and go with us (you shall take no wrong) or else you are shamed for ever. Do the gentlemen what they could, these gallants would not come to the place of triall. I verily thinke their cowardly feare to answere this challenge, had utterly shamed them indeed, had not the maisters of defence of London, within two or three daies after, bene drinke of bottell ale hard by Vincentio's schoole, in a hall where the Italians must of necessitie passe through to go to their schooles: and as they were coming by, the maisters of defence did pray them to drinke with them, but the Italians being verie cowardly, were afraide, and presently drew their rapiers: there was a prettie wench standing by, that loved the Italians; she ran with outcrie into the street, helpe, helpe, the Italians are like to be slaine; the people with all speede came running into the house, and with their cappes and such things as they could get, parted the fraie, for the English maisters of defence, meant nothing lesse than to foile their handes upon these two faint-hearted fellows. The next morning after, all the court was filled, that the Italian teachers of fence had beaten all the maisters of defence in London, who set upon them in a house together. This was the Italian fenceers their credit againe, and thereby got much, still continuing their false teaching to the end of their lives.

"This Vincentio proved himselfe a stout man not long before he died, that it might be seene in his life time he had bene a gallant, and therefore no marvaile he tooke upon so highly to teach Englishmen to fight, and so set forth bookes of the feates of armes. Upon a time at Wels in Somersetshire, as he was in great braverie amongst manie gentlemen of good accompt, with great boldnesse he gave out speeches, that he had bene thus manie yeares in England, and since the time of his first coming, there was not in it one Englishman, that could once touch him at the single rapier, or rapier and dagger. A vallant gentleman being there amongst the rest, his English hart did rise to heare this proude boaster, secretly sent a messenger to one Bartholomew Bramble, a friend of his, a verie tall man both of his hands and person, who kept a schoole of defence in towne; the messenger by the way made the maister of defence acquainted with the mind of the gentleman that sent for him, and of all what Vincentio had said; this maister of defence presently came, and amongst all the gentlemen with his cap off, prayed maister Vincentio that he would be pleased to take a quart of wine of him. Vincentio verie scornfully looking upon him, said unto him, Wherefore should you give me a quart of wine? Marie, sir, said he, because I heare you

are a famous man at your weapon. Then presently said the gentleman that sent for the maister of defence; Maister Vincentio, I pray you bid him welcome, he is a man of your profession. My profession! said Vincentio: what is my profession? Then said the gentleman, He is a maister of the noble science of defence. Why, said Maister Vincentio, God make him a good man. But the maister of defence would not thus leave him, but prayed him againe he would be pleased to take a quart of wine of him. Then said Vincentio, I have no need of thy wine. Then said the maister of defence: Sir, I have a schoole of defence in the towne, will it please you to go thither? Thy schoole! said maister Vincentio; what shall I do at thy skool? Play with me (said the maister) at the rapier and dagger, if it please you. Play with thee! said maister Vincentio. If I play with thee, I will hit thee, 1, 2, 3, 4, thrustes in the eie together. Then said the maister of defence, If you can do so, it is the better for you, and the worse for me, but surely I can hardly belceve that you can hit me: but yet once againe I hartily pray you, good Sir, that you will go to my schoole, and play with me. Play with thee! said maister Vincentio (very scornfully); by God, me scorne to play with thee! With that word scorne, the maister of defence was verie much moved, and up with his great English fist, and stroke maister Vincentio such a boxe on the eare that he fell over and over, his legges just against a butterle hatch, whereon stood a great blacke jacke; the maister of defence fearing the worst, against Vincentio his rising, catcht the blacke jacke into his hand, being more than halfe full of beere. Vincentio lustily start up, laying his hand on his dagger, and with the other hand pointed with his finger, saying very well: I will cause to lie in the gaile for this geare, 1, 2, 3, 4, yeares. And well, said the maister of defence, since you will drinke no wine, will you pledge me in beere? I drinke to all the cowardly knaves in England, and I thinke thee to be the veriest coward of them all: with that he cast all the beere upon him: notwithstanding Vincen- tio having nothing but his guilt rapier, and dagger about him, and the other for his defence the blacke jacke, would not at that time fight it out: but the next day met with the maister of defence in the streete, and said unto him, You remember how iniused a me yester- day, you were to blame, me be an excellent man, me teach you how to thrust two foote further than anie Englishman, but first come you with me: then he brought him to a mercer's shop, and said to the mercer, Let me see of your best silken pointes;—the mercer did presently shew him some, of seven groates a dozen; then he payeth fourteen groates for two dozen, and said to the maister of defence, There is one dozen for you, and here is another for me; this was one of the vallantest fenceers that came from beyond the seas, to teach Eng- lishmen to fight, and this was one of the manliest frayes, that I have heard of, that ever he made in England, wherein he shewed him- selfe a fare better man in his life, than in his profession he was, for he professed armes, but in his life a better Christian. He set forth in print a booke for the use of the rapier and dagger, the which he called his practice. I have read it over, and because I finde there- in neither true rule for the perfect teaching of true fight, nor true ground of true fight, neither sense or reason for due prooffe thereof, I have thought it frivolous to recite any part therein contained; yet that, the truth hereof may appeare, let two men being wel experienced in the rapier and dagger fight, choose any of the best branches in the same booke, and make tryall with force and agility, without the which the truth betweene the true and false fight can not be knowne, and they shall find great imperfections therein. And again, for prooffe that there is no truth, neither in his rules grounds or rapier fight, let tryall be made in this maner: Set two unskilfull men together at the rapier and dagger, being vallant, and you shall see, that once in two boutes there shall either one or both of them be hurt. Then set two skilful men together, being vallant at the rapier and dagger, and they shall do the like. Then set a skilful rapier and dagger-man the best that can be had, and a va- liant man having no skill together at rapier and dagger, and once in two bouts upon my credit in all the experience I have in fight, the unskilfull man, do the other what he can for his life to the con- trarie, shall hurt him, and most commonly if it were in continuance of fight, you shall see the unskilfull man to have the advantage. And if I should chuse a vallant man for service of the prince, or to take part with me or anie friend of mine in a good quarrell, I would chuse the unskilfull man, being uncombred with false fights, be- cause such a man standeth free in his valour with strength and agi- litie of bodie, freely taketh the benefit of nature, fighteth most brave, by loosing no opportunitie, either soundly to hurt his enemy, or defend himselfe, but the other standing for his defence, upon his cunning Italian wordes, *Pointo reversa the Imbrocata Stocata*, and be- ing fast tyed unto these false fightes, standeth troubled in his wits, and nature thereby racked through the largeness or false lyings, or spaces, whereby he is in his fight as a man half-maimed, loosing the oportunitie of times and benefit of nature, and whereas before being ignorant these false rapier fights, standing in the free libertie of na- ture given him by God, he was able in the field with his weapon to answere the vallantest man in the world, but now being tied unto that false fickle uncertain fight, thereby hath lost in nature his free- dome, is now become scarce halfe a man, and evrie boye in that fight is become as good a man as himselfe.

"Jeronimo this gallant was vallant, and would fight indeed, and did, as you shall heare. He being in a coch with a wench that he loved well, there was one Cheese, a verie tall man, in his fight nat- urall English, for he fought with his sword and dagger, and in ra- pier fight had no skill at all. This Cheese having a quarrell to Je- ronimo, overtooke him upon the way, himselfe being on horsebacke, did call to Jeronimo, and bade him come forth of the coche or he would fetch him, for he was come to fight with him. Jeronimo pre- sently went forth of the coch and drew his rapier and dagger, put himselfe into his best ward or stocata, which ward was taught by himselfe and Vincentio, and by them best allowed of to be the best ward to stand upon in fight for life, either to assault the enemy, or stand and watch his coming, which ward it should seeme, he ven- tured his life upon, but howsoever with all the fine Italianated skill Jeronimo had, Cheese with his sword within two thrustes ran him into the bodie and slue him. Yet the Italian teachers will say, that an Englishman cannot thrust straight with a sword, because the hilt will not suffer him to put the forefinger over the crosse, nor to put the thumbe upon the blade, nor to hold the pummell in the hand, whereby we are of necessitie to hold faste the handle in the hand; by reason whereof we are driven to thrust both compasse and short, whereas with the rapier they can thrust both straight and much fur- ther then we can with the sword, because of the hilt: and these be the reasons they make against the sword."

Negroes are apt to steal, but are so very credulous, they are easily detected. Captain Young, of Grenada, gave a black butcher of the name of Caffee, a hog to kill; when the Captain went to see it, Caffee said, "Dis very fine hog, Massa, but I never see a hog like him in all my life, he have no liver, no light." Captain Young—"That is strange, Caffee; let me see in the book." He took a memorandum-book out of his pocket, turned over the leaves, and looked very earnest—"I see Caffee go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights." Caffee shook like an aspen leaf, and said, "O, Massa, Caffee no go to hell bottom—hog have liver and lights." He restored them, and trembling, awaited his punishment. Capt Young only laughed, and made him a present of them. There was a black in Grenada, who had been on the Island of St. Kitt's, when Rod-

they defeated the French fleet; and had seen the action, and was never tired of speaking of it, nor his auditors of listening. He always concluded, with this remark, "De French 'tand 'tiffer, but English 'tand far 'tiffer; do all de same as game cock, de die on the pot." The Dahomans (of Dahomy, a kingdom of Africa, on the coast of Guinea), in the beginning of the year 1727, had never seen a white man; and when their victorious prince and his army, in their rout through Whidah, first met with some Europeans in the town of Tobi, they were so shocked at their complexion and their dress, that they were afraid to approach them, and could not be persuaded that they were men, till they heard them speak; and were assured by the Whidanesse that these were the merchants who purchased all the slaves that were sold in Guinea.

The following is an extremely curious account of the execution of the Traitors concerned in the memorable gun-powder plot in the reign of James I. It is re-printed from a very rare tract of 15 leaves;—"London: Imprinted for Jeffrey Charlton:—and are to be sold at his shop, at the Great North dore of Powles.—1606." The title-page and address of the writer run thus—

THE ARRAIGNMENT AND EXECUTION OF THE LATE TRAYTORS;

WITH A RELATION OF THE OTHER TRAYTORS, WHICH WERE EXECUTED AT WORCESTER, THE 27 OF JANUARY LAST PAST.

To all faithful and obedient subjects.

Gentle Reader; the horrible and abominable Treason of the Traytours lately executed, with many others, some already executed at Worcester, and others their confederates, whome God of his mercie at his good pleasure bring to light, and give the due punishment of their deserts! This treason, I say, so horrible and detestable in the sight both of God and man, for which their bewitched hearts not having that true repentance, that in true Christians may be required: I have set thee down a brieffe discourse touching the Arraignement of these that were here in London and Westminster, upon just condemnation executed upon Thursday and Friday being the 30, and 31. dayes of Januarie last past, to the joy of all true subjects, that living under so blessed and gracious a King, may rejoyce to see the cutting off of all such accursed traytors, as entend the death of his Majestie, and subversion of the whole Kingdome: and so, beseeching God to roote out all such wicked weedes as may be hurtfull in so good a ground as this our Land, which I hope dooth containe a world of loving subjects unto his Majestie, and their Countree, which do continually pray to God to blesse his Majestie, with our gracious Queene, Prince Henrie, and the rest of his royall Progeny with long life, a blessed peace, and never-ending happinesse, and to continue his holy Worde and blessed Peace among us, and to give us all grace with one heart, ever to love and serve him in all true faithfulness,—I end, Your loving Friend, T. H.

A brieffe Discourse upon the Arraignement and Execution of the 8. Traytors, Digbie, the two Winters, Grant, Ruckwood, Caies, Bates, and Johnson, alias Faulkes, four of which were executed in Paules Churchyard in London, upon Thursday being the 30. of January; the other 4, in the olde Pallace in Westminster, over against the Parliament House, upon Friday next following.

Not to aggravate the sorrow of the living in the shame of the dead, but to dissuade the idolatrously blinded, from seeking their owne destruction, in the way to damnation, I have here briefly set downe a discourse of the behaviour and carriage of the eight persons afore named, from the time of their imprisonment to the instant of their death;—the nature of their offence, the little shew of their sorrow; their usage in prison, and their obstinacie to their end.—First, for their offence, it is odious in the eares of all humane creatures, that it could hardly be believed, that so many monsters in nature should carry the shapes of men: Murther, oh, it is the crying sinne of the world, and such an intended murther, as, had it taken effect, would have made a worlde to crie, and therefore the horror thereof must needes be hatefull to the whole world to heare of it.

Men that saw them goe to their execution, did in a sortie grieve, to see such proper men in shape, goe to so shamefull an end, but the end was proper to men of so unproper minds, who, to satisfie a blinded conceite, would forget their duties to God and their King, and unnaturally seeke the ruine of their Native Countree:—They are said to be borne unhappy, that are not some way profitable to their Country; and then, how accursed are they borne, that seeke the destruction of the whole Kingdome!

Papistes will perhaps idly say, it was a bloody execution;—but in respect of their desert, in the blood they entended to have shedde, it was a mercifull punishment; for, if Jezabel a Queen, for seeking the murther of one private man, was throwne out of a windowe, and fedde upon by doggs; how can these people bee thought to be cruelly used, that could entend and practise so horrible a villainy, as the death of so gracious a King, Queene, and Prince, so Noble Peeres, and the ruine of so flourishing a Kingdome!

But since my entent is chieflie to make report of the manner of their demeanors from the prison to the Arraignement, and from thence to Execution; I will truly set downe, what I have gathered, touching the same. After their apprehension in the countree, and brought up to London, upon the apparance of their foule treason, before his Majestie's most Honorable Council, they were by their commaundement committed to his Majestie's Tower of London, where they wanted nothing, that in the mercy of a Christian prince, was thought fit, and indeed too good for so unchristian offenders.

For in the time of their imprisonment they seemed to feele no part of feare, either of the wrath of God, the doome of Justice, or the shame of Sinne; but as it were, with seared consciences, senseless of grace, lived, as not looking to die, or not feeling the sorrow of their sinnes; and now that no subtil foxe, or rather goose that would faine seame a foxe, shall have cause to say or thinke, that the Justice of the Lawe hath not bene truly ministred, according to the rules of the Divine Will, behold here a true report, as I said before, of their behaviour, and carriage, from their apprehension, to their imprisonment, and from condemnation to their execution.

—In the time of their imprisonment, they rather feasted with their sinnes, than fasted with sorrow for them; were richly apparelled, fared deliciously, and tooke tobacco out of measure, with a seeming carelesnesse of their crime, as it were daring the Law to passe upon them; but the Almighty, and our most mercifull good God first revealed them, his Majesties and his Counsailes careful head apprehended them, the Law plainly did discipher them, Justice gave judgement on them, and Death made an end of them.—But to come to their arraignement, and to deliver the manner of their behaviour. After they went from the Tower by water and come to Westminster before they came into the hall, they made some halfe howre's stay, or more in the Star Chamber; whither being brought, and remaining til the court was all ready to heare them, and according to the lawe give judgement on them, it was strange to note their carriage even on their very countenances; some hanging downe the heade, as if their heartes were full of doggednes, and other forcing a sterne looke, as if they would feare death, with a frowne, never seeming to pray, except it were by the dozen, upon their beades, and taking tobacco, as if that hanging were no trouble to them, saying little but in commendation of their conceited religion, craving mercy of neyther God nor the King for their offences, and making their con-

sciences, as it were, as wide as the worlde; and to the very gates of hell, to be the cause of their hellish courses to make a worke meritorious.

Now being come into the hall, and upon the scaffold at the barre standing to answer to their indictements, they all pleaded not guiltie; but were all found guiltie.

Digbie, without craving mercie, or favour, of either God, or the King, made only five worldly requests; that his wife might have her jointer; his children the lands intailed, by his father; his sisters, their legacies in his hand unpaid; his debts paid; and for his death, to be beheaded and not hanged.

Robert Winter in like manner thinkeing himselfe already halfe a saint for his whole villainie, said little to any purpose that eyther made shew of sorrow, or sought mercy, but only made a request to the King for mercy towards his brother, in regards of his offence as he saide, through his onely perswasion.

His brother sayed little; but with a guiltie conscience, swallowed up a cōcealed griefe, with little shew of sorrow for that time.

Graunt, stubborne in his idolatrie, seemed nothing penitent for his villanie, asked little mercy, but as it were, careless of grace, received the doome of his desert.

The yonger Winter saide little, but to excuse the fowleness of his fact, in being drawne in by his brother, and not of his owne plotting, with little talke to little purpose, troubled the time the lesser while.

Ruckwood, out of a studied speech, would faine have made his bringing uppe and breeding in idolatrie, to have been some excuse to his villanie; but a faire talke, could not helpe a fowle deed; and therefore, being found guiltie of the treason, had his judgement with the rest of the traytors.

Now after their condemnation and judgement, being sent backe to the Tower, there they remained till the Thursday following; upon sleddes and hurdles they were drawne into Paules Churchyard: Foure of them, viz. Everarde Digbie, the elder Winter, Graunt, and Bates, of whome I forgot to speake, having no great matter to speake of, but only that being a villanie, and hoping of advancement by the same, he had the reward of a traytor.

Now these foure, being drawn to the scaffold, made one purpose for their execution:—First went up Digbie, a man of a goodly personage, and a manly aspect; yet might a warie eye, in the change of his countenance, beholde an inward feare of death; for his colour grew pale and his eye heavie; notwithstanding that hee enforced him selfe to speake as stoutly as hee could, his speech was not long and to little good purpose, onely that his belied conscience, being but indeed a blinded conceit, had led him into this offence, which in respect of his Religion (*alias* indeede idolatrie) hee held no offence, but in respect of the Law he held an offence, for which, he asked forgiveness of God, of the King, and the whole Kingdome; and so with vaine and superstitious crossing of himselfe, betooke him to his Latine prayers, mumbling to himselfe, refusing to have any prayers of any, but of the Romish catholicks, went up the ladder, and, with the helpe of the hangman, made an end of his wicked daies in this world.

After him, went Winter up to the scaffold, where he used few words to anie good effect; without asking mercie of either God or the King for his offence, went up the ladder, and making a few prayers to himselfe, staid not long for his execution.

After him went Graunt, who abominably blinded with his horrible idolatrie, though he confessed his offence to bee hainous, yet would faine have excused it by his conscience, for religion:—a bloodie religion, to make so bloody a conscience! but better that his bloode, and all such as he was, should be shed by the justice of law, then the bloode of many thousandes to have been shedde by his villanie, without law or justice! But to the purpose: having used a few idle wordes, to ill effect, hee was, as his fellowes before him, ledde the way to the halter,—and so, after his crossing of himselfe, to the last part of his tragedie.

Last of them came Bates, who seemed sory for his offence, and asked forgiveness of God, and the King, and of the whole Kingdome; prayed to God for the preservation of them all, and as hee sayed, onely for his love to his maister, drawne to forget his duty to God, his King and Countree: and therefore was now drawne from the Tower to Paules Churchyard, and there hanged and quartered for his treacherie. Thus ended that daye's business.

The next day being Friday, were drawne from the Tower to the old Palace in Westminster over against the Parliament House, Thomas Winter the yonger brother, Ruckwoode, Caies, and Faulkes the miner, justly called the Devill of the Vault: for had he not bene a devill incarnate, he had never conceived so villanous a thought, nor been employed in so damnable an action.

The next day being Friday, were drawne from the Tower to the olde Palace in Westminster, Thomas Winter, Ruckwoode, Caies, and Faulkes; where Winter first being brought to the scaffold, made little speech, but seeming after a sort as it were sory for his offence, and yet crossing himselfe, as though those were wardes to put by the devill's stoccadoes, having already made a wound in his soule, of which he had not yet a full feeling, protesting to die a true catholicke, as hee said, with a very pale and dead colour, went uppe the ladder, and after a swing or two with the halter, to the quartering block was drawn, and there quickly dispatched.

Next him came Ruckwood, who made a speech of some longer time, confessing his offence to God, in seeking to shedde blood, and asking therefore mercy of his divine Majestie, his offence to the King, of whose Majestie hee likewise humbly asked forgiveness, his offence to the whole State, of whom in generall he asked forgiveness, beseeching God to bless the King, the Queen, and all his royall progenie, and that they might long live to reigne in peace, and happinesse over this Kingdom; but last of all, to marre all the pottage with one filthy weede, to mar this good prayers with an ill conclusion, he prayed God to make the king a catholicke, otherwise a papiste; (which God for his mercy ever forbid!) and so beseeching the king to bee good to his wife and children, protesting to die in his idolatrie, a Romish catholicke, hee went uppe the ladder, and hanging till he was almost dead, was drawne to the blocke, where he gave his last gaspe.

After him came Caies, who, like a desperate villaine, using little speech, with small or no shew of repentance, wente stontlie up the ladder, where, not staying the hangman's turne, turned himselfe off with such a leape, that with the swing he brake the halter; but after his fall, was quickly drawne to the blocke, and there was quicklie divided into foure partes.

Last of all came the great devill of all, Faulkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder:—his body being weake with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but yet with much ado, by the helpe of the hangman, went hee enough to breake his necke with the fall; who made no long speech, but after a sort, seeming to be sory for his offence, asked a kinde of forgiveness, of the King, and the State, for his bloodie intent, with his crosses and his idle ceremonies, made his end upon the gallows, and the blocke, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villaine.

Thus have I ended my discourse upon the arraignement, and execution of these eight traytors, executed upon Thursday, and Friday last past, in Paules Church Yard and the old pallace at Westminster.

[The remaining part of the account relating to the execution of the traitors at Worcester, as mentioned in the title page, is not of equal interest with the preceding.]

Prodigious Tree.—A description of the tree of Kebyrbor, in the island of that name, situated 12 miles N.E. of Baroatch, in the vicinity of the Cornaline Mines, has been read to the Literary Society of Bombay, by J. Copland, M.D., who had personally visited it. He says, "Its leafy colonnades, its verdant arcades, its immense festoons, the spacious area that this giant of the forests covers with its shade, its enormous trunks, all concur to attest its antiquity, and I experienced emotions similar to what are felt in the vast basilicas of the gothic order, while the freshness which emanated from the thick foliage seemed to give me new life. The ground which this tree covers with its branches, as far as I could judge, is about 3 or 4 acres! They ascend to such a height as to be visible in a radius of many miles; at certain distances, the tree appears like a hill, forming one extremity of the island."

It is asserted by some that snakes occasionally exert their powers of fascination upon human beings, and I see no reason to doubt the truth of this. An old Dutch woman, who lives at the Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara district, sometimes gives a minute account of the manner in which she was charmed by a serpent; and a farmer told me that a similar circumstance occurred to his daughter. It was on a warm summer day, that she was sent to spread wet clothes on some shrubbery near the house. Her mother conceived that she remained longer than was necessary, and seeing her standing unoccupied at some distance, she called to her several times, but no answer was returned. On approaching, she found her daughter pale, motionless, and fixed in an erect posture. The sweat rolled down her brow, and her hands were clenched convulsively. A large rattlesnake lay on a log opposite the girl, waving his head from side to side, and kept his eyes steadfastly fastened upon her. The mother instantly struck him with a stick, and the moment he made off, the girl recovered herself and burst into tears; but was for some time so weak and agitated, that she could not walk home.—*Sketches in Upper Canada.*

Adhesive Felt.—Mr. William Wood, of Bow, Middlesex, has discovered that a light felt of hide or hair, or mixture of hide, hair, and wool, when saturated with tar, is highly elastic and water-proof, and conceiving the useful application of the substance as a lining for the sheathing of ships, he manufactures it in an expeditious and economical manner, in sheets of suitable size for that purpose: such sheets being attached to the external sides and bottom of the ship, by simply nailing with copper nails, are covered with planking. The substance he terms Adhesive Felt: it possesses the property of elasticity in so considerable a degree, as to stretch uniformly without fracture or injury either to its texture or its complete impermeability to water, whenever the ship's seams are opened by straining in hard weather, or in more dangerous cases of the starting of planks, or the breaking of timbers as in stranding. In all such cases this material forms an impenetrable and elastic case or garment for the whole ship's bottom, and in the case of the opening of seams by straining, it recovers its first dimensions with the return of the part so opened in the release of the strain; in such cases it generally falls into the openings in a certain degree so as to render them afterwards more secure against a recurrence. He also finds it to be a complete protection against every destruction of worm in all climates: this destructive animal is never known to penetrate the material in the slightest degree. The hair, or hair and wool, is prepared for felting by the operation of dressing or bowing, as in the practice of hat-making, and is felted in the usual manner. Sheets or portions, thus felted, are dipped into the melted tar and pitch, certain stated proportions to each other, and then undergo a slight compression to take away the extraneous or dripping quantity of the material; they are then exposed for a short time to air to dry and cool, when they are fit for use.

Poor Wilkie, after having produced, upon the subject of Chelsea Pensioners reading the account of the battle of Waterloo, a most exquisite and unrivalled painting, is in sad distress at having discovered, since his performance has been before the public, that he has inadvertently been guilty of an anachronism, in representing one of the most prominent characters eating oysters—on the 20th of June.—The late Mrs. Cosway felt a similar degree of chagrin at discovering, after the exhibition of what was considered her chef d'œuvre, that the principal figure had two left legs.

INSECTS.—The last *Edinburgh Review* contains a very interesting article on Entomology, from which the following detached notices are extracted:

"Of all the descriptions of armies of locusts that we have read, nothing comes near to that of Major Moore, the well-known author of the *Hindoo Pantheon*. When at Poonah, 'he was witness to an immense army' of these animals, 'which ravaged the Mahratta country, and was supposed to have come from Arabia.' 'The column which they composed extended [Major Moore was informed] 500 miles; and so compact was it, when on the wing, that, like an eclipse, it completely hid the sun, so that no shadow was cast by any object; and some lofty tombs, distant from his residence not 200 yards, were rendered quite invisible.' Hasselquist tells us, that the Pacha of Tripoli once raised an army of 4000 men, to fight the locusts that had invaded his dominions. Queen Christina, on the same principle, had a train of artillery in her study, to war against the fleas.

their strength is in their weakness. Man, with all his machinery and his strategy, is not a match for these myriads of insignificant-looking creatures, that assail him in all quarters: in his liver, his stomach, his skin, his house, his books, his food, his pleasures, and his repose. There is scarcely one of them all that might not drive him out of creation, were there no remedies provided against the consequences of that fertility with which they are so conspicuously gifted. The termites, or white ant of the East and West Indies, is the most dexterous, at least in the art of demolishing the wood of houses, and other matters of a solid nature. In a few nights they will destroy all the timber-work of a large apartment, leaving nothing but the external coats of the wood, which, in the end, they also demolish. These operations are carried on by a regular system of mining. Kœmpfer, an author worthy of all credit, relates that, during one night, the termites entered from the floor into one of the legs of his table, traversing the board in the same manner by a concealed passage as big as his finger, and returning down through the opposite leg into the floor below. They have even attacked and destroyed ships."

"The care which insects take in depositing their eggs, and the provision which they lay up in many cases for the larvæ, are universally known. It is not common with them, however, to pay much personal attention to the eggs when once laid, nor to have any communication with their young. But the earwig, a much 'traded' and motherly animal, say our authors, sits on its eggs, and if they are forcibly dispersed, will collect them again. The young ones, when hatched, creep like a brood of chickens under the belly of their gentle mamma, who suffers them to push between her feet, and will often, as De Goer found, sit on them in this posture for some hours.' A certain field bug, the *Cimex Criscus*, 'conducts her family of 30 or 40 young ones as a hen does her chickens. She never leaves them; and as soon as she begins to move, all the little ones closely follow, and whenever she stops, assemble in a cluster round her.' A branch of a tree thus peopled having been cut off, the mother shewed every symptom of excessive uneasiness. In other circumstances such an alarm would have caused her immediate flight; but now she never stirred from her young, but kept beating her wings incessantly with a very rapid motion, evidently for the purpose of protecting them from the apprehended danger.' Thus also, spiders carry about their nest or egg-bag, which they protect with the greatest care; and even after they are hatched, the young ones are carried about on the mother's back. The care which bees and ants show for their eggs and their young is so generally known as to require no notice."

"The Cancer Phalangium, L. is provided with very long legs, and is entirely covered with glutinous hairs. By means of its cutting hands, it snips off the leaves of the small lucid in the pools which it inhabits, and, by attaching them to these hairs, it becomes undistinguishable from the plant itself. Thus dressed, it lies on its back, with its claws extended upwards, making immediate prize of the small shrimps or other insects that fly to the kala plant for shelter. So perfect is the deception, that we only discovered this trick by finding that a plant which we had placed in our book with the intention of drying it, turned round, and ran away. We had the curiosity afterwards to examine the metamorphosed animals in their own element, when we found that nothing could induce them to shew any marks of life, but the entrance of a shrimp among their leaves. When stripped of their borrowed plumes, they escaped with great rapidity."

"The vitality of some insects is a very provoking circumstance to us miserable mortals who die when the brains are out—and long before. The females of moths and butterflies will not die upon any provocation, till they have laid their eggs. There are fifty, and fifty more, that will go on living and performing all their usual functions without wings, or legs, or heads, or intestines. They are as comfortable when impaled on a pin and stuck into a pill-box, as in their native element. At least they make love, and eat each other; and what more is wanted to prove that they are happy? Some mites will live in alcohol (*Acarus Vegetans*); so do the coccinellæ. Dr. Franklin brought flies from America in a pipe of Madeira, and revived them in London. Caterpillars may be frozen to the hardness of a stone, and yet revive. We know not why all these creatures should not be immortal."

"The *Scarabæus Vernalis* lays its eggs in small balls of dung, which it rolls up for that purpose; but if it meets with a sheep-pasture, it is wise enough to adopt what it finds ready made. The caterpillar of the common yellow butterfly fastens itself to a wall by means of a silk thread, which, to insure its adhesion, is attached to a flat preparatory web laid on the stone. But upon being furnished with a piece of muslin, instead of the latter, it fastened the thread without any previous preparation. Thus, many other insects, if deprived of the substances which they commonly use for their nests, will find substitutes in something else. On a similar principle of accommodation, many of them alter their plans if disconcerted by an accident, varying them in such a manner as to meet the exigencies of the new case. The end of a cylindrical cell, constructed for the head of a caterpillar, having been cut off, and there being no room to replace it properly, the animal changed its place and adapted it to receive the tail; making a new head-piece at the other end. In the beautiful geometrical web of the garden-spider, many guys are required to keep it tense, and to prevent it from being blown away by the wind. These, however, cannot be fixed by any invariable rule, as they depend on the forms and distances of the various supports. Moreover, it is easy to see that they are distributed always according to the necessities of the case. If the position of a branch is altered, or a support taken away, a new guy is carried out to some convenient part; and, when it comes to blow, the spider may be seen strengthening his standing rigging, exactly at the places where his building is in want of most support. Dr. Darwin remarked that a wasp, which he watched, attempted to carry away a large fly which it had caught; when, after various attempts, in which the wind, by acting on the dead animal's wings, had impeded its flight, it alighted on the ground with its prize, snipped off the wings, and then bore away the carcase with ease."

Dress and Fashions of the English.

From the first descent of the Romans to the middle of the last century.

BEFORE the first descent of the Romans, clothes were almost unknown in this island; even the inhabitants of the northern extremities went as naked as those of the southern parts; whilst the natives of the Continent, in 10 degrees of more indulgent skies, were covered from head to foot. Upon the second descent of the Romans, some of the Britons wore loose skins hanging over their shoulders; these were soon after changed for long jackets, and their heads, except the crowns, were shaven. By degrees, as they became more civilized, the Roman dress prevailed among them. This gave way to that of the Lombards, which consisted of large white garments, trimmed with broad lace of various colours. A short time before the Conquest they were all dressed very gay, their coats reaching to the mid-knee, their hair cut, their beards shaven, and their arms laden with bracelets. The men and women both painted their faces. Robert, eldest son to the Conqueror, wore short hose or stockings, and thence derived the name of *court-hose*, he having been the first who introduced them in this island. Henry I. abolished many parts of the fashions of his juvenile years, which he considered as indecent. These, we apprehend, consisted of a kind of doublet with short skirts, and of breeches and stockings all of a piece, which, sitting very tight upon the body, displayed its mouldings too exactly for the eye of delicacy. He also prohibited the wearing of long hair with false locks or perriwigs.

The short mantle was introduced by Henry II. whence derived the name of *court-mantle*; and it was at this period that silk was first brought from Greece into the northern parts of Europe. Silken dresses were now highly fashionable; and embroidery was also about this time transplanted from Italy into England, and ornamented the court habits of Henry II.

From these improvements in the luxury of dress, arose that pomp and magnificence which were displayed in the coronation robes of kings, the mantles, the dalmatica with sleeves, the hose and sandals, the honourable habiliments, and robes of state, as well as the sacerdotal garment.

The extravagance of dress now became so great, that many statutes were made to prevent the abuses of it, as we find in an ancient historian called Eulogium, who says, "The commons were besotted in excess of apparel, in wide surcoats reaching to their loins, some in a garment reaching to their heels, close before, and strutting out on the sides, so that on the back they made men seem women, and this they call by a ridiculous name,—gown: their hoods are little, tied under the chin, and buttoned like the women's, but set with gold, silver, and precious stones: their liripippes reaching to their heels all jagged. They have another weed of silk which they call paltock; their hose are of two colours, or pied, which, with lachets, which they call herlots, they tie to their paltocks without any breeches. Their girdles are of gold and silver, some worth 20 marks: Their shoes and pattens are snouted and piked more than a finger long, crooked upwards, which they call crackowes, resembling the devil's claws, which were fastened to the knees with chains of gold and silver."

The "Book of Worcester" reporteth, that "in the year 1369 they began to use caps of different colours, especially red with costly linings; and in 1372 they first began to wanton it in a new round short garment called a cloak."

Historians are very sparing in their accounts of the dresses and fashions of their times; and it is somewhat unaccountable that we may form a better idea of the habits, both civil and military, in the time of King John, Henry III., and the succeeding ages, from their monuments, old glass windows, and ancient tapestry, than from the writings of the most accurate historiographers of those periods. We are glad to avail ourselves, however, of the assistance of Chaucer the poet, who describes the dresses in the time of Richard II. "Alas," says he, "may not a man see, as in our days, the sinful costly array of clothing, and namely, in too much superfluity of clothing, such that maketh it so dear, to the harm of the people, not only the costs of embroidering, the disguised indenting, or barring, ounding, plating, winding or bending, and semblable waste of cloth in vanity; but there is also the costly furring in their gowns, so much pouncing of ellisel to make holes, so much dogging of shelis-forche, with the superfluity in length of the aforesaid gowns, trailing in the dung and the mire, on horse, and also on foot, as well of man as of woman; that all that trailing is verily in effect wasted, consumed, and threadbare, and rotten with dung rather than given to the poor. Now, as to the outrageous array of women, God wot! that though the visages of some of them seem full chaste, and debonnaire, yet notify in her array and attire, licentiousness and pride. I say not that honesty in clothing of man or woman is uncoverable, but assert the superfluity of disordinate quantity of clothing is reproveable."

About this period a gown called a git, or jacket without sleeves, a loose cloak like a herald's coat of arms, called a tabard, short breeches called a court pie, and a gorget called a chevesail, were first introduced, prior to the use of bands; which they afterwards wore about their necks.

Side-saddles for women were brought in by Anne, wife to Richard II. Before this time the ladies rode astride like the men. She also introduced a high head-dress, resembling horns, and long gowns with trains, so that she may be considered as one of the most celebrated leaders of female fashions to be met with in history.

In the reign of Henry IV. the long pocketing sleeve was first brought into use; and a few years after, he first became the principal object of fashionable attention, when a proclamation was issued, that "men's shoes should not be above six inches in breadth over the toes." About this period the women, not to be less ridiculous than the men, raised their hips by fox-tails under their clothes, which somewhat resembled our more modern hoops; and the men, piqued to be rivalled in absurdity, shortened their garments so much that it was judged expedient to enact, that "no person under the dignity of lord should wear from that time any gown or mantle that was not of a sufficient length to cover his buttocks, in the penalty of twenty shillings for every default." Even the clergy caught the fashionable infection, though it has been asserted, that the clergy of England never wore silk or velvet till they were introduced by Cardinal Wolsey. Certain it is, however, that silk and embroidery were worn by the priests in Rome almost as soon as these improvements in the luxury of dress were introduced into Europe.

The dresses of the last century, with but few deviations, may be considered to have been under the French fashions. In the beginning of that century prevailed large perriwigs, long waists, short coats, fringed gloves, and laced cravats. The women wore high-forked caps, with round hoops; and patches and paint were first introduced among the British ladies at this period. Patches were routed towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, as Addison insisted that "every patch argued a pimple;" and to wash away their impression, an inundation of cold creams and lotions rushed in from the continent. The men now began to curtail their wigs, and the women to diminish the height of their caps; but to counter-balance these losses, the first added a large weighty bag hanging on their shoulders, and the latter stiffened and extended their petticoats with an additional quantity of whalebone. The men now judged that a sword under the elbow instead of hanging at their knee was more convenient and portable; and conscious of the hostility of the weapon, they endeavoured to hide it by the length of their skirts, which reached to the middle of their legs. Another signal was given, and short coats, coming only to the first button of the knee-breeches, long swords hanging entirely under the coat, with sword-knots that reached almost the top of the shoe, came now into use. Hats of a most enormous size, cocked with a fierce point before, and shoes with heels and tops of an immoderate height, were the prevalent wear.

The ladies turned up their hats before and behind to look as bold as the men; they wore their hair hanging in ringlets behind, and the extent of their hoops was almost as immeasurable as they were ridiculous and inconvenient. Shortly after the men cropt their hats, diminished their bags, raised their swords, and extended their skirts almost down to their shoes; and the ladies, piqued at the false delicacy of the men, who nearly hid all their legs with their skirts, shortened their petticoats to their ankles, and displayed their bosoms most unreservedly.

About the year 1760, the mens' coats were once more shortened, and their hats diminished to the size of a Scotch bonnet, though we were then possessed of all Canada, the source of beaver: and a disorder in the head which could not support the violent heat of perriwigs, seems universally to have prevailed, from the magistrate upon the bench to the link-boy in the street: so that a few straggling hairs, dressed *à l'aile de pigeon*, *à la grec*, or in a club or bag, were to be met with, either at the chocolate-house, St. James's, or the soup-cellar in St. Giles's.—*Literary Register.*

Frederick the Great.—Voltaire, speaking of the King of Prussia's conquest of Silesia, says, "He has written the history of that conquest, and he shewed me the whole of it. Here follows one of the curious paragraphs, in the introduction to these annals, which I, in preference, carefully transcribed, as a thing unique in its kind: "Add to the foregoing considerations, I had troops entirely prepared to act: this, the fulness of my treasury, and the vivacity of my character, were the reasons why I made war upon Maria Theresa, queen of Bohemia and Hungary." And a few lines after he has these very words: "Ambition, interest, and a desire to make the world speak of me, vanquished all, and war was determined on." From the time that conquerors, or fiery spirits that would be conquerors, first were, to the present hour, I believe he is the only one who has ever done himself so much justice. Never man, perhaps, felt reason more forcibly, or listened more attentively to his passions; but this mixture of a philosophic mind, and a disorderly imagination, have ever composed his character. It is much to be regretted, that I prevailed on him to omit these passages, when I afterwards corrected his work; a confession so uncommon should have passed down to posterity, and have served to shew upon what motives the generality of wars are founded. The authors, poets, historians, and academicians declaimers, celebrate these fine exploits, but here is a monarch who performs and condemns them."—*From Dr. Towers's Life of Frederick.*

[From a New York Paper.]

In the year 1814, a trader married a beautiful squaw of one of the most distinguished families in the Omawhaw nation. This match, on the part of the husband, was induced by the following circumstances:—Being an active, intelligent, and enterprising man, he had introduced the American trade to the Missouri Indians, and had gained great influence amongst them by his bravery and ingenious deportment. But he at length perceived that his influence was gradually declining, in consequence of the presence and wives of many rival traders, to whom his enterprise had opened the way, and that his customers were gradually forsaking him.

Thus circumstanced, in order to regain the ground he had lost, he determined to seek a matrimonial alliance with one of the most powerful families of the Omawhaws. In pursuance of this resolution he selected a squaw, whose family and friends were such as he desired. He addressed himself to her parents, agreeably to the Indian custom, and informed them that he loved their daughter; that he was very sorry to see her in the state of poverty common to her nation, and although he possessed a wife among the white people, yet he wished to have one also of the Omawhaw nation. If they would transfer their daughter to him in marriage, he would obligate himself to treat her kindly; and as he had commenced a permanent trading establishment in their country, he would dwell during a portion of the year with her, and the remainder with the white people, as the nature of his occupation required. His establishment should be her home and that of her people during her life, as he never intended to abandon the trade. In return he expressed his expectation, that for this act the nation would give him the refusal of their peltries, in order that he might be enabled to comply with his engagement to them. He further promised that if the match proved fruitful, the children should be made known to the white people, and would probably be qualified to continue the trade after his death.

The parents replied with thanks for his liberal offers, and for his disposition to have pity on them, they would not object to the connexion, and hoped that their daughter would accept of him as a husband.

The parents then retired, and opened the subject to the daughter; they assured her that her proposed husband was a great man, greater than any of the Omawhaws: that he would do much for her and for them, and concluded by requesting her to acquiesce in the wishes of the white man. She replied that all they said was, without doubt true, and that agreeable to his request, she was willing to become his wife.

The agreement being thus concluded, the trader made presents, agreeably to the custom of the nation, and conducted his interesting prize to his house.

The ensuing autumn she had the pleasure to see him return, having now conceived for him the most tender attachment. Upon his visit the following season, she presented him with a fine daughter, born in his absence, and whom she had nursed with the fondest attention. With the infant in her arms, she had daily seated herself on the bank of a river, and followed the downward course of a stream with her eye, to gain the earliest notice of his approach. Thus time passed on. The second year a father greeted a son, and obtained his squaw's reluctant consent to take their daughter with him on his return voyage to the country of the white people. But no sooner had he commenced his voyage, although she had another charge upon which to lavish her caresses, than her maternal fondness overpowered her, and she ran crying and screaming along the river-side in pursuit of the boat, tearing out her long flowing hair, and appearing to be almost bereft of reason. On her return home, she gave away every thing she possessed, cut off her hair, went in deep mourning, and remained inconsolable. She would often say that she well knew that her daughter would be better treated than she could be at home, but she could not avoid regarding her own situation to be the same as if the Wahconda had taken away her offspring for ever.

One day, in company with six other squaws, she was engaged in her agricultural labours, her infant boy being secured to his cradle-like board, which

she had carefully reclined against a tree at a short distance. They were discovered by a war party of Sioux, who rushed towards them with the expectation of gratifying their vengeance by securing their scalps. An exclamation from her companions directed her attention to the common enemy, and in her fright she fled precipitately; but suddenly recollected her child; she swiftly returned full in the face of the Sioux, snatched her child from the tree, and turned to save its life, more precious than her own. She was closely pursued by one of the enemy, when she arrived at a fence which separated her from the trading-house. A moment's hesitation here would have been fatal, and exerting all her strength, she threw the child with its board, as far as she could on the opposite side.

Four of the squaws were tomahawked, and the others escaped, of which number the mother was one, having succeeded in bearing off her child uninjured. The trader, on his arrival at the settlements, learned that his white, or civilized, wife had died during his absence, and after a short interval devoted to the usual formalities of mourning, he united his destinies with another and highly amiable lady. The second season his wife accompanied him on his annual voyage up the Missouri, to his trading-house, the abode of his squaw.

Previously to his arrival, however, he dispatched a messenger to his dependants at the trading house, directing them to prevent his squaw from appearing in the presence of his wife. She was accordingly sent off to the village of her nation, a distance of sixty or seventy miles. But she could not long remain there, and soon returned with her little boy on her back, and accompanied by some of her friends, she encamped near her husband's residence. She sent her son to the trader, who treated him affectionately. On the succeeding day the trader sent for his squaw, and after making her some presents, he directed her to accompany her friends who were then on their way to their hunting grounds.

She departed without a murmur, as it is not unusual with the Omawhaws to send off one of their wives, on some occasions, while they remain with the favourite one.

About two months afterwards the trader recalled her. Overjoyed with what she supposed to be her good fortune, she lost no time in presenting herself before the husband whom she tenderly loved; but great was her disappointment when her husband demanded the surrender of the child, and renounced for the future any association with herself, directing her return to her people, and to provide for her future well-being in any way she might choose.

Overpowered by her feelings on this demand and repudiation, she ran from the house, and finding a periogue on the river, she paddled over to the opposite side, and made her escape into the forest with her child. The night was cold, and attended with a fall of snow and hail. Reflecting upon her disconsolate condition, she resolved to return again in the morning, and with the feelings of a wife and mother, to plead her cause before the arbiter of her fate, and endeavour to mitigate the cruel sentence.

Agreeably to this determination, she once more approached him, upon whom she had claims paramount to those of any other individual. "Here is our child," said she; "I do not question your fondness for him, but he is still more dear to me. You say you will keep him for yourself, and drive me far from you. But no, I will remain with him; I can find some hole or corner into which I may creep, in order to be near him, and sometimes to see him. If you will not give me food I will nevertheless remain until I starve before your eyes."

The trader then offered her a considerable present, desiring her at the same time to go and leave the child. But she said, "Is my child a dog that I should sell him for merchandise? You cannot drive me away; you may beat me, it is true, and otherwise abuse me, but I will still remain. When you married me you promised to use me kindly as long as I should be faithful to you; that I have been so no one can deny. Ours was not a marriage contracted for a season, it was to terminate only with our lives. I was then a young girl, and might have been united to an Omawhaw chief, but I am an old woman, having had two children, and what Omawhaw will regard me? Is not my right paramount to that of your other wife; she had heard of me before you possessed her. It

is true her skin is whiter than mine, but her heart cannot be more pure towards you, nor her fidelity more rigid. Do not take the child from my breast, I cannot bear to *hear* it cry, and not be present to relieve it; permit me to retain it until the spring, when it will be able to eat, and then, if it must be so, take it from my sight, that I may part with it but once."

Seeing her thus inflexible the trader informed her that she might remain there if she pleased, but that the child should be immediately sent down to the settlements.

The affectionate mother had thus far sustained herself during the interview with the firmness of conscious virtue, and successfully resisted the impulse of her feelings, but nature now yielded, the tears coursed rapidly over her cheeks, and, clasping her hands, and bowing her head, she burst into an agony of grief exclaiming, "Why, did the Wah-conda hate me so much as to induce me to put my child again into your power?"

The feelings of the unhappy mother were, however, soon relieved. Mr. Dougherty communicated the circumstances of the case to Major O'Fallon, who immediately and peremptorily ordered the restoration of the child to its mother, and informed the trader that any further attempt to wrest it from her should be at his peril.

To the EDITOR of the BRITISH TRAVELLER.

Parish of St. James, Westminster,
Oct. 16, 1820.

SIR,

Allow me a corner in your paper for some few observations on a subject of great importance to the inhabitants of this metropolis—I mean the nocturnal administration of what is called justice—in other words, the proceedings in those parochial tribunals termed watchhouses. A few nights since a friend, whose turn it was to fulfil the office of night constable, solicited my company, to relieve the tedium of passing the night in the society of the parish beadle, and I accepted the invitation. At eight o'clock, repairing to the watch-house, we found the usual preparation of a good fire; and, seating ourselves, were undisturbed till a few minutes after nine, when the "*charging*" commenced—and that in high style. The first "*charge*" was a young woman neatly dressed, and altogether of respectable appearance, but evidently under the influence of some "*cordial*"—whether that of Messrs. Deady, or the "*full proof*" of Messrs. Hodges, is not material. It appeared that the young woman had made a purchase of some tea in Regent-street; but the guardian of the night, fancying that she passed him "*rather in a modish way*," without further ceremony brought her to the watchhouse. On being interrogated, "Sir," said she to the constable, "I am exposed as the rocks of the sea to the rude waves," pointing at the same time contemptuously to the watchman, who immediately retorted, "Come, come—no matter for that—I charge her with being drunk, and that's enough." The argument was deemed unanswerable, and the poor damsel was forthwith conveyed to the infernal regions, until Reason should resume her seat. Scarcely had she been taken off when our ears were assailed by an uproar, proceeding from distant voices, which, however, became tremendous on a near approach, "D—n 'em, in with 'em; haul away. I'll be d—d if you get loose; up with 'em—don't pull so—I'm coming in as fast as I can—You'll tear my coat off my back—never mind that—I make no resistance, gentlemen—you'll throttle me—hold him stiff, Flanagan—there, in with him!"—and in bonneted a whole *posse comitatus* of prisoners, dragged in by those merciful guardians of the night, yclept watchmen. Being of size somewhat diminutive, I had taken shelter in the rear of the constable's awful high-backed leather seat of justice—but perceiving that there was no danger of blows, I now came from behind my intrenchment. The prisoners were six in number—and all of respectable appearance. Of watchmen, there were nine—three of the captives having been honoured with a double allowance of lateral knuckle-squeezing in the neck. As soon as the group could be marshalled into *charging* order, one of the *Charleys*, assuming the office of orator, opened the charge. "Your honour, as I was at my post I heard these two falling out, and

abusing one another, and so knowing that a mob would soon come about—I sprung my rattle and seized 'em—so they axt what that was for; and just as I thought, every body as passed came to see what was the matter, till there was six of 'em, so we took 'em all—and here they are after a pretty pulley hauley—and I charges 'em with breeding a disturbance and making a breach of the peace." The constable, with no small degree of astonishment, inquired if he charged them *all*—"To be sure, vy should'nt we Sir?—they were all together collected on my beat, and here they are, and I charges 'em all." On inquiry, it appeared that the whole six were strangers to each other—the four last captured were passing, and had only stopped out of curiosity, when the other watchmen, who had come up on hearing the rattle seized every one. The four were instantly discharged in spite of the remonstrances, violence, and even menaces of the *Charleys*—but the original disputants were doomed to solace the solitude of the lady who had preceded them. The third charge was a lad about 15, of delicate appearance, and elegantly attired, against whom was preferred a charge of creating a disturbance. "Sir," said the watchman, "this here gentleman was coming up Regent-street humming a song—How did you know it was a song, did you hear any words?—All's one for that—he was humming in this manner"—squeezing out a growl not unlike the grumbling of a bull—"well, go on—"so says I give over that—well, did he give over?—yes, he gave over. Then what did you bring him here for? Why, I'll tell you, by G—d he said he was Lord Grosvenor, and so thinks I'll bring his Lordship to the watchhouse, and so I sprung my rattle, and here's his Lordship." This you may think a ludicrous exaggeration, but it is as nearly as I can recollect what actually passed—that it is, in substance, correct, I solemnly aver. The young gentleman, in answer to the charge of having assumed the title of Lord Grosvenor, declared that the only manner, in which the word "*Grosvenor*" had been used, was in describing his residence to be at No. 7, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square—that he had only just left the Royal Paris Hotel, where he had supped alone—and was walking quietly home, humming a tune. That this charge was dismissed, it were a libel on the good sense of my friend to doubt. —To go through the successive scenes of the night would require more space than you can possibly afford: suffice it to say, that, in the whole, sixteen individuals were condemned to pass the night of Saturday—certainly not in solitude, but in a heterogeneous group, of the drunk and the sober—the respectable and the profligate—the clean and the filthy—with-out fire, or candle. In one corner of the miserable dungeon, of thirteen feet six inches square, is a privy, of which imagination may supply the description. In this den of filth, refreshment is restricted to water, and the supply of that, only at the caprice of the guardians of the peace and tranquillity of this great city. Whether other liquor, which might in this place be designated as the *aurum potable*, be attainable, I know not—though I much doubt whether any part of the globe exists in which it may not be found—the deserts of Africa, perhaps, excepted. As these occurrences happened on the night of Saturday—the inmates of the dungeon, were consigned to captivity until the forenoon of Monday—a period, from the midnight of Saturday, of six and thirty hours. Such as might have had the power of inducing two housekeepers to rise from their beds in the middle of the night, could be liberated on bail—but of the multitude that crowd our streets, how few are those who can, in emergency, avail themselves of this privilege! So attentive are we become to the duties of religion, that to hear the charges on the morning of the Sabbath—by which probably some hundreds of English men and women in the various watchhouses of the metropolis might be restored to liberty—were an exercise of every-day duty, altogether inconsistent with the holy observance of Sunday! Such, Sir, are my reflections on the scenes I witnessed in that seat of nocturnal justice—a watchhouse. I will no further trespass, than to submit the following queries, for the consideration of all such as may be imbued with the perverse and blind determination of believing, that in England our jurisprudence is in every branch the wisest in construction, and the purest in administration, of the civilized globe. Is it, or is it not, discretionary in the constable of the night to receive a charge? Can he, if in his judgment there be not adequate ground of detention, dismiss the party charged?

Is it, or is it not, within the power of the constable to commit a watchman to custody, for gross misbehaviour—wantonly taking up persons on groundless charges, for the purpose of extorting money—insulting language to the constable—or other gross and palpable misconduct?

3rdly. To what fund or purpose are applied the various sums extracted from "*charges*," brought before the constable, which pass under the name of fines or discharge fees?

E. G.

Salutes were formerly fired with the guns shotted, and sometimes not without danger to the persons so honoured. Mlle. de Montpensier tells us of an instance in which she was so saluted, to the great discomfit of her attendants, both men and women; and she gives a remarkable one, in which the Fort de la Scarpe, at Douai, fired ball in honour of the passage of Louis XIV., and some of the shot passed near his coach. Whitelock, in giving an account of some rejoicing for one of Cromwell's victories, tells us, the ships at Portsmouth fired great and small shot on the occasion.

ROYAL RESIDENCES.

It is curious to trace the variety of Royal residences (exclusively of what may be termed the great or national Palaces) which the partiality of different Sovereigns for particular spots, occasioned to be erected in former times; and the neighbourhoods of which, like Brighton in the present day, once derived a temporary eclat from that circumstance, but are now scarcely known. An account of some of these, principally in the vicinity of London, follows; they, however, probably include a small part, as more Palaces are ascribed to King John alone, than what we have noticed. A list, with an account of the whole, could it be collected, would by no means form an unentertaining work.

HAVERING BOWER, in Essex.—Nearly one of the first of these, was an ancient retreat of our Saxon kings; particularly of that simple Saint, Edward the Confessor, who took great delight in it as being woody, solitary, and fit for devotion. "It so abounded," says the legend, "with warbling nightingales, that they disturbed him in his devotions. He therefore earnestly prayed for their absence; since which time never nightingale was heard to sing in the park, but many without the pales, as in other places." It was named Bower, from some fine bower, or shady walk, like Rosamond's Bower, at Woodstock. Here the Confessor is reported to have built a Palace, or perhaps improved one; it was of freestone and leaded. Some parts of the walls are still standing. Beside this Palace there was another called **PERGO**, which seems to have been always a jointure house of a Queen consort. Here died Joan, Queen of Henry IV. It was certainly one of the Royal seats in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; for during her progress into Suffolk and Norfolk in 1570, she resided here some days. It was subsequently the seat of the late Lord Archer, and was pulled down in 1770.

WOODSTOCK, in Oxfordshire, was formerly famous for its magnificent Palace, built by King Henry I., who joined to it a very large park, inclosed with a wall, which, according to John Rosse, was the first park in England. Queen Elizabeth, before she was confined to the Tower, was kept prisoner here by her sister Mary. Rosamond's Bower, near this, was built by Henry II., and exhibited some remains until of late years.

The term "King John's Palace," has been applied to so many old buildings, that if at all correct, he must have had more residences than any other English Sovereign. Few of the places, however, so ascribed, bear any decisive evidences of being even of his age. Near the metropolis may be mentioned among others, Bermondsey Abbey and Holywell Priory, Shoreditch; at both of which there are public-houses, which have his head for signs. Besides, there have been mentioned, as the sites of Palaces of this King, Old Ford, Tottenham-court-road, and various other neighbourhoods.

KING'S LANGLEY, Herts, was a favourite spot with Henry III. who built a Royal Palace there, some ruins of which are still to be seen. King Richard II. and his Queen, kept a Christmas at this Palace, and were buried in the adjoining monastery, though afterwards removed to Westminster, by Henry V. Here was also born and buried, Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, son of Edward III. The Palace, park, and manor, were given by James I. to Henry, Prince of Wales, and at his death to his brother Charles, who, after he came to the throne, granted them to Sir Charles Morrison. The Earl of Essex is now Lord of the Manor.

ELTHAM was a celebrated retreat of our ancient monarchs. It was early in possession of the Crown, but having been fraudulently obtained by Anthony B. c. Bishop of Durham, he beautified the capital mansion, and left it to Eleanor the Queen of Edward I. Edward II. frequently resided here; and here his Queen was delivered of a son, who had the name of John of Eltham. Possibly from this circumstance it is improperly called "King John's Palace;" unless it should have obtained that appellation from the sumptuous entertainment given here by Edward III. to the captive King John of France. Henry VII. built the front of this Palace toward the moat, but it was neglected after Greenwich became the favourite country residence of his successors. Our princes often celebrated their festivals at Eltham with great pomp. One of the last of these feasts was held here at Whitsuntide, 1515, when Henry VIII. created Sir Edward Stanley Baron Monteagle for his services at Flodden Field. Part of the stately hall which was the scene of these feasts, is still in tolerable preservation, and is used as a barn. Queen Elizabeth, who was born at Greenwich, was frequently carried thence to Eltham, when an infant, for the benefit of the air, and this Palace she visited in a summer excursion round the country, in 1559. Considerable remains of this celebrated Palace, besides those of the great hall, still exist.

Richard II., before he came to the Crown, resided at the Palace of **KENNINGTON**, built by his father Edward the Black Prince. In 1396, his young Queen, Isabel, was conveyed, amid a prodigious concourse of people, from Kensington to the Tower. Henry V. was here when the Clergy complained to him of Sir John Oldcastle. At what time it was demolished is not known.—See, for further particulars of this Palace, *History of Lambeth*.

RICHMOND PALACE was the favourite retreat of Henry VII. Here Edward III. died of grief for the loss of his heroic son Edward the Black Prince; and here also died Anne of Bohemia, Queen of Richard II., who is said to have first taught the English ladies the use of the side-saddle, before which time they rode astride. Richard was so afflicted at her death, that he deserted and defaced the Palace; but it was repaired and beautified by Henry V., who founded three religious houses near it. It was destroyed, in 1497, by fire, when it was magnificently rebuilt by Henry VII., who named it Richmond, from having himself borne the title of Earl of Richmond before he came to the throne. The exterior of this grand pile, as finished by him, may be judged of from

the Antiquarian Society's print, and two or three other representations; and a very curious account of it may be found in the *Antiquarian Repertory*, and likewise in Nichols's *Royal Progresses*. Besides this structure, Henry repaired and enlarged the Manor-house of Working, in Surrey, which had been the inheritance and residence of his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who died there. Fine brick foundations, and the shell of a guard-room, are still remaining, of this Royal Palace. This monarch also rebuilt Baynard's Castle, London, and made it an occasional residence.

GREENWICH PALACE, called *Placentia*, was one of the most favourite country residences of Henry VIII., as also of his daughter, Queen Elizabeth. This Palace, which was first erected by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, stood on the site of the present Greenwich Hospital. It was enlarged by Henry VII., and completed by Henry VIII.; but being afterwards suffered to run to decay, was pulled down by Charles II., who began a magnificent edifice, and lived to see the first wing finished. He also enlarged and walled the Park. The part of the Palace now remaining is converted into a residence for the ranger. Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were both born here; and here also Edward VI. died. It appears, from prints of it near their time, to have been a very grand and extensive pile.

NONSUCH was another retreat of this Monarch which well merits description. This was situated in Surrey, near Epsom, and obtained its name from its unparalleled beauty. Hentzner, speaking of this Palace, says, "It was chosen for his pleasure and retirement, and built with an excess of magnificence. One would imagine every thing that architecture can perform to have been employed in this one work; there are every where so many statues that seem to breathe, so many miracles of consummate art, that it may well claim its name of Nonsuch." He speaks with equal admiration of the gardens. King Charles II. gave this fine structure to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled it down, and sold the materials. This Prince had Palaces also at Dartford, Eastham, Greenfield-house, Hanworth, Hunsdon; and at London (besides the established Palace of Westminster), those of St. James's, Whitehall, and Bridewell.

The Palaces and country seats of Elizabeth were extremely numerous. The following were some of the principal—viz. Enfield, Hatfield, Barn Elms, Beddington, Loughton, Mary-la-bonne, Islington, Newington, &c. a description of a l. of which would be too long for insertion here. We shall only notice two or three.

ENFIELD.—The lodge or Palace at this place was a brick building, erected by Sir Thomas Lovel, in the reign of Henry VII. and bought of him by Henry VIII., as a nursery for the Royal children. Edward VI. went from hence to the Tower, on his accession to the throne in 1547. And in 1557, the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) was escorted from Hatfield to Enfield-place, by a retinue of twelve ladies in white satin, on ambling palfries, and twelve yeomen in green, all on horseback, that her Grace might hunt the hart. **HATFIELD**, from which she went on this occasion, was a Palace at which she resided several years before she came to the throne. William, second son of Edward III. was named William of Hatfield, from being born here. James I. exchanged this Palace for Theobalds, with the Earl of Salisbury.

The antient mansion at Barn Elms, called "Queen's Elizabeth's Dairy," was another of this Princess's occasional residences, as was Beddington, Loughton, near Epping; the "Lodge" at Islington, the Grove at Newington, and nearer town the Royal Palace of Mary-la-bonne. In Queen Elizabeth's Progresses, it is recorded that "on the 3d of February 1600, the Ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia, and other Muscovites, rode through the city of London to Mary-la-bonne-park, and there hunted at their pleasure, and shortly after returned homeward." What a contrast to the present state of this parish, now entirely covered with magnificent streets and squares, which form a part of the metropolis!

THEOBALDS, in Herts, was the delight of James I., who exchanged, as just observed, Hatfield for it with the Earl of Salisbury. Its gardens and pleasure-grounds are described to have been in the style of those at Nonsuch. It was granted away by Charles II., and is now private property. King James died at this Palace, and the room in which he expired was in existence until 1765, when that and the other remains of the Palace were totally destroyed.

Of our other Monarchs, it will be sufficient to mention that Charles I. had a residence at Oatlands, and a second, it is supposed, at Hackney. Charles II., at Winchester, besides Ham House, afterwards the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale; and William and Mary at Kensington, still a Royal Palace, and where the former breathed his last. George II. seems to have been much attached to Hampton Court, and the partiality of our late venerable Sovereign for Windsor, as well as of his present Majesty for Brighton, are well known.

When the town of Sheffield first became famous for the manufacture of cutlery, a very curious knife, calculated for a variety of uses, was executed with great care, and sent to the Cutlers' Company in London. On one of the blades was engraved the following challenge:—

"Sheffield made both haft and blade;
London, for thy life, show me such another knife."

The London cutlers, to show that they were not inferior to their more northern brethren, finished, and sent down to Sheffield, a pen-knife, containing only one well-tempered blade, in which was a cavity, and in the cavity a piece of straw, fresh and unsinged. Some lines on the blade, mentioning this fact, induced the Sheffield cutlers to break it, when they found the straw, and, unable to account for the manner in which it was done, or to imitate it, they confessed themselves surpassed in ingenuity.

CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE STYLES OF DIFFERENT EARLY WRITERS

William the Conqueror had his primary schools, where French was taught and the English language forbidden, and all his deeds, laws, and charters, were in that language. Matthew Paris says the Saxons and Mercians used the Saxon character in all their writings until the time of Alfred, after which it was disused gradually, from the circumstance of that King having received his education through the medium of French tutors. It is, however, certain, that for a long period afterwards our ancient charters exhibit an intermixture of the Saxon.

All judicial proceedings were in French until the 26th year of the reign of Edward III.; afterwards Latin and French (both barbarous, and for the most part incorrect) were the two languages in which the learned preferred to convey their thoughts to each other. The English partaking of both, and originating with the Saxons, was for a long time consigned to the illiterate mass of the people, and consequently suffered daily mutilation; even after it became customary to encourage its use, the progress towards perfection was extremely doubtful. We shall give a few specimens of our language in chronological series, which, consisting of extracts from respectable authors, will exhibit not only the change of words and modes of expression, but give the style peculiar to each.

The following Saxon version of the Lord's Prayer is said to have been written about the year 700, and will sufficiently explain the source of our language, even as it exists at the present day:—

"Urin Fader thic arth in Heofnas, sic gehalgud thin noma; to cymeth thin rye; sic thin willa sue is in Heofnas, and in Eorþo; urin hlaf oforwishie sel us to daig, und forgefe us seylda urna, sue we forgefan scyld gum urum, und no inlead usig in custnang. Ah gefrigusick from ifle."

The next two extracts are from the Leiger Boke of St. Bartholomew the Great Priory in Smithfield, written in the time of Henry I.; and the opening of the Rhyming Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, composed near the same time.

"For as mooche that the meritory and notable operacyons of famos goode and devoute faders in God sholde be remembered, for instruccion of aftercumers, to theyr consolacion and encreas of devocion; thys abbrevyat tretess shal compendiously expresse and declare the wonderful, and, of celestiall concel, gracious fundacion of our hoely placys callyd the Priory of Seynt Bartholomew yn Smythfyld."

Engelond ys a god lond ich wene, of eche lond best,
Y set in the end of the world, as al in the west.
The see gorth hym al aboute, he stont as an yle,
From south to north lie ys elght hondred myle;
And foure bundred myle brode from est to west to wend,
A mydde the lond as yt be, and nought as by the ende."

The Mercers of London, in a petition to the Lords of the Council, 1386 (10 Rich. II.), address them as "the most noble and worthiest Lordes, moost ryghtful and wysest Conseille to owre liege Lord the King," and complain to them of "the many wronges, subtiles, and also open oppressions ydo to hem by longe tyme there before passed." Of which they "prayen them wyth mecknesse, for oon the grettest remedye, with other, specialich to enforce a certain statute there mentioned," &c.

Piers Plowman, a contemporary writer with Chaucer, but less known, opens the work called "his Visions" with the following poetical passage:—

In a somer seyson, whan softe was the sonne,
Y shop into shrobbes as y a shepherde were,
In abit as an ermite, unholy of workes,
Th't wente forthe in the worlde wondres to hure,
And sawe mony cellis, and selcouthe thynges,
As on a May morneynge, on Malverne hilles,
Me by fel for to slepe for weyrynesse of wandryng,
And in a lande as Ich lay, lenede Ich and slepte,
And mervelously me mette, as Ich may zow telle,
Al the welthe of this worlde, and the woo bothe,
Wynkyng as it were wyterly Ich saw hyt
Of truyth and of trecherye, of treason and of gyle,
Al Ich saw slepyng," &c.

Which, paraphrased, or put into modern language, reads thus:

In early summer, when the sunshine was mild, I withdrew myself into a solitary place, surrounded with shrubs, in habit not like an anchorite, who keeps his cell, but like one of those unholy hermits who wander about the world to see and hear wonders; and on a May morning, reclining in a glade among the Malvern hills, I slept from fatigue, and, dreaming, beheld all the wealth and woe of the world; together with its virtues and vices, truth and treachery. All this I saw sleeping, &c.

In a representation of the Commons to Henry VI., presented 1444, to coin halfpence and farthings of silver, they state the necessity to be so great "that men travailling over countries, for part of their expenses were obliged to departe oure Sovereigne Lordes coigne—that is, to wete a peny into two peces, or elles forgo all the same peny for the paiement of a half-peny; and that the pour retailours of vitailles for the same cause oftentimes mowe not sell their sayd vitualles and thynges," &c.

The language of epistolary writing, a few years later, may be judged of from the following passage in a letter of one of the Paston family, among those published by Sir John Fenn. It is dated 1452.

"As for Paston he ys a swyr (esquire) of wurchyp and of gret lyvelode and I worthe. He wyl not spend alle hys good at onys; but sparyt yerly C mark or jeli. He may do hys ennemy a scherewd (shrewd) turne, and nev' far the worse in hys howsholde, ner the less me' abowth hym; ye may not do so, but yf it be for j sesun, I comayll yow not to continu long, as ye do I wulle consalle yow to seke reste wyth Paston. God have you in hys kepyng. Be your poor brodyr, Wylliam Paston."

Caxton, the celebrated printer, gives us a curious specimen of the orthography and style of Edward the Fourth's day, in the introduction to one of his works, in which he tells us, that many gentlemen, censured him, "because in his translaycons he had over curyous termes, which coude not be understande of comyn peple; and that those persons requested him to use olde and homely termes in his translaycons. As he fayne wolde, he says, satisfye every man, so to do he toke an olde boke and redde therein; but he found

th'Englyshe was so rude and broad, that he could not welle understande it." And he goes on to tell us, "that the Lord Abbot of Westmyenster did show to him late certayne evydences, wryten in olde Englyshe, for to reduce it into our Englyshe then used; but that it was wretton in such wyse, that it was more lyke to Duche than Englyshe, so that he coude not reduce ne brynge it to be understanden. And certainly our language," he concludes, "now used, varyeth ferre from that which was spoken whan I was borne; for we Englyshe men ben born under the domynacyon of the mone, which is never stedfaste but ever waverynge, wexyng one season, and waneth and dyscreath another season. And that comyn Englyshe that is spoken in one shyie varyeth from another."

Dem Lydgate, the Monk of Bury's English, is as rude as Caxton's. One of the heads of his chapters has the following quaint title:—"Howe Nimbroth builte the towne of Babilon; to save him from Noie's Floude, which for his pride was put from hys magnificeece, and his towre with sodayne leun smitten doune."

The language of Henry VIIIth's day became somewhat more refined, but was still very quaint. In his own will, after committing his soul into the hands of the SAVIOUR, &c. he prays the intercession of the Virgin Mary in these words:—"Sweetest Ladye of mercye, verie mother and virgin, wel of pitie, and surest refuge of all needful, moste humble, moste entirelie, I beseech thee; and for mie comforte in this behalfe. I truste also to the singular mediation, and praieses of all the Holie Companie of Heaven; that is to saye, angeles, archangeles, patriarks, profits, apostles, evangelists, martirs, confessors and virgines; and especiallie to mine accustomed avowrs I call and crie, St. Michall, St. George, St. Anthony, St. Edwarde," &c.*

Leonard Cokes, a schoolmaster, who dedicated, in 1532, a treatise on rhetoric to Hugh Farryndon, the last Abbot of Reading, uses in his address a somewhat more modern language. He inscribes it "To the Reverende Father in God, and his singuler good Lorde, the Lord Hugh Farryngton, Abbot of Redyng, his pore client and perpetuall servant, Leonard Cokes, desyareth longe and prosperous lyfe, with encrease of honour."—And he acknowledges his bounden obligations to him for selecting him from "the gräte nombre of conyng men within the realme, as worthy for to have the charge of the instruction and brynging up of such youth as resorted to the grammer schole (in the Abbey), founded by his antecessours—on which account he had studied a long space what thyng he might do next for the diligent occupyenge of himself in his service."

The reign of Elizabeth formed a new era in the English language. Dr. Gale, a physician of eminence at the commencement of this reign, in a volume of his, entitled, "Certaine Workes of Chirurgerie," written in the then favourite form of a dialogue affords us a curious, and at the same time pleasing specimen of the style of that day, in the opening of his first colloquy. "Phœbus, who chasith awaye the darke and uncomfortable night, castyng his goldyne beames on my face, woulde not sofer me to take anye longer slepe; but said, Awake, for shame, and beholde the handy worke of our sister Flora; how she hath revested the earth wyth moste beautytull colours, mewaylouslye set in trees, plantes, herbes, and floures; in so muche, that the olde and wetheryd cote of wynter is quite done away, and put out of remembrance. At whiche wordes of Phœbus, my heart quickened in me, and all desire of slepe was eftsoons forgotten. Wherefore I am now cumme into this beautiful mydowe to recreate myselfe, and gather some of their pleasant herbes and floures, whiche here doe growe," &c.

It would be needlessly taking up the reader's time to give examples of later date, as the works of the best authors at different succeeding periods are generally known. The preceding quotations being for the most part from books of great scarcity, it not on oth r accounts, may interest from novelty.

* The Scotch about this period was still more barbarous. In a treaty between James IV. and Henry VII., in Rymer's Fœdera, it is specified that a Diet should be held "for the personale meting of the said kyniges, at sic a place as could be betwix thame agreit, quhare the said kynges should be the grace of God, common (commune) upon utbir gretz intelligences, for the increasing of more lufe, amyte, and tenderness betwix thame, their realmes, lages and subjects."

The following is a description of a horse which an Irish Gentleman offers for sale:—

SPANKER, the property of O—D—. Saturday, September the 16th, will be Sold, or Set up for Sale, at Sligo, a strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, spunky, shining, surefooted, sleek, showey, smooth, well-skinned, sized and shaped Sorrel Steed, of superior symmetry, styled Spanker, with small star and snip, square-sided, slender-shouldered, sharp-sighted, and steps supereminently stately:—free from strain, sprain, spavin, spasms, sinus, strangles, stringbalt, stranguary, sufflation, seed-shedding, sciatica, staggers, seeling, scouring, sellander, sarcocele, star-gazing, surfeit, strumous-swelling, seams, sorranes, seratches, shingles, splint, squint, squirt, scurf, scabs, scars, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling, scampering, straddling, slouching, or skue stunted gait, or symptoms of secretion, or sickness of any sort. He is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, slight-carcased, star-footed, saddle-backed, shell-toothed, splay-footed, slim-gutted, short-winded, sag eared, surbated, skin-scabbied, star-coated, slack-sleazy, or shoulder-shotten, or slipped, and is sound in the shanks, sword-point, spine, and stifle-joint;—has neither sleeping evil, snaggle-teeth, sanious-ulcers, sick-spleen, sand-cracks, setfast, sehrirous, scissures, scrofulous, or subcutaneous sores, swelled sheath, sarcoma, stegnosis in staling, or shattered hoofs. Nor is he sour, sulky, surly, stubborn, or sullen in temper;—neither shy or skittish, slow, sluggish, squabby, or stupid;—he never slips, strips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, strides, snivels, snuffles, slavers, shudders, scambles, snorts, spatters, scranches, swallows his wind, stumbles or stocks in his stall or stable, and scarcely or seldom sweats. Has a showy, stiltish switch tail or stern, and a safe set of shoes on; can subsist on soil, stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-onts, spoon-wort, straw, sedge, sorrage or seutch-grass; carries sixteen stone with surprising speed in his stroke, over a six-foot sod or stone-wall. His Sire was the sly Sober-sides, on a sister of Spiddle-shanks, (from the select stnd of Squire Splashaway,) by Sampson, a sporting son of Sparkler's, (by that semi-mine superlative stallion Stingo,) who won the sweepstakes and subscription plates last season at Strangford.—His selling price, Seventy-six Pounds, Sixteen Shillings and Sixpence sterling.

At same time will be Sold or Swapped, a snug, safe, substantial, serviceable, second-hand Saddle, with secure stuffing, seat, skirts, straps, stirrups, studs, and a strong Surcingle;—also a solid silver Snaffle and sharp steel Spurs.

BURIAL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

"This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly,
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VIII.*

The celebrated antiquary Browne Willis, who received his education at Christ Church College, Oxford (founded by the Cardinal), took great pains a century ago to discover the place of his interment, with a view of removing his remains, and burying them at Oxford; but the result was unsuccessful, nor is it now likely ever to be known what became of the body of this once great man; the information elicited from his inquiries, is nevertheless curious.

"As to the great Cardinal Wolsey's sepulchre," says he, in a letter to Dr. Charlett, "the best account I have met with is from one Mr. John Hasloe, whose grandfather, Arthur Barefoot, was gardener to the Countess of Devonshire, who lived at Leicester Abbey before the civil wars. He tells me that the church stood, part of it, in what is now a little garden, and the east end of it in the orchard (which was formerly called the New Garden), where his grandfather with others digging, found several stone coffins, the cavities of which did not lie uppermost, but were inverted over the bodies. That among these he discovered Cardinal Wolsey's (Mr. Hasloe forgets by what means he knew it), which the Countess would not suffer to be stirred, but ordered it to be covered again, and his grandfather laid a great heap of gravel over it, that he might know the place, which gravel still remains there.

"In short, as I have been ever zealous concerning this our founder, so I cannot but be pleased with whatever I discover about him, and it would be a great satisfaction to me, and I should be willing to contribute thereto, if his body could be translated to Christ Church. This our College ought in gratitude to do. Methinks though I am but a mean person, I would gladly undergo the charge of removing the Cardinal's body, if it was only into the next parish church, rather than it should rest so obscurely." He afterwards, in another letter to the same person, dated 1716, informs his friend of his going to Leicester to search for the Cardinal's coffin, which he had thoughts of having taken up and brought to Bletchley, to hold his own ashes. From this it appears that he found some coffin on the spot, which he conceived to be Wolsey's, but no body, in which case its identity must be very doubtful. Bishop Fanner in a letter to Dr. Charlett, written afterwards, says—"As for the place where the Cardinal himself was buried, our friend Tony from Cavendish tells us, 'twas in St. Marie's chapel, in the Abbey of Leicester, but I don't find that one of those many dependents and servants that he had raised were so grateful as to erect the least monument for their master. I believe the place where his bones lay can't now be traced."

The anecdote of his being placed in the stocks by Sir Amias Pawlet for speaking derogatively of that magistrate, and the humble method the latter took to appease him when he rose to power, by placing the Cardinal's arms and conuzaunce over the Temple gateway, are well known. These, a writer (1680) says, were then decayed, having been carved in a very mouldering stone, but the arms of Pawlet, with the quarterings, remained there in glass until that day. The same writer continues—"Remains of him show that he was a great master of the Latin tongue. Dr. Pell tells me, that he finds in a preface to a grammar of one Haynes, school-master of Christ Church, London, that 'twas he that made the 'Accidence' before Lilly's Grammar."—"He was a great builder, as appears by Whitehall, Hampton Court, Esher, in Surrey, a noble house, built of the best burnt brick that ever I saw; stately gatehouse and hall. This noble house (a fit palace for a Prince) was bought about 1666, by a vintner of London, who is since broke, and the house is sold and pulled down to the ground, about 1678. I have the draught of the house among my Surrey papers. He had a very stately cellar for his wines, about Fish-street, called Cardinal Wolsey's Cellar. He built the stately tower at Magdalen College in Oxford, and that noble Palace at Winchester (where he was Bishop) called Wolsey House. I remember it pretty well standing 1647; now I think it is most pulled downe. His noble foundation of his College of Christ Church, the present Grand Duke of Tuscany was more taken with, when at Oxford, than all the rest of the buildings he saw there; besides which he built several other places. Concerning this great Cardinal's fall, see the histories of the times. Returning to London from Yorke, he died at Leicester, where he lies buried (to the shame of Christ Church men) yet without any monument.

"A palace or a college, for his grave,
Yet here he lies interr'd, as if that all
Of him to be remember'd were his fall.
And though from his own store Wolsey might have
Nothing but earth to earth,—nor pompous weight
Upon him but a pebble or a quaye.
If thou art thus neglected, what shall wee
Hope after death, that are but shreds of thee?"

CHAUCER'S OAK.

"Dunnington Castle, near Newbury, was his; a noble seate and strong Castle, which was held by Charles I.; but since dismantled.—Mem. Neer this castle was an oak, under which Sir Geoffery was wont to sitt, called *Chaucer's Oake*; which was cut downe in the time of Charles I.; and so it was that the person who did it, was called into the Starre Chamber, and was fined for it. Judge Richardson harrangued against him long, and, like an orator, had topiques from the Druids, &c. His picture is at his old house at Woodstock, neer the parke gate, a foot high, halfe way. It has passed from proprietor to proprietor."

PICTURE OF FAIR ROSAMOND.

Dr. Gale, in a letter to Hearne, 1714, tells him of a picture of Fair Rosamond, which he had just purchased, and which he thus describes:—

"I have nothing at present to entertain your speculations with, but only that I have lately and accidentally purchased an ancient but fine picture of the beautiful Rosamond. It is painted on a pannel of wainscot, and represents her in a three-quarter proportion, dressed in the habit of the times, a straight-bodied gown of changeable red velvet, with large square sleeves of black flowered damask facings, turned up about the bend of her arms, and close sleeves of a pearl-coloured satin puffed out, but buttoned at the wrist, appearing from under the large ones; she has several rings set with precious stones on her fingers. Her breast, covered with a fine flowered linen, gathered close at the neck, like a ruff. Her face is charmingly fair, with a fine blush in her cheeks. Her hair of a dark brown, parted with a seam from the middle of her forehead upwards under her coiffure, which is very plain, but a gold lace appears above it, and it is covered with a small cap of black silk. She is looking very intensely upon the fatal cup, which she holds in one hand, and the cover in the other, as going to drink it. Before her is a table covered with black damask, on which there lies a Prayer Book, open, writt in the ancient black character. The whole piece is extremely well preserved. I take it to have been done about Harry the Seventh's time."

Whatever curiosity might be attached to this picture, as a work of art of the time mentioned, it could not, from the Doctor's own account, have had the smallest claims to genuineness. The dress is not the dress of Rosamond's age, nor could the artist have had, so long after her death, any adequate authority to paint from. A picture of Jane Shore, another unhappy Royal favourite, much later, still remaining in the Provost of Eton's lodgings, and which has been engraved, there is great reason to suppose is an original.

SIR THOMAS MOORE.

"After he was beheaded, his trunk was interr'd in Chelsey Church, neer the middle of the south wall, where was some slight monument erected, which being worne by time, about 1644, a Knight of Chelsey (no kinne to him), at his own proper costs and chardges, erected to his memory a handsome monument of marble. His head was upon London-bridge; and there goes this story in the family, viz. that one day, as one of his daughters was passing under the bridge gate, looking on her father's head, said she 'That head has layne many a time in my lappe, would to God it would fall into my lappe as I passe under.' She had her wish, and it did fall into her lappe, and is now preserved in a vault in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury. The descendant of Sir Thomas is now (1680) Mr. Moore, of Chelston, in Herefordshire, where, among a great many things of value plundered by the soldiers, was his chap, which they kept for a relique. Methinks 'tis strange that all this time he is not canonized, for he merited highly of the church."

DEMOSTHENES valued himself upon facetiousness and raillery, to which he was an absolute stranger—CICERO aimed to excel in poetry; but the line upon his own Consulship, which Juvenal has preserved, is a standing jest upon his poetical talents.—BEN JONSON was a writer of excellent comedies; but he doted on his *Sejanus*, and *Catiline*, which are miserable tragedies.—The *Alma*, of PRIOR, is the greatest effort of his genius; but the author was, or pretended to be, such a stranger to the merit of it, that he spoke of his *Alma* always as a slight performance, and as a mere effort of amusement. *Solomon*, a poem of merit, but rather tedious from its plan, was his favourite child, and whoever paid him a visit was sure to have a dose from *Solomon* and some glasses of sack, so that "Sack and *Solomon*," became a proverbial expression among Prior's friends.—The historical pictures of HOGARTH were much dearer to him than his fine originals of humour, and for one compliment bestowed on his *Sigismunda*, he would have given his *Harlot's Progress*, and his *Election to the Devil*.—On one occasion CIBBER acted *Othello*, and Mrs. CLIVE *Desdemona*, need we add that a merrier audience was never assembled together.—JARVIS was a good painter, at least he was cried up by Pope and the wits of his day, as eminent in portraiture, but Jarvis valued himself upon understanding Spanish, and in his old age set about and completed a translation of *Don Quixote*.—GAY, the author of the *Beggar's Opera*, in his younger years was an acquaintance of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He wrote a copy of verses, which he addressed to the Knight, and in which he pushed panegyric as far as it well could go; so far, indeed, that the author was afraid lest Sir Godfrey's modesty should be offended. However, in that he was mistaken, he swallowed the honey with much pleasure and delight. He told Gay "that his poem was very fine, very fine, indeed, and very true, but you have forgotten one thing, Mr. Gay, you have taken no notice of my military genius." "Sir," said Gay, "I never knew you had any pretence of that kind." "My good friend, by G—d, I should have been a general of an army, for when I was at Venice all the place of St. Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell of it, Mr. Gay. I should have been a general, Mr. Gay."

LORD BACON.—A short time before the death of this distinguished personage, he was visited by the Marquis d'Effiat, a Frenchman of rank and learning. Lord Bacon was ill, and received him in his bed-chamber, with the curtains drawn. The Marquis, on entering the room, paid to him this very elegant compliment:—"Your Lordship resembles the Angels: we have all heard of them; we are all desirous to see them; and we never have that satisfaction."

The "Vulgar Errors" of Browne, with the interesting notes and additions of Mr. Ellis, recently published, furnish us with a curious detail of the various customs formerly observed at deaths, and several of which are yet retained in different parts of England. The article, as given in the work, is prolix, and contains some extraneous matter, which we think might have been omitted with advantage. In the following extracts we have selected only the parts most entertaining: they are ranged under several heads, as—"The Passing Bell," "Watching the Dead," "Setting Salt or Candles on the Body," "The carrying of Torches and Lights," "Funeral Sermons," &c.

THE PASSING BELL, so called from its denoting the passing or departing of any one from life to death, was originally intended to invite the prayers of the faithful for the person who was dying, but was not yet dead; and though in some instances superstitiously used, has its meaning clearly pointed out in a clause in the "Advertisements for Due Order," &c. in the seventh year of Queen Elizabeth, which enjoins "that when any Christian bodie is in passing, that the bell be toled, and that the Curate be speciallie called for to comfort the sicke person; and after the time of his passing, to ringe no more but one short peale; and one before the buriall, and another short peale after the buriall." Grose, referring to the old Catholic belief on this subject, treats it rather ludicrously, though its intention, as just described, was evidently serious. "The Passing Bell," says he, "was anciently rung for two purposes; one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing; the other, to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot, and about the house ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus, a writer of the twelfth century, inform us evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof; and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is, by sportsmen, called law."

In the diary of Robert Birrel, preserved in "Fragments of Scottish History," &c. is the following curious entry:—"1566, the 25 of October, word came to the towne of Edinburgh, from the Quene, yat hir Majestie was deadly seike, and desiryt ye bells to be runge, and all ye peopile to resort to ye Kirk to pray for her, for she was so seike that none lepsied her life" (expected her to live.) Bourne supposes, that from the saying mentioned by Bede, "Lord have mercy on my soul," which St. Oswald uttered when he fell to the earth, has been derived the distich so often introduced in ballads on the melancholy occasion of a coming execution:—

"When the bell begins to toll,
Lord have mercy on my soul!"

In a very rare book entitled "Wits, Fits, and Fancies," (1614) the author relates a droll anecdote concerning the ringing out at the burial of "a rich churle and a begger who were buried at one time, in the same churchyard, and the hells rang out amaine for the miser. Now the wiseacre, his son, and executor," says he, "to the ende the worlde might not thinke that all that ringing was for the begger, but for his father, hyred a trumpetter to stand all the ringing while in this belfrie, and between every peale, to sound his trumpet, and proclame aloud and saye, sirres, this next peale is not for R, but for maister N,—his father." There seems to be nothing more intended at present by tolling the Passing Bell, but to inform the neighbourhood of some person's death.

The Jews used trumpets instead of bells. The Turks do not permit the use of them at all. The Greek Church under their dominion still follow her old custom of using wooden boards, or iron plates full of holes, which they hold in their hands and knock with a hammer or mallet, to call the people to church. China has been remarkably famous for its bells. Father Le Compte tells us, that at Pekin, there are seven bells, each of which weighs 120,000lbs.

WATCHING WITH THE DEAD.—This is called in the North of England the *Lake Wake*, a name plainly derived from the Anglo-Saxon *lic* or *lice*, a corpse, and *wæce* or *wake*, a vigil or watching. It is used in this sense by Chaucer, in his "Knight's Tale:"

"Shall not be told by me

How that arcite is brent to ashen cold,

Ne how that there the Liche-wake was y-hold
All that night long."

Pennant, in describing Highland ceremonies, says, "The Late Wake is a ceremony used at funerals. The evening after the death of any one, the relation or friends of the deceased meet at the house, attended by a bagpipe or fiddle, the nearest of kin, be it wife, son, or daughter, opens a melancholy ball, dancing and greeting—that is, crying violently at the same time; and this continues till daylight, but with such gambols and frolics among the younger part of the company, that the loss which occasions their meeting, is often more than supplied by the consequences of that night. If the corpse remain unburied for two nights, the same rites are renewed. Thus, Scythian-like, they rejoice at the deliverance of their friends out of this life of misery." The custom in North Wales, we are informed by the same writer, is, "the night before a dead body is to be interred, the friends and neighbours of the deceased, resort to the house the corpse is in, bringing with them some small present of bread, meat, and drink (if the family be something poor), but more especially candles, whatever the family be, and this night is called *wyl nos*, whereby the country people seem to mean a watching night. Their going to such a house, they say, is *i wilior corph*, to watch the corpse; but *wylo* signifies to weep and lament, and so *wyl nos* may be a night of lamentation. While they stay together on that night, they are either singing psalms, or reading some part of the Holy Scriptures. Whenever any body comes into a room where a dead body lies, especially on the *wyl nos*, and the day of its interment, the first thing he does, he falls on

The "Irish Hudibras" (1689) humorously describes an Irish wake—

"To their own sports (the Masses ended)

The mourners now are recommended.

Some sit and chat, some laugh, some weep,

Some sing *cronans*, and some do sleep;

Some court, some scold, some blow, some puff,

Some take tobacco, some take snuff,

Some play the trump, some trot the hay,

Some at *machan**, some noddie play:

Thus mixing up their grief and sorrow,

Yesterday buried kill'd-to-morrow."

LAYING OUT, OR STREEKING THE BODY.—Durand, at the remote period at which he lived, gives a pretty exact account of some of the ceremonies used at laying out the body, as practised at present in the north of England, where the laying out is called *streeking*. He mentions the closing of the eyes, the decent washing, dressing and wrapping up in a clean winding-sheet, or linen shroud, as well as other ancient observances. The interests of our woollen manufacture have interfered with this ancient rite in England. To the laying out may be added the very old custom of *setting salt*, and placing a lighted candle upon the body, both of which are used to this day in some parts of Northumberland. The salt, a little of which is set in a pewter plate upon the corpse, is, according to the learned Morex, an emblem of eternity and immortality. It is not liable to putrefaction itself, and preserves other things that are seasoned with it from decay. The lighted candle, the same author conjectures to have been the Egyptian hieroglyphic for life.

Aubrey, in some miscellanies of his, among the Lansdown MSS., at the British Museum, mentions a very curious custom at deaths, observed in a degree until his time (reign of Charles II.), which he describes under the name of *Sin Eaters*. "In the County of Hereford," says he, "was an old custome at Funerals, to hire poor people, who were to take upon them the sinnes of the party deceased. One of theme, (he was a long lean ugly lumentable raskal), I remember, lived in a cottage on Rosse highway. The manner was, that when the corpse was brought out of the house, and layed on the bier, a loafe of bread was brought out and delivered to the sinne eater over the corpse, as also a mazar bowl, of maple, full of beere (which he was to drink up), and sixpence in money: in consideration he took upon him, *ipso facto*, all the the sinnes of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead." This custom, he supposes, had some allusion to the scape-goat under the Mosaicall law.

FUNERAL SERMONS.—Speaking of the frequency of these formerly, and their present disuse:—"Even such a character as the infamous Mother *Creswell*, the procuress in the reign of Charles II," our author observes, "must have her Funeral Sermon. "She, according to Granger, desired by will to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have 10*l*., but upon the express condition that he only spoke well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found, who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of morality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded by saying—"By the will of the deceased, it is expected I should mention her, and say nothing but what is *well* of her. All I shall say of her, therefore, is this:—she was born well, she lived well, and she died well, for she was born with the name of *Creswell*, she lived in *Clerkenwell*, and she died in *Bridewell*."

* A game of cards.

Hogarth, who prided himself on his skill as a physiognomist, struck with the extraordinary atrocities of the notorious Mother Brownrigg, felt a strong curiosity to see her. He accordingly called one morning on his friend, Mr. Catton, an ingenious artist and academician, then living in Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and whom he knew to be personally acquainted with Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, to request the favour of his accompanying him to the Old Bailey. Catton, determining to put his brother painter's supposed art to the test, feigned an excuse for stepping out for a short time, promising to go with him the moment he returned. He then went to Akerman, told him who was about to visit the prison, and prevailed on him to bring Brownrigg forward as some other female prisoner on whose aspect he was was desirous he should exercise his skill, as he had doubts respecting her alleged guilt. This settled with the gaoler, he hurried back to Hogarth, and they soon arrived at Newgate together. Akerman expressed his wish as had been agreed upon, and Brownrigg was brought to the caricaturist as another woman. But she no sooner entered the room than Hogarth, taking Akerman and Catton aside, exclaimed to the former, "Good God! you have, Sir, in your custody, *two* Mother Brownriggs! for that woman's features tell me that there is no cruelty, no crime of which she is not capable."

Quick one day passing through Broker-row, Moorfields, was seized upon by a *barker*, who pulled him into the shop, and began puffing off his tables and chairs. Quick, being infirm, made little resistance, but asked the man if he was master of the shop? "No, Sir, but I will fetch him immediately." The man returned with his master. "Are you master of the shop, Sir?" "Yes, Sir, what can I do for you?" "Only just hold your man a minute, whilst I go out!"

A person of this town, wishing to be informed of the character of a labouring man whom he intended to employ, wrote to a respectable inhabitant to whom he was referred, and from whom he received the following note, the *pith* of which we have printed in italics:—"Mr. —, begs to inform Mr. — that he has known — for a number of years, and never knew any thing wrong of him but that of being an honest and industrious young man!!!"—*Plymouth Gazette*.

We have often wondered that the Playwrights of this country, who have almost exhausted the stores of our French neighbours, do not in the present deficiency of native comic genius, apply themselves to the Danish Theatre. The Danes have one comic poet, inferior only to Moliere in broad humour (if inferior to him), and many of his pieces would furnish excellent materials for farces. The following extract from his *Don Ranudo de Colibrados*; or, *Pride and Poverty*, would almost seem to have been written expressly to ridicule the absurd pretensions of illustrious but imbecile, and what is still worse, pennyless ultras, whom the battle of Waterloo brought from their garrets.

Act II. Scene 1.—*Don Ranudo de Colibrados, Donna Olympia, his Lady, Pedro, a Lacquey.*

Don Ranudo—No Donna Olympia! he was not the founder of our family. I can shew from our Genealogical Register a Colibrados who was in Etremakura fifty years before the Moors entered Spain. We are much more noble than you suppose.

Donna Olympia—Is it possible! Show me how, Don Ranudo.

Don Ranudo—See here, this Antonio de Colibrados was much older.

Donna Olympia—Indeed I would not have been ignorant of this for a million. I always imagined that I had lowered myself by my alliance with you; my own Genealogical Register I have as much at my fingers' end as my Ave Maria, from Julianio de Monte Ricco down to my father Ranudo Melchior de Monte Ricco.

Don Ranudo—In this you are to be commended, Donna Olympia, that you keep it constantly engraven in your memory, for it is the most precious jewel that we possess.

Pedro—I fancy, Sir, it is also the only one, for every thing else in the house would not fetch a single piece of eight if brought to the hammer.

Don Ranudo—That is nothing, Pedro, my name and my Genealogical Register are sufficient wealth for me. Whenever I read in this book the deeds of my ancestors my gratification is greater than if I were at the most splendid entertainment.

Pedro—I can easily conceive why you Sir and my Lady care nothing for food; for having five or six score Colibrados's in your belly, you can have room for nothing else. I have always imagined when I heard the grumbling in your honour's inside, that it was these old Colibradoses, for old heroes like them must be quarrelsome even after their death. But when the same grumbling takes place in mine, it is a sign of hunger; it is a very different affair with me, and as I have a common stomach I must have food for it, and without it I can serve you and my Lady no longer.

Donna Olympia—How shocking these vulgar people are! I can't help actually believing that they must be made of coarser materials than ourselves, and have a soul different from that of persons of quality. Their whole thought is of eating and drinking. Do you think, my dear, that people of such low condition can really expect salvation?

Don Ranudo—Why yes, in a certain sense I think they may be saved; but not so completely as we persons of quality; for as there is a difference between low men and brutes, there is also a difference between people of high and low condition. I don't mean to deny the possibility of their salvation, though from the brutal opinions they entertain, we are hardly warranted in predicting much good for them.

Pedro—I am glad to hear that your honour is to have something in the next world, if you have nothing in this.

Donna Olympia—Pedro, remember who you are, and whom you are speaking to; you seem to have quite forgot yourself.

Pedro—The only enjoyment, my Lady, which I have in the house here is my liberty of speech, I have no other consolation, and if you take from me my liberty, it may then be said I serve from pure generosity. Give me only what other servants have, and I will be as respectful as the best of them.

Don Ranudo—Nay, Donna Olympia, allow him his liberty; Emperors, Kings and Princes, you know, bear with raillery from the jesters they keep; in this we shall only show our quality.—Remember however, Pedro, though we allow you to say what you please to ourselves, you must not fail in your respect when others are present.

Pedro—I say then, your Honour's quality in this world is a tree which bears only bad fruit, namely, pride, hunger and thirst; therefore, it will perhaps bear something better in the next world.

Don Ranudo—Nonsense, Pedro—People of quality are never poor; they are called *ricos hombres*, rich people.

Pedro—Yes, that is true they are called rich people, just as monks are called God's servants; for the latter are just as godly as the former are rich.

Don Ranudo—What are you thinking of, Donna Olympia? You seem very contemplative.

Donna Olympia—I am thinking how it happens that no poet appeared this year with verses at our birth-days.

Pedro—Ha, ha! I see your Ladyship does not know our poets. There are now no magnets in our house for gentry of this description. If you were to write out in regular order all the titles of the house, and hang them over the door, and our neighbour the tailor was to put a steak or a pastey in his parlour, you would see which was the strongest attraction. I know all the poets in the place, and there is not one of them who for a dinner would not reckon me up a genealogy from King Solomon, and maintain stoutly that I was of higher rank than either your honour or my lady.

Donna Olympia—I can't help laughing at Pedro. It would rather be a bad joke, Pedro, to reckon you up a genealogy from King Solomon—that would be making a Jew of you, Pedro But I see my daughter Eugenia, and I am always glad to see her.

Don Ranudo—She resembles her ancestors every way still more than her sister.

Olympia—When I see her, I see a living image of my mother, Donna Elvira, in whose footsteps she closely treads.

Don Ranudo—She deemed her quality and her family name her most valuable jewel.

Olympia—So will Eugenia, if I am not much mistaken. Her sister again has something common in her mien and carriage, which I cannot reconcile myself to; it seems to me also that she is too familiar with people in inferior stations. Last week I saw her speak to a citizen's wife as if she had been her equal. You may be sure I did not spare her for it.

Don Ranudo—That you ought not to have done, Madam; for we may be familiar with peasants, citizens and servants without any danger, but when we have to do with people who pretend to be our equals, then we must stand on our quality; for the former view the familiarity as condescension, but the latter as a right.

Olympia—Very true;—but here she comes.

Enter Eugenia.

Olympia—Come hither, my dear Eugenia; you look for all the world like your grandmother Elvira, and I hope you will follow in her footsteps.

Olympia—She had always her rank and quality before her eyes, and esteemed them more than other thing.

Eugenia—That will I also do; but

Olympia—What do you mean with your but?

Eugenia—Nothing, Mama; but

Olympia—But! Why that but?

Pedro—Can't your Ladyship guess what the but means? It is the same as if she said, "But I have made a very bad breakfast to-day."

Olympia—What breakfast, then, has she received?

Pedro—The same as the rest have received; for we have none of us broke our fast except the black cat, and he lives by hunting.

Sir W. C—s, coming from a City feast, in an Aldermanic state of repletion, was accosted by a beggar, who implored charity in the most moving terms, concluding with "Pray give me something, Sir, I am so hungry." "Give you, Sirrah, give you," cried the Baronet, "I'd give you fifty pounds for your appetite."

The celebrated HAYDN composed, from his 18th to his 73d year, 113 overtures; 163 pieces for the viola di Gamba; 20 divertimentos for various instruments; 3 marches, 24 trios, 6 violin solos, 15 concertos for different instruments, 30 services, 83 quartetts, 66 sonatas, 42 duetts, 5 German puppet-operas (a performance which the Empress MARIA THERESA was much attached to), 5 oratorios, 366 Scotch airs, and 400 minuets and waltzes.—He was born in 1730, and died May, 1809.

The Rev. Dr. P. visiting a country Clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over Dr. P. asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed the conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity*, for which he would have substituted *happiness*. Dr. P. contended that one word was as plain as the other; and, to prove it, proposed calling in the ploughman, and putting it to him, which was done. "Well, Robin, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity*?" "Ees, Sir," said Robin (scratching his head, and endeavouring to look wise), "ees, Sir, I thinks as how I does." "Well, Robin, speak up." "Wy, Sir, I doesn't know disactly, but I thinks it's some'at inside of a pig!"

The celebrated LESSING was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. Having missed money at different times, without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table.—"Of course you counted it," said one of his friends. "Count it," said LESSING, rather embarrassed; "no, I forgot that."

A celebrated vocal performer was praised in an Italian Lady's presence: "Yes," she said, "a fine voice, but a bad heart! My brother, the Cardinal, made a *soprano* of him; and he never evinced the least gratitude."

JOSEPH PETER BUCHOZ, M. D., Fellow of the College of Physicians at Nancy, who died at Paris a few years since, was a very voluminous writer. His works, so long ago as the year 1782, as enumerated by himself in a catalogue, printed at that period, of ten pages in folio, consisted of Folios 88, Quartos 7, Octavos 71, Duodecimos 128, Sexdecimos 18—Total 319. So that he has a fair claim to the title HALLER has given him of "Polygraphus." His works were chiefly relative to Natural History; and he is said to have expended 200,000 livres in printing and engraving.—During the latter part of his life he was reduced to great distress; but a short time before his death the French Government granted him a pension of 1,200 livres.

A countrywoman being at vespers, and the curate singing very badly, wept aloud every time she heard him sing. The curate perceiving this, called her to him, and inquired the cause of her grief. "Alas! sir," answered she, "I had an ass who was the best beast in the world, but unfortunately he was devoured by a wolf. As I loved him very tenderly, I never hear you sing but I think of my poor beast; for nothing can be so like as his voice and yours."

The original *Lockitt* happened to be incorrect on the *seventieth* night of the run—Mr. Rich was in a rage—the Actor gave the retort courteous with—"Zounds, Sir, do ye think a man can remember to *eternity*!?"

In a celebrated comic epistle "to Gorges Edmond Howard," to which are appended notes, very humourously hitting off the style, and borrowing the name of GEORGE FAULKNER, of burlesque celebrity, the annotator describes the Corporation of Dublin, as "remarkable for two things—*loyalty* and *thick legs*—in token and for the display whereof (continues he) they go in their robes, and on foot, every 4th of November, round the statue of his sacred Majesty, King WILLIAM III. in College-green."

The most curious part of the Arnaut dress is their boots, which they wear in war and in travelling; they are of silver, sometimes gilt and curiously worked. They are in general made to cover the back and inside of the leg about half way from the instep; and being of different pieces united together, yield to the motion of the leg. Two circular and concave bits of silver are fitted to the ankle bones, to defend that prominent and tender part, so easily injured in travelling on foot amongst rocks and forests; they are sometimes worn also on the outside of the knees.

Between two and three centuries ago it was the custom, as stated in the old chronicles, "for enamoured maydes and gentil-women" to give to their favourite swains, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs, about three or four inches square, wrought round about, often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner, and a little one in the centre. The finest of these favours were edged with narrow gold lace or twist; and then, being folded up in four cross folds, so as the middle might be seen, they were worn by the accepted lovers in their hats, or at the breast. These favours became at last so much in vogue, that in ELIZABETH's time they were sold ready-made in the shops, from sixpence to sixteen-pence a piece. Tokens were also given by the gentlemen, and accepted by their fair mistresses; thus described in one of Beaumont and FLETCHER's plays:—

"Given ear-rings we will wear,
Bracelets of our lover's hair;
Which they on our arms shall twist,
(With our names carved) on our wrist."

Some of the services to be performed to the Crown, by this species of tenure, show the extreme simplicity in eating and living of the Sovereign at these early periods.

William Russi held the manor of Henningford by the service of finding for our Lord the King "one spindle full of yarn (worsted), when the King should go into Ireland, to repair the pavilion."

William de Alesbury held lands in Buckinghamshire by the service of finding "straw for the King's bed, and to straw his bed in winter, and also finding for the King, when he should come to Aylesbury in the summer, straw for his bed, and grass or rushes to strew his chamber." Shakspeare mentions this custom of strewing rushes, in several places of his dramas, and particularly in that of *Henry the Fourth*, (Part II. Act V.) where, at the Coronation procession of Henry V., two grooms enter strewing of rushes, and the first groom calls out

"More rushes! more rushes!"

Straw was used for the King's bed as late as the time of Henry VII.—(See *Archæologia*, v. iv. p. 312.)

The manor of Wilmington, Kent, was anciently held by the service of finding for the King "one pot-hook for his meat," whenever he should come that way. Henry the Third's Queen's goldsmith was to render yearly to the King "a pot of honey" for lands at Newington, Surrey; *William Gardiner* held an estate in Lancaster "to find pot-herbs and leeks for the King, when he came to the Castle there." And another paid for land elsewhere "the service of dressing such." *Emmer de Hamon* held an estate by the service of "cutting out the linen clothes of the King and Queen." One of the most remarkable of these Royal tenures, however, was one where a *William Hopperhost* held land by the service of keeping for the King *six damsels* (*meretrices*), and another by which *Hamo de Gatton* held the manor of Gatheshull, by the service of being "marshal of twelve girls who followed the King's Court." The former service is called "Pimp tenure," and has occasioned much dispute and some merriment, as being supposed to mean that these were women kept for the King's pleasures. Good reasons, however, have been given by late writers for dissenting from this opinion; the term "*meretrices*" being explained by them to mean merely washerwomen, or laundry-maids.

Among other singular tenures granted by subjects the following are enumerated:—

In the manor of Stoneley, Warwickshire, there were anciently four bondmen, whereof each held one messuage and certain land, by the service of "making the gallows, any hanging the thieves there." Each of which bondmen was to wear a red clout between his shoulders, upon his upper garment. Sir Edward Coke says this is the worst species of tenure he ever heard of.

Ralph Scales gave the Knights Templars, 170 acres of arable and also other land in Essex; and they had other lands here, the tenants of some of which "was to eat in lieu of all services." *Mendiscabit pro omni servitio*. But the next tenure was still more ludicrous:—"A farm at Brook Home, in Langsell, in the parish of Ramston, in the county of York, paid yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq. a snow ball at Midsummer, and a red rose at Christmas." This extraordinary service, the editor supposes, was fulfilled by presenting a preserved or dried rose, as it is not specified that it should be fresh gathered. And as to the snow-ball, he easily accounts for it by remarking, that he has himself observed snow in the caverns or hollows upon the high moors in the neighbourhood in the midst of summer.

CUSTOMS OF MANORS.

The custom in the town of Montgomery, with scolds and incontinent women, was, "that when they were taken, they were adjudged to the *goging stoole*, (backing stool) and there to stand with their feet naked, and their hair hanging and dishevelled for such time, as they might be seen by all persons passing that way." And in the Hundred of Sandwich, in Kent, the execution of felons condemned to death, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, was by *drowning*, and in the year 1315, a complaint was made by the prior of Christ Church, for "that he had directed the course of a certain stream, called the *Gestlyng*, so that felons could not be executed for want of water."

ANCIENT FORMS OF GRANTS.

The following is a Charter of King Edward the Confessor:—

"Ich Edward Koning,
Have yeoven of my forest the keeping
Of the Hundred of Chelmar and Dauncing
To Randolph Pepperking, and to his kindling
With harte and hinde, doe and bokke,
Wild foule with his flokke
Partrich, fesaunte hen, and fesaunte cock;
With green and wilde stob and stokk,
To kepen and to yeomen by all her might
Both by day and eke by night,
And hounds for to holde:
Four greyhoundes and six raches
For hare and fox, and wilde cattles,
And, therefore, ich made him my booke,
Witteness the bishop Wolston,
And booke ylered many on
And Swenyne of Essex our brother,
And taken him many other,
And our Steward Howelin
That besought me for him."

PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—The following brief and pertinent speech is given in the Harrisburgh Paper, as lately delivered in the House of Representatives of that State, now in Session:—"Mr. *Speaker*,—my *Kolleck's* come, and I think he ought to be *schinore*."

The following are some of the most amusing tenures, customs of manors, forms of ancient deeds, &c., in the new edition of that entertaining and very interesting work, *Blount's Jocular Tenures*:—

TENURES BY GRAND SERJEANTY, &c.

Robert Agyllon held one carucate of land in Addington, in the county of Surrey, by the service "of making one mess, in an earthen pot, in the kitchen of our Lord the King, on the day of his coronation, called *diligroust*; and if there be fat or lard in the mess, it is called *maupigyrum*." This tenure, which is supposed to be as old as Henry II., was performed at the Coronation of his late Majesty, and appears to have been continued regularly through the long period between the two reigns. At the coronation of Charles II. *Thomas Leigh, Esq.* (to whom this service was then adjudged in right of his manor) brought up to the king's table, a mess of the same pottage called *groust*, or *diligroust*, and it was, by the Lord High Chamberlain, presented to the king, who accepted the service, but did not eat of the pottage. There does not exist, we are told, any ancient receipt for the making of this dish, but it is conjectured that it may be the same called in certain cookery receipts of the 13th century, "*Bardolph*." The family of *Bardolph* having been about that date, lord of this manor, and which was a pottage consisting of "almond mylk, the brawn of capons, sugar and spices, and chicken parboyled and clopped, &c."

Solomon de Campis, (At-field) held lands in the county of Kent, of the King, by the singular service of "holding the head of our lord the King, as often as he should pass over sea, if it should be needful"—(i. e. if his Majesty should chance to be *sea sick*)

Lady Hawise de London, held the manor of Essegarston, in Wales by Serjeantry—"to conduct the vanguard of the King's army, as often as he should go into Wales with one; and in returning to bring up the rearward of the said army." This appears a singular tenure for a female, but was not of a nature so strange as modern times may imagine. For in Shakspeare's *Henry VI.* (Part III. act iii, scene 3), Queen Margaret, bids Warwick tell King Edward IV.

— "My mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on."

It was once no unusual thing for Queens themselves to appear in armour, at the head of their forces. The suit which Queen Elizabeth wore, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury, to encourage the troops on the approach of the Armada, in 1588, may be still seen at the Tower.

SERVICE PERFORMED AT THE EDINBURGH BANQUET.—

The honourable service of attending on the King, with a silver basin and ewer and a napkin, for his Majesty to dip his hands, which was performed by *William Howison Crawford*, the younger, of Braehead and Crawfordland, in place of his mother, the proprietrix of Braehead, in the county of Mid Lothian, being the tenure by which these lands are held, has its origin in the following very interesting story, related of an ancestor of the present family of Howison of Braehead:—"One of the Kings of Scotland (James II. or III.), travelling incog. (as was frequently his custom) in the neighbourhood of Cramond Bridge, was attacked by a gang of gipsies, then very numerous in Scotland. The King long gallantly defended himself; but they at length succeeded in bringing him to the ground, when a husbandman, named Howison, and his son, employed in thrashing grain in a barn hard by, hearing the noise of the scuffle, came out, and, seeing one man attacked by so many, gallantly sided with the weaker party, and dealt such lusty blows with their flails among the gipsies as put them to flight, and rescued the stranger from his perilous situation. They afterwards conducted him to their humble dwelling, and, having presented him with a basin of water and napkin to remove the blood and dirt from the bruises received in the contest, they gave him such refreshment as their house afforded. Tradition adds, that when the stranger laid aside his cloak, the farmer perceived by his apparel that he was a person of some distinction, and placed him accordingly at the head of his board. This was at first declined; but the farmer persisted, saying "he was master there," and the stranger was obliged to comply. Before going away, the stranger, after many thanks, invited his deliverer to visit him in Edinburgh, and desired him to inquire at the Castle for "ane James Stuart," who would gratify the curiosity he had expressed of seeing that fortress. "Wow, man," observed the farmer, "I would like to see the Castle;" considering this, perhaps, a sufficient remuneration for the assistance he had rendered. At no distant period the farmer availed himself of the invitation, and, having asked for his friend, as directed, was, with due astonishment, ushered into an assembly of nobles and courtiers, among whom he recognised his old friend "James Stuart." He again repeated his gratitude, and at the same time informed him that the King was present, whom he would soon find out by being the only person covered. "Then," said the bewildered farmer, "it maun be either you or I." After diverting himself at the farmer's simplicity, the now-disclosed monarch desired the farmer to name a boon such as he could bestow, for his deliverance. The honest rustic modestly replied, that the summit of his earthly wishes was to become proprietor of the lands which he occupied as bondsman; which was cheerfully complied with by the Monarch, and a crown charter of the lands of Braehead was immediately prepared, with the *reddendo* of holding a basin of water and a napkin for the King to wash, when required so to do, in commemoration of the friendly office performed by the husbandman to the Sovereign, on rescuing him from the gipsies."

CORONER.—This word, says Leland, does not, as is commonly supposed, mean an Officer on the Crown side; but it is a contraction of two British words, *Corph-Connor*, a Corn-law-inspector.

A WOULD-BE HERMIT.

(From the *Dumfries Courier*.)

Not long ago, a good looking young man called at our office, and inquired if there was any truth in the report, that the young Duke of Buccleuch had been advertising for a hermit! At this question we very naturally stared; but perceiving that the youth was quite serious, we thought there would be no harm in quizzing him a little. At first he pretended that his inquiries related solely to a friend, but in the course of conversation we easily discovered that the candidate for the supposed hermitship was no other than the youth himself. "Well," said we "and what, pray, may be your particular qualifications for the situation in question? You are yet a very young man, as the smoothness of your chin sufficiently indicates, although, in the case of a hermit, a long beard is as necessary an appendage as a piper is to a Highland regiment. In the summer months no one would certainly pity you amidst the beautiful woods of Drumlanrig, with the partridge to chirp you to repose, and the lark to cheer you with his morning song, even if you never saw a human face excepting when your own was reflected from the running brook. But in winter, when every thing is changed—when the rain beats, the wind howls, and the lion roars, your solitude, of course, would not be quite so agreeable; and are you quite sure that you would not tire—that you would not, in short, steal away some dark December night to get a crack with Jenny Newbigging, the miller's rosy cheeked daughter, whom you so often saw home from the Thornhill dancing school?" At this question our visitor looked rather abashed, and seemed to say by his blushing, "wha, I wonder, can hae tell'd you about my friend Jenny," but quickly recovering himself, he replied, "I shaved my beard because I was comin' in to the town, but it would soon grow lang enough if I wait to let it alane; and forbye that, whan sae many o' the neighbours are gaun awa i' the Thamsan's ships to bide in the big wuds o' America, it wad be nae great hardship surely to stay in the beautiful wee wud o' Drumlanrig." O! ho! thought we, you are not such a Sawney after all, and dismissed the man with an assurance that if ever two most unlikely events came to pass—first, that a hermit should be required for the domain of Drumlanrig, and secondly, that we should have any thing to say with his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, that he, of all men, would stand an excellent chance of being named as the successful candidate.

Not many days after this interview, we were waited upon by another youth, booted, spurred, and great coated; and whose appearance altogether bespoke him at least the son of a substantial farmer. After many cautious inquiries, as to our personal identity, he proceeded to open the subject of his mission—"You are Mr. M., you say?" "Yes, at your service, sir." "Aweel, you see, I was recommended to you as a good hand for writing me a *skit*." "A *skit*! what do you mean by that?" "Ou (laughing) you're joking me now; you surely ken what a *skit* is."—"O! a satire, a lampoon—is that what you mean?"—"Aye, just a bit *skit*, ye ken." "Well, and what may be the subject?" "On, ye see there was a *mill heating* down at our place the ither week, and there was some invected, and some that warna invected—and some that got farther ben than ither;—I mean some that war weel served, and ither that warna just sae weel served: and as the thing has created a vast o'talk, there's a wheen o' us that wad like to hae a *skit* written ou't, rather, may be, a touch past ordinair." On this we affected to look very grave, and told the man candidly, that we never dealt in personalities, cautioning him at the same time as to the probable consequence of his projected *skit*. At this rebuff he appeared rather disappointed—so much so that he attempted to reason the point with us, and muttered as he left the office—"Weel, but I didna mean you to do't for naething, and if you wad come into the King's Arms and tak' a glass, I wad pay you any thing, in reason, you like to ask."

"What must I do," said the Hon. J. W. WARD to Lord BYRON, "what must I do to be re-Whigged?"—"You must first," answered the Noble Poet, "be re-Warded."

ADREARY COUNTRY AND MEAGRE ACCOMMODATION.

A Fragment.

Mr. Coxe thus speaks of the roads of Poland, and of the inconvenience of travelling:—"I never saw a road so barren of interesting scenes as from Cracow to Warsaw. There is not a single object throughout the whole tract which can for a moment draw the attention of the most inquisitive traveller. The country, for the most part, is level, with little variation of surface, and is chiefly overspread with vast tracts of thick gloomy forests, and even where the country was more open, the distant horizon was always skirted with wood. The trees were mostly pines and firs, intermixed with beech, birch, and small oaks. The occasional breaks in the forest presented some pasture ground, and here and there a few meagre crops of corn. Without having actually traversed it, I could hardly have conceived so comfortless a region—a forlorn stillness and solitude prevailed almost throughout the whole extent, with few symptoms of an inhabited and still less of a civilized country. Though in the high road which unites Cracow to Warsaw, in the course of about 258 English miles, we met in our progress only two carriages and about a dozen carts. The country was equally thin of human inhabitants—a few straggling villages, all built of wood, succeeded one another at long intervals, whose miserable appearance corresponded with the wretchedness of the country around them. In these assemblages of huts, the only places of reception for travellers were hovels, belonging to Jews, totally destitute of furniture and every species of accommodation. Eggs and milk were our greatest luxuries, and could not always be obtained."

FLEXIBILITY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.—J. Clark, a well-made man, and rather stont, exhibited, in the most natural manner, every species of deformity and dislocation to which the human form is liable. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, who came to measure him for clothes, by changing his posture, and apparently his shape, when the clothes were brought home. He could dislocate the vertebrae of his back, and other parts of his body, and resume their proper form; at his pleasure. He once presented himself, in this situation, as a patient, before Molins, a famous surgeon, who, shocked at his appearance, refused to attempt the cure. He often passed for a cripple with persons who, but a few minutes before, had been conversing with him. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs, but alter his features and countenance. He could assume all the professional, characteristic, and singular faces which he had observed at the theatre, at the Quakers' meeting, or any other place of public resort. He was by profession a posture-master, and died about the commencement of the reign of King William.

ADVENTURE OF A DOG.—In the summer of 1818, Jesse D. Knight, who had resided many years near Poquestow Creek, in Philadelphia county, emigrated with his family to Ohio, where he settled near Zanesville. He took with him a large dog, which he highly valued. A few weeks after the dog was missing, and no account could be obtained concerning him for a considerable time. At length he arrived at the house of his master's brother, where the family had resided some time previous to their removal. He seemed much rejoiced that he had got back to his old quarters; but he was lank, and very much reduced in flesh, having evidently met with poor living in his travels. It is supposed he came alone more than 3000 miles, depending for sustenance on what he could pick up by the way.

CANON OF CRITICISM.—The Cardinal de Retz asked Menage one day to give him some idea of poetry, that he might be able to form a sort of judgment of the mass that was brought to him. "Sir," said Menage, "this is a matter that would occupy more time than you could spare; but I'll tell you what you may do—whenever they read any of their poems to you, say at a venture, 'That's very bad'—you'll seldom be wrong."

PONDICHERRI, APRIL 12.

Early in January, a warrior died at Kennedy, and was burnt in a well about six feet deep—the same day his wife prior to his death told him she would go with him, and the same night dreamt her husband came to her when asleep, and hit her upon the shoulder, saying, “Are you asleep, are you coming?” Upon this she immediately rose and gave her child to her family, saying, “Take it, I shall have nothing more to do with it,” and desired things might be prepared, as she was determined to burn herself at four o’clock in the afternoon; all the offers of money, and persuasions of her brother and family, were of no avail. The Rajah and Tassalder did all in their power to dissuade her from committing this rash act, but she replied—“Why trouble yourselves about me, or my life, as I have promised to burn myself where my husband has been burnt, and am determined to do it?” As it was utterly impossible to prohibit the poor girl making away with herself, she at a little after four o’clock left her dwelling, in company with her family, and proceeded to a tank near the village where her husband had been burnt, and after making the usual ceremonies, walked three times round the well. Her brother and other relations had hold of her hand, when she quitted their hold and plunged into the well and sat down, when, dreadful to relate, wood, oil, and ghee were thrown upon her by a few people. She was quite composed, and requested the people not to throw any more upon her, as she was with her husband; and in the course of a few minutes she was consumed to ashes, without a groan or shriek. Not a tom-tom was beat, nor did the natives shout, as generally is the case. All seemed horror struck at what they had witnessed. On the forenoon of the day she was to burn herself, she bathed, put on clean linen, ate betel, and held in her hand a small looking-glass, upon which she continually kept looking. The poor creature was only thirteen years of age, and had one child.—*Calcutta Journal*.

METHOD OF DESTROYING A SHARK.—The shark is such an enemy to our seafaring brethren, that sailors have as little compassion for this animal as he has for them. This sea-tiger follows a vessel for several days, and snaps at, and swallows, indiscriminately, every thing thrown in the sea. The sailors, taking advantage of this propensity, heat a brick intensely hot, which they cover with sail cloth dipped in oil very thick, and binding it tight with twine throw it overboard. The greedy glutton swallows it at a venture, and perhaps conceives it at first to be nothing more than a gentle stomachic. In a few moments, however, the sea all in a foam with his dying and spasmodic convulsions—and the upturned white belly of the monster proclaims to the delighted mariners that the hour of his tyranny is over.

DISINTERESTEDNESS.—Marshal de Boucicant left but one son, only three or four years old, who was afterwards Marshal of France and Governor of Genoa. This great great man did not study to heap together riches for the heir of his name and his glory. Careless as to pecuniary advantages, his sole care was to leave him models of virtue. His friends were one day blaming him for not having turned to better account the favour of his master, King John—“I have not,” said he, “sold any part of the inheritance which I received from my ancestors; neither have I increased it. If my son be a good man, he will have enough; but if he be worthless, he will have too much, and it will be a pity he should possess so much.”

Turkish Ideas of Honesty.—An officer belonging to the Court of the son of the Pacha of Egypt, died lately at Medina. When he died, no property belonging to him could be found, except a few piastres in his pocket. Soon after, a woman came to the palace with a bag of 800 piastres in sequins, saying, that the officer had left it with her, and had never called to take it back. The Pacha took the bag and put the woman in prison, accusing her of having concealed more than she had given up. A Turk cannot conceive that a person can be honest.

A tiger has been shot this morning at Pondicherry, in town, and in Mr. de Baussett’s house. You will think this a fable, or that, under the denomination of tiger, I speak of the least animal of the kind, but you will be mistaken. I mean a first size panther, measuring within the tail four feet four inches in length, and two feet four inches in height, as every one here can give evidence. It seems that this animal came astray into the town last night, and it was found this morning entrenched in an half decayed earth-made shelter, generally used in this country to keep paddy in, and named *patailli*, which was placed in an old open magazine, situated in the centre of the town. It was customary to close therein a few geese; and the boy who came in the morning to take them out, missing one of them, looked into the *patailli* to see if it was not concealed in it, when the tiger, at his appearance, made a start; the boy ran away into the street, and happily has only been slightly wounded. The tiger came out also, and ventured at about ten yards into another compound, by a large gate half shut, much injuring in his road an old woman who was standing on the threshold; she received two severe blows, one on the shoulder, the other on the back, and seems severely hurt. The tiger crossed the yard, and by the means of a heap of fire wood lying close to the wall, scaled it, and fell into Mr. de Baussett’s garden; he then entered, close to the main house, a small bathing room, the door of which was sheltered by a wooden staircase, leading to the top of it, so that nobody could approach to have a sight of the animal. Some of our sportsmen, and four inviolated sepoys, gathered in the house, and fired several shots at the tiger, when once or twice he made an attempt to escape, and each time returned unhurt to the same place. A Nacoda of a vessel in the roads, who was present, pretended that he could magnetise and tame the tiger like a dog. He therefore boldly advanced before the door, and began his wonder, when the tiger made a howl, which the old Nacoda interpreted in his favour, and said was a sneeze of good omen, and that a second would be a sign of entire submission. But the tiger beginning, perhaps, really to feel the effects of the magnetism, or the ascendancy of the magnetiser on him, started on the Nacoda, and made him retire with a scratched back. We now endeavoured to get the tiger out from the room by the means of some straw, &c. which we burnt from the top of the room, by an oval aperture in the wall, about seven feet from the ground; and it is most extraordinary that this animal, pressed by the heat, rather than come out by the door, which was opened, preferred jumping out by the hole, which he did with all the nimbleness and swiftness of a cat, although the opening only just afforded a passage to his body, and although he was obliged to elevate himself perpendicularly at that height from the ground! Several shots were immediately fired, without success. The tiger ran away from us, and tried to jump over a wall opposite; about twelve feet high, but he only reached part of the height, fell down, and again returned upon us with increased rage and fury, when Mr. C. Krusee, who happily had still his musket loaded, fired and killed the animal, when it fully approached him, and he was only two yards distant!

SINGULAR EPITAPH.—In a church at Amsterdam there is a very antient funeral monument of white marble, on which are engraved a pair of *slippers* of a very singular kind, with this inscription (*Effen Nyf*) which means *exactly*; and the story of this singularity is this:—A man who was very rich, but who was a *bon vivant*, took it into his head that he was to live a certain number of years, and no longer. Under the impression of this idea, he calculated, that if he spent so much a year, his estate and his life would *expire together*; it accidentally happened that he was not mistaken in either of his calculations: he died precisely at that time which he had presented to himself in fancy, and had then brought his fortune to such a predicament, that after the paying of his debts he had nothing left but a *pair of slippers*: his relations buried him in a creditable manner, and had the slippers carved on his tomb, with the above laconic device.

Being disappointed in my expectation to witness the representation of *Bertram* last night, by the interference of the Authorities, who prohibited the performance of that melo-drame, I accepted the invitation of a friend to accompany him *au bal*. We set off at half-past ten o'clock for the Bonnevilles des Italiens, and were set down at the *Porte Cochere* of a respectable-looking mansion—entered, and ascended the staircase. I was surprised, on my reaching the *entresol*, to find a person there stationed in a little temporary bureau, who demanded our *billets*. “*Voilà!*” said my companion, exhibiting a card, and laying down a piece of twenty francs—the *Commis* took the money, bowed his head, and we mounted to the first story, where we were introduced into a splendid suite of apartments, in one of which, a gentleman and lady were waltzing to the music of two violins and a flageolet, a considerable number of ladies and gentlemen looking on. All this taking place so rapidly, that I had not time to ask an explanation from my friend of what appeared very extraordinary—the payment of a Napoleon for admission. Previous to entering the rooms, a slight suspicion occurred to me that “all was not right,” so I determined to see it out; but when I found myself enveloped in a crowd of beautiful and magnificently dressed women, and of fashionable, dashing looking men, most of them decorated, I made inwardly the *amende honorable* for the unworthy and reprehensible, though transient, thought that had obtruded—and I paid my respects to “the lady of the house,” with perhaps more than ordinary ceremony, for my friend intimated, when I was drawing up for a third bow, that I had done enough. He led the way into another room, where were, on loungers and ottomans, other and similar personages to those I have mentioned; we reached a third, illuminated by a splendid lamp, and here were placed two tables, at which I found quite a crowd engaged at that game, which is with the Parisians a rage—a passion—*Ecarte*. Here my friend gave me to understand that I could no longer look to him for information or protection; desired me not to risk more than one piece at a time if I played or betted, and having acknowledged several acquaintances, led a young lady to the *Salon de danse*, where they entered into a set of quadrilles. —Left to myself in a situation quite new, (for the aforesaid suspicion recurred ever and anon) I tried my hands in my coat pockets—changed to my pantaloons—fiddled with my watch riband, affected an infinite deal of ease, and surveyed the party assembled. At one table sat a man of a certain age; he appeared to be upwards of six feet high—wore three or four orders, and was addressed “*mon general*,” by a young fellow who leaned over his chair. The opponent of the General was a very snub-nosed exorcismalike little fellow, who appeared to look at the General's Aid-de-Camp with a searching glance. The game was nearly finished, each marked four. The General had given the cards—his opponent proposed—*Impossible!* said the young man—the General laid down his cards, eyed his adviser with a certain expression—refused to give—lost the game—swept into his pocket a pile of gold that he had previously deposited, with an intention to play, I suppose—rose from the table, eyed the party once more askance, gave a long *when!* and left the room *sans ceremonie*. He had scarcely retired, when his antagonist, the fair hostess, and the General's friend, withdrew to a recess, where they spoke together in an under tone. I heard money chinking, and supposed they were settling their accounts. My attention was soon attracted to the other table, by a female voice, pronouncing in tolerably bad English, “I beg your pardon, Sir, you play very well *carte*.” This was addressed by a bouncing, handsome young woman, glittering in diamonds, to a young fellow, about five and twenty, whose stiff and well-bleached cravat proclaimed that it had been wrung by the hard hand of some peasant nearer to Bayswater than to Passy. His note-case, dilated with paper, had rivited the attention of all present. Mr. “Green” acknowledged the compliment with a bow, cut the cards, and won the deal. The stakes were then deposited—Two double Napoleons each. A tall, brown young woman, with an aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes, prayed of Mr. Green to allow her to go five francs with him, which entitled her to direct his play; he acceded, turned up king, and won the *vol*. The countenance of his fair antagonist fell—his partner, in a tone of rage that surprised me, exclaimed, with the air of a person uttering a curse, some Italian word, that sounded like *Gadsoukes!* or *Cadsoukes*,—(perhaps I use false quantity)—what it could have been I am at a loss to know, but a young lady near me made an unsuccessful effort to blush. Madame now dealt, and to her great surprise (for it rarely happened, she said), turned up *Cesar*. She also held a *jeu de regle*, exposed her cards, and marked three. My countryman again dealt, once more turned up a king—the lady's cards fell into her lap, she apologised, but found she had got one too many—a new deal followed, and Mr. Green lost the game. The Italian lady was inconsolable on his account, and took his seat to encounter Madame la Baronne. The Englishman laid down 10 Napoleons, an act of confidence which flattered his successor. I found he had served six months in a certain regiment of Hussars near London. He proved that he was equally gallant and gallant, for he doubled the stake after his friend lost the first *comp*. All must submit to their destiny!—Green's “*Maid of Lodi*” was overthrown; or, shall I tell you in confidence—I much fear she “threw him over.” His blood mounted, and he once more entered the lists with the laughter-loving dame opposite, with whose cards a lively young Marquis was always playing some sportive trick. Green threw down a bank-note, and said with an air of caution—“*la moitié du billet*.” “What! a soldier, and afraid!” said Madame la Baronne. “As you please, then, Madame.” The billet was lost—it was for a thousand francs!

“Double or quit,” said the Baroness. Green hesitated—the Italian suggested that it would be impolitic to refuse a lady, and with good grace he consented—lost once more. “Will you try again?” Green availed himself of the rule which declares that the loser must retire—but all present declined to interfere with his game. Various contributions were now tendered to la Baronne from all sides—she became a perfect Danaë—it rained gold into her lap. She placed all on the table with a most provoking air, and said, “*A la masse*.” “*La moitié encore!*” said Green. “*Comment, Monsieur!*” said his Italian friend. —“*MOUCHEZ VOUS LA CHANDELLE?*”—an idiomatic phrase, that even the inexperienced Green well understood. He blushed to the tips of the fingers. I have already said that he was brave and gallant. In him the first was native and loyal; the second pure and legitimate. He proved both by an act that merited better

fortune. “No, Signora, I am an Englishman and a bachelor—not a Frenchman—much less a French husband—*à tout!*” At the first part of this speech, the hands of the various chevaliers were raised to their mustachios in deadly ire; but the three concluding words reconciled them to the affront for the present, and they humanely postponed cutting his throat, as, in case he lost, they calculated on saving them the trouble. The game went on—the Signora, who appeared to have caught cold, again backed the Captain; she coughed frequently—(Heaven forgive me! I thought she did so significantly.) Green had marked four—his opponent two—it was her deal—*encore le Roi!* Green had a quint to a knave—“*Si vous voulez, Madame la Baronne*.” The Baroness, delighted, had uttered the first syllable of acquiescence, “*Com—*” when she was arrested by a cough from the Italian, that closely resembled a scream—she refused—won the *vol*—with it the game, and 11,000 francs from Green, the remainder of his last 500*l*., the produce of his commission, which he sold since his arrival in Paris. Poor fellow! The tears started from his eyes—he affected to smile—stretched his hand to an English Officer who had just entered the *Salon*—gave one reproachful glance at the Signora, and left the house in a state of mind which may easily be conceived. He had arrived in Paris only two months before with his sister, and brought with him his “child's portion,” of 5,000*l*., intending to place it in the French Funds, and to live economically on the interest. He met a certain Baronet—was introduced by him to the *Salons*—and here behold the consequence!

Although an utter stranger to the unfortunate young man, I had the weakness to feel and submit to a depression of spirits at his fall, and therefore determined to retire. This was no easy matter, for I had to pass through the ball-room, where a double set of quadrilles was then performing—a regular master of the ceremonies giving the word of command, with the air of a Marshal of France—*Chain Anglais!—Chain des dames!* &c. Never had I seen a dozen finer women than the *danseuses*, and the female spectators—but perhaps on too large a scale: there was scarcely a woman present under five feet seven—all were, or affected *en bon point*—all were magnificently apparelled—and all the dresses

contained a portion of that famous winter colour, *coquelicot*, which Catalani's good taste and tact induced her to prefer, at all seasons, amongst her ornaments—a hint to the brunettes and brunes, which I am surprised those of your country have not more generally taken. After the set, refreshments were served, consisting of punch du rhum! punch à la Romaine, sherbets, orgeat, capillaire, lemonade, eau sucrée, &c. &c. The company promenade, or assembled in groups.

Who can say that the French are a changeable people? A beautiful young woman was passing my friend, rather in haste; he must have been very intimate with her, for he asked what she wanted in this familiar way—“*Dit donc! vous demandez de quelque chose!*” What was her reply? That precisely, and in the exact words of Madame Rambouillet to a similar question put to her by Yorick half a century ago. I hurried on—passed through a chamber which I had not yet been in, and which was dimly lighted by a well-trimmed lamp. Some persons were conversing in whispers in an alcove—(I could just see that the couch was of blue and silver, with a suitable canopy). Aware that I had intruded, I redoubled my speed—pushed open a door at the other end of the room, and had ocular demonstration that the lady to whom my friend had just spoken was a woman of veracity—(I give this incident to introduce a charming trait in the French female character.) Confounded at this new intrusion, I was “*spooney*” enough to hesitate for a moment—I stammered out—“*Pardon, Madame—Je vous derange*.”—“*Du tout, Monsieur*,” said she, in a sweet, enchanting, encouraging tone, that I shall never forget—“*Entrez, Monsieur—voilà!*” She pointed to something which my confusion prevented my seeing, and, hardly comprehending her, I fled, and effected my escape.

Here then, *sans badinage*, have you a specimen of those delicious, delicate intellectual evenings, to enjoy which the “Gentlemen of England” fly. From the sample can you wonder that they do so?

I shall not attempt to intrude further, as I am about setting out in search of the young officer of whom I spoke—the *Morgue* is nearly a mile and a half from my hotel, and if I make not good haste, the bodies may be removed.

A worthy clergyman in Fife, having occasion, in the course of his sermon, to employ the word *catastrophé*, he explained to his attentive hearers that it signified “the end or tail of any thing.” An honest woman, whose vocabulary was not very extensive, considered the explanation a valuable addition to her stock of knowledge, and stored the word in her memory, with the resolution of making use of it as she found occasion. Some days afterwards, seeing her Minister ride past, she called to him, “Sir, there's a whin kow at your horse's *catastrophé!*”—*Cupar Herald*.

At a fashionable rout, lately given in Edinburgh, there appeared a certain young coxcomb, of the name of R—, almost proverbial for self-conceit and emptiness; and who was noticed during the evening to haunt, as it were, a young lady (Miss M—), who, on the other hand, took every opportunity to get rid of such an impertinent beau. Upon the breaking up of the party, Mr. R—, buttoning his coat, made up to his supposed admirer, and, accompanied by one of his best bows, asked the following civil question—“Pray, ma'am, may I have the pleasure of seeing you home?” Miss M—, looking at him, responded with the greatest *sang, roid*, “Pray, Sir, may I have the pleasure of asking the nursery-maid to put you to bed?” Mr. R—, quite crest-fallen at this unexpected “*cut direct*,” turned on his heel, and walked out of the room, without uttering a syllable.

An orator having written a speech to be delivered on a particular occasion, asked a literary friend's opinion of it. The latter, after some time, told him that he had read it over three times—the first time it appeared very good; the second time indifferent, and the third quite insipid. “Then (replied the orator) it will do, as I shall only have to speak it once.”

There is nothing more astonishing in the history of the human mind, than that unaccountable sort of prejudice which some people evince at the introduction of any thing to which they have not been accustomed, be the thing ever so good or advantageous. This kind of feeling occasioned it to be debated, on first adopting the use of potatoes, whether they were really fit for food, or were not rather a vegetable poison; it occasioned the resistance of small-pox inoculation years ago, and of the vaccine in the present day, as "flying in the face of God," to adopt a phrase of some old Ladies,—as great fatalists in these Matters as the Turks; but it is in no instance more strikingly exhibited than in that of the first bringing of Tobacco into this country. Who would have thought that a king of England, two centuries back, and that one of the poorest and neediest of our Monarchs, would have written a tract, in the bitterest style of invective, expressly to hinder the use of a commodity, the duties on which now yield to the State more than the amount of his whole revenue? Not but, we believe, could his Majesty have been sensible of what it might have been made to produce (such was his love or want of money), he would have spoken of it in more moderate terms than he has done in the following extract. The King we allude to, is James I. who in his "Counter-blast to Tobacco," says,—

"That it is not only a common herbe, which, though under divers names, grows almost every where, but was first found out by the barbarous Indians;" and asks, his "good countrymen to consider, what honours or policy can move them to imitate the manners of such wild, godlesse and slavish people?" He proceeds—"It is not long since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here (as this present age can very well remember both the first author, and forms of its introduction), and now many in this kingdome have had such a continuall use of this unsavourie smoke, that they are not able to forbear the same, no more than an old drunkard can abide to be long sober. How several are by this custome, disabled in their goods, let the gentrie of this land bear witness; some of whom bestow 300*l.*, some 400*l.* a-year, on this precious stinke. And is it not great vanitie and uncleannesse that at the table, a place of respect, men should sit tossing of tobacco pipes, and smoking of tobacco one to another, making the filthy stinke thereof to exhale across the dishes and infect the wine; but no other time nor action is exempted from the publicke use of this uncivill trick—for a man cannot heartily welcome his friende at his home, but straight they must in hand with tobacco; yea, the mistresse cannot in more manerly kind entertaine her servant, than by giving him out of her faire hand "a pipe of tobacco," "a weed," he adds, "the smoking whereof, is loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmful to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembles the Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." He is still more bitter in his "witty apophthayms," in which he avers, that "tobacco is the lively image and pattern of hell; for that it has by allusion in it all the parts and vices of the world, whereby hell may be gained. For first, it is a smoke; so are all the vanities of this world. Secondly, it delighteth them that take it; so do all the pleasures of the world. Thirdly, it maketh men drunken and light in the head; so do all the vanities of this world. Fourthly, he that taketh tobacco, saith he cannot leave it; it doth bewitch him—even so the pleasures of the world make men loath to leave them; and, further, besides all this, it is like hell in the very substance of it; for it is a stinking loathsome thing; and so is hell." And, further, his Majesty professed, that "were he to invite the devil to a dinner, he should have three dishes: first—a pig; second, a poll of ling and mustard; and, third, a pipe of tobacco for digesture."

The king's aversion was adopted by his courtiers, as a matter of courtesy, who all pretended a great horror of smoking. The people generally, however, paid no attention to this, or all the other methods which were used to discountenance it, and in some respects even carried it to a greater excess than at present, particularly by smoking tobacco in the theatres. Malone (Hist. of the English Stage), mentioning the custom in Shakspeare's time, of spectators being allowed to sit on the stage during performances, says, they were attended by pages, who furnished them with pipes and tobacco, which were smoked there, as well as in other parts of the house:—

"When young Roger goes to see a play,
His pleasure is, you place him on the stage,
The better to demonstrate his array,
And how he sits, attended by his page,
That only serves to fill those pipes with smoke,
For which he pawned bath his riding cloak."
Springs to catch Woodcocks.—1613.

And earlier, in Skialetteia, a collection of epigrams and satires, 1598:—

"See you him yonder, who sits o'er the stage,
With his tobacco pipe now at his mouth?"

This, however, was a custom much excepted against by some, as appears from a satirical epigram by Sir John Davis, 1598:—

"Who dares affirm that Sylla dares not fight?
He that dares take tobacco on the stage;
——— Dares dance in Paul's, &c."

But Hentzner's account, at this same period (1598), which Mr. Malone has omitted to quote, as to the custom mentioned, is far more explicit and amusing. Speaking of the London Play-house then, he says, "Here, and every where else, the English are constantly smoking of tobacco, and in this manner:—they have pipes on purpose, made of clay, into the further end of which they put the herb, so dry that it may be rubbed into powder, and putting fire to it, they draw the sinoak into their mouths, which they puff out again through their nostrils, like funnels, along with it plenty of phlegm and defluxion of the head." *Paul Hentzner's Journey into England, 1598.*

Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have first introduced the use of tobacco into England, and is the person King James hints at, when he speaks of the first author and introduction of it being then well remembered; and is said to have been so partial to it, that he took, says a nearly contemporary writer, "a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some formal persons were scandalized at; but, I thinke," he adds, "'twas well, and properly done to settle his spirits." And the same author adds the following curious anecdotes on this subject: "In my part of North Wilts (Malmesbury hundred), it were brought into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had, at first, silver pipes, the ordinary sorte made use of a walnut shell and a straw." I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir Walter Raleigh, standing at a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz parke, at Acton, took a pipe of

tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done. Within these 35 years," he adds, (about 1630) "it was sold then for its wayte in silver! I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say, that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Now the customes of it, are the greatest his Majesty (Charles II.) hath."

A ludicrous circumstance took place last week in the neighbourhood of Lyme. A smuggler was carrying a pair of tubs at his back, and turning a corner, came in full view of the person appointed as the receiver of seized liquors. After a moment's hesitation, his ready wit suggested the following ingenious method of escape. Although he knew the receiver, the receiver knew nothing of him. He made up to the receiver with his kegs, and laying them down before him, said, he was uncommonly glad to have met him as he had undertaken the hardest job he had ever attempted in his life.—"Sir, Master.—the exciseman axed me to take these tubs to you, and gied me 2*s.* for the job, but d—n him if I had know'd they'd been so heavy, and would ha cut my shoulder so, (here the fellow writhed most piteously) I'd see'd un to the devil afore I'd ha touched o'em." "Well, but my good man," said the receiver, "what can I do with them, I want to proceed on my journey, I hope you will carry them into my house, which is but a quarter of a mile farther."—"I'd be glad to oblige, ye Measter, but my shoulder be so a-cut that I can't do no such thing." "Come, come, my good fellow," said the receiver, "try what you can do, and here's 2*s.* more, and when you have brought 'em my wife will give you a cup of drink into the bargain." "Well," quoth the man, "I'll try what I can do," and putting the silver into his pocket, and the liquor upon his back, the receiver rode off, and the smuggler proceeded on his way, which we may naturally suppose was in any direction rather than that of the receiver's house.

When the KING some time since honoured Covent-garden with his presence, G. COLEMAN "the younger," stood behind his Majesty's chair, in full dress, as Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard, holding his halbert in his hand. On seeing him thus employed, the Duke of WELLINGTON observed, that "Coleman made a very good *Knave of Clubs*." "In that case, my Lord," replied the wit, "I have the honour to resemble your Grace, for the *Knave of Clubs* is the Hero of *Loo*, and your Grace is the Hero of *Waterloo*."

Mr. Bishop, who some years since was Master of Merchant Taylors' School, being requested by a friend to pay particular attention to his son's education, made the following reply:—"My dear Sir, my mode is to throw the learning I possess among the boys, to be scrambled for; and of course those who are the most shrewd and the most alert will pick up the largest portion."

The title of King, given to the Sovereign of these realms, is expressive of his being the chief or head of the State. The Hebrew word *Rosch* is considered as the root of all the present titles, denoting *Kingly* or *Sovereign* power: namely, the Punic *Resch*, the Scythian *Reix*, the Latin *Res*, the Spanish *Rey*, and the French *Roi*. The present English appellation, King, is, however, generally derived from the English *Gynning*, cunning or wise; and it is past dispute that all the German nations stiled their ancient Monarchs, according to their different dialects, *Konig*, *Kuning*, *Konig*, King. When the Romans held their dominion over this country, London was governed by a Præfect; but during the time of the Saxons, this city, like other maritime towns, was under the guardianship of a *Portreve*, Portoreve, or Portgrave, synonymous terms, each expressive of his being the *Geref*, or Governor, of a port or town, adjoining to, or having a direct communication with the Sea; as *Shire Reve*, whence our word Sheriff, was the *Geref*, or Governor, of a *Shire* or County.

As a gentleman was travelling, a few days since, by coach, through Berkshire, he was accosted in the following manner, in the middle of the night, by his companion, a stranger—probably of the Sister Kingdom:—"Pray, Sir, can you oblige me by saying whether we are on *this* or the *other* side of Reading?"

The late lamented and respected Mr. Todd, of Acton, Middlesex, when the Act was put in force for writing the owner's name at length on Taxed Carts, instead of "*Amos Todd, Acton, a Taxed Cart*," caused the following anagram to be inscribed—"A most odd Act on a Taxed Cart!"

Queen Anne, one day changing her dress, desired Dr. Madox, Bishop of Worcester, to read prayers in an adjoining room—the Prelate was silent. The Queen sent to know the reason. The Bishop replied—"he would not read the word of God, or rather *whistle* it, through a keyhole."

In this age of competition, even the *inimitable* compositions of puffing and poetry, in use by the sellers of tickets, and physic, and blacking, have not completely escaped attempts at imitation. A manufacturer of brimstone matches, at Bury, in Suffolk, has placarded his shop in large letters.

"Use Tomkin's Matches.

Sold within by the real Maker.

These Matches are so good and fine,

The Fire so soon does catch 'em,

In Wood, in Brimstone, and Design,

Not Hell itself can match 'em."

In our obituary of this day will be found the announcement of the death of this once celebrated lady. She died on Wednesday evening last, at her house, Adelphi-terrace, full of years, being in her 99th, having survived her husband, the inimitable David Garrick, 43 years and 9 months, he having died there on the 20th January, 1779.

Mrs. G. was married in July, 1749. Her maiden name was Violetti, and she was a native of Vienna, but chose, as Murphy says, "to grace herself with an Italian name." From the same authority we learn that "she was an elegant figure, and as a dancer greatly admired for the uncommon elegance which she displayed in all her movements." In early life she unquestionably possessed great personal attractions, as the portraits of her at Hampton (which we had lately the opportunity of seeing), bear witness.

"Signora Violetti," says Murphy, "was patronised by Lord and Lady Burlington, who, it was generally understood, gave her a fortune of six thousand pounds." This, at least, seems to attach some degree of credit, if it does not confirm the accounts of this lady which is detailed at great length in "Lee Lewes's Memoirs," vol. II. page 66, which might otherwise be regarded as a fiction. The following are a few of the particulars of this romantic narrative, and as they seem to have been unknown to, or escaped the notice of, the various biographers of the great actor, and are in themselves not uninteresting, we give them as follow:—

"MR. GARRICK'S MARRIAGE, &c.

"It is rather singular that Mr. Garrick's numerous biographers should have entirely omitted not the least of the interesting particulars of his marriage with Signora Violetti; particularly as they have thought proper to trouble the world with the most circumstantial and minute account of his foibles, peculiarities, and eccentricities.

"The late Earl of Cork and Burlington, that distinguished patron of the fine arts, had, during his tour through Italy, an amour with a young lady of family, in the city of Florence. Their intimacy produced, at a naturally expected period, a sweet pledge of their endearments. His Lordship was unfortunately called home before he could have the pleasure of beholding the dear offspring of his tender attachment; and the mother, although she was abandoned by her relatives for the disgrace she had brought upon her family, sought in her infant the only comfort she could find for the absence of its beloved father. Family considerations obliged him, soon after his return from Italy, to form a matrimonial connection with a native of his own country. But this union of family prudence and accommodation could not obliterate his fond remembrance of his former love, nor the affection which he felt as a parent. In a word, he deserted neither the Italian lady nor his child: he sent ample remittances to her, and actually corresponded with her by letters and several trusty messengers, whom he employed for the purpose of hearing faithfully the state of the mother and her infant, who he had every reason to believe was his own. The lovely girl received from her well-bred mother a virtuous, and an accomplished education. She was the delight of her parents; and the great advances she made in every branch of politeness and elegance, rendered her capable of adorning the most exalted spheres of life. Unfortunately, before she arrived at womanhood she lost her mother, whom he had the affliction to see gradually falling the victim of a cause too latent for her to discover; and as her mother never gave her the least personal knowledge of her real father, she thus found herself, at a very early period of life, in the situation of an orphan, without a parent to guide, protect, or cherish that period of female life, when all around is danger and delusion. She had, however, the satisfaction of learning from her mother that her father was of a family both honourable and noble. His Lordship having early intelligence of the death of the amiable woman, immediately formed a plan for completing the education of his daughter, which the mother had, with his liberal and powerful assistance, considerably advanced towards a state of singular perfection. To effect this desirable purpose, he wrote to a person at Florence, in whom he had great confidence, to take instantly charge of the young creature. This person, however, proved so unfaithful, as to appropriate the greater part of the allowance that should have supported and educated the absent daughter with every splendour and accommodation becoming her descent. She was even thankful to him for an engagement he obtained for her as a dancer in the Opera-house of the Great Duke; so much was she deceived by the pretences and representations of this perfidious monster, that she even received the most trifling allowance as the gratuity of his own beneficence. Her appointment as a dancer soon reaching the ears of her noble father and protector, made him resolve that she should no longer continue at such a distance from his care and observance. Being arrived at the most precarious time of life, and her situation being, in every respect, truly hazardous, still more determined him to dispatch a messenger for her, who engaged her to come to England at a much greater salary than she could ever possibly expect to have in Italy. The offer was irresistible, and either a presentiment of what followed, or a desire to visit other climes, induced her to take the earliest opportunity of coming to England.

"The period of the arrival of Signora Violetti was soon after Mr. Garrick (with whom she was engaged) commenced manager of Drury-lane Theatre. The graces that attended her first appearance, charmed and prepossessed every spectator in her favour. "She won the hearts of all the swains, and rivalled all the fair." Modesty, like her native handmaid, waited on all her steps; and Dame Fortune, however cruel to others, lavished upon her the most desirable of her bounties.

"My readers must almost anticipate my informing them, that the Noble Lord, her father, although under covert, was not the less zealous or inactive in establishing her reputa-

tion. He likewise embraced every opportunity of conversing with his fair offspring in her native language, in which he found her possess all the perfection his most anxious wishes could have formed. But these frequent and pleasing conversations to both were not yet sufficiently satisfactory to the parent, who was naturally impatient to have the mutual enjoyment that arises from filial and parental intercourse, uncontrouled by disguise, and unfettered by mystery. Nothing could possibly ease the solicitude of the anxious parent but providing her an asylum under his own roof. To accomplish this desirable object, required the greatest delicacy and discretion. His Lordship being blessed with a daughter * some years younger than Signora Violetti, this circumstance suggested to him the idea of having his fair exotic the tutoress of her unknown sister. Signora winning incessantly on his affections, increased his impatience to effect his purpose of having her in his family. As his daughter by his Lady frequently accompanied him to the theatre, he availed himself of this circumstance, to create an esteem in her for her unknown relation, the admired dancer.—Particularly specifying her graces and excellences, he soon caused his honourable daughter to feel warmly in the interest of Signora. Finding that he had thus far succeeded in his wishes, he asked her one night as they were sitting in the stage box, if she would approve of Signor Violetti as companion and tutoress in the Italian tongue, in which he informed her that she was most eminently perfect, and that her other accomplishments were equally excellent. He was happy to find his ardent wishes almost anticipated, by the ready and pleased compliance of the young lady. Signora was, therefore, conveyed the same night in his Lordship's carriage, to the town mansion in Piccadilly.

"This fair and amiable *stranger at home* found her accommodations in that abode of hospitality, in every respect equal, and even surpassing the most sanguine wishes of her heart. And she felt herself for the first time in a state of happiness, in which nature had more concern than reason at present could explain. But as the tenor of human comfort was not meant to consist in a continuity of satisfaction, her's was soon interrupted by him who wounds every breast, either to fill it often with the balm of enjoyment, or the bitterness of affliction. Love sat heavy on her breast, and pallid on her cheek. Her charms withered, and her health decayed; until nature, exhausted, obliged her to recline on the couch of sickness. Here, to the great alarm and concern of her unknown relations, she languished a considerable time. Her amiable pupil was uncommonly concerned; perhaps the ties of nature latently increased the affliction; the ablest physicians were obtained for her relief; but notwithstanding all the care, ability, and tenderness, that were employed for her recovery, the violence of her indisposition frustrated every endeavour. Her own delicacy would not permit her to divulge the secret cause of her malady. Although it threatened her with almost an instantaneous dissolution, yet the hopes of a cure could not induce her to acknowledge herself the victim of affection. His Lordship felt the bitter pangs of a loving parent, distressed by the visible decline of an amiable daughter. He saw, with extreme distress, the tender plant that he was with so much care and anxiety fostering, wither beneath the cold hand of an invisible disease. His Lady was, likewise, greatly affected, and sympathized with her Noble partner, for the loss they were all likely to sustain. Her Ladyship, however, not despairing of a remedy being found, took the most prudential and effectual method, by delicately searching the tender heart of the afflicted fair one. Doctor Mead, the Esculapius of his day, pronouncing her disorder beyond his power, or even that of medicine, to remove, prompted the good lady to divine the cause. She was convinced that *love* alone was the disturber of her mind, and the destroyer of her frame. Assured of this, her Ladyship made her fair guest a visit, resolving, if possible, to discover the latent cause of her indisposition. For this purpose, she, with great address, asked her where she felt the most pain? and in what manner particularly she was affected? Not receiving to these questions, and some others of a similar nature, the most explicit answers, her first suspicions were still stronger confirmed. With all the tender delicacy, therefore, which distinguished her amiable character, she seized her hand with benign sympathy, and declared she was most extremely happy to have discovered that the cause of her malady was not incurable. 'The cause is love,' said she, 'and for which I think a certain cure may be found.' The change she perceived this observation made in her fair patient, confirmed its propriety. She then entreated the indisposed damsel to own to her, who was the object of her affection; and promised, upon her honour, not to betray her confidence. She farther prevailed, by assuring her that she would, were it possible, obtain for her the object of her languishing desires. 'I have so great an opinion of your discretion, my dear Signora,' continued the worthy Lady, 'that you could not possibly fix your affections on an improper object, that I am the more impatient to know who he is, that I may the sooner find the means of restoring you to your wonted charms, health, and happiness. My Lord is deeply afflicted in consequence of your indisposition. He is, indeed, much more distressed than I could have thought he could, with all his tenderness of nature, have been for any stranger to his blood, even as amiable as you are, my dear Signora.'

"O, my dear Madam! said the much to be pitied young lady, 'spare me, spare me! I dare not confess my weakness, even to you—all-gracious as you have been to your orphan charge. And I cannot express the remorse I feel at my being obliged to behave with ingratitude to your dear Lord, by concealing from him as well as from you, two such generous benefactors, what preys upon my existence, and must finally bear me to my grave.'

* She was afterwards married to the most Noble Marquis of Harrington; who, on the demise of his father, came to the title and estate of Duke of Devonshire.

My dear Signora, replied the lady, 'tis now in your power to acquit yourself of all conceived obligation to both him and me, by so far convincing us we deserve your confidence, as to trust us with the important secret. We would wish to have this assurance of your reposing in our zealous efforts being exerted in your welfare. It is no idle curiosity that urges my intreaty, but an indescribable interest I feel in your favour. Should there be found, upon inquiry, any insuperable bar to an honourable union, that can alone restore you to your former peace of mind, the secret shall ever remain undiscovered to the impertinence of inquiry, or the censure of malignity.'

"The above candid, sincere, and interesting declaration of the good lady was too prevailing. It won at once the confidence and heartfelt gratitude of the afflicted fair one. She confessed 'that Mr. Garrick was the object of her esteem; but that he was as yet entirely ignorant of being the cause of what she had so severely felt from her tender attachment.'

"The amiable lady, with the greatest concern, heard this confession, and told her with symptoms of apprehension, that she feared the possibility of her desires ever being gratified by the attainment of their object: that Mr. Garrick was a young fellow universally caressed by families of the first distinction, and one who had been already suspected of aspiring to rank and fortune in a matrimonial alliance. She represented likewise to her languishing patient many other difficulties; but, finding they had visibly affected the tender state of the now all-desponding fair, she assured her that no means should be left untried. She begged that neither languor nor hopeless grief should be suffered to prey any longer on her almost exhausted frame. 'Confide,' said she, 'in my Lord's good offices, and be assured of our best efforts being exerted to obtain you consolation and relief.'

"His Lordship was rejoiced that his Lady had obtained the secret cause of his beloved (although unavowed) daughter's indisposition: in proportion to its concealment having caused him the greatest uneasiness, its discovery afforded him pleasure. Being possessed of the truth, his hopes of his child's speedy recovery began to revive. Knowing Garrick's love for money was the ray of his expectation, and the guide of his measures, Mr. Garrick was instantly sent for to his house. He had no sooner arrived, and inquired after the health of Signora, then his Lordship opened the negotiation of Hymen, by informing him with a smile, 'that the lady's indisposition was not to be removed by any other than one Doctor Garrick, an intimate acquaintance of his.'

"'Pray, my dear Lord,' said the astonished manager, 'explain yourself.'

"'Well, Sir,' answered his lordship, 'should you find, upon the strictest inquiry, that Signora Violetti is a lady of family and fortune, and possessed of every virtue indispensable to the honour of the female character, do you think you could satisfactorily receive her from my hands, with a portion of ten † thousand pounds? And here let me inform you that she is my daughter.'

"The enraptured Garrick gave his Lordship ten thousand thanks for the unmerited honour and fortune to which he so unexpectedly, but generously invited him. He at the same time declared, with all due decorum, 'that the lady was, from the first moment of his acquaintance with her, far from being indifferent to either his views or his wishes; and that he had ever felt more than a common interest in her favour.'

'You add to my satisfaction, and relieve the parental apprehensions I felt for the recovery of my daughter,' replied his Lordship; 'until the cause of her complaint was discovered, the fear of losing my child was my constant affliction. And now, Doctor, if you please, I will conduct you to your patient. My Lady will, I know, accompany us.'

"When Mr. Garrick entered the chamber, he flew to the bed-side of his enamoured fair, and acted his part with as much grace, and perhaps more nature, than he had ever performed it on the stage. His Lordship then pleasantly informed her, that her Doctor had been in danger of the same disorder, and from the same cause—an obstinate and unnecessary silence. From this auspicious hour the God of Health reloomed her cheek, and re-illuminated her eye. And the English Roscius continued unremitting in his attendance on the young lady, whose cure was speedily effected, to the great joy of the Noble family.

"The nuptials being celebrated, Mr. Edward Moore, the ingenious city poet, inscribed a very pretty copy of verses to Mrs. Garrick, wherein he describes Fortune in search of a favourite daughter. After many a weary step, she stopped her giddy wheel at Burlington-gate, where she found the object of her inquiry, and lavished on her the choicest of her favours."

† Mr. Murphy mentions the sum to have been six thousand pounds.

This venerable lady, it is said, visited Westminster Abbey about a month ago, and addressing the Clergyman who attended her, she said, "I suppose there is not room enough for me to be laid by the side of my dear David." The Clergyman assured her that there would be room enough. She then said with an air of pleasantry, "I wish to know, not that I think I am likely soon to require it, for I am yet a mere girl, but only for the satisfaction of my feelings against the time when I must submit to the will of Heaven."

In the character of the late Mrs. Garrick there was a singular mixture of parsimony and liberality. She has been known to give fifty pounds at one time to the poor at Hampton, and on the instant deny herself the common comforts of life. Her wine-cellar she has not opened for many years together, and a dish of tea was the usual extent of her hospitality. She always stated herself to be poor; as an apology for the ruinous condition in which the house and offices at Hampton now are. To save fuel and secure herself from damp, a room in the attic served her "for parlour, for kitchen and hall." She kept one female servant at Hampton, who resided with her many years; and to compensate the poor woman and a numerous family (for

her wages were small indeed) the house and grounds were shown to visitors, unknown to the old lady. The furniture of the house at Hampton is exactly as it was left by Garrick; and, except the curious old china and the paintings, worth very little. The chairs, sofas, and chandeliers in the drawing-room (the fashion of the times in which Garrick lived), are unworthy a common tavern of the present day. There are several portraits of Mrs. Garrick in different apartments, taken when young, by which it would seem her appearance was then extremely fascinating. Mrs. Garrick's greatest pride was (when health would permit) in promenading her picturesque grounds, and explaining with enthusiastic delight the age and date of each tall tree, planted by herself and Mr. Garrick. We believe there is not another instance, —with the exception of Pope's Lord Bathurst,—of a person living to witness so many noble trees grow from sapling to complete maturity in the lifetime of the proprietor and occupant. During the summer months she would indulge in an occasional walk on the lawn and terrace on the banks of the Thames, at the end of which Garrick built the mausoleum for the statue of Shakespeare and the celebrated chair; here Mrs. Garrick would sip her tea, and, in the society of one female or so, recount the pleasures she enjoyed in the same place, in the society and conversation of her husband, and their noble and learned guests.

Garrick loved his wife, but he was anxious that, after his death, she should not only continue a widow, but remain in this country; his will contains many restrictions on these points. In case she married or went abroad, she was not only to be deprived of one-third of her income, but entirely of the houses and furniture both at Hampton and on the Adelphi-terrace. Notwithstanding Mrs. Garrick's constant complaint about her property, and the narrowness and inadequacy of her income, she has left nearly seventy thousand pounds behind her. She was a rigid Catholic, and when at Hampton, if health and the weather permitted, used to attend the Chapel at Isleworth on a Sunday.

Her "ruling passion" was to consider all dramatic effort as trifling when compared with Garrick—he was indeed the "god of her idolatry."

The anglers will recollect two stately willows on the lawn, rendered sacred by the temple appropriated to Shakspeare: they were planted by Garrick, and in the midst of a violent storm, which proved fatal to one of them, Mrs. Garrick was seen running about the grounds in the wildest disorder, exclaiming "Oh my Garrick! my Garrick!"

Her letter of remonstrance against Kean's *Abel Drugger* was:—"Dear Sir, you don't know how to play *Abel Drugger*." His reply was—"Dear Madam, I know it."

George Garrick and David were inseparable friends, as well as brothers; the former used constantly, on returning to the theatre, to inquire at the stage door if David had wanted him. On surviving his brother but a very short period, Charles Bannister gravely remarked, "It was no wonder, since David wanted him!"

Of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick it may be said that a fonder pair never existed. "In sweetest harmony they lived" to the latest period of their lives. We may therefore fairly presume, that when the widow died "David wanted her."

Mrs. Garrick was in the habit of making a pilgrimage every year to her husband's tomb in Westminster-Abbey, on the anniversary of his death. The manner in which she lingered about the stone under which the ashes of her husband rest, attracted upon one occasion the notice of the individuals to whose care the interior of the Abbey is intrusted. They asked her if she would like to be accommodated with a chair? She replied in the negative; adding, that her chief desire was to be left alone for a few minutes. The vergers accordingly retired. On rejoining them, she asked them whether the seventh volume of some edition of Shakspeare (probably Johnson's) had been placed upon her husband's coffin at the time of his funeral? They answered that they did not know, or that they had not heard of such a circumstance. On opening the vault, for the purpose of consigning Mrs. Garrick herself to it, the volume of Shakspeare (in question) was found upon Garrick's coffin; the binding was quite perfect, but the paper was much decayed, and the letter-press entirely defaced, in consequence of the damp.

On Tuesday the Executors of the late Mrs. Garrick, namely, the Rev. Thomas Rackett (accompanied by a nephew) and Fredrick Beltz, Esq., proceeded from the Adelphi-terrace, in Mrs. G.'s favourite crane-necked chariot, to the celebrated residence at Hampton. They had previously been partially occupied with separating the property at the Terrace, setting apart what is to go to the British Museum, in pursuance of the provisions of Mr. Garrick's will; that which has been otherwise disposed of by the wills of the late Mr. and Mrs. Garrick, and the portions of property that are to be disposed of by auction: and, in completion of these preliminary labours, the executors went to Hampton, where, during Tuesday and yesterday, they were wholly occupied with such laborious proceedings. They were chiefly engaged in distinguishing the books, of which there are here, as well as at the Adelphi-terrace, an immense quantity, besides those that are "given" to the public, and will now be forwarded to the British Museum for public inspection, as well as custody. Most of the books are in excellent condition, notwithstanding the constant use that was made of the library, particularly the large one at the house in the Adelphi-terrace. The rich and extensive stores in those libraries were constantly made to contribute to the entertainment and edification of Mrs. Garrick. She regularly read for several hours a day, during the subsequent period of her existence—never less than four hours each day, even when the weather permitted her to leave home for a journey to Hampton, or for an airing in her chariot; and when her impaired sight would not enable her to read with comfort to herself, during the last three or four years of her existence, she regularly had her servant to read to her, for at least four hours, and for six hours on those days on

which she was unable, on account of the unfitness of the weather, to leave her residence.

Mrs. Garrick was a lady of what may be termed an indefatigable character, and one whose merits have recently been unworthily depreciated; not that such depreciation will carry much weight with it, since Garrick himself, notwithstanding his boundless taste and generosity—a generosity and taste that cause tears to mantle in the eyes, and an indignant energy to mark the countenances of those who live and who *knew* David Garrick—even he was not suffered to escape from the opprobrium which the charge of meanness is sure to affix to character, especially celebrated character. Such was Mrs. G.'s indefatigable character, that during the last season she went to the theatres four times, and sometimes oftener, during the week, besides the invariable course of reading, taking the air, visiting Hampton, &c., already mentioned. Even on the day on which she died, Mrs. G. had made arrangements to go to Drury-lane Theatre, to be present at its opening. In the morning of that day she was very well; soon afterwards, however, she was taken ill, and was soon a corpse. But it has been erroneously stated that Mrs. G. died in the sheets in which her revered husband had expired. She had always guarded them, it is true, with religious care, and had frequently said that it was her wish to die in the sheets in which her "dear David" had breathed his last; but such was the suddenness of her indisposition, that there was not the opportunity of complying with her affectionate wish. Mr. Carr, the solicitor, of John-street, Bedford-row, who was well acquainted with Mrs. G. and her intimate thoughts and particular wishes, on coming to town after Mrs. G.'s decease, caused her remains to be laid on those carefully-treasured sheets. Her wish to be buried in Westminster Abbey was also earnestly attended to; but at one time it was thought that it could not be complied with, owing to Mrs. G. being a Catholic, and to the reluctance to consent to a female being buried in the Abbey, except she should be of the Royal Family, or celebrated for her literary talents; and the Dean of Westminster's permission was obtained only on the Thursday preceding the Friday morning on which Mrs. Garrick was buried. Mrs. G.'s coffin was placed in the vault above that of her deceased husband.

There have been many removals of the property since the personal attendance of the executors. The celebrated mulberry-tree chair used to be stationed on the right-hand side of the statue of Shakspeare, in the octagonal temple built by Mr. Garrick on the lawn fronting the Thames, specially for the reception of that beautiful statue by Roubilliac; but since the executors have been at Hampton, they have caused it to be removed to the drawing-room, in which they have been engaged, arranging the books, &c.

There have been many visitors at the Adelphi-terrace as well as at Hampton, endeavouring to gain views of the residences of the late Mr. and Mrs. Garrick; but the executors have given strict orders not to admit any strangers, to which the several domestics have strictly attended. Many persons have gone in their carriages, but they failed to obtain the desired inspection.

On Wednesday evening the Rev. Thomas Rackett and Frederick Beltz, Esq. the executors under the late Mrs. Garrick's will, left Hampton, after having been wholly occupied during two days in looking over the books, paintings, &c. separating what are to go to the British Museum, and the articles that are disposed of as legacies, from those that are to be brought to the hammer. To the Rev. J. Rackett Mrs. Garrick has left 100*l.* in prints and books; and to Mr. Beltz 50*l.* in books and prints, and 100*l.* in money. Mr. Beltz belongs to the Herald's College, and is a Member of the Antiquarian Society. He had long been (as well as Mr. Rackett) on most intimate terms with Mrs. Garrick, and was her confidential adviser in many of her affairs, especially as to transmitting money to Vienna. A niece of Mrs. G., on her own side, now lives at Vienna; and to that niece she wills a life-interest in the residue of her property.

According to present arrangements, it is expected there will be two sales by auction; one in the town residence on the Adelphi Terrace, and the other at Hampton. Many things, however, that are at present at Hampton, are expected to be removed to town; and large quantities of the property that were in the upper rooms of the Hampton mansion have been, by orders, and under the personal inspection of the executors, brought into the drawing and neighbouring rooms.

As mentioned in a previous article, the celebrated chair made from the *Mulberry Tree* planted by Shakspeare, has been removed from the temple on the lawn to the drawing-room. That chair, it may be remembered, was constructed according to a design furnished by Hogarth; and it certainly is an elegantly-finished and appropriately-decorated piece of furniture. The lovers of *Shaksperian reliques* will learn with regret that it has sustained some injuries, appearing to have been chipped in several parts by persons who were anxious (but who showed their anxiety in a most unjustifiable manner) to possess portions, however small they might be, of the memorable tree. The dilapidations, however, to which the chair, so sacred to the admirers of Shakspeare and of Garrick, has hitherto been subjected, have now, it is to be hoped, terminated. It is understood at Hampton that the chair is to accompany Roubilliac's statue of Shakspeare, and that both are to be placed in the British Museum. They ought not to be separated. The statue, and all the collection of old English plays, were "given" to the Trustees of the British Museum for the time being, "for the use of the public;" but no mention is made of the chair. However, as Mr. Garrick's will gives the power to sell the property, not otherwise disposed of, after Mrs. G.'s life, "by public or private sale, as they shall think proper," doubtless both will be, as they ought to be, secured to the public. Garrick, like Shakspeare, belonged to the nation; and the guardianship of

their names, and of what may tend to gratify the admirers of the genius of their possessors, ought to be secured to the country. Should that be the case, and we earnestly hope that such may be the result, we trust that the celebrated chair will be stationed on the right-hand side of the statue, for it was so placed by Garrick in his Shakspeare Temple; and further, that means may be taken to secure the chair, as well as the statue, from the unhallowed hands of those who would only touch that they might clandestinely despoil.

Having spoken of Shakspeare's Temple, it may be due to the memory of Mrs. Garrick, as well as that of Mr. Garrick—for the widow was indefatigable in her efforts to guard what she knew her "dear David" held in enthusiastic esteem—to correct statements that originated with a contemporary respecting those who made inroads on the Garrick property without leave. It stated, in illustration of Mrs. G.'s manners, that a gentleman got on one of the islands in the branch of the River Thames that passes the mansion and lawn; and that Mrs. G. thereupon threw up an attic window, hallooed most lustily, indulged in oaths, and desired the trespasser to "get off." In the first place, such is the distance from the house to the island, the fore-court, the public carriage road, the wide lawn, part of the river only intervening, that a person might halloo from a window in the MORNING HERALD Office to an offender on Waterloo bridge with as much chance of being heard, as Mrs. G. had of making herself audible to the culprit on the island. But to perfect the story, the exact words were given—"What do you do there?—Get off!" Unfortunately for the accuracy of this story—which indeed requires nothing farther to be stated to show its extreme improbability—the island did not belong to Mrs. G.—that island, with another a little lower down, had been rented on lease by Mr. Garrick, but the leases have long since expired. However, the islands that did not belong to the Garrick family were willed away by the same character with as much propriety as Mrs. G. was stated to have hallooed to, and to have been distinctly heard by the gentleman on the island! It is true that Mrs. G. was tenaciously particular in protecting the lawn from interlopers, towards one end of which lawn is stationed the Shaksperian Temple; and when that fact is stated, when it is known what the temple contained—when it is recollected what is the present state of the mulberry-tree chair, after all the care that has been taken—when it is known what liberties *Sunday-water parties* some-how or other consider themselves privileged to take—and when Mrs. G.'s enthusiastic veneration for what had belonged to her "dear David" is borne in mind, it must cease to be matter of surprise or blame, that she sometimes warned persons from the lawn. This Mrs. G. has frequently done; and if she were not instantly obeyed, she proceeded in no very ceremonious manner. She was angry to find trespassers there, being persuaded that sensible people would not be guilty of such an offence; and if they did not immediately obey her commands to "get off," she would speak and act with much indignation. On one occasion she found a fisherman (but no Apostle) prowling about the (to her) sacred Temple; and as he did not very promptly comply with the mandate to retire, Mrs. Garrick, with her own hands, so indignantly assisted the offending fisherman to re-embark, that he came in contact with old Father Thames (who was as little ceremonious as Mrs. G.), before he regained the safety and independence of his own bark.

For some years past, however, Mrs. G. even when remaining at Hampton, was scarcely ever known to wander along the garden, through the grotto or archway, to the lawn by the water's edge, except to pay an occasional and transient visit to the statue of Shakspeare, and to sit for a moment or two in her "dear David's" favourite chair; indeed, it is now upwards of a year since she last visited Hampton. At stated periods, she sent persons thither in her own carriage to convey orders, to pay bills, &c. but even when she was accustomed to be at Hampton, so secluded were her habits—not morose but retired, that the inhabitants of Hampton hardly ever knew that Mrs. G. was there, except they happened to see the coachman and footman about, or when Mrs. G. went out to take an airing. The present housekeeper, a respectable elderly woman, with children and grandchildren, had been regularly engaged by Mrs. Garrick for upwards of twenty years; and previously to that period she was occasionally employed by Mrs. G. To Mrs. Walton, the housekeeper, at Hampton, Mrs. G. has left 1000*l.* besides having for many years behaved well to her and her children. To the coachman, who had been with Mrs. G. only about half a year, she has left 30*l.*; and he, as well as the footman, who used to read to his Mistress latterly for four or six hours a day, have related that though Mrs. Garrick, from her retired habits, might appear odd-tempered in the estimation of some, they did not know what it was to have cross or angry words from her. To all her servants Mrs. G. has left something, with the exception of two weekly labourers employed in the gardens. At Hampton, the inhabitants speak well of her;—she did not keep any company, but she joined in the charities of the place. She had not the means of her "dear David," as she constantly styled our immortal *Roscus*, but where charities were concerned, she imitated his example; and of the memory, the taste, and the liberality of Mr. Garrick, there are some aged inhabitants who speak most ardently, and it might be added, delightfully.

Mrs. Garrick's hatchment is now placed over the portico in front of the mansion at Hampton;—that of Mr. Garrick is in Hampton Church, where the Garrick family still have a pew, and where Mrs. G.'s hatchment will eventually have a place. There are fourteen hatchments in this church; amongst others, those of King George III. and his Queen, placed there on their being removed from Hampton Court Palace. Hampton is a Royal parish, the Palace being within its precincts.

MRS. GARRICK AND HER WILL.

She leaves to Mrs. Siddons a pair of gloves, which were Shakspeare's, and were presented to her late dear husband during the Jubilee at Stratford, by one of her (Mrs. S.'s) family.

To the Theatrical Fund of Drury-lane Theatre, two hundred pounds.

To Hannah More, one hundred pounds.

To Christopher Garrick, her nephew, the gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, given her late husband by the King of Denmark.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, the snuff-box given to her late husband by the Duke of Parma.

To her nephew, Christopher Garrick, and his wife, all the plate which was bought upon her marriage; also a service of *pewtter*, which her husband used when a bachelor, bearing the name of Garrick, with a wish that the same should always remain with the head of the family; also the picture of her husband in the character of *Richard the Third*, which was purchased by her after her husband's decease.

To Nathaniel Egerton Garrick, a portrait, painted by Zoffany, of her husband without a wig, which she bought after his decease of Mrs. Bradshaw, to whom it had been given as a present.

To Dowager Lady Amherst, her ring set with diamonds, having King Charles's oak in it, and a small gold box used for keeping black sticking plaster.

To Lady Anson, wife of Sir Wm. Anson, her dejeuner set of Dresden porcelain, and to the said Sir Wm. Anson her gold antique cameo ring.

To the St. George's Hospital, Middlesex ditto, Lying-in ditto, Magdalene ditto, Refuge for the Destitute, and Society for the Indigent Blind, one hundred pounds each.

To the London Orphan Society fifty pounds.

Three hundred pounds to be invested in the name of the Vicar of Hampton for the time being, and the interest expended in a supply of coals for the poor of the parish.

To Archdeacon Pett two hundred pounds towards the education of the poor children of St. Martin's parish.

To the Rev. Mr. Archer, Minister of the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Warwick-street, one hundred pounds, and a farther sum of one hundred pounds for the education of the Charity Children of Warwick-street Chapel.

There are innumerable other legacies of articles of plate, jewels, linen, &c. and money to a considerable amount, but of no material public interest. Her executors are the Rev. Thomas Rackett and Frederick Beltz, Esq. To the former she leaves books and prints to the value of one hundred pounds, and to the latter fifty pounds in books and prints, and one hundred pounds in money. After discharging the numerous legacies, her debts and funeral expenses, Mrs. Garrick directs the residue of her estate, including a bond for six thousand pounds due from the late and present Duke of Devonshire to the late Mr. Garrick, to be converted into cash, and afterwards invested in Austrian securities for her niece Elizabeth de Saar, wife of Peter de Saar of Vienna, for her sole use and benefit during her life, and after her death to her grandchildren.

Mrs. Garrick conceived, by her misconstruction of a clause in her husband's will, that she was entitled to all the estates and property not specified, as "Next of Kin," and in that case her disposable estate would have been very large; but the Chancellor decided against her, and in favour of Mr. Garrick's relations, so that Mrs. Garrick had at her disposal only fourteen thousand pounds. The mansion and grounds at Hampton, together with the two islands or aytes on the river Thames opposite the gardens, and all the houses and cottages in that quarter; the house on the Adelphi-terrace, the furniture and pictures both there and in the house at Hampton, will now be sold for the benefit of Garrick's relations. The old lady was penurious and liberal by turns, both as it respected herself and those about her. If she had a roasted chicken for dinner, she would *herself* the second day grill the legs, and the third day mince the remainder. She was full of suspicion as to being over-reached, though often charitable, especially towards worthy objects. The solitary housekeeper at the house at Hampton led a very miserable life whilst her mistress was there. At Hampton and in the Adelphi she resided generally in the upper rooms, and not in the best apartments, where fires were seldom if ever lighted. Towards the latter part of her life she became testy, and morose in temper, and could upon an occasion use strong expressions. A few years back, a gentleman, who resided at Hampton, was rowing in a boat upon the river in that neighbourhood, when, for some cause or other, he got upon one of the little islands opposite Garrick's grounds. The old lady being at the window in her room in the attic story, threw up the sash, and hallooed most lustily, preluding with an oath not of the most delicate description, "What do you do there? get off."

Hampton House is agreeably situated on the margin of the river Thames, at the distance of about thirteen miles from London. The seat was purchased by Garrick in 1754, but was then of smaller dimensions than at present, and the attached grounds had received little improvement. The building, as it now stands, has experienced no important alteration since his time, and its leading architectural characteristics is entirely the work of his own creation. As an evidence of the taste of so distinguished and memorable a contributor to "the gaiety of nations," few will pass this structure with indifference, and most travellers will regard it with blended respect and curiosity. It may be observed that many persons connected with the factitious splendour of the theatrical world affect a redundancy of embellishment when they construct a retirement from the mimic throne of their professional pageantry. It was otherwise with this great actor of nature. The present chief front of Hampton

House was erected for Garrick by the Messrs. Adams, and it is of a sedate and truly respectable character. The same correct judgment prevails throughout the whole of the interior. We have been recently favoured with an inspection of these premises, and have found abundant cause to admire the simplicity of taste which led this unequalled practitioner in the histrionic art to cultivate in family privacy the easy dignity of the English Gentleman. A ready excuse may be found for some egotism in a man of so unique a genius. In different apartments are paintings by Zoffany, representing Garrick and other performers in various dramatic characters. There is also a very small portrait of Garrick on pannel by Sir Joshua Reynolds; it is evidently the one from which the print is engraved, which is prefixed to Murphy's Life of Roscius, and which is about half the size of the original, from which it is copied. The pictures, like the house, are but in sorry condition. This Villa, until her decease, was the occasional residence of Mrs. Garrick. The house is, at present, we lament to say, in a sad dilapidated and ruinous condition, and the offices and coach houses contiguous in comparative decay. This was once a place of hospitable splendour. Indeed, so ambitious was Garrick of the character of hospitality, that he not only entertained his noble and learned guests, but he afforded accommodation to their carriages and servants as well as themselves; he attached to his house nearly one dozen extra coach houses, all of which remain to this day. The narrowness of Mrs. Garrick's income, and her exceedingly charitable disposition, prevented her repairing the house; she generally resided in the attics; but the greatest part of the grounds, especially towards the Thames, are more picturesque and beautiful than they were originally. "Amongst other instances of paternal regard for the poor," says Davis, "he had a few years before his death instituted a little annual feast for children. Every 1st of May he invited all the children of the village to come into his garden. There he distributed to them large pieces of cake, with a small present of money; and on this anniversary I have been told," (adds Davies) "it was his intention in future to have increased his donations." Lord Orford in his "Letters" mentions a dinner of which he partook at Hampton House, at which were present several of the nobility, the Spanish Ambassador, and other distinguished characters; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1774, is an account of a *Fete Champetre* given there, on which occasion the temple of Shakspeare and the gardens were illuminated with six thousand lamps. Our readers doubtless recollect that Dr. Johnson after viewing the expensive decorations of the villa and the attached grounds is said to have exclaimed—"Ah! David, David! these are things which make a death-bed terrible."—The gardens attached to Hampton House were laid out with much elegance of taste, under the direction of Garrick. These grounds are divided from the Thames by a public road, beneath which is worked a path, conducting to a fine lawn on the border of the river Thames. In a picturesque spot on the back of that river Garrick erected a Temple in honour of Shakspeare. The building is of brick, and of an octangular form; a handsome portico in front, supported by stone pillars, with a flight of five or six steps of the same material. The interior is adorned by a marble statue of our bard, executed by Roubilliac, which possesses the usual characteristics of that artist. The expression is overcharged, and it has rather too much the air of the dancing-master. Lord Orford notices this votive structure in the following terms, in a letter addressed to Richard Bentley:—"Garrick is building a grateful temple to Shakspeare. I offered him this motto:—*Quod spiro et places, si places tuum est.*" Garrick, by his will, bequeathed this statue to his widow for her life; and after her decease, to the trustees of the British Museum, as national property. Here too was deposited the famous chair, said to be carved from Shakspeare's celebrated mulberry tree, and other furniture; but as some depredations were committed during the last winter, they were removed into the house for greater security. As we see no mention in the will of this precious relic, we presume its fate will be decided in the same manner as the other effects, by the hammer.

SHAKSPERIAN RELIQUES.

Mrs. Garrick, by her will, it has been stated, "leaves to Mrs. Siddons a pair of gloves which were Shakspeare's, and were presented to her late dear husband during the Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, by one of Mrs. S.'s family." It would be gratifying to the amateurs in, and collectors of, *Shaksperian reliques*, if indeed there be any "gloves" in existence that are so described in Mrs. Garrick's will, to know on what authority they are termed "Shakspeare's." Garrick's Shaksperian reliques have been described in a previous article, mentioning those that had not recently been noticed, the information being founded on local authorities; but they were limited to articles made from the memorable *mulberry tree*—the chair at Hampton, designed by Hogarth, and the *wand* and *medallion*, presented to Mr. Garrick by the Corporation of Stratford on the occasion of the Jubilee.

According to writers who have laboriously sought to discover something that had belonged to Shakspeare, particularly Mr. Wheler, the author of the History of Stratford, to which reference was made on a previous occasion, and which writer is yet alive, such exertions had hitherto been vain. That Gentleman has stated in print that he possesses a *Ring* which he believes to have been Shakspeare's; and his reasons for entertaining that belief are plausible, if not forcible. The history of that ring, at the present moment in particular, merits brief notice; not only as being connected with the name of our immortal Bard, but as tending to show what evidence exists regarding Shakspeare's Ring or Gloves. It appears that on March 16, 1810, an ancient gold seal-ring, weighing 12 dwts., and bearing the initials W. S. engraved in

Roman characters, was found by a labourer's wife upon the surface of the Mill-cloze, adjoining Stratford Church Yard, being the exact spot whereon Mr. Oldaker has since erected his present Residence. The Ring had undoubtedly been lost a good many years, it being nearly black; and it was purchased on the same day by the above-mentioned Mr. Wheeler for 36s. (the current value of the gold); but previously to such purchase being effected, the woman had unfortunately destroyed the "*precious ærugo*;" she having consented to have it immersed in *aqua fortis* at a silversmith's shop, to ascertain and prove the metal colour which consequently restored its original. It is of tolerably large dimensions, and evidently a gentleman's ring of Elizabeth's age. Similar seal rings are represented on contemporary paintings and monuments; and the crossing of the central lines of the W. with the oblique direction of the lines of the S., exactly agree with the characters of that day. For proof, the curious investigator will not be required to wander further than Stratford Church, where the Clopton and Totness's tombs will furnish abundant representations of rings, and Shakspeare's monument of letters, perfectly corresponding in point of shape. The connexion, or union of the letters by the ornamental string and tassels was then frequently used, of which numberless instances may be found upon seals and upon inscriptions in painted windows and in the title pages of books of that period, and for further coincidence of circumstances, it may be observed over the porch leading into the hall of Charlcothe-house, near Stratford (erected in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, by the very Sir Thomas Lucy said to have prosecuted Shakspeare for deer-stealing), that the letters T. L. are connected in a way precisely similar.

Immediately after the finding of such ring, it occurred to Mr. Wheeler that it might have belonged to our great poet; but he candidly avowed, notwithstanding the strong circumstantial evidence adduced, and which is briefly glanced at above, that he was aware that the only probability, perhaps, at so distant a period, the only possibility, of authenticating it was to discover an impression of this seal-ring upon a letter of Shakspeare's, or some other document, bearing his seal and signature. He instituted inquiries with the view of being aided by such evidence; but in reply to letters forwarded to Mr. Malone, and also to the Dorset family, who had been rumoured to possess two epistles sent by Shakspeare to the Earl of Dorset (who had been Lord Chamberlain) upon the official business of the theatre, Mr. Wheeler was answered, that they had none of the bard's letters in their possession, nor had they ever seen any letters written by him; and that they had no impression of any seal of his. It certainly is a most extraordinary fact, that not a single scrap of Shakspeare's handwriting is known to be preserved, excepting the signatures to his will, now in Doctors' Commons, and to a conveyance and a mortgage of playhouse property, found by Mr. Albany Wallis, among the papers of the Rev. Mr. Featherstonhaugh. Mr. Malone told Mr. Wheeler that he thought it extremely probable that the ring had belonged to Shakspeare; but beyond the evidence here alluded to Mr. W. says he possesses no positive proof. He, however, was not dismayed, whatever the owners of *Shaksperian gloves* now may be; for, adds Mr. Wheeler, "I yet hope to meet with an inspection of the ring in my possession, and in this I am more particularly encouraged by the fact, that should success attend the investigation, this SEAL RING would be the *only existing article* proved to have belonged to our immortal poet." Mr. W. intends to leave this ring to the British Museum.

With respect to the articles possessed by Mr. Garrick, made of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, they are not exposed to doubt. There was, however, another tree that obtained a curious sort of celebrity on Shakspeare's account. The writer of this article had a much esteemed and intelligent friend at Stratford-upon-Avon a few years ago, and he availed himself of that opportunity to institute some inquiries, and to procure if possible a genuine piece of the immortalized mulberry tree. The correspondence that was the result was extremely interesting; but those letters only shall be now noticed that more immediately illustrate the object and topics of this article.

In a letter, dated Stratford, July 16, 1817, the friend already mentioned observed—"I have had an introduction to Mr. Wheeler, who wrote the History of Stratford-upon-Avon, which I lately forwarded to you; and I inclose you two impressions of the SEAL-RING, to which he refers in that work, and in all publications. He has purchased a seal-ring of equal antiquity, engraved with a coat of arms. In every other respect and appearance, the two seals perfectly resemble each other; both are of pure gold. Do not be alarmed that I do not forward you with this parcel the piece of the mulberry tree; I cannot now, but if its possession were not confirmed to me, "I should not tell you so positively to calculate on having it." The second seal mentioned in this letter, as having been obtained by Mr. Wheeler, is not noticed in that gentleman's book; the publication was in 1810, this letter was written in 1817.

In our friend's letter, from the same place, dated August 23, 1817, he thus gratifyingly addressed a *Shaksperian*:—"I am happy to send you a piece of the celebrated *Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree*. It was given to me by Mr. Holmes (still a resident of Stratford), and was cut from a large log (then) in his possession. When the tree was destroyed, or, to use the woodman's language, *felled*, Mr. H. and his brother-in-law, Capt. Hobbes, of Coventry, were present, and they divided a large piece between them. The latter had a bust of Shakspeare carved out of his portion of the immortal tree, which bust Capt. Hobbes presented to the Duke of Clarence. For myself, I have no doubt of the genuineness of the portions sent herewith. The piece of white wood, which is about four inches long, with a

grotesque head rudely carved at one end of it, as if it had been intended for a seal handle or a pipe-stopper, was cut into such shape by a watchmaker here; it is a bit of the *crab tree*, under which it is reported the immortal Bard remained a whole night after having sacrificed with large libations to Bacchus! I also forward (knowing your *Shaksperian mania*), a piece of an organ key from the church in which the remains of Shakspeare were buried. I hope these four *reliques* (there are two small pieces of the mulberry tree), may prove acceptable to you."

Indeed they were! Those pieces of the mulberry tree are deemed by their possessor to be about as genuine as Mr. Garrick's chair and wand; certainly quite as genuine (the writer imagines) as "*Shakspeare's Gloves*."

In the approaching sales of Mr. GARRICK's property at the Adelphi Terrace, as well as at Hampton, though the admirers of Garrick and of Shakspeare, and the lovers of *virtu* may not have the opportunity of bidding for the *mulberry tree chair*, or the *collection of old English plays*; they may have the chance, except the property should be disposed of privately, that power being granted under Mr. Garrick's will, of purchasing many articles alike curious and interesting to the lovers of Shakspeare and to the friends of Garrick. The present intention is, to have two sales by public auction, one at Mr. Garrick's town residence on the Adelphi Terrace, and the other at the delightfully situated mansion at Hampton. The chair, it is expected (at Hampton), will accompany Roubillac's statue of Shakspeare to the British Museum; *Shakspeare's gloves*, given to Mr. Garrick at the Stratford-upon-Avon Jubilee, are (according to a contemporary's account), left by Mrs. Garrick's will to Mrs. Siddons; but there were other articles of celebrity given to Mr. Garrick at the time of the celebrated "*Jubilee*."

Having mentioned that event which constituted an era in the life of Mr. Garrick, it may not be destitute of interest now to mention, that it originated with what might be termed the accidental visit of the celebrated George Alexander Stevens to Mr. John Payton, the then proprietor and occupier of the White Lion Inn, at Stratford. On that occasion Mr. Payton invited several of his acquaintances, some of whom were members of the Corporation, to spend the evening with his entertaining visitor; and the conversation that accrued was of the most agreeable character. It turned chiefly on Shakspeare—the mulberry tree—and the newly-erected edifice the Town-hall, and becoming regret was expressed that they possessed no statue to occupy the empty niche left in the north front of the Hall. Shakspeare's occurred as the most appropriate; and G. A. Stevens delighted with the idea, suggested an application to his friend Garrick, then in the zenith of public favour, to give a benefit at the theatre, or otherwise to promote a fund towards defraying the expense of the proposed statue of his admired bard. This hint was warmly approved by the company. Stevens observed, that as Garrick was fond of "*praise and profit*," (as he expressed himself) "*Roscus* would, if it were possible, turn the measure to his pecuniary advantage, at the same time that the intimation would gratify his *vanity*." Stevens eventually addressed Garrick on the subject.

Stevens's engagement took him to Worcester. In a day or two afterwards, he there received Garrick's answer. Mr. Garrick in no way declined or discouraged the general wish expressed by the demi-official application. For the information of the Corporation, Stevens forwarded this letter to the Town Clerk, William Hunt. An extended correspondence ensued between the Corporation and Mr. Garrick, in which the latter acquitted himself with so much address, that the freedom of the borough was voted to him, which freedom was conveyed to Mr. Garrick in a well-wrought box, made of *Shakspeare's Mulberry Tree*.

Such were the incidents to which that remarkable festival was indebted for its origin. Flattered by this judicious compliment, and so conveyed, Mr. Garrick conceived the idea of celebrating the Jubilee; and his plan met with the decided approbation of the Corporation; and, as all know, the Jubilee ultimately took place, we need not go into particulars of that event. It opened with the firing of cannon, about five o'clock on Wednesday morning, September 6, 1769; and immediately afterwards the principal ladies of Stratford-upon-Avon were serenaded under their windows by a number of young men from the Theatre with the following song:—

Let beauty with the sun arise,
To Shakspeare tribute pay;
With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes
Give lustre to the day.
Each smile she gives protects his name;
What face shall dare to frown?
Not Envy's self can blast the fame
Which Beauty deigns to crown.

At eight o'clock on the morning of that day, the Corporation assembled, and soon afterwards appointed Mr. Garrick to the highly honourable and flattering office of Steward, and invested him with the insignia of his office—namely, a *medullion*, on which was carved a bust of Shakspeare, richly set in gold, and which Garrick wore suspended at his breast throughout the Jubilee; and a *wand*, both of them having been made from *Shakspeare's mulberry-tree*. These particulars are detailed, not only because they are omitted in the meagre "*Life*" of Garrick by Murphy, &c. but because they afford information respecting the genuine *Shaksperian reliques* possessed by Mr. Garrick. As the Jubilee has been adverted to chiefly with the view just mentioned, it may not be uninteresting to add, (confining ourselves here to the little known, but interesting *Stratford-upon-Avon*, by R. B. Wheeler, published in 1806, from the Corporation Records, &c.), that, on the second day of the jubilee, after a public breakfast at the Town Hall, the company repaired to the magnificent octagonal amphitheatre, capable of conveniently holding 1,000 persons where *The*

to the memory of *Shakespeare*, on the dedication of the newly-erected Town Hall, was delivered. In the centre of the orchestra, with his wand of the mulberry wood in his hand, and the medallion suspended from his breast, appeared Mr. Garrick seated; above him, and raised much above the surrounding company, was placed the elegant statue of *Shakespeare*, cast purposely for this occasion, and now occupying the niche in the north-front of the hall.—From this situation Mr. Garrick delivered the Ode, which met with universal approbation and applause. “It was generally allowed (observes Mr. Wheeler, the laborious, interesting, and almost enthusiastic historian of Stratford) that in all the characters in which Garrick ever appeared, he never exerted more powers, or with greater variety and judgment, or ever caused a greater emotion, or made a stronger impression on the minds of his auditors; and that the ode, in point of poetical merit, no less than the speaker as to his elocution and mode of delivery, was justly entitled to unbounded admiration.”

Having been led into what may be termed “extra-judicial” details, in mentioning some of the *Shakespearian reliques* possessed by Mr. Garrick, details, however, that cannot fail to have their interest as they are not noticed by Garrick’s Biographers; but as thus much has been said respecting the Jubilee, it may complete this narrative further to remark that on the third day of the Jubilee there was a full assembly at the Town Hall, where Mrs. Garrick danced a minuet beyond description gracefully, and joined in the country dances, which ceased at four o’clock, and concluded the gaieties of the Jubilee. Thus closed a ceremony which very much absorbed the public attention, although by some it was treated as a subject worthy only of ridicule. Foote went and walked along the banks of Avon, to “catch inspiration.” He was followed by a crowd with their ears open to Foote’s jokes. Amongst the crowd, he saw a large man most “first-of-Mayishly” bedizened, who attracted the attention of Foote as well as that of others. Foote asked him where he came from:—he said, “Essex.” “Essex,” quoth Foote, “and who drove you?” Whereupon the crowd laughed, and thus were they “inspired” to attend to the solemnities of Mr. Garrick. Many, however, especially the admirers of Mr. Garrick, declared that they were overpaid for their fatigue, expense, and disappointment from the loss of part of their entertainment, (owing to the wetness of the weather,) by Mr. Garrick’s admirable recitation of the Ode!

GARRICK’S HOUSE IN THE ADELPHI.

The buildings, termed the Adelphi, form an extensive and noble assemblage of streets, planned by the well-known fraternal architects the Messrs. Adams. The principal range of domestic structures in the Adelphi faces the river Thames, and consists of dwellings which are at once convenient and ornamental; are retired, and yet easy of access, from the chief marts of business and pleasure.

One of the central of these eligible houses was purchased by Garrick about the year 1771, and was ever after inhabited by him as a town residence. By his will he bequeathed it to his widow for her life.

His house, says Davies, was a rendezvous for excellence of every kind; “for lights of the church and guardians of the laws; for the learned, the elegant, the polite, and the accomplished in all arts and sciences.” The buildings, although commodious rather than large and superb, was decorated by him in a style of elegance becoming the rank and fine taste of his visitors. One of the ceilings is adorned with a representation of Venus attired by the Graces, from the pencil of Zucchi; and, in the same apartment, is a chimney-piece, finely sculptured, which is said to have cost 300*l*. His collection of books and pictures were very valuable, and many of these remain nearly in the same state as when he inhabited the mansion. The libraries here and at Hampton, notwithstanding his bequests to the British Museum, Mrs. Garrick, and his nephew Carrington Garrick, are stored with good and useful books; many of which are enriched with autographs and manuscript notes, by the wits and distinguished writers of the day. These will prove a source of the greatest attraction to *Bibliomaniacs* when they shall be put up to auction, which they assuredly will, he having in his will, expressly directed that they should be so disposed of after Mrs. G.’s decease.

A topographical joke of Garrick respecting these premises, is recorded in the *European Magazine*. “When he first took his house in the Adelphi, he was one morning speaking to a gentleman respecting its situation and conveniences. But,” said the gentleman, “although the house is elegant, there is not, I believe any yard behind it?” “No,” returned Garrick, “there is not absolutely a yard; but, I think, the space behind is *thirty-five inches*!”

It was here that Garrick experienced the felicity of competence; here that he received men of genius, and persons of elevated rank; and it was within these walls that he languished under the pressure of an irremediable malady; it was in this house that he died on the 20th Jan., 1779. On Monday, the 1st February, his remains were attended to the Abbey Church of Westminster by a long-extended train of friends, “who truly mourned,” says Cumberland, “a man so perfect in his art, that nature hath not yet produced an actor worthy to be called his second. I saw old Samuel Johnson standing beside his grave at the foot of *Shakespeare*’s monument, bathed in tears.” The expenses of Mr. Garrick’s funeral, one of the most splendid ever seen in this country, were, it is said, never paid. The undertaker was ruined by the job, and died a beggar. The acting executor, Mr. Albany Wallis, was always tardy in paying Garrick’s debts. Mrs. Garrick has often been reproached for her want of respect to the memory of her husband, in not erecting a monument to his fame in Westminster Abbey, which was afterwards done by Mr. Wallis. The fact is, she had not the means, and besides, she always thought Garrick belonged to the public.

THE GARRICK PROPERTY.
The orders of the executors under Mrs. Garrick’s will, not to suffer strangers to have any view of the property and residences in the Adelphi and at Hampton, still continue to be strictly enforced. Although the executors were not on the premises, they prohibited the granting of such favours for the present, as there is a good deal of the property scattered about the larger rooms, in promotion of the labour of separating and allotting the different articles. The drawing room at Hampton, into which the executors have had brought a great quantities of the moveable property, the pictures, books, &c., as well as the celebrated mulberry-tree chair, from the *Shakspearian Temple*, is locked up; as are the rooms at the house on the Adelphi-terrace in which are placed the plate, books, paintings, &c.

Both the houses, however, are in very bad condition. They are very much out of repair, especially the residence at Hampton—so much so, that the plastering in many places has given way, and even the ceilings have not entirely kept their proper stations. Some of them are rudely patched, or about to fall, owing to the progress of damp, for the want of timely application of repairs; the bed-room of Garrick, in particular, is in a very defective state of repair. From the general appearance of the premises at Hampton, more especially, it is questionable whether there have been any repairs, other than what were absolutely requisite “to keep out rough weather,” since the death of Mr. Garrick; the paint seems to be absolutely worn off. As to the outhouses, there is scarcely any doubt that they are exactly as Mr. Garrick left them. The range of coach houses, eight in number, with a corresponding extent of stabling, stable yard, &c., on the right of the residence, and of the stabling regularly connected with the dwelling, are in a deplorably ruinous state. They have never been made any use of since Mr. Garrick’s time, and certainly they have not been in any way repaired. It has been lately stated that these coach-houses and stables were built by Mr. Garrick, to accommodate the carriages, horses, &c. of the company which he was accustomed to have at his delightful country retreat; but this statement is contradicted at Hampton, it being there related that they were originally built for the convenience of Hampton Court Palace, and that they were subsequently obtained by Mr. Garrick, as they were contiguous to his residence, and as his company, when he had large parties, could not always find convenient accommodation for their vehicles, cattle, &c. at the neighbouring inns.

The imperfect state of repair, which characterises the present condition of both residences, it is much feared, especially by those to whom legacies have been left, and by those who are interested in the residue of Mrs. Garrick’s property, that such condition of the houses will be the subject of just complaint, and therefore eventually of a possible diminution of those interests on which they now calculate. Mr. Garrick left them for Mrs. Garrick’s use during her life for her residences, “she keeping the houses and premises in good repair, and paying all quit rents, taxes, and other rents and outgoings for the same.” Burdened with this condition (amongst others), there was left for Mrs. Garrick a clear annuity of 1,500*l*.—a sum certainly small enough to keep up that state of public appearance which appears to have been contemplated by Mr. Garrick, as still to characterize the Garrick property, when its founder should be reposing in the grave. The property certainly is not “in good repair,” nor any thing like it; and the question arises whether Mrs. Garrick’s executors may not be obliged to put the premises in what may be deemed “good” repair, out of the property left by Mrs. Garrick. If so, there will be no trifling reduction of the 14,000*l*. of which, it is stated, Mrs. Garrick died possessed.

Those who knew Mrs. Garrick intimately, mainly account for such apparent neglect of the injunctions of Mr. Garrick’s will, as she was so indefatigable and enthusiastic in other respects in protecting and revering what concerned the memory of her “dear David,”—to the heavy and vexatious law suits in which she became involved with Mr. Garrick’s relations (all of whom, distant relations excepted, she outlived), as to the construction of that part of her “dear David’s” last will and testament, which concerned property not specifically disposed of to the testator’s “next of kin.” Mrs. G. imagined herself entitled to such property, in which case her means would have been greatly augmented; but the Lord Chancellor, after a long course of equitable litigation, ultimately pronounced a decree against Mrs. Garrick. There are still to be seen at Hampton, fronting the high road, signs of this contest; for at the end of the wall which separates the lawn from the public road leading to Hampton Palace, and next to the house at the end of the lawn and on the bank of the Thames, which Mr. Garrick left to his nephew, David Garrick, with 5000*l*. in addition to the 5000*l*. given on his marriage, there appears a large board, the painted inscription on which desires all the world that may be travelling that way, to

“Take notice, the ground between Mr. Prothero’s house and this wall, from the road to the river, is the property of Mrs. Garrick.”

From the lawn in front of the nephew’s house, to the lawn on which stands the *Shakspeare Temple*, there is an iron gate to facilitate the communication between the two lawns; and the right of way from the nephew’s lawn was secured by grant to the nephew; but the property of the latter remained vested in Mrs. Garrick, as she chose to tell the world by the aforementioned board.

The nephew here alluded to, and whose name was also David Garrick, was in the Army. He was much respected by his uncle, and the nephew continued to reside on the property left him as long as he lived. The nephew (like the uncle) is spoken uncommonly well of by those inhabitants at Hampton who remember him. The nephew’s remains are deposited in Hampton church; and in the church, over the baptismal pew, there is a neat marble slab with the following inscription on it:—

GARRICK.

Near this place
Are deposited the Remains
of

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.
Aged 41 Years.

In all the endearing characters of domestic life,
Friend, Relation, and Husband
He was most amiable,
Pleasing in his manners,
And faithful in his attachments:
He was not less loved during his Life
Than regretted at his Death.
In a long and painful illness
His patience did not forsake him,
And as he suffered so he died,
In humble resignation
To the will of GOD.

The family arms are beautifully emblazoned on the marble
at the end of this inscription.

The nephew, David Garrick, left behind him no children.
His widow continued to reside on her property at Hampton
for some time subsequent to her husband's decease; but on
her again being married, she retired to live in Wales. She
married for her second husband, a gentleman named Jones,
of considerable property; but he recently changed his
name, or rather took an additional name, on coming into
possession of further property. By this marriage there is
one child. The house, on being left by Mrs. Jones, was let
to yearly tenants. It is a large house, and is very beauti-
fully situated; it is more immediately on the banks of the
river than the late Mr. Garrick's residence; it is on the
other side of the road, and the lawn in front of it descends
to the water's edge, and is, of course, in line with the Shak-
speare Temple lawn. Mr. John Twining, the celebrated
tea-dealer of the Strand, occupied it for many years. He
was the last tenant. He submitted to have his rent doubled,
and then, because it was insisted that he should repair the
house, Mr. Twining left it. It is now empty, and has been
so for some time. There is a board up announcing that it
is to let. It also continues in very imperfect repair; so that
the late Mrs. Garrick was not alone in neglecting to keep
in good repair the property that had been left by Mr. Gar-
rick. Whether motives similar to those that are said to
have actuated the late Mrs. Garrick influenced others we
know not.

That portion of the Thames, which is immediately in front
of the Shakespeare Temple Lawn, appears to be in great fa-
vour with those patient, and, said to be, reflective person-
ages, called ANGLERS. For several days past there have been
six, eight, and a dozen of punts made expressly for this spe-
cies of highly intellectual occupation, moored off this por-
tion of the branch of the Thames, filled with gentlemen
from the surrounding neighbourhood, most intently engaged
in angling. The appearance is curious to the passing visi-
tor, and the very stillness of their occupation appears to be
peculiarly appropriate to the station selected for that pur-
suit, to which the parties adhere, during whole days, with
matchless philosophy or resignation.

CEREMONY OF MR. GARRICK'S FUNERAL.

A few days ago we stated, that the funeral of the late Mr.
Garrick was one of the most splendid ever seen in this coun-
try; we are now enabled to lay before our readers an ac-
count of the funeral ceremony, which we trust will prove
the truth of our assertion. The greater part of the follow-
ing account is a literal copy from the bill delivered for the
funeral:—

Mr. Garrick died at his house, on the Adelphi Terrace,
the 20th January, 1779, and on the 22d was placed in a
lead coffin, the interior of which was lined and decorated
with white satin, and his remains clothed in a dress of the
same; the outer coffin was covered with the richest crim-
son velvet, and elegantly ornamented with gilt nails, handle-
plates, &c.; on the lid was placed an engraved gilt plate,
containing the family arms, crest, and motto, and the follow-
ing inscription:—

DAVID GARRICK, Esq. Obit. 20. Jan. 1779.

Ætatis suæ 63.

The interment in Westminster Abbey took place on the
1st of February, prior to which for three days his remains
lay in state in the most solemn and sumptuous manner.

One hundred and twenty-four cards of invitation, inclosed, sealed,
and directed, and men delivering the same.

One thousand eight hundred cards of admission to see the corpse
lay in state, and sealing the same.

Four men to keep the door, and delivering the tickets to the
public.

Putting the state room and passages in complete deep mourning,
and continuing the same three days.

A complete mourning carpet for the floor.

Fifty-three rich silver sconces, with double branches, three days.

Twelve single branch ditto, for their Majesties.

Ninety-six pound of white wax candles, of four in the pound, used
in the above.

A large state velvet pall, with ten rich gold tassels and lines, used
the three days and at the funeral.

Twelve silk escutcheons of the family arms on ditto.

A state lid of rich black ostrich plumes the three days laying in
state, and carried in the procession.

Twelve silk escutcheons on ditto.

A state rail, covered with black cloth, and rich plumes of black
ostrich feathers, placed round the corpse.

Twenty-eight ~~six~~ pendants intermixed with the feathers on the rail
and lid.

Four silk escutcheons, and four ditto crests, for the front of ditto.

Six large silver state candlesticks, or stands, covered with black vel-
vet, and six large wax tapers used in ditto.

Twelve escutcheons of arms used round ditto.

Twelve crests, ditto.

Eight yards silvered verging round the head of the state room.

Ninety-six escutcheons placed round the state room and passages.

Four men in proper dresses, as mutes, to stand at the door, and re-
lieved every two hours by four others, during the lying in state.

Two men, as pages, in the state room, and relieved by two others as
before.

Four scarves, hatbands, and gloves, for the Clergy of St. Martin's.

Ten do. do. for the Pall Bearers.

Four crape hatbands and gloves for the Family Mourners.

A superfine state mourning cloak, with train for the Chief
Mourner.

Three superfine cloaks for the other Mourners.

Two scarves, hatbands, and gloves, for the Faculty who attended.

Twelve silk hatbands, gloves, and cloaks, for the Gentlemen Per-
formers of Drury Lane Theatre.

Twelve do. and do. for the Gentlemen Performers of Covent Garden
Theatre.

Twenty-two do. and do. for the Gentlemen of the Literary Club.

Twenty-four do. and do. for intimate Friends.

PROCESSION.

A Silk Scarf, Hatband and Gloves, for the High Constable of
Westminster.

Two Silk Hatbands and Gloves for his Deputy.

Seven Silk Scarves, Hatbands, and Gloves, for Mr. Ireland, the Un-
dertaker and six Assistants to conduct the Funeral.

Ten Men in Mourning, Attendants on the Feathers, Velvets, and
Heraldry.

Ten Silk Hatbands and Gloves for ditto.

Four Silk Hatbands and Gloves for the Constables of Drury Lane
Theatre.

Four ditto for the Constables of Covent Garden Theatre.

Four Men in Mourning on Horseback with proper dresses to lead
the Procession.

Four Silk Scarves and Stave Coverings for ditto.

Four Silk Hatbands and Gloves for ditto.

Two Men in Mourning to carry the State Lid.

Two Silk Hatbands and Gloves for ditto.

Six Men in Mourning on Horseback.

Six Silk Hatbands, Gloves, and Cloaks for ditto.

A Pennon, three yards and a half long, painted on both sides on
crimson Silk, silvered and gilt Arms, Crests, Motto, and Devices,
fringed and socketed.

A Gentleman on Horseback to bear ditto.

A Silk Scarf, Hatband, and Gloves for ditto.

Two Men in Mourning as supporters to ditto.

Two Silk Hatbands and Gloves for ditto.

Six Men on Horseback as before.

Six Silk Hatbands, Gloves, and Cloaks for ditto.

A Surcoat of Silk, gilt, silvered and painted, Arms on both sides,
lined and fringed.

A Gentleman on Horseback to bear ditto.

A Silk Scarf, Hatband, and Gloves for ditto.

Two Men in Mourning, as Supporters to ditto.

Two Silk Hatbands and Gloves for ditto.

Six Men on Horseback, as before.

Six Silk Hatbands, Gloves, and Cloaks, for ditto.

A Hearse and Six Horses.

Rich State Velvet Coverings and Hammercloth for ditto.

Rich Plumes of Ostrich Feathers for ditto.

THE HEARSE,

full dressed, with Twelve Shields, Ten Banners, painted on both sides
and fringed; Thirty Escutcheons, Thirty-six Crests, Twenty-four
long Pendants, and Six Crests for Shaffroons.

Two Silk Hatbands, Gloves, and Cloaks, for Hearseman and Postillion.

Twelve Men in Mourning,

with Velvet Caps and Gloves, and Truncheons, to bear the Body to the
Hearse, and attend the same as Pages.

A Grand State Coach, covered with Black Cloth, drawn by

Six Horses in Mourning Harness.

Ostrich Feathers, Velvet Coverings, and Hammercloth for ditto.

Twelve Escutcheons, Twelve Crests, Six Shaffroons, and Twelve long
Pensils for ditto.

Three Men attending ditto, with Scarfs, Hatbands, and Gloves.

A Mourning Coach and Six Horses, for the Clergy of St. Martin's.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. as before, for ditto.

Three Men in Mourning,

as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and Gloves.

Five Mourning Coaches, with Six Horses each, for the Pall Bearers.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. as before, for ditto.

Fifteen Men in Mourning,

as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and Gloves.

A Mourning Coach and Six Horses, for the Chief Mourner.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. for ditto.

Three Men, as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and Gloves.

A Mourning Coach and Six Horses for the Faculty.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. for ditto.

Three Men, as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and Gloves.

Two Men in Mourning, on Horseback, to divide the Procession, with
Cloaks, Hatbands, and Gloves.

Four Mourning Coaches, with Six Horses each, for the Gentlemen
Performers of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. for ditto.

Twelve Men, as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and Gloves.

Two Men in Mourning, on Horseback, as before, with Cloaks, Hat-
bands and Gloves.

Three Mourning Coaches with six Horses each, for the Gentlemen
Performers of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. for ditto.

Nine Men as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and Gloves.

Two Men in Mourning on horseback as before, with Cloaks, Hatbands,
and Gloves.

Five Mourning Coaches, with six Horses each, for the Gentlemen of
the Literary Club.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. for ditto.

Fifteen Men as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and Gloves.

Two Men in Mourning on horseback as before, with Cloaks, Hatbands,
and Gloves.

Twelve Mourning Coaches, with six Horses each, for intimate
Friends.

Feathers, Velvets, Escutcheons, Crests, &c. for ditto.

Thirty-six Men in Mourning, as Pages to ditto, with Hatbands and
Gloves.

Two Men in Mourning on horseback, as before, with Cloaks,
Hatbands, and Gloves.

The Procession was then closed by the following Noblemen and Gen-
tlemen's Carriages, the Servants wearing Hatbands and Gloves.

Dr. Hamilton

Duke of Devonshire

Lord Camden

Lord Spencer

Lord Ossory

Lady Spencer

Lord Palmerston

Hon. R. Rigby

Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.

Hon. Mr. Stanley

Albany Wallace, Esq.

— Pattison, Esq.

R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Rev. C. Garrick

David Garrick, Esq.

Nathan Garrick, Esq.

Capt. Schaw

Dr. Cadogan

Mr. Lawrence

Mr. Yates

Mr. King

Lord Althorp

Hon. Topham Beauclerc

Sir C. Bunbury

Edmund Burke, Esq.

John Dunning, Esq.

Dean of Carlisle

Dean of Farnes

Dr. Samuel Johnson

Edward Gibbon, Esq.

George Colman, Esq.

Joseph Banks, Esq.

Anthony Banks, Esq.

Wm. Jones, Esq.

Sir Joshua Reynolds

Hon. C. J. Fox

Dr. George Fordyce

Bennett Langton, Esq.

Sir Grey Cooper, Bart.

Sir Thomas Mills, Knt.

Henry Hoare, Esq.

John Robinson, Esq.

Gen. Hale

Richard Berringer, Esq.

— Wilmot, Esq.

R. Adams, Esq.

Richard Cumberland, Esq.

— Calvert, Esq.

Richard Cox, Esq.

Thos. Wyld, Esq.

Rev. H. Bate

Dr. Ford

Thos. Linley, Esq.

Wm. Ramus, Esq.

Hon. & Rev. T. Cholmondeley

— Wilson, Esq.

— Airey, Esq.

Dr. Burney

— Parsons, Esq.

John Crawford, Esq.

Thos. Vaughan, Esq.

Mr. Angelo

— Rackett, Esq.

Mr. Churchill

Mons. Texier, and

Mr. Noverre.

ABBEY, &c.

Scarf, Hatband, and Gloves, for the Dean of Westminster.

Eight ditto and ditto for the Prebendaries.

Four ditto and ditto for the Chanter, the Receiver, and the two Head
Officers.

Five Silk Hatbands and Gloves for the two Vergers, the Sacrist, the
Beadle, and Porter.

Ninety pair looped bound Gloves, for the Gentlemen of the Choir, and
belonging to the College.

One hundred and forty-three Hatbands and Gloves for Servants with
the Private Carriages.

Thirty-eight Yards of Cloth, &c. to put in Mourning the Pulpit,
Desks, &c. of St. Martin's Church.

Forty-eight Escutcheons and Forty-eight Crests for ditto.

Hatband and Gloves for the Clerk of St. Martin's.

A large Achievement of the Family Arms for the Town House pro-
perly fixed.

Twenty-five Yards of Cloth for the Pulpit, Desks, and Family Pew in

Forty-eight Escutcheons and Forty-eight Crests for ditto.
 A large Achievement of the Family Arms.
 A Scarf, Hatband, and Gloves for the Clergyman of Hampton.
 A Hatband and Gloves for the Clerk of ditto.
 Twenty-four Yards of Black Cloth, &c. to put in Mourning the Pulpit,
 Desks, &c. of Hendon Church.
 Forty-eight Escutcheons and Forty-eight Crests for ditto.
 Twelve Silk Escutcheons after the Funeral.
 One hundred and twenty-nine Mourning Rings delivered to the fol-
 lowing, most of whom attended the Funeral:—

CLERGY OF ST. MARTIN'S.

Rev. Dr. Hamilton
 Rev. Mr. East

Rev. Mr. Wright
 Rev. Mr. Bowyer

PALL BEARERS.

Duke of Devonshire
 Lord Camden
 Lord Spencer
 Lord Palmerston
 Lord Ossory

Hon. Mr. Stanley
 Hon. Mr. Rigby
 Sir W. W. Wynne, Bart.
 Albany Wallace, Esq.
 — Pattison, Esq.

FACULTY.

Dr. Cadogan
 Dr. Schomberg
 Dr. Tarton

Perceval Pott, Esq.
 — Laurence, Esq.

MOURNERS.

R. B. Sheridan, Esq
 Rev. C. Garrick
 David Garrick, Esq.

Nathan Garrick, Esq.
 — Schaw, Esq.

GENTLEMEN OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Thos. King
 — Smith
 Richard Yates
 James Dodd
 Joseph Vernon
 John Palmer

William Brereton
 Jas. Aickin
 — Parsons
 — Bensley
 — Moody, and
 John Baddeley, Esqrs.

GENTLEMEN OF COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Charles Mattocks
 Matthew Clark
 Francis Aickin
 Thos. Baker
 Thos. Hull
 Robt. Whitfield

Wm. Lewis
 Richard Wroughton
 — Reinhold
 Chas. Lee Lewis
 John Quick, and
 Richard Wilson, Esqrs.

LITERARY CLUB.

Lord Althorp
 Sir C. Bunbury, Bart.
 Sir Joshua Reynolds
 Hon. C. J. Fox
 Hon. Topham Beauclerc
 Dean of Farnes
 Dean of Carlisle
 Dr. Samuel Johnson
 Dr. G. Fordyce
 Edward Gibbon, Esq.
 Edmund Burke, Esq.

Joseph Banks, Esq.
 Anthony Charnier, Esq.
 George Colman, Esq.
 John Dunning, Esq.
 Wm. Jones, Esq.
 Bennett Langton, Esq.
 Wm. Scott, Esq.
 — Chetwynd, Esq.
 — Hoole, Esq. and
 Robert Quarme, Esq.

INTIMATE FRIENDS.

Sir Grey Cooper, Bart.
 Sir Thomas Mills
 Henry Hoare, Esq.
 Thomas Harris, Esq.
 General Hales
 George Hardinge
 Richard Berringer
 Henry Wilmot
 — Wilmot, Jun.
 — Newport
 Robert Adams
 Richard Cumberland
 Thos. Wylde
 — Calvert, and
 Richard Cox, Esqrs.
 Rev. Henry Bate
 Dr. Ford
 Richard Tickle
 Thos. Linley
 William Lacey
 Thos. Sheridan
 Nathaniel Barwell, and
 Wm. Ramus, Esqrs.

Hon. & Rev. T. Cholmondeley
 Wm. Whitehead
 — Keate
 — Wilson, and
 — Airey, Esqrs.
 Dr. Burney
 Thos. Forrest
 — Parsons
 John Crawford
 Thos. Vaughan
 — Angelo
 Thos. Racket, Sen.
 Thos. Racket, Jun. and
 Chas. Churchill, Esq.
 Mons. De Louthembourg
 Mons. Texier
 — Bennett
 Thos. Beckett
 — Walker
 Thos. Johns
 — Noverre, and
 — Capel, Esqrs.

JUSTICES.

Sir John Fielding, Knt.
 Sampson Wright

William Addington, and
 Jno. Durson, Esqrs.

OFFICERS.

Colonel Ogilvie,
 Captain Duff
 Captain Fanshaw

Captain Palmer
 Ensign Baker, and
 Ensign Richardson

ALSO,

Mrs. Schaw
 Mrs. D. Garrick, and

Miss Garrick

CASH EXPENDED.

	£.	s.	d.
Paid Fees at the Abbey	47.	15	6
One Hundred and Twenty-nine Mourning Rings	135	9	0
Mr. Fidoe's Bill for making the Vault, &c.	15	7	8
Fee to the Dean thereon	10	0	0
The House Carpenter's Bill for preparing for hanging the State Room, Passage, &c.....	7	3	4
Paid Soldiery attending	12	12	0
Ten Constables of Drury-lane Theatre, 3s. each	1	10	0
Ten Ditto of Covent Garden Theatre	1	10	0
Ten Ditto of St. Martin's	1	10	0
St. Martin's Great Bell	1	1	0
Days Allowance to 35 Coachmen, 35 Postillions, and 164 Pages and Attendants	12	19	0
Six dozen Impressions from the Coffin Plate	1	16	0
Paid for Drawing, Designing and Engraving the Plate of Invitation	3	3	0

We conceive it right to state, that we have obtained this interesting account through the kindness of Mr. Page, of Holborn, whose house supplied the requisite sable equipments on that occasion.

The expenses of the Funeral, comprising all we have here enumerated, amounted to only thirteen hundred and ninety-one pounds—a sum very far short of what we should have expected for so large and splendid a funeral. There is no foundation in the report of the Funeral not having been paid for; and we are happy in being able to contradict it.

The following critique on the works of Sir W. Scott, is from a French Paper:—

One of the most splendid fortunes realised in our time by works of a literary kind, is unquestionably that of Sir Walter Scott. It is impossible to succeed better than he has done in acquiring applause, esteem, riches, and reputation. During the eight years that Europe has been thrown open to the introduction of his writings, his works, as soon as published, are bought up, read, and admired from Paris to Petersburg. Speculations are entered into to expedite the printing and translation, and the greatest industry applied in dividing the labour, in order to publish in French the Romance which he has scarcely finished in the English dialect of the mountains of Scotland. And this Romance succeeds as well at Paris as at Edinburgh, being neither retarded by criticism, nor submitted to the lingering and severe opinion of the learned.

He is perhaps indebted to circumstances also, for this universal success. For more than half a century, a legal process as it were, is commenced in Europe, and books are the pleadings demurred to by party. Men of talent are always the leaders of that opinion, held and maintained against contrary opinions. In fine, superiority gives offence to something else besides envy.

But our novelist of Edinburgh offends no person by the

ter he there sustains—he neither expresses nor intermeddles with political opinions. While he writes with the warmth of a cotemporary, he is as impartial as the historian of a later period.

We may, perhaps, be asked, do we mean to compare him to the great luminaries of literature? We may be told that romance supplies copious sources of emotion which such works have frequently enjoyed with great and rapid success, without attaining real superiority. But these objections can only betray a want of feeling, and an ignorance of the art profound and simple, the natural grandeur, the fire, the truth, the eloquence which prevail in *Ivanhoe*, *The Heart of Mid Lothian*, and *Old Mortality*. These works are not the productions which may be classed among that species that can be supposed inferior, irregular, or practicable to mediocrity of talent. "These are creations incomparable, without type or model."

In applying to him these words of Milton, we do not consider him as a poet, at least in the ordinary acceptance of the word. We even go so far as to say his poetry—properly speaking, his verse and rhyme, appear to us the very least part of his talent. We admit that by the same course of studies and ideas he has been formed a poet and novelist; but his productions in each character are quite different, as we shall explain. His genius has been cultivated by the contemplation of nature in her simple, unadorned, and primeval state, as well as by the study of ancient customs, chronicles, and parchments of the thirteenth century; hence it is, that in his verse he is the poet erudite, painting the minutest details with too much accuracy, crowding into his narrative the most trivial circumstances, full of forced expressions, curious epithets, and learned allusions to the ignorance of the middle ages; hence it is also, that his verse very much resembles that of the Greek poets of Alexandria. He exerts himself in explaining the most Gothic recollections of northern superstition, just as Apollonius or Callimachus raked together the most obscure coins and the dying embers of that beautiful and brilliant mythology, which the genius of Homer kindled and caused to blaze forth with inimitable splendour. Like them he searches for singularity of costume and rarity of description; he is oppressed by the weight of his own knowledge, and not finding room in his verse, he deposits the incumbrance in the formation of a note. This is not the imagination of a poet inspired, who makes no compilation, but who selects with enthusiasm the unique character he has need of; he does not search for, but sees at once; whose glance, to borrow the simile of his country, is like the prophetic glance of the inhabitants of the Hebrides.

We hesitate not to say that Walter Scott is not, in his poems, really a poet, not even in the *Lady of the Lake*. The multiplicity of detail in describing customs suppresses the real character, and the accuracy of his portraits introduces oblivion of the passion.

But give this author the extended canvas of romance, and the uncontrolled liberty of prose, then will he appear in all the potency of his vivid fancy—his group of local singularities, detailed customs, and antique allusions, when confined within the precise form of versé, constrain and obscure the fire of poetry; but expanded on a long recital, commingled with explanatory facts, and animated by the graceful movement of the dramatic story which sustains them, they become an inexhaustible source of interest and surprise. Then it is, that, identified with his personages, and particularly with the manners of their time, he communicates to his readers the same illusion, and conducts them through all its mazes successively; he neither portrays things extraordinary in colours fantastical, nor the fantastical itself, in such as are disagreeable. Placed in the midst of the vast machine which he himself has constructed, he exhibits and directs its operations without any visible means of discovering his agency; first he places you in an epoch pregnant with historical events, where he rather fashions than invents; his imagination is truth itself, represented in her natural garb, perfect in her form, no imitation, no imperfect reflection.—Such is, undoubtedly, the impression which *Old Mortality* gives. After reading the judicious, elegant, and philosophic Mr. Hume, do you not here recognise the two revolutions described by him—have you not seen, have you not heard the men who effected them? Have not these men acted, thought, suffered, and fought in your presence? Have not their passions, exposed to view, explained their actions, their success, and misfortunes? What reasoning on fanaticism is equivalent to the speech of Macbriar? What historical recital of the abuse of power, violence, or oppressors of parties, can afford so much instruction as the simple painting which fortuitously represents the injustice which forced into civil war the young, amiable, moderate, and virtuous Henry Morton?

Where shall we find all the variety of opinions sketched in more vivid colours than among this group of personages without historic names, which this author makes pass before you as the evidences of their time?

Ivanhoe presents us with other beauties, and a different character—an imagination truly epic; and, we will venture to say, worthy of Tasso, or perhaps Homer himself. It would be useless to call to mind the many instances of talent evinced in the description of the *tourney of Ashby*, of Isaac the Jew, the beautiful Rebecca, Brian de Bois Guilbert the Templar, the Jolly Hermit, and that sublime representation of King Richard—that so well unravels the romance, in every line of which the genius of the thirteenth century is more conspicuous than in any history.]

So many happy conceptions and brilliant qualities are, however, not without defect. This admirable painter of cha-

sees to be well known to require any comment; and after the usual M. 8th Light Dragoons, a period of nearly 17 years, are ind the brilliant services of Major Brutton while in India with the staff, and, in fact, the whole station of Cawnpore. It was during the time of the siege of Cawnpore, that he was taken prisoner, and confined in the prison of the British.

AMERICAN POETRY.

AFRICA.

ADDRESSED TO THE AGENT OF THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY,
BY A LADY IN CONNECTICUT.

Land of the wise! where science broke
Like morning from chaotic deeps
Where Moses, holy prophet, woke,
Where Parsons, youthful martyr, sleeps.
Land of the brave! where Carthage reared
Against haughty Rome a warrior's crest;
Where Cato, like a God revered,
Indignant pierced his patriot breast.
Land of the scorned, the exiled race!
Who, fainting 'neath oppressive toil,
With never-ceasing tears retrace
Their palm-tree shade, their fathers' soil.
Shall blest Benevolence extend
Her angel reign from sea to sea,
Nor yet one glance of pity bend,
Deserted Africa! on thee?
Shall Merce's ardent heralds haste
O'er all the earth with zeal benign,
Dare baleful clime, and burning waste,
Yet coldly turn their course from thine?
Did nature bid the torrid skies
Glare fiercely o'er thy desert glade,
In heathen gloom benight thine eyes,
And cloud thy brow with ebony shade?
And must thy brothers' hatred find
A doom that nature never gave?
A curse that nature ne'er designed?
The fetter—and the name of slave!
Haste! lift from Africa's wrongs the veil,
E'er the Eternal Judge arise,
Who hears the helpless prisoner's wail,
And counts the tears from misery's eyes.
Oh! e'er the flaming skies reveal
That frown which none can meet and live,
Teach her before his throne to kneel,
And, like her Saviour, pray—"Forgive."

STANZAS.

(FROM "CLIO," BY J. G. PERCIVAL.)

I saw the Sun, at the dawning of day,
Chasing the mantling mist away,
And tinging it over with gold;
The clouds, that before his face were driven,
Were rich with the deepest hues of heaven,
And in volumes of crimson roll'd;
The world was blooming and bright and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.
I saw that Sun, at his setting hour,
Send over the hills an amber shower
Of softer and mellow rays;
It bronzed the trunks of the moss-grown wood,
And bath'd their leaves in a golden flood,
As he sank in his fullest blaze;
The world was dewy and calm and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.
I saw the Moon, at the noon of night,
Crowning the sky serenely bright,
And gilding the waves below;
Clear in her beam, the white frost shone,
As if over the fields were loosely thrown
A sparkling sheet of snow;
The world was silent and pure and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.
I saw on her gray and purple wing,
The light and laughing spirit of spring,
Strewing the earth with flowers;
The leafless shrubs were hung with bloom,
And an airy wave of soft perfume
Was pour'd from the budding bowers;
The world was smiling and sweet and fair,
But nor life nor love was moving there.

THE WILDERNESS.—(BY SELLECK OSBORN.)

There is a wilderness more dark
Than groves of fir on Huron's shore,
And in that dreary region—Hark!
What serpents hiss, what monsters roar.
'Tis not on the untrodden isles
Of vast Superior's stormy lake,
Where social comfort never smiles,
Nor sunbeams pierce that tangled brake:
Nor is it in the deepest shade
Of India's tiger-hunted wood,
Nor western forest unsurveyed,
Where crouching panthers lurk for blood.
It is the dark *uncultured soul*
By education unrefined,
Where hissing malice—voices foul,
And all the hateful passions prowl—
The frightful WILDERNESS OF MIND.

WOMAN.

In infancy, from Woman's breast,
We draw the food by nature given;
She lulls our childish pangs to rest,
And cheers us as a beam from heaven!
When Woman smiles, she has the power
To heal our grief, to calm our fears;
Should sickness wound—should fortune lour—
She shares our sorrows, dries our tears!
And she can soothe the cares of age,
As rolls Time's furrowing course along;
Can cheer us with the classic page,
Or charm us with the magic song;
When stretch'd upon the bed of death,
Departing nature struggling lies;
At that dread pause—when the next breath
May waft our spirit to the skies;
When the soul views the narrow verge,
Close on the confines of the grave;
And now it longs its flight to urge—
Now wishes for an arm to save;
Who cheers that dreary scene of woe?
Who speaks of peace, and joy, and love?
Who wipes the tear-drops as they flow?
'Tis Woman, sent from heaven above.
'Tis she receives our parting sigh,
'Tis she who hears our latest breath,
'Tis she who seals the closing eye,
And whispers peace and hope in death!
And, when the mournful scene is past,
'Tis woman weeps upon our bier;
Silent, yet long, her sorrows last,
Unseen she sheds affection's tear.
On earth she is the truest friend
That is to man in mercy given,
And when this fleeting life shall end,
She'll live for purer joys in heaven.
Oh, Woman! Woman! *thou* wast made,
Like heaven's own pure and lovely light,
To cheer life's dark and desert shade,
And guide man's erring footsteps right.

NETS AND CAGES—A NATIONAL MELODY.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

COME listen to my story, while
Your needle's task you ply—
At what I sing some maids will smile,
While some, perhaps, may sigh.
Though Love's the theme, and Wisdom blames
Such florid songs as ours,
Yet Truth, sometimes, like Eastern dames,
Can speak her thoughts by flowers!
Then listen, Maids, come listen while
Your needle's task you ply,
At what I sing, there's some may smile,
While some, perhaps, will sigh!

Young Cloe, bent on catching Loves,
Such nets had learn'd to frame,
That none in all our vales and groves,
E'er caught so much small game!
While gentle Sue, less given to roam,
When Cloe's nets were taking
These flights of birds, sat still at home
One small, neat Love-cage making!
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Much Cloe laugh'd at Susan's task,
But mark how things went on,
These light-caught Loves—ere you could ask
Their name and age—were gone.
So weak poor Cloe's nets were wove,
That tho' she charm'd into them
New game each hour, the youngest Love
Was able to break through them.
Come listen, Maids, &c.

Meanwhile, young Sue, whose cage was wrought
Of bars too strong to sever—
One Love, with golden pinions caught
And caged him there for ever;
Instructing thereby all coquets,
Whate'er their looks or ages,
That tho' 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.
Thus, maidens, thus do I beguile
The task your fingers ply;
May all who hear, like Susan smile;
Ah! not like Cloe sigh!

BONNIE MARY HALLIDAY.

From "Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish
Peasantry, by Allan Cunningham"—just published.]

Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I call you;
If you go to the dewy wood,
Sorrow will befall you:
The ringdove from the dewy wood
Is wailing sore and calling,
And Annan-water, 'twixt its banks,
Is foaming far and falling.
Gentle Mary Halliday,
Come, my bonnie lady;
Upon the river's woody bank
My steed is saddled ready;
And for thy haughty kinsmen's threats,
My faith shall never falter;
The bridal banquet's ready-made,
The priest is at the altar.
Gentle Mary Halliday,
The towers of merry Preston
Have bridal candles gleaming bright,
So hark thee, love, and hasten:
Come, hark thee, love, and bowne thee
Through Tinwald and green Mouswal:
Come, be the grace and be the charm
To the proud towers of Machusel.
Bonnie Mary Halliday,
Turn again, I tell you:
For wit, an' grace, an' loveliness,
What maidens may excel you?
Though Annan has its beauteous dames,
And Corrie many a fair one,
We canna want thee from our sight,
Thou lovely and thou rare one.
Bonnie Mary Halliday,
When the cittern's sounding,
We'll miss thy lissome, hily foot,
Among the blithe lads bounding:
The summer sun shall freeze our veins,
The winter moon shall warm us,
Ere the like of thee shall come again
To cheer us and to charm us.

MARINER'S SONG.

(By the same.)

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
White, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.
O, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.
There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud,
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free,
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

I saw, while the earth was at rest,
And the curtains of Heaven were glowing,
A breeze full of balm from the west
O'er the face of a sleepy lake blowing:
It ruffled a wave on its shore,
And the stillness to billows was broken:
The gale left it calm as before;—
It slept, as if never awoken.
Not thus with the dull tide of life:
One cheek may be furrowed by weeping,
While, free from the breezes of strife,
Another in peace may be sleeping.
The wave once disturb'd by the breeze
Can tranquilly sleep again never
Till destiny chill it, and freeze
The calm it had broken for ever.

The SHEPHERD'S DREAM, or FAIRIES' MASQUERADE. (From the same.)

"I had folded my flock, and my heart was o'erflowing,
I loiter'd beside the small lake on the heath;
The red sun, though down, left his drapery glowing,
And no sound was stirring, I heard not a breath;
I sat on the turf, but I meant not to sleep,
And gazed o'er that lake which for ever is new,
Where clouds over clouds appear'd anxious to peep
From this bright double sky with its pearl and its blue.

Forgetfulness, rather than slumber, it seem'd,
When in infinite thousands the fairies arose
All over the heath, and their tiny crests gleam'd
In mock'ry of soldiers, our friends and our foes.
There a stripling went forth, half a finger's length high
And led a huge host to the north with a dash;
Silver birds upon poles went before their wild cry,
While the monarch look'd forward, adjusting his sash.

Soon after a terrible bonfire was seen,
The dwellings of fairies went down in their ire,
But from all I remember, I never could glean
Why the woodstack was burnt, or who set it on fire.
The flames seem'd to rise o'er a deluge of snow,
That buried its thousands,—the rest ran away;
For the hero had here overstrain'd his long bow,
Yet he honestly own'd the mishap of the day.

Then the fays of the north like a hailstorm came on,
And follow'd him down to the lake in a riot,
Where they found a large stone which they fix'd him upon,
And threaten'd and coax'd him, and bade him be quiet.
He that conquer'd them all, was to conquer no more,
But the million beheld he could conquer alone;
And resting awhile, he leap'd boldly on shore,
When away ran a fay that had mounted his throne.

'Twas pleasant to see how they stared, how they scamper'd,
By furze-bush, by fern, by no obstacle stay'd,
And the few that held council, were terribly hamper'd,
For some were vindictive, and some were afraid.
I saw they were dress'd for a masquerade train,
Colour'd rags upon sticks they all brandish'd in view,
And of such idle things they seem'd mightily vain,
Though they nothing display'd but a bird split in two.

Then out rush'd the stripling in battle array,
And both sides determined to fight and to maul:
Death rattled his jaw-bones to see such a fray,
And glory personified laugh'd at them all.
Here he fail'd,—hence he fled, with a few for his sake,
And leap'd into a cockle-shell floating hard by;
It sail'd to an isle in the midst of the lake,
Where they mock'd fallen greatness, and left him to die.

Meanwhile the north fairies stood round in a ring,
Supporting his rival on guns and on spears,
Who, though not a soldier, was robed like a king;
Yet some were exulting, and some were in tears.
A lily triumphantly floated above,
The crowd press'd, and wrangling was heard through the whole;
Some soldiers look'd surly, some citizens strove
To hoist the old nightcap on liberty's pole.

But methought in my dream some bewail'd him that fell,
And lik'd not his victors so gallant, so clever,
Till a fairy stepp'd forward, and blew through a shell,
'Bear misfortune with firmness, you'll triumph for ever.'
I woke at the sound, all in silence, alone,
The moor-hens were floating like specks on a glass,
The dun clouds were spreading, the vision was gone,
And my dog scamper'd round 'midst the dew on the grass.

I took up my staff, as a knight would his lance,
And said, 'Here's my sceptre, my baton, my spear,
And there's my prime minister far in advance,
Who serves me with truth for his food by the year.'
So I slept without care till the dawning of day,
Then trimm'd up my woodbines that whistled again;
My minister heard as he bounded away,
And we led forth our sheep to their pastures again."

ITALY.

[From the New Monthly Mag.]

Lost Italy! what though thy sweetness can cheer
The frame in disease, and the spirit in pain;
Though thy groves in their greenness all lovely appear,
Like the shades of old Eden reviving again;
Though thy gales in their range shed a pleasant perfume;
Though the cloud of the storm from thy sky hath been driven;
Though thy streams through the valleys still lucidly flow,
And the flowers that around them spontaneously grow
Seem as deep in their tint, and as rich in their bloom,
As if newly transplanted from Heaven:—
Still Man's doom'd to droop in thy fields of delight,
For the curse of the slave hangeth o'er him;
He knows not the worth of one home-born right,
And he loves not the country that bore him.
Oh! Liberty! give me the rock, were it bare,
Oh! leave me the cliff dark and hoary;
For the one will be rich, and the other be fair,
If thou smilest on their soil in thy glory.

STANZAS

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY LORD FITZGERALD ON
THE NIGHT OF HIS BEING ARRESTED.

[From the Same.]

Oh! Ireland, my country! the hour
Of thy pride and thy splendour hath pass'd,
And the chain which was spurn'd in thy moment of power
Hangs heavy around thee at last.
There are marks in the fate of each clime,
There are turns in the fortunes of men;
But the changes of realms or the chances of time
Shall never restore thee again.

Thou art chain'd to the wheel of the foe
By links which the world shall not sever;
With thy tyrants through storm and through calm thou shalt go,
And thy sentence is bondage for ever.
Thou art doom'd for the thankless to toil;
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;
And the blood of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil
Shall be wasted—and wasted in vain!

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken;
Thy valour with coldness repaid;
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken
Not one shall stand forth in thine aid.
In the nations thy place is left void;
Thou art lost in the list of the free:
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroy'd
May revive—but no hope is for thee.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF MARCH.

BY A TENANT.

That "when a Lady's in the case,
All other things of course give place,"
Was once a doubt with me, friend GAY;
But LADY Day the fact explains,
Who never comes but she distrains,
And carries all my things away!
* GAY's Fables.

THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

(From Bloomfield's May Day with the Muses.)

"My nutried muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms;—farewell my cap and plume:
Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour;
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd,
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an overpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before!—the same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock.
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land:—that instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost sly,
And cast on me his coal-black stedfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd and bounc'd, and struggled to be free.
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd
O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the *Cape of Storms*,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for elation, life, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had plac'd it there,
And priz'd its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose,
My heart felt every thing but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and hurried into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mused,
And curs'd the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.—
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid,
And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes almost deprived of sight.—
But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me?"

ON READING THE ORIGINAL LETTERS OF ABELARD AND ELOIESE.

By T. Crosse, Esq.

Peep in the shades of solitude reclin'd
I seek to soothe the anguish of my mind;
That anguish with fresh force returns,
Tears every nerve, and through each artery burns!
Thy woes, oh! Abelard I make my own,
And feel thy sorrows, though to me unknown.

Awhile I view thee, high in youthful fame!
Each fierce Logician trembling at thy name;
Grac'd with each art, with every power to charm;
In action graceful, in persuasion warm.
Thy mighty mind all science could subdue,
And conquest follow'd where thy genius flew!

But say, what Demon from the realms of night,
Obscur'd thy lustre, and deform'd thy light?
Curs'd be that hour, when Fulbert's niece was seen;
When mutual glances taught what each most mean;
Though ev'ry charm, and ev'ry grace combin'd
To form her person and adorn her mind.

See Abelard the great, the once renown'd,
O'ercome by love, and prostrate on the ground;
In tenderest accents breathe his amorous fears,
Or bathe the hand of Eloiese with tears;
In mad'ning transport gaze o'er all her charms,
Or lost in languor, die within her arms!

But soon dire changes the love scene deform,
For vengeful Fulbert leads the midnight storm;
Here genius weeps, here ev'ry muse retires,
And quits abash'd the scene of loose desires.

THOUGHTS IN RETIREMENT.

BY T. CROSSE, ESQ.

My soul is sick of this tumultuous scene,
And sighs for joys more artless and serene!
To me it is a joy the trackless heath to rove,
Or sit retired within some shady grove;
To hear no noise except, perhaps, the sound
Of some sweet fall of water murmuring round;
Without restraint from thought to thought to stray!
And give exensive fancy all her play!
To place some fair illusive scene in view,
Such as my mind in happier moments knew;
When sweet retirement held me in her arms,
And bashful nature gave me all her charms.
She gave me joys congenial to my mind,
Such as they were, they left no sting behind!
To me 'tis joy to hear the linnet sing,
And mark the soft gradations of the spring;
To walk by hedges where the hawthorn blows,
Or where the forest its deep shadow throws.
But why should I those charming scenes disclose,
Which many a hard in better verse has told?
But no young poet whom the Nine inspire,
Nor e'en Apollo, should he strike the lyre,
Can half the raptures of my mind display,
When blooms the hawthorn in the month of May,
When through the valley the still river flows,
And all around the beauteous landscape glows.

LETTER WRITING.

The following three specimens of letter-writing of the last century are curious. They are preserved in a tract now of extreme rarity—by that elegant and indefatigable writer, Lord Hailes. The first is from the Duchess Dowager of Lenox to King James the First:—

"My Sovereign Lord—According to your Majesty's gracious pleasure signified unto me, I have sent a young man to attend you, accompanied with a widow's prayers and tears, that he may wax old in your service; and in his fidelity and affection may equal his ancestors departed; and so shall he find grace and favour in the eyes of my Lord the King; which will revive the dying hopes and raise the dejected spirits of a comfortless mother.—Your Majesty's most humble servant,

"KA. LENOX."

The following forms a good contrast to the elegant simplicity of the former. It is addressed to the same Sovereign by the wife of the famous Duke of Buckingham, whose "orthography," like Lord Duberley's, was "somewhat loose," and needed, like his, the corrective hints of a Doctor Pangloss:—

"May it please your Majestie—I have received the two boxes of *drid ploms* and *graps*, and the box of *violatt caks* and chickens, for all which I most humbly thank your Majestie.

"I hope my Lord Annan has *tould* your Majestie that I did mean to *wene* Mall very shortly. I *wood* not by any *mens a-don* it till I had *furst* made your Majestie acquainted with it. and by reason my cousin Bret's boy has *binne* ill of *latt*, for *fere shee* should *greeve* and *spyle* her milk, *maks* me very desirous to *wene* her. And I think *shee* is *ould enufe*, and I hope will endure her *wening* very well; for I think there was never child *card* less for the breast than *shee dos*; so I do intend to make trial this night how *shee* will endure it. This day praying for your Majesties' health and *longe* life, I humbly take my leave.—Your Majesty's most humble servant,

"K. BUCKINGHAM."

The next and last is from the Duke to King James:—

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—Yesterday we got hither so early, that I had time to see over a good part of my works here. This afternoon I will see the rest. I protest to GOD the chiefest pleasure I have in them is, that I hope they will please you, and that they have all come by and from you. I am now going to give my REDEEMER thanks for my MAKER. The afternoon I will spend in viewing the rest. To-morrow the threaten to be arly up, being of my mind impatient to be with you. We shall have no need of a coach of yours, or *Babie Charles*, to make the way short. I could write to the equerries to send them to Thurlo, seven miles on this side of Newmarket; but I will be beholden to none but my kind master and purveyor, who never failed me when I had need; therefore bestir thee, and (here are two words illegible) duty. I will give no thanks for nothing, till I may do it on my knees; so I crave your blessing, as your Majesty's most humble slave and dog.

"STINIE."

CURIOUS ERRATA.—M. de FLAVIGNY wrote a Treatise against ECCELENSIS (who assisted M. le SAY in his Polyglot Bible), charging him with having committed many errors in his share of that work, and reproving him for having reproached his fellow-labourers with their faults while he was blind to his own. This censure M. de FLAVIGNY pointed by the scriptural quotation—"Quid vides festucam in oculo fratris tui, et trabem in oculo tuo non vides? Ejice primum trabem de oculo tuo, et tunc videbis ejicere festucam de oculo fratris tui." The compositor, in setting a crooked line straight, dropped the first o in *oculo* out of the form, and possibly then corrected, as he thought, the word wherever it occurred in the above passage, giving to a Frenchman a totally different and most unfortunate turn to it. The unhappy M. de FLAVIGNY, thus unwittingly furnished in himself another example of the sin he was reproving. ECCELENSIS, in his answer, began with charging the Doctor of an enormous crime committed upon that passage, by presuming, by an unparalleled piece of impiety, to correct the sacred text of the Gospel, and to retrench a modest word, to put in another that was not so. M. FLAVIGNY, in reply, swore publicly, in scriptural terms, that he was innocent. He said, "that sure a fever had put the printer into a frenzy when he printed that word with such a fault." His anger was not wholly extinguished 30 years after the impression of his letter. There is a more modern example of the same unlucky species of error little less scandalous. About two or three years ago, *The Courier* informed the world that the KING had had a fit of the goat at his Palace at Brighton.

POLITE ARISTOCRATICAL DISTINCTION.—"Among the Natchez," says ROBERTSON, "a powerful tribe now extinct, on the banks of the Mississippi, a difference of rank took place, with which the northern tribe were altogether unacquainted. Some families were reputed noble, and enjoyed hereditary dignity. The body of the people was considered as vile, and formed only for subjection. This distinction was marked by appellations which intimated the high elevation of the one state and the ignominious depression of the other. The former were called *respectable*, the latter the *stinkards*."

SECRETARIES OF STATE.—Up to JAMES's reign there was but one Secretary of State; but on the death of CECIL, Earl of Salisbury, there were two created, as if no man could supply the place of that able Minister. This reminds one of the promotion of eight Marshals of France on the death of TURENNE—a great compliment to his memory, which Madame de CORNELIUS pleasantly explained by calling the eight new Marshals—*Change* for M. de TURENNE.

VISITING MADE USEFUL.—The Chinese have visiting cards, the colour and size of which are regulated agreeably to the rank and estimation of the person visited. When our Embassy was in China, Lord MACARTNEY received from the Viceroy of PETCHEH a crimson card—large enough to have papered his bed-chamber!

A WILTSHIRE CICERONE.—One of the countless victims to the Fonthill Epidemic, at the moment of exhibiting that infallible incipient symptom which betrays itself in a visit to the princely mansion of the PEMBROKES, found his attention arrested at the very entrance, by the noble equestrian statue of MARCUS AURELIUS. After bestowing on this superb effort of the sculptor's art its due degree of silent admiration, he turned to a decent looking native who stood nigh, and inquired for whom that figure was intended? "Thot ther, Zur?" was the reply, "Ise shuer I know't—tuz Marquess O'Riley's."—*Museum*.

BON-MOT.—A Gentleman expressing his satisfaction that Lord LONDONDERRY would be at no more State Meetings in Europe—"You are mistaken," replied his friend, "for his Lordship is gone to the Diet of Worms."

SCOTCH GLUTTONY AND LUXURY IN FORMER TIMES.

[FROM HOLINSHED.]

In Scotland they have given themselves (of late years to speak of) unto very ample and large diet, wherein as for some respect nature doth make them equal with us, so otherwise they far exceed us in our much and distemperate gormandise, and so ingrosse their bodies that diverse of them do often become unfit to aine other purpose than to spend their time in large tabling and bellie cheer. Against this pampering of their carcasses doth Hector Boetius, in his description of the countrie, verie sharpelie inveigh. Henrie Wardlaw, also Bishop of St. Andrew's, noting their vehement alteration from competent frugalitie into excessive gluttonie to be brought out of England with James the First (who had been long time prisoner there under the fourth and fifth Henries), doth vehementlie exclaim against the same in open Parliament holden at Perth, 1433, before the Three Estates, and so bringeth his purpose to passe in the end by force of his learned persuasions, that a law was presentlie made there for the restraint of superfluous diet; amongst other things baked meat (dishes never before this man's daies seen in Scotland) were generally so provided for by virtue of this Act, that it was not lawful for anie one to eat of the same under the degree of a Gentleman, and those onlie but of high and festival daies, but alas it was soon forgotten.

Our old author feelingly deplores that the ancient simple mode of living of the men of Scotland, should have given way to these excesses in the article of baked meats. He describes the men of former times as carrying about with them a compound, a piece of which, the size of a bean, would feast a man for a whole day; and as cooling the ardour of the stomach (which he says is the cause of hunger) by standing up to their necks in water for a certain space of time. England does not escape his animadversion on the score of luxury, and dainty living:—In number of dishes and charge of meat, the nobilltie of England (whose cooks are for the most part musical headed Frenchmen and strangers) do most exceed, sith no daie passeth over their heads, wherein they have not only beefe, mutton, veal, lambe, kid, porke, conie, capon, pig, or so manie of these as the season yieldeth; but also some portion of red or fallow deer, beside great varietie of fish and wildfowl, and thereto sundrie other delicacies wherein the sweet hand of the seafaring Portingale is not wanting: so that for a man to dine with one of them, and to taste of everie dish that standeth before him is rather to yield unto a conspiracie with a great deal of meat for the speedie suppression of natural health, than the use of a necessarie meane to satisfy himself with a content repast to sustaine his body withall.

A REPARTEE.—While NAPOLEON was yet a Subaltern in the Army, a Russian Officer, with much self-sufficiency remarked, "that his country fought for glory, and the French for gain."—"You are perfectly right," answered NAPOLEON, "for every one fights for that which he does not possess."

A SINGULAR OBSTACLE.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that the portrait of Henry VIII. was the means of preventing a commercial treaty between the Portuguese and the King of Borneo. A Portuguese vessel having touched at that place, opened a trade there with great success. The King received the strangers with special favour, and they displayed before him the presents with which they were prepared. Among other things was the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catherine represented in tapestry. When the King of Borneo saw the bluff figure of Henry as large as life, he bade the Portuguese pack up their presents, take them on board, and leave his dominions immediately. He knew, he said, what they brought him those figures for; that ugly man was to come out in the night, cut off his head, and take possession of his dominions. There was no persuading him out of his imagination, and the Portuguese were compelled to abandon a commercial speculation which was so auspiciously commenced.

COMPARISON NOT ODIOS.—At the house of Madame la Duchesse de MAINE, the company were one day amusing themselves by comparing and finding ingenious distinctions between one object and another. "What difference," said the Duchess to the Cardinal de POLIGNAC, "is there between me and a watch?" "Madame," replied the Cardinal, "a watch marks the hours, and you make us forget them."

ALI PACHA.—When Ali was 14 years of age, his turbulent spirit and extreme vivacity of temper displayed themselves at an early period. In vain did his father endeavour to direct his attention to the studies essential to youth; escaping from the hands both of his father and his preceptors, and flying the paternal roof, he would wander among mountains covered with snow, or amidst forests of antediluvian growth. A petulance and irritability uncommon in young Turks, who are naturally sedate and composed, were striking traits in his character; it was only upon the demise of his father, that, centering all his affections in his beloved mother, he submitted himself to her will, learned to read, appeared tractable, and adopted for his rule of conduct the counsels of Khamco. "To my mother," said he one day to the Consul General of France, "I owe all; for my father on his death bed left me but a mere hole and a few fields; my imagination fired, by the counsels of her who has twice given me existence, for she has made me a man and a Vizier, revealed to me the secret of my destiny. From that moment I only considered Tepelini as the nataralerie, from which I was to dart upon the prey, mine already in idea. From that moment I thought only of power, treasures, and palaces; in fact, of all which time itself has realised, and which it still promises; for I have not yet attained the acme of my hopes."

AN AVARICIOUS SNAIL.—We relate the following fact just as it has been communicated to us by a most respectable gentleman:—A friend of his, who resides at Trannmere, some time ago lost from his breast a gold pin, about one inch and a half in length, with a small brilliant head. Five weeks afterwards, a snail was observed in his garden, having apparently subsisted on a cast away apple, in the remaining part of which it was then reposing. The person who noticed it perceived something bright at its mouth; and on examination he found the lost breast-pin, the whole of which, except the head, had been swallowed by the snail, without proving fatal to it!—*Liverpool Mercury*.

SOUND MAXIMS.—"If ordinary beggars are whipped, the daily beggars in fine clothes, out of a proportionable respect for their quality, ought to be hanged."—*Marquess of Halifax*.

There are two other maxims of this Nobleman, which are quite to the purpose:—"Arbitrary power is like most other things that are very hard—they are also very apt to break."—"A People may let a King fall, yet still remain a People; but if a King let his People slip from him, he is no longer a King."

[From the *London Magazine*.]

If the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side, if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence after the period of his marriage. With some limitations, they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him—before they that are now man and wife ever met—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some interregnum before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befalls such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these new mintings.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow, that said good things, but an oddity, is one of the ways: they have a particular kind of stare for the purpose: till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether a humourist—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftentimes been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony—that is, where they find you an object of special regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taken down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem—that “decent affection and complacent kindness” towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which rivetted the chain which she is to break upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, “I thought, my dear, you described your friend Mr. — as a great wit.” If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims “This, my dear, is your good Mr. —.”

One good lady, whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not showing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. — speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for, from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own: for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximated to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch: and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

CURIOUS REASON FOR ADMIRATION.—A traveller mentions, that of all modern heroes, the Duke of Wellington is the most popular in China; that, it is said, results not from the victories obtained by this nobleman, for about the battle of Waterloo the Chinese know but little, and care still less; it is the name of the noble Duke that possesses such a charm to the ears of his admirers; it sounds, and it is pronounced, very much like a word of Chinese origin—Weeling-tong. As the name of this hero thus pronounced contains three distinct Chinese words, he is in their estimation one of the greatest men that ever lived—perhaps descended in a direct line from the five-clawed dragon, who, it seems, is the guardian saint of the Celestial Empire.

ANECDOTE OF GOETHE.—A minor poet had addressed some verses to one of the reigning family, which contained some most exaggerated compliments. In criticising the production, the old poet remarked “that there was too much sugar in the composition; that princes were pleased at sugar-plums being given to them, but did not like being pelted with sugar-loaves.”

POLITICAL CHARACTERISTICS.—[From the *Representative*.]—Towards the end of the last session of Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Member for Montrose were engaged in conversation at the bar of the House. A distinguished member of the opposition pointed them out to Mr. Smith, member for Lincoln, and remarked that they furnished at that moment an excellent subject for a caricature. “O yes,” replied the member for Lincoln, “there you see Penny-wise and Pound-foolish.”

VOLTAIRE.—The following letter of Voltaire was written about the year 1728, and is at least a curious specimen of his English style. It is addressed “to John Brinsden esqr. Durham's yard by Charing cross.” The letter bears, in a triangular stamp, the words “Penny Post Paid.” We have preserved the orthography:—

“Sir.—I wish you good health, a quick sale of yr. burgundy, much latin and greek to one of yr. children much Law, much of cooke and littleton, to the other: quiet and joy to mistress brinsden, money to all. when you'll drink yr. Burgundy with mr. furneze pray tell j'll never forget his favours. but dear John be so kind as to let me know how does my lady Bullingbrooke, as to my lord j left him so well j don't doubt he is so still. but j am very uneasie about my lady. if she might have as much health as she has Spirit and wit, sure she would be the strongest body in england. pray dear St. write me something of her, of my lord and of you. direct yr. letter by the penny post at mr. Cavalier, Belitery Square by the Rl. exchange j am sincerely and heartily yr. most humble most obedient rambling friend
“VOLTAIRE.”

(From the *Edinburgh Observer*.)

The letters, of which the following are copies, were found among the papers of the late Mr. Cummyng, Depute Lord Lyon of Scotland. I do not remember to have seen them in any publication, and as their contents, more especially those of the latter, are of a peculiar, singular, and amusing nature, the perusal of them cannot fail to afford satisfaction and entertainment to the generality of the readers of your paper:—

COPY.—LETTER FROM KING JAMES THE 6TH TO THE EARL OF MAR, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF SCOTLAND.

JAMES R.—Right trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, We greet you right hartely well. Having understood, as well by your awin declaration, made to the Counsell, which yee desyred should by them be signified unto us, as by your owne letters, upon your dewty and allegiance, that some of our subjects had an intention to have taken our dearest son the Prince, if he had come from Sterling to the Torwood, and considering the same to be a purpose of no little consequence which cannot be let pass, but meriting deu tryall and condigne punisment, which cannot be well prosecuted except yee come hither in personne to give us up the names of the persons who should have been of the said consperacy, that we may thereafter procede in their tryall.

It is therefore our will that yee fail not, all excuses sette aside, to addressse yourself hither in all possible diligence to the effect aforesaid, for seeing yee have sette doune the accusation so clearly, wee intend to procede with no less care in the tryall and punisment thereof. As for our letter sent by you to our dearest bed-fellow, although you have done nothing in the not delyvery thereof, but according to our direction, yet, since the contents thereof are not of so great consequence as they are particulare or peculiar, I am not sure which, and not fitte to come in every man's hands, it is our will that for her better satisfaction, ye delyver the same to any of the counsell, to be given to her, and disposed upon as she pleaseth, in case she continew in that wilfulness, as she will not heare your credite, nor receive the same from your own handes. In all other things concerning the transporting of our sone, yee shall dispose yourself (according as our cousin the Duke of Lennox will particularly acquaint you) to that which is our pleasure, and advise with him carefully, upon our honour and his security, to whose sufficiency We committing the rest, and looking for you here, in all haste, We bid you farewell.—From our palace of Greenwich, the 17th of May, 1603.

To our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin and Counsellor, the Earl of Mar.

COPY.—LETTER FROM KING JAMES THE 6TH TO THE QUEEN, THEN IN SCOTLAND; WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND, WITHOUT A DATE, SUPPOSED TO BE THE LETTER MENTIONED IN THE KING'S LETTER TO THE EARL OF MAR, MAY THE 17TH, 1603.

MY HAIRTE.—Immediatlie before the Ressaitte of your lettir I was purposed to have written unto you, and that without any greate occation, except for freeing myself at your handis from the imputation of sweareness, but now youre lettir hes gevin more maitter to wryte, although I take small delyte to meddle in so unpleasant a proces. I wonder that nather your long knowledge of my naturall nor my laite earniste purgation unto you can cure you of that rooted erreure that any living darre speak or inform me in any wayes to youre prejudice, or vett that ye can think thaire youre unfriendis that are bow servantis to me. I can say no more, but proteste upon the peril of my salvation and damnation, that nather the Erle of Mar, nor any flesh living, ever informed me that ye was upon any papiste or Spanish course, or that ye hadde any other thouchtes, but a wrong conceaved opinion that he claimed interest in youre sone, or wolde not deliver him unto you, nather does he farther charge the noble men that was with you thaire, but that he was informed that some of thaim theoth by force to have assisted you in the taking my sonne out of his friendis handis; but as for any other papiste or forrine practice, be God he doeth not so much as alleadge it; thairefore he says he will never presume to excuse them, since it may importe your offence, and thairefore I say over agane, leave these womanlie apprehensions, for I thank God I carrie that love and respecte unto you quihich be the law of God and nature I ought to do, be my wyfe and mother of children, but not love that ye are a king's dauchter, for quither ye waire a king's or a cook's dauchter, ye must be all alike to me, being once my wyfe. For the respect of youre honorable birthe and decenete I married you; but the love and respect I now beare you is, that ye are my married wyfe, and so partaker of my honour as of all my other fortunes. I beseeche you excuse my rude plainnes in this: for casting up of your birthe is a needless argument to me. God is my witness I ever preferred you to all my bairnes, much more than to any subjecte; but if you will ever give place to the reports of everie flattering sicophant that will persuade you that when I account well of an honest servant for his bow service to me, it is he be compare, or prefeere him to you, then will nather ye or I be ever at rest. I have, according to my promise, coppied so much of that plotte quhair of I wrote unto you in my last, as did concern my sonne, quihich herein is inclosed, that ye may see I wrote it not without cause, but I desyre you not to have any other Secretariys than yourself. As for your dool weide wearing, it is all utterlie impertinent at this time, for sic reasons as the bearer will show unto you, quhom I have likewise cammandit he imparte dyvers other points unto you, which for fear of wearieing your eyes with my raggit hande, I have heirein omitted, praying God, my hairtie, to preserve you and all the bairnes, and sende me a blythe meeting with you, and a couple of thaim.—Your awin

JAMES R.

GROSS IGNORANCE.—A person about twenty-one years of age died of a consumption, and was decently interred. About a fortnight after, a person called on his father, and said his other son, then in Boston, was sick with consumption, and that he was sent to procure the heart of the deceased son, to be pulverized and given to the living brother to cure him. The credulity of the father caused him to assent, and the dead child was disinterred, and his heart taken out, and sent for the purpose above-mentioned.—*New York Statesman*.

CHINESE WOMEN.—The idolaters of beauty, the Chinese, are for ever at the feet of the beings whom they persecute. When any of their wives are indisposed, they fasten a silken thread round her wrist, the cord of which is given to the physician, and it is only by the motion which the pulsation communicates to it that he is allowed to judge of the state of his patient. This precaution of jealousy is almost unique in its kind.

ANECDOTE.—Crebillon was unfortunate in his family. His wife was suspected of infidelity, and his son was licentious in his writings and in his conduct. His enemies gave out that his plays were written by a brother of his, who was a clergyman. As a proof of this, they said that his brother at his death had finished four acts of *Catiline*, and that Crebillon himself was obliged to add the fifth, which is very inferior to the rest, and condemned the play. One day he was saying in a company in which his son was present, “I have done two things in my life which I shall always repent—my *Catiline* and my son.” “And yet, Sir,” said his son, “there are many persons who affirm that you are the author of neither.”

ON SLEEP.

(BY A PHYSICIAN.)

It is not a matter of indifference to health where we sleep. In many houses the bed-rooms are those which are found unfit for any other purposes. The poor frequently sleep in holes, where they have not so much room and air as a dog that is chained in his kennel. Many people, in good circumstances, have bed-chambers which are so small, dark, and dirty, that they would be ashamed to show them. This is an important error in the conduct of life.—As we commonly spend a third part of the twenty-four hours in our bed-rooms, it behoves us that we take all possible care that we may enjoy pure air for so long an interval, especially as we cannot well renew it in the night-time. To this end we ought never to sleep in the apartments in which we live during the day, but choose for a bed-chamber a spacious room exposed to the sun, that can be opened in the day for the admission of pure air and the dispersion of the vapours collected in the night. The beds should often be shaken up, and these, as well as the bed-clothes, exposed in the day to the sun and air. It is necessary to observe these rules if we would secure ourselves from the effects of a vitiated atmosphere.

Night is the best time for sleep. It is more quiet than the day; and it is then better for us to be in bed than up, because the warmth of the bed protects us from the cold and damps of night. It is also advisable to retire to rest before midnight.—It is proverbially said, and with truth, that the soundest and most wholesome sleep is that which we obtain before twelve o'clock. If we remain up too long, we waste too much of our strength; hence result certain movements in the blood, which are a kind of consuming fever. The least degree of fever in the blood is well known to occasion restless sleep; and, therefore, it is never advisable to defer it till after midnight. It should farther be observed, that the occupations which we follow late at night are seldom conducive to health. We sit down either to read or write, and for so unhealthy a posture as sitting, the day is quite long enough, without our devoting to it part of the night also; or to study, and thus waste still more the animal powers which sleep ought to recruit and renew; or to feasting, by which we pamper a part at the expense of the whole, forgetting that sleep is the best feast of the animal nature. For the same reason I cannot approve of dancing at night, though it has this advantage over other nocturnal amusements, that it keeps up the transpiration which the cold of night is otherwise liable to check. As we ought daily to comply with the instinct which compels us to eat and drink for our nourishment, so we ought also to feed and refresh the animal nature with sleep, and not suffer it to fast beyond the proper time.

Great heat, severe exertion either of body or mind, and hearty meals, sometimes dispose us to sleep in the day. It has been a subject of frequent discussion whether sleep after dinner be wholesome or not. There can be no doubt that it is, when we feel heavy and disposed to sleep. Boerhaave was once of opinion that sleep after dinner is pernicious, and that the school of Salerno was in the right to prescribe it, and on the contrary, to recommend bodily exercise after meals; but when he considered that all the animals, after appeasing the cravings of appetite, give themselves up to repose, and that the due digestion of food requires not only a large proportion of vital spirits, but also the easy and unrestrained movements of the abdomen, to neither of which bodily exercise conduces; he changed his opinion, and with Hippocrates, Galen, and other eminent physicians, recommended bodily exercise before dinner, and a nap after it, with Felix Plater.—The latter celebrated physician once attended a meeting of his colleagues, at which this question was debated. Every one condemned the practice, when Plater rose: "I am now seventy years of age," said he, "I have always taken my nap after dinner, and have never been ill in my life." Who could advance any thing against such an argument?

It is an important question, how long a person ought to sleep. Too long sleep overloads, too short stunts the animal nature. The best sleep should continue no longer than till we are satiated with it. This satiety depends on a hundred different circumstances. A lively disposition does not require so much sleep as a phlegmatic temperament. We often hear people complain that they cannot sleep at night, who, nevertheless, are hearty and lively during the day, and who merely err in going to bed too early and lying too long. They retire to rest, perhaps, at ten o'clock, and awake at three or four. Conceiving that to sleep well, they ought to sleep the whole night through, they call that restlessness, which is but the effect of vivacity. They do not require longer sleep. Their force is recruited in a few hours; after which they ought to rise, anticipate the sun, and pursue their occupations.—The same is the case with the indolent, whose head and hands are alike employed. For them it were better that the day were twice as long, or that they made no difference between day and night. They should only lie down when they are sleepy, and rise as soon as they awake, and fall to some kind of work or other. I know a person who has by this method relieved himself from sleepless nights. He rose as soon as he awoke, be the hour what it would; employed himself for an hour, or till he grew sleepy, then lay down again, and slept till morning. In a short time he could sleep the whole night through, especially after taking bodily exercise in the day. Sanctorius observed, that a

person who sleeps from eight to ten hours, transpires but little in the first five. In the three following the transpiration increases, and he becomes lighter in weight as well as in feeling. In a longer continuance of sleep the transpiration again diminishes. The blood gradually circulates more slowly. He feels chilly, and the limbs become heavy. Instead of acquiring new strength, he is oppressed with a lassitude, which makes him more and more sleepy, and against which Sanctorius recommends bodily exercise and strong excitement of the passions.

The position of the body in sleep is likewise a point of some consequence. The head ought not to be too low, and there should be nothing to obstruct the free movement of the chest and abdomen. For this reason, all night-clothes ought to be loose. The body ought to be equally covered, and none of the limbs should be in such a posture as to keep the muscles in action. If you fall asleep with your hands clasped, you find on awaking that your fingers are dead and have no feeling. If you lie with crossed legs, they either contract that sensation which is called being asleep, or you get the cramp in them. It is hurtful to sleep much sitting on a chair; for if the legs hang down they are apt to be swollen in the morning, and if they are laid upon another chair, this position compresses the abdomen. Some maintain that it is best to lie on the right side, that the heart may move with greater freedom. The most rational course in this particular is, for each individual to be guided by his own feelings, and to change his posture accordingly.—Neither the light of day, nor even moonlight, should be permitted to fall upon the eyes during sleep; otherwise they are liable to a dry burning heat in the day-time, and frequently to inflammation.

Every one would be glad to know by what means sleep may be promoted; for nothing is more unpleasant than to be weary and yet have to wait for sleep. The best method is fatigue, either by bodily or mental labour. There are other means for promoting sleep, most of which, however, ought only to be known in order to be avoided. Upon the whole, it is pernicious to sleep in an atmosphere impregnated with strong odours. They confuse the head, injure the olfactory nerves, and cause headache and dizziness.

On this occasion it may not be amiss to warn the reader against the introduction of the vapour of coal or charcoal into bed-chambers. It produces restless and unrefreshing sleep, heaviness, stupor, nay, even death itself, according to the degree of its strength. For this reason I cannot approve the practice of warming beds with burning coals; for which purpose bottles of hot water are to be preferred. Care should also be taken to keep bed-rooms well ventilated and free from damp and humidity. Hence they should face the sun, and not be on the ground-floor of the house. Cold in the head, and loss of hearing, are frequently complaints with persons who sleep in damp, close rooms.

Among the surest and most innocent means of promoting sleep, I can recommend wine and tobacco; but both must be used with moderation. A slight degree of exhilaration is soon succeeded by drowsiness. These means and employment are sufficient to produce wholesome sleep; but, at the same time, we must avoid whatever is liable to disturb it, and among other things, too profuse suppers, by which the stomach is overloaded. I should, nevertheless, not dissuade healthy persons, who are accustomed to the practice, from eating moderate suppers; for fasting also is found to prevent sleep. It is a bad habit to drink tea, coffee, or a great quantity of any thin beverage before retiring to rest: these things only defeat the object of those who are obliged to invite slumber. They will be much more likely to attain their end by drinking a glass or two of wine, smoking a pipe, and reading a few pages of some dull poet.

MILTON.—There is a simplicity in the style and manner of Milton's prose, that, combined with the strong feelings of a liberal mind, render it very interesting. Whether some of his notions had or had not led him astray, it is evident that his heart was innocent, and under the direction of religion. A knowledge of human nature appears in the following passage, while it forcibly impresses a lesson not more political than moral:—"For this is not the liberty which we can hope for, that no grievance shall ever arise in the commonwealth; that, let no man in this world expect. But when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for." This and other observations occur in the course of his "Areopagitica," the motives which gave rise to the following necessarily imply a rational tenderness for the preservation of judicious and useful works. Milton had remarked what Horace alluded to, in his *Vicum vendentem, thus e odores!* "He who kills a man kills a reasonable creature,—God's image: but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself,—kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burthen to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up, for purposes to a life beyond a life."—*Stephensiana*.

CONJUGAL TENDERNESS.—After the fatal duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in which both fell mortally wounded at the first exchange of shots, the body of the latter was conveyed to his own house in Gerrard-street. The only sensation his Lady is said to have felt on the occasion, was extreme displeasure that the bloody corpse of her husband should have been flung upon her "best bed," to the great detriment of its splendid counterpane and furniture.

Close the shutters, and draw the curtains together and pile fresh wood upon the hearth! Let us have, for once, an innocent *auto da fé*. Let the hoarded corks be brought forth, and branches of crackling laurel. Place the wine and fruit and the hot chesnuts on the table. And now, good folks and children, bring your chairs round the blazing fire.—Put some of those rosy apples upon your plates.—We'll drink one glass of bright sherry "to our absent friends and readers," and then let us talk a little about Christmas.

And what is Christmas?

Why, it is the happiest time of the year. It is the season of mirth and cold weather. It is the time when Christmas-boxes and jokes are given; when misletoe, and red-berried laurel, and soups, and sliding, and school-boys, prevail; when the country is illuminated by fires and bright faces; and the town is radiant with laughing children.

And *this* night is CHRISTMAS EVE. Formerly it was a serious and holy vigil. Our forefathers observed it strictly till a certain hour, and then requited their own forbearance with cups of ale and Christmas candles, with placing the *yule clog* on the fire, and roaring themselves thirsty till morning.—Time has altered this. We are neither so good as our forefathers were, nor so bad. We go to bed sober; but we have forgotten their old devotions. Our conduct looks like a sort of compromise; so that we are not worse than our ancestors we are satisfied not to be better: but let that pass.—What we now call Christmas Eve (there is something very delightful in old terms: they had always their birth in reason or sentiment) was formerly *Mædrenack*; or, *The Night of Mothers*!—How beautifully does this recal to one's heart that holy tale, that wonderful nativity, which the eastern shepherds went by night to gaze at and adore.

(It was the winter wild,
When the heaven-born child

All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lay.)

a prodigy, which, had it been invention only, would have contained much that was immaculate and sublime; but, twined as it is with man's hopes and fears, it is invested with a grand and overwhelming interest.

But to-night is Christmas Eve, and so we will be merry. Instead of toast and ale, we will content ourselves with our sherry and chesnuts; and we must put up with coffee or fragrant tea, instead of having the old *Wassail-bowl*, which formed part of the inspiration of our elder poets. We were once admitted to the mysteries of that fine invention, and we respect it accordingly. Does any one wish to know its merits? Let him try what he can produce, on our hint, and be grateful to us for ever. The "*Wassail-bowl*" is, indeed, a great composition. It is not carved by Benvenuto Cellini, (the outside *may*, but it is not material,) nor shaped by Michael Angelo, from the marble quarries of Carrara; but it is a liquor fit for the lips of the Indian Bacchus, and worthy to celebrate his return from conquest. It is made—for, after all, we must descend to particulars—it is made of wine, with *some* water, (but *parce, precor, precor!*) with spices of various sorts and roasted apples, which float in triumph upon its top. The proportions of each are not important; in fact, they should be adapted to the taste of the drinkers. The only caution that seems necessary is to "spare the water."

One mark and sign of Christmas is the *music*; rude enough, indeed, but generally gay, and speaking eloquently of the season. Music, at festival times, is common to most countries. In Spain, the serenader twangs his guitar: in Italy, the musician allures rich notes from his Cremona: in Scotland, the bag-pipe drones out its miserable noise: in Germany, there is the horn, and the pipe in Arcady. We too, in our turn, have our Christmas "*Waits*," who witch us at early morning, before cock-crow, with strains and welcomings which belong to night. They wake us so gently, that the music seems to have commenced in our dreams, and we listen to it till we sleep again. Besides this, we have our songs, from the young and the old, jocose and fit for the time. What old gentleman of sixty has not his stock; his one, or two, or three frolicksome verses. He sings them for the young folks, and is secure of their applause and his own private satisfaction. His wife, indeed, perhaps, says, "*Really*, my dear Mr. Williams, you should *now* give over these," &c.; but he is more resolute from opposition, and gambols through his "*Flowery meads of May*," or "*Beneath a shady bower*," while the children hang on his chin, trembling, untuneable notes in delighted and delightful amaze.

Leaving now our *eve* of Christmas, its jokes and songs, and warm hearths, we will indulge ourselves in a few words upon CHRISTMAS DAY. It is like a day of victory. Every house and church is as green as spring.

The laurel, that never dies, the holly, with its armed leaves and scarlet berries, the misletoe, under which one sweet ceremonial is (we hope still) performed, are seen. Every brave shrub that has life and verdure seems to come forward to shame the reproaches of men, and to show them that the earth is never dead, never parsimonious. Then, what gay dresses are intermixed, art rivalling nature! Wo to the rabbits and the hares, and the nut-cracking squirrels, the foxes, and all children of the woods, for furriers shall spoil them of their coats, to keep woman (the wonder of creation) warm. And wo to those damsels (fair anachronisms) who will not fence out the sharp winter; for rheumatisms and agues shall be theirs, and catarrhs shall be their portion in spring.

Our population looks more alive than at other times. Quick walking and heaps of invitations keep the blood warm. Every one seems hurrying to a dinner. The breath curls upwards like smoke through the frosty air; the eyes glisten; the teeth are shown; the muscles of the face are rigid, and the colour of the cheek has a fixed look, like a stain. Hunger is no longer an enemy. We feed him, like the ravenous tiger, till he pants and sleeps, or is quiet. Every body eats at Christmas. The

then feast as usual; but the tradesman leaves his moderate fare for dainties. The apprentice abjures his chop, and plunges at once into the luxuries of joints and puddings. The school-boy is no longer at school. He dreams no more of the coming lesson, or the lifted rod; but mountains of jelly rise beside him, and blanc-mange with its treacherous foundations, threatens to overwhelm his fancy; roods of mince pies spread out their chequered riches before him; and figures (only real on the 6th of January) pass by him, one by one, like ghosts before the vision of the king of Scotland. Even the servant has his "once a year" bottle of port; and the beggar his "alderman in chains."

Oh! merry piping time of Christmas! Never let us permit thee to degenerate into distant courtesies and formal salutations. But let us shake our friends and familiars by the hand, as our fathers and their fathers did. Let them all come around us, and let us count how many the year has added to our circle. Let us enjoy the present and laugh at the past. Let us tell old stories and invent new ones—innocent always, and ingenious if we can. Let us not meet to abuse the world, but to make it better by our individual example. Let us be patriots, but not men of party. Let us look *as the time*—cheerful and generous, and endeavour to make others as generous and cheerful as ourselves.

CHRISTMAS WITHIN DOORS IN THE NORTH OF GERMANY.—(Extracted from *Satyrane's Letters*.)—

There is a Christmas custom here which pleased and interested me. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other; and the parents to the children. For three or four months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money, to make or purchase these presents.—What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret, and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits and the others are not with them; getting up in the morning before day-light, &c. Then on the evening before Christmas day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go: a great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall; a multitude of little tapers are fastened in the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly burnt out; and coloured paper, &c. hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced—and each presents his little gift—and then bring out the rest one by one from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. Where I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast—it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within him. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture—and then the raptures of the very little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and snap—O it was a delight for them!—On the next day, in the great parlour, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children: a scene of more sober joy succeeds, as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy and that which was most faulty in their conduct. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow; who in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates the Knecht Rupert, i. e. the servant Rupert. On Christmas night he goes round to every house and says, that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither—the parents and elder children receive him with great pomp of reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and according to the character which he hears from the parents he gives them the intended presents, as if they came out of Heaven from Jesus Christ; or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and, in the name of his master, recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old the children are let into the secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it!

MACKLIN.—In 1754, Macklin took a formal leave of the stage, for the purpose of indulging himself in a favourite scheme he had contemplated; that of suddenly making his fortune, by the establishment of a tavern and coffee-house in the Piazza, Covent-garden. To this plan he afterwards added a school of oratory, under the title of the "*British Inquisition*." The first part of this plan was opened on the 11th of March, 1754, by a public ordinary, (which was to be continued every day at four o'clock, price three shillings) where every person was permitted to drink port, claret, or whatever liquor he should choose—a bill of fare, we must confess, very encouraging, even in those times; and which, from its cheapness and novelty, drew a considerable resort of company, which generally consisted of wits, authors, players, templars, and lounging men of the town. From the table, the company passed to the school of oratory. Foote, who was frequently of the party, sometimes disconcerted the orator in his lecture, though he was as taciturn as the rest at the ordinary. On one occasion, Macklin undertook to shew the causes of duelling in Ireland; and why it was much more the practice of that nation than any other? In order to this in his own way, he began with the earliest part of the Irish history; and after getting as far as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, he was again proceeding, when Foote spoke to order, and desired to know what was the hour? "What was that to do with duelling?" said Macklin; but, however, I will satisfy you; it is half past ten o'clock; and now for your reasons for interrupting me? "Why," said Foote, "because about this time of the night, every gentleman in Ireland, that can possibly afford it, is in his third bottle of claret, consequently is in a fair way of getting drunk; from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling, duelling; so there's an end of the chapter." The company seemed fully satisfied with this abridgment; and Macklin shut up his lecture for that evening in great dudgeon.

Not far above *Anesbury*, is a little village called *Netherhaven*, where I once saw an acre of hares! We were (October last) coursing at *Everly*, a few miles off; and one of the party happening to say that he had seen an acre of hares, at *Mr. Hicks Beeche's*, at *Netherhaven*, we, who wanted to see the same, or to detect our informant; sent a messenger to beg a day's coursing, which being granted, we went over the next day. *Mr. Beeche* received us very politely. He took us into a wheat stubble close by his paddock, his son took a gallop round, cracking his whip at the same time; the hares (which were very thickly in sight before), started all over the field, ran into a flock like sheep, and we all agreed that the flock did cover an acre of ground! *Mr. Beeche* had an old greyhound that I saw lying down in the shrubbery close by the house, while several hares were sitting and skipping about, with just as much confidence as cats sit by a dog in a kitchen or a parlour. Was this instinct in either dog or hares? Then mind, the same greyhound went amongst the next course with us upon the distant hills and lands, and then he ran as eagerly as the rest, and killed the hares with as little remorse. Philosophers will talk a long while before they will make me believe that this was instinct alone. I believe that this dog had much more reason than one half of the Cossacks have; and I am sure he had a great deal more than many a negro that I have seen. —(*Cobbett's Register*, December 7.)

(From the *Stirling Journal*.)—There is at present living, at a place called *Glenarie*, six miles from *Inverary*, a person of the name of *John Monro*, at the advanced age of 95, who makes a point of walking daily, for the sake of recreation, the six miles betwixt his residence and *Inverary*, or to the top of *Tullich-hill*, which is very steep, and distant about two miles. Should the rain pour in torrents, so much the better, and with the greater pleasure does he perambulate the summit of the hill for hours in the midst of the storm. Whether it is natural to this man, or whether it is the effect of habit, cannot be said; but it is well known he cannot endure to remain any length of time with his body in a dry state. During summer, and when the weather is dry, he regularly pays a daily visit to the river *Arca*, and plunges himself headlong in with his clothes on; and should they get perfectly dry early in the day, so irksome and disagreeable does his situation become, that, like a fish out of water, he finds it necessary to repeat the luxury. He delights in rainy weather, and when the "sky lowers, and the clouds threaten," and other men seek the "bield or ingle side," then is the time that this "man of habits" chooses for enjoying his natural element in the highest perfection. He never bends his way homewards till he is completely drenched; and, on these occasions, that a drop may not be lost, his bonnet is carried in his hand, and his head left bare to the pattering of the wind and rain. He at present enjoys excellent health; and, notwithstanding his habits, he has been wonderfully fortunate in escaping colds, a complaint very common in this moist climate—but when he is attacked whether in dry weather or wet weather, whether in summer or winter, his mode of cure is not more singular than it is specific. Instead of confining himself and indulging in the ardent sweating petitions so highly extolled among the gossips of his country, he repairs to his favourite element, the pure streams of the *Arca* and takes one of his usual headlong dips, with his clothes on. He then walks about for a few miles, till they become dry, when the plan pursued never fails to check the progress of his disorder. In other respects, the writer has never heard any thing singular regarding his manners or habits.

(From the *Stirling Journal*.)—In addition to what we mentioned regarding the habits of the old man of 95, near *Inverary*, we have received the following particulars. A few days ago illness compelled him to confine himself to bed. The circumstance being unusual, excited alarms in his aged partner, and she, perhaps for the first time in her life, recommended that the doctor should be sent for—"Na na, Jenny," said he, "nane o' your doctors for me, I maun hae the auld doctor—gae awa' out to the burn an' bring in a stoup o' cauld water, an' toun it owre me in the bed, an' deil a doctor amang them will bring me sooner to my feet again." Jenny, like a loving and obedient wife, set instantly about fulfilling the commands of her ancient lord and master, but not to the full letter of the law.—Having no predilection for the comforts of a wet bed, she demurred as to obeying the clause which regarded that part of the mandate, and, by some assistance, John was placed on the floor, completely soused with cold water, put to bed again, where he slept soundly, and awakened quite refreshed next morning, ready to commence his usual perambulations. Honest John has another propensity, but in which he does not stand single among his hardy countrymen. He has no objections, whilst his back is enjoying the mountain streams, though his stomach should be regaled with a drop of "mountain dew." It often happens that the latter proves an overdose, and poor John in the morning finds that he is not exempted from paying the usual debt to intemperance, in the form of headaches and lassitude. He does not, however, apply for relief in the ordinary way, by "taking a hair o' the dog that bit him."—Jenny is called on to administer the never failing restorative—John starts from his couch and gets a few gallons of the *Arca* thrown over his person, and always with the desired effect. He has been public crier for the parish for the last sixty years—the duties of which office requires him, on the Sabbath, to stand at the church-door, as the people are retiring from service, and gives proclamation of sales, or such other matters as require to be made public. The same plan is still pursued over most parts of the highlands. The notice is given in Gaelic, and invariably commences in the old way with—"O yes—two times O yes—three times O yes."

Letter from Sir George Rodney to the Governor of *Box-ladres* :—

"Dear General—The battle is fought and the day is our's. The English flag is victorious: we have taken the French Admiral, with nine other ships, and sunk one.

"G. B. R."

Letter transmitted by Captain Walton to his Commander, Admiral Byng :—

"We have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels which were upon the coast: the number as per margin."

M. du Casse to Admiral Benbow :—

"Carthagen, August, 1702.

"Sir—I had little hopes, on Monday last, but to have supped in your cabin; yet it pleased God to order otherwise: I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly Captains who deserted you, hang them up; for, by G—d, they deserve it.

"DU CASSE."

From a Creditor to a Gentleman :—

"Sir—If you do not pay me, I will arrest you.

"L. G."

"Sir—Arrest and be d—d.

"B. J."

THE RAMBLER SUSPECTED.—There has been a curious statement published in the literary world, of Dr. JOHNSON having been suspected of writing his *Ramblers* to satirize a *Country Club*. The suspicion, however, was a great compliment to the author. Mr. Murphy relates that when the *Rambler* was first published in separate numbers, as they were objects of attention to multitudes of people, they happened to attract the notice of a Society that met every Saturday evening, in summer, at *Romford*, in *Essex*, and were known by the name of the *Bowling-green Club*. These men seeing one day the character of *Servilius*, the fortune-hunter, or *Tetrica*, the Old Maid—another day some account of a person, who spent his life in hoping for a legacy—or of him who is always prying into other folks' affairs, began to think that they were betrayed, and that some one of the coterie sat down to divert himself by giving to the public portraits of all the rest. Filled with wrath against the traitor of *Romford*, one of them resolved to write to the printer, and inquire the author's name. SAMUEL JOHNSON was the reply. No more was necessary:—*Samuel Johnson* was the name of the Curate, and soon did he obtain the reproach of every one for turning his friends into ridicule, in a manner so cruel and unprovoked. In vain did the guiltless Curate protest his innocence:—one was sure that *Aliqui* meant Mr. Twigg, and that *Cypidus* was but another name for neighbour *Bages*; till the poor parson, unable to contend any longer against such reasoning, rode to London, and brought them full satisfaction concerning the writer, who from his own knowledge of general manners, quickened by a strong and vigorous mind, had happily delineated, though unknown to himself, the Members of the *Romford Bowling-green Club*.

The papers in the *Spectator*, said to be written by Addison, are marked with the initial letters C, L, I, O; but the Annotators are not determined as to their actual signification. Some impute them to vanity, presuming that Addison intended to personify himself with the Muse *Clio*; others state that the letters stood for the initials of the places whence the different papers were dated: as C, from *Chelsea*; L, from *London*; I, from *Islington*; and O, either from *Oxford*, or from his Office, during his sojourn at these several residences. This latter supposition is doubtless more correct, and the opinion may be corroborated by transposing the letters (for there is no absolute rule why they should follow, as above, C, L, I, O) into the Latin word *Loei*, of, or at, the place at which he might have resided at the time he wrote his various speculations. At all events, this is as fair a presumption as that of imputing vanity to a man, whose whole writings are diametrically opposite from the slightest tincture of that foible, and whose sole object was to enlighten, admonish, and correct the existing vices of his day; whose labours were incessantly directed to the awakening in the human mind a just consideration of the important purposes of our existence, and of the duty we owe to ourselves to spend an honourable and meritorious life; whose inestimable services to the moral world are sufficiently apparent; whose familiar style and elegant simplicity have blended entertainment with instruction, have imperceptibly excited the most powerful and extensive interest, and have improved the heart by informing the mind.

The Rev. Mr. Mollison, Minister of *Montrose*, had been long in the practice of dragging Anti-Christ into his prayers. This term becoming unfashionable at the commencement of the French Revolution, when the Altar and the Throne became the favourite theme, and jostled out Anti-Christ—a simple woman, one of his parishioners, meeting him one day, says—"Sir, I hae something to speer at ye, but ye maunna tak it ill." "Na, na," rejoins Mr. Mollison, "I'll no tak it ill." "O dear me," says she, "Is yon Annie Christie dead, or is she better, that ye prayed sae long about, as I ne'er hear ye speak o' her now?"—*Greenock Advertiser*.

Waller, the poet, was treated with great kindness and familiarity by King James, who asked him how he liked one of the pictures; "My eyes," said Waller, "are dim and I do not know it." The King said it was the Princess of Grange. "She is," said Waller, "like the greatest woman in the world." The King asked "who was that?" and was answered "Queen Elizabeth." "I wonder," said the King, "you should think so; but I must confess she had a wise council." "And, Sir," said the poet, "did your Majesty ever know a fool chuse a wise one?"

“Michaelmas,” says Bailey, “is a festival appointed by the Church to be observed in honour of St. Michael, the Arch-Angel, who is supposed to be the chief of the host of Heaven, as Lucifer is of the infernal host; and as he was supposed the protector of Jewish, so he is now esteemed the guardian and defender of the Christian Church.”

The custom of having a roast goose for dinner on Michaelmas, or St. Michael's Day (September the 29th), is of very ancient standing; but whence it originated is unknown. Churchill tell us, that

"By custom (right divine)

Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine ;"

yet the cause why, remains unexplained, though, as Beckwith remarks in his new edition of Blount's "Jocular Tenures," it was probably for no other reason but that Michaelmas Day was a great festival, and geese at that time most plentiful. We learn from the same work, that as long ago as the tenth year of Edward IV., among other services, John de la Hay was bound to render to William Barnaby, Lord of Lustres, in Herefordshire, for a parcel of the demesne lands, "xxd. and one goose fit for the Lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the Arch-Angel." This proves the antiquity of the practice of goose-eating on St. Michael's Day; and it is demonstrative, also, that the vulgar opinion which attributes the origin of the custom to Queen Elizabeth having received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, whilst she was eating a goose on this day, cannot be truth. Like evidence may be found among the "Posies" of George Gascoigne, Esq. printed in 1575, wherein is the following passage:—

“ And when the tenants came to paie their quarter’s rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer ; a dish of fish in Lent.
At Christmasse a capon, at Michaelmasse a Goose ;
And somewhat else at new yere’s tide, for fear their lease
 shie loose.”

There is a popular saying, that "if you eat goose of Michaelmas day, you will never want money all the year round;" and it is not improbable that this adage has been the death of many a goose at this season, for far more people are influenced by these kind of proverbs than are willing to own it.

In Dearing's "History of Nottingham," it is mentioned that "hot roasted geese" have been formerly given in that town, by the old Mayor, on Michaelmas day, at his own house, previously to the election of a new Mayor.

BETTERTON, the celebrated actor, had a small farm near Reading, in Berkshire, from which the tenant came to London, at the time of Bartholomew fair, to pay his rent. Betterton took him to the fair, and going to one Crawley's puppet-show, offered two shillings for himself and his tenant Roger. "No, no, Sir," said Crawley, "we never take money from one another." This affronted Betterton, who threw down the money, and they entered. Roger was highly diverted with Punch, and bred a great noise, being a merry fellow, by saying that he would drink with him. Betterton told him he was only a puppet made up of sticks and rags. However, Roger still cried out that he would go and drink with Punch, and could hardly be persuaded, when taken behind the scenes, that the object of his admiration was not alive. At night Betterton took Roger to the theatre, where, in *The Orphan*, he played *Castalio* to Mrs. Barry's *Monimia*. "Well, Roger," said Betterton, at the end of the play, "how did you like our acting?" "Why, I don't know," replied Roger, "but it's well enough for sticks and rags."

Foote having employed an artist of the name of Forfeit to do a job for him, who kept it long after the time he had promised to bring it home, was making his apology by saying that he had got into a foolish scrape about *the antiquity of his family* with another artist, who gave him such a drubbing as confined him to his bed for a considerable time. "Forfeit, Forfeit," said Foote, "why surely you have the best of the argument, as I can prove your family to be not only *several thousand years old*, but at the same time, *the most numerous* of any on the face of the globe." "Aye?" said the man, quite transported with joy; "pray on what authority?"—"On the authority of Shakspeare—"
'All the souls that are were *forfeit* once.'

‘All the souls that are were *forfeit* once.’”

A young gentleman having occasion to ask a lady for the snuffers across the table, addressed her in the following strain:—"Most beautiful, accomplished, and charming lady, will your ladyship, by an unmerited and undeserved condescension of your infinite goodness, please to extend to your most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, that pair of ignipotent digests, that I may exasperate the excrescences of this nocturnal cylindric luminary. in order that the refulgent brightness of its resplendent brilliancy may dazzle the vision of our ocular optics more potently."

Mæcenas was several times separated from his wife Terentia, who was exquisitely beautiful, but very capricious. But such was his affection for her, that a new formal connexion as often took place. Hence it was observed by Seneca that Mæcenas had been twenty times married, and yet never had but one wife.

In the reign of Charles the Second, a Professor of Glasgow, named Zachary Boyd, translated the Bible into rhyme, and left the M.S. to that University, with a legacy of 3,000*l.* to defray the expenses of printing it. The University refused to accept the money, but retained the M.S. That they consulted both their own credit and that of the Testator, in not publishing it, will appear from the following specimen:—

"Jonah was three days in the whale's belly, without fire or candle,
"but he was there, like a good fish, to handle!"

In London and Paris there are tribes of men who live by writing for the public press. There is constant employment in Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers for those who combine some talent with much industry. As quality is not reducible to any previous standard, payment is generally made by the printed sheet; and, the measure being superficial, it is not to be wondered that the productions are also superficial. Thought is the material of the writer by the sheet, and is the gold with which he contrives to gild a certain number of pages. Of course he lays it on in proportion to the price he is paid, and we have single and double gilding, and plating of various thicknesses in literature, as well as in the metallic arts. It is amusing to carry this idea through the pages of a review or magazine. The writers and the readers are constantly at issue. The former is endeavouring to beat out his small stock of thoughts into the greatest number of pages, in eking them out by antitheses, comparisons, figures, and well-rounded periods; while the weary reader is vainly looking for original ideas and useful conclusions. Their objects, however, are different. The author must eat, and must fill a certain number of pages; and the reader must be content if he catch one good thought in a thousand words; or in ten thousand, if the style be easy, graceful, and flowing. Small type and matters of fact are the bane of authorship. A close-printed page, and the details of art and science, are as much dreaded by a practised author as a whipping-cart by a pickpocket. On the contrary, essays about nothing, about trifles, or common-place topics; or reviews which admit of long quotations, strung together with short paragraphs, are perennial blessings. Of the former an industrious writer cannot produce a sheet in a month, while of the latter he can produce a sheet, day after day, before he dines. In my early days the "Monthly Review" used to give three guineas a sheet, or four shillings a page, quotations included; and it transcended and has outlived the "Critical," because the latter paid but two, and therefore only had the aid of those writers who could not get engagements in the "Monthly." The magazines in general paid but two, but the "European" paid three. Phillips got the ill-will of the other proprietors by paying five and upwards; but then he undid his authors by his small type, and by his matters of fact, of which he exhausts them, in succession, in a few months. The "Edinburgh Review" gave ten guineas for essays; the "Quarterly" followed at fifteen; others have given as much; and while the public, or any considerable portion of the public, are gratified by long-winded essays, this species of publication will succeed.

PEG FRYER was a favourite actress in the reign of Charles the Second, and, after a long absence, returned to the stage merely by way of a visit, in the reign of George the First. Charles Mollay, Esq. took a farce called the *Half-pay Officer*, from a tragi-comedy of Sir William Davenant's, entitled *Love and Honour*, and prevailed on Mrs. Fryer to take once more her original character of *Lady Richlove*, which, being that of an old woman, suited her years. Accordingly she was thus announced in the bills of Lincoln's-inn-fields Theatre:—" *Lady Richlove* by the famous Peg Fryer, who has not appeared upon the stage these fifty years, and who will dance a jig at the end of the farce." A few remembered her, and went to the theatre to see an old favourite, but most went out of curiosity to see Mrs. Fryer then (1720), eighty-five years of age. This extraordinary woman sustained her part with great spirit, and was received with the most gratifying applause. But when she was to dance, she came on the stage apparently quite exhausted by her exertions, and scarcely able to support herself, made her obedi-
ence to the audience, and was about to retire, when the orchestra struck up the Irish trot, and the animated old woman danced her promised jig with the nimbleness and vivacity of five-and-twenty, laughing at the surprise of the audience, and receiving unbounded applause. Mrs. Fryer, after this, kept a tavern and ordinary at Tottenham-court, and her house was continually thronged with company, who went out of curiosity to converse with this extraordinary old woman.

Kitty White, a pupil of Mr. Rich, received, during her initiation of Mr. O'Brien of Drury Lane, some instruction how to perform with propriety the character of *Sylvia*, in the *Recruiting Officer*. One day, as he was thus employed, observing that the lady misconceived his directions, and repeated a passage very improperly, he told her it was a *parenthesis*, and therefore required a different tone of voice, and a greater degree of volubility than the rest of the sentence. "A parenthesis!" said Miss White, "What's that?" Her mother, who happened to be present, blushing for her daughter's ignorance, immediately exclaimed "Oh what an infernal limb of an actress you will make! not to know the meaning of 'prentice, and that it is the plural number of 'prentices."

Thamas Kouli Khan, in consequence of his invasion of India, brought the Great Mogul into subjection, and carried with him, out of Hindostan, a treasure, which, in effects, silver, gold, and jewels, was valued at more than seventy millions of pounds sterling. This conqueror occasioned the loss of near two hundred thousand lives. Amid the cruelties exercised by him in India, a Dervise had the courage to present a writing to him, couched in these terms:—"If thou art a god, act as a god; if thou art a prophet, conduct us in the way of salvation; if thou art a king, render the people happy, and do not destroy them." To which the barbarian made the following reply;—"I am no god, to act as a god; nor a prophet, to show the way of salvation; nor a king, to render the people happy; but I am he whom God sends to the nations which he has determined to visit with his wrath."

Anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield.—About the year 1781, his Lordship then presiding in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, signified his intention of sitting to try causes on Easter Monday, upon which Mr. Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, in the name of the Council, declared their resolution not to attend on that day. Lord Mansfield, however, persevered, and went to Westminster-Hall as usual, but there was not a single barrister present; on which his Lordship called on the attorneys, and in some instances on the parties themselves, to open the cases, which they did with various abilities, and his Lordship actually tried nearly 20 causes; observing, on leaving the Court, that if there had not been so much talking, he believed full as much justice had been done, as if the gentlemen of the long robe had been present.

Barthe, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for selfishness. Calling upon a friend, whose opinion he wished to have upon a new comedy, he found him in his last moments, but, notwithstanding, proposed to him to hear it read. "Consider," said the dying man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Aye," replied Barthe, "but this will only occupy half that time."

Portrait Painting.—Rigo, the painter, who was among the men of science and art who accompanied the French expedition into Egypt, fell in at Cairo with a caravan from Nubia. As the trader of the caravan had a countenance which displayed the national features in a very striking manner, Rigo resolved to paint his portrait, but was obliged to give him a considerable sum of money before he could induce him to comply with his wish. At first the Nubian seemed content with the picture; but as soon as the colours were laid on he uttered a loud cry of horror, and all endeavours to appease him were fruitless. He escaped to his home, where he related that his head and half his body had been taken away by the painter.—Some days after, Rigo led another Nubian into his workshop, who was no less struck with horror at seeing the picture than the man whom it represented had been; and told all his countrymen that he had seen a great number of lopped-off heads and limbs in the Frenchman's house. They laughed at him: however, to satisfy themselves about the matter, six of them went to visit Rigo. They were seized with the same panic at the sight of his paintings, and no entreaties could prevail upon them to remain in the house.

Bells of the Ancients.—Bells were known to the earliest ages of which we have any certain account. But the bells of the ancients were very small in comparison with those of modern times, since, according to Polydore Virgil, the invention of such as are hung in the towers or steeples of Christian churches did not occur till the latter end of the fourth, or beginning of the fifth century; when they were introduced by Paulinus, bishop of Nola. The Jews certainly employed bells, since they are spoken of in the Scriptures; and the mention of them by Thucydides, Diodorus Siculus, Suidas, Aristophanes, and other ancient writers, prove that they were used in Greece; while Plautus, Ovid, Tibullus, Statius, and a variety of Latin authors, speak of bells as being in use among the Romans. But these bells of the ancients were all made for the hand; or were of a size to be affixed to other musical instruments, like those which were occasionally appended to the drum. Whether, when detached from other instruments, they were used on general occasions, or only in particular ceremonies, or as signals, is not known; nor have we any clue by which to guess whether they were tuned in concordance with any scale, or whether they were unisons to each other, or not formed to any particular pitch, but merely used as sonorous auxiliaries to other instruments, without any regard to their agreement of tone either with one another, or with the instruments they accompanied.

Very singular Character.—In the year 1776 died at Catshoge, in Leicestershire, the Rev. Mr. Hagamore, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700*l.* per annum, and 10,000*l.* in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he regularly locked up every night. His last employment in the evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life thus: Going one morning to let out his servants, his dogs fawned upon him and suddenly threw him into a pond, where he was found breast-high; the servants heard his calls for assistance, but being locked up, could of course afford him none. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pair of breeches, 100 pair of boots, 400 pair of shoes, and 80 wigs—yet he always wore his own hair! 58 dogs, 80 wagons and carts, and 30 ploughs—but used none; 50 saddles and furniture, 30 wheelbarrows, 60 horses and mares, 200 pick-axes, 200 spades, 74 ladders, 249 razors, and as many walking-sticks as a toyman in Leicester-square offered 3*l.* for!

Law Forms.—Not long since an attempt was made to invalidate an indenture, because, though perfect in all its parts, the paper on which it was written was not cut at the top! The Judge desired to look at the deed, and taking his scissors from his pocket, he quietly zigzagged it, and returned it to the profound lawyer by whom the quibble had been started, as a valid instrument!

Not 50 years ago, a dissenting clergyman in the south of Scotland, who belonged to a most respectable body, before dispensing the Sacrament in a very small, though on that occasion a very crowded meeting-house, debarred from partaking of it all those magistrates who were not duly elected; all those ministers who did not preach the Gospel; all those men who refused to pay taxes to support a lawful government, and all those who did so to support an unlawful one; all those who indulged in polygamy, or having two wives at one time! and all those who did not marry whose duty it was to do so!

THE celebrated comedian MATHEWS has this year brought forward an entertainment, entitled *The Youthful Days of Mr. Mathews*. Of this piece the *London Magazine* says,

"The early life of an actor is the very essence of experience. It hath a strange garb—motley-coloured—it is made of shreds and patches,—it is a gorgeous pantomime with a bright opening, and a long train of cuffs and changes. Mr. Mathews runs it all through, even from his boyish days; he unfolds to us the whole mystery of breaking away from home, of acting by stealth in nooks and corners, of getting up three-pair-of-stairs tyrants and garret-Romeos,—of going mad, in short, at seventeen, and following the bedlamite muse with that incurable frenzy against which St. Luke, and not St. Covent Garden, has set his face.

"Mathews proceeds to relate the anecdotes, and to sketch the characters, which he met with during his strolling life,—and certainly nothing can be given with more vivacity, originality, and effect. Familiar jests are spiced anew, and relish of a first flavour; and well known men are drawn and grouped with the hand of a Hogarth. Cooke, who led a sort of fairy life of finebriety, and actually lived in cups, is finely painted on a strong back-ground, and shines out through a spirit-varnish, like one of the genuine old masters! Macklin, too, in all the rugged energies of age, is well and faithfully given. We never heard Mr. Curran speak, but the portrait looks as if it were a likeness, and bears about it that characteristic mark which answers for its truth. At the York theatre Mr. Mathews became acquainted with that whimsical, original, charming old man, Tate Wilkinson, the manager, and having time and opportunity at his command, he took a whole length of this singular and delightful personage; it is to our taste the most spirited and pleasant portrait in his collection. Tate was old when Mathews became acquainted with him; but age seemed only to have warmed and ripened the eccentricities and quaint virtues of his character; and it would appear that, like the aloe, he blossomed at the end of a hundred years. He had a peculiar manner of cocking up his wig, or wiglet, slouching his hat, and wearing the collar of his coat back upon his shoulders, so as to leave the nape of his neck, of about the size of a plate, open to all lookers-on. He was an ardent admirer and a profound judge of good acting; and the moment any performer in his company showed genius, Tate procured him an engagement at a London theatre; "for he was too good to stay at York." His conversation, expressed in a slouched manner after the fashion of his hat, generally treated of about five subjects at once, in the proportion of three sympathies to about two antipathies. He let none of them drop, but kept them all in play like the juggler with his balls. He seemed weaving a conversation of several different threads, so exactly did he take each subject in its turn and work it in. Mrs. Siddons,—Diamond's dinner,—his own hatred of rats,—Kemble's Rolla,—and Garrick,—nearly made a topic for him, and a very charming rondeau did he play upon them. Mathews portrays all the tedious kindness, and odd peevishness, and motley-coloured plaid-pattern'd discourse, and dramatic judgment of this Sir Roger de Coverley of actors, to the perfect life. He comes forward on the stage, Tate, to the very collar of his coat. We could listen to this old man till we were as old as he!

"Mathews introduces us to many other characters of a more ideal kind, compounded of the whims picked from clusters of men. Mr. Augustus Fipley, the young gentleman who is convinced 'the line of beauty' is preserved in his person; and Mr. Trombone, the little bass singer who 'could reach G.' are thus fashioned. But all real, all imaginary characters must sink before the dear, melancholy, merry man of Wales, Mr. Llewellyn ap Llydd, who, with the person of old Daniel Lambert, has the spirit of Mercutio. Had Falstaff taken, as he promised, 'to live cleanly as a gentleman ought,' he would have learned Welsh, and survived in Mr. Llewellyn. We are now convinced, for the first time, that the first of men was a Welshman. O! commend us to his pleasant lamentations—his plump distress—his charming trouble!—pining fatter and pining fatter, he waddles and wanders from spring to sea, from sea to well, from well to pump, from pump to sea, from sea to spring, from spring to well—round he goes,—round he gets,—there is no end!—'Am I thinner, think you?' uttered for ever in a mild, sleek, melancholy chuckle—and again, and yet again echoed with yet a tenderer mirth—'Am I thinner?' We loved him by description; but when we saw him in the last act come on the stage all in nankeen, and fat, and smiles, yellow as butter, and almost of the same material—we could have made him an offer. He looked like the jolly Autumn in his person, with all the mildness of Spring in his manners. His eye, the colour of the leek, swam in his countenance in a fine faint green light!—He seemed fairly to have got the better of the atmospheric pressure, and to be a Welshman fit for heaven. What an ethereal Bonassus!—He describes his walking in the Fives Court by mistake. What a swell must they have considered him there! Spring himself could not have doubled up that Primrose hill of a belly—Randall's little arm could not have compassed that wondrous neck, and the chancery suit must have dropped! The Gas-man would have shrunk from his fatal lugger, and have patted his cheek! What a creature to have 'gone to scale!'—For the present we bid

farewell to dear Ap Llydd! but often shall we drop in during the coming months to hear his nightingale note—'Am I thinner—am I thinner?' Such a man can never fall off!"

Police of Paris.—The following curious fact, which occurred during the reign of Bonaparte, illustrates the state of perfection to which the system of espionage was carried at that time:

A party sat down to dinner at a public table, when a gentleman sticking his fork into a fowl, began to dissect it, and as he cut off the head, he said with a laugh, "Here goes the head of the Emperor." No observation was made, and they proceeded with their dinner; but in the course of it the waiter came, and, tapping the gentleman on the shoulder, told him he was wanted in the hall. On entering the hall, he was accosted by a gentleman, who asked him if he was not the gentleman who, at dinner, had said, "Here goes the head of the Emperor." He replied he was, "but what of that?" "You must come with me," said the gentleman. "With you!" he exclaimed, and putting his hand on his pocket, presented it full of money to the officer, and was turning away. "Stay," said the officer, "I am not thus to be dealt with; you must instantly obey my summons." "Alas," said the gentleman, "I am then to be torn from my wife and children, and hurried to a dungeon, for such a trifle as that: my life and my liberation are most precious, and important to my family; I will give you (and he named an enormous sum)—to liberate me, and for ever conceal the affair." "No," said the inflexible gendarme, "I am above the largest bribe you can offer, and you must instantly go, for I dare not parley with you any longer." The gentleman then took a card from his pocket, which he held up to the view of the gendarme, who immediately made his obeisance to him and departed.—Now the fact is, the gentleman himself was a superintendent of these spies! The waiter in the tavern was in the pay of the Government. He made the observation respecting the head of the Emperor in the hearing of the waiter, to prove his vigilance; he was true to his charge, and directly apprised one of the gendarmes of the seditious and treasonable words that had escaped the stranger's lips. He then tempted the gendarme with these liberal offers, and finding him faithful, his object was accomplished: and informing him by the card which he carried about him, and which bore the secret sign, who he was, there the matter ended, to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

A Man Eating his own Words!—A gentleman, who resided some years in Russia, gives the following account of the whimsical manner in which libellers are there punished: "While I resided at Moscow, there was a gentleman who thought fit to publish a quarto volume, in vindication of the liberties of the subject, grossly reflecting upon the unlimited power of the Czar Peter, and exposing the iniquity of the whole legislature (if it may be so called) of that empire. The offender was immediately seized by virtue of a warrant signed by one of the principal officers of the State; he was tried in a summary way; his book was determined to be a false libel, and the author was condemned to eat his own words. This sentence was literally carried into execution on the following day. A scaffold was erected in the most populous part of the town; the Imperial Provost was the executioner, and all the magistrates attended the ceremony. The book was severed from the binding, the margins cut off, and every leaf rolled up, as near as I can recollect, in the form of a lottery ticket when it is taken out of the wheel by the bluecoat-boy. The author of the libel was then served with them separately, by the Provost, who put them into his mouth, to the no small diversion of the spectators. The gentleman had received a complete monthful before he began chew; but he was obliged, upon pain of the severest bastinado, to swallow as many of the leaves as the Czar's sergeant-surgeon and physician thought possible for him to do without immediate hazard of his life. As soon as they were pleased to determine that it would be dangerous to proceed, the remainder of the sentence was suspended for that time, and resumed again the next day, at the same place and hour, and strictly conformable to the same ceremony. It was three days before the execution was over, and I attended it regularly, and was convinced that the gentleman actually swallowed every leaf of the book: thus, I think, he may be very justly said to have eaten his own words."

Hard Times.—A lady well known in the *beau monde*, whose equipage cuts a distinguished figure at Doncaster Races, apologised to a friend for appearing there this year with a humble four-in-hand and four out-riders, saying, that "her coachman wished to come with six horses, as usual, but she thought it right, in these hard times, to come incog."

High Civilization!—We last week, during one of the rainy mornings, met a nightman driving his filth-cart under the cover of a purple umbrell.—*Norfolk paper.*

Extraordinary Effect of Alarm in a Horse.—A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chester sent his servant to the post-office on a clumsy sort of a horse, that had never been known to leap before that day. It so happened that a glazier, who had been mending some windows at his house, asked the servant to let him ride behind him. No sooner was he mounted, than the horse, hearing the grate of glass rattling at his back, started off at full speed; and coming to the lodge-gate, which was 5 feet 6 inches high, spiked on the top, and the ground on each side of it paved, he cleared it all in his stroke; and, wonderful to say, neither of his riders (although it was the glazier's first appearance on horseback) were thrown from their seats, or received any injury from their perilous situation.—*Sporting Magazine.*

Lord Clarendon.—It is said that when this celebrated statesman first engaged in the study of the law, his father exhorted him with great earnestness to shun the practice, too common in that profession, of straining every point in favour of prerogative, and perverting so useful a science to the oppression of liberty; and that in the midst of these rational and virtuous counsels, which he reiterated with earnestness, he was suddenly seized with apoplexy, and expired in his son's presence. This circumstance gave additional weight to the principles which he inculcated.

Francis I. of France.—Francis I. was a prince who encouraged letters and the fine arts, from the real love which he had for them. When Benevento Bellini told him how happy he was to have the patronage of so great a prince, Francis most nobly replied, "Sir, I am happy to have so great an artist as yourself to patronise."

Singular Epigram.—The following epigram is written in four different languages on a window in the Warwick Arms inn, at Warwick:

In questa casa troverate
Tout ce qu'on peut souhaiter,
Vinum, panem, pisces, carnes,
Coaches, chaises, horses, harness.

Cross Dialogue.—A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* gives the following pleasant illustration of a cross dialogue: "Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steam-boat, and of a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other settling the ingredients of a wedding dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences. "Thank heaven! my Sally is blessed—with a calf's head and a pig's face." "Well, if I should have another baby I shall have it immediately—skinned and cut in thin slices." "I love to see little Tommy well dressed—in the fish kettle, over a charcoal fire." "To behold the little dears dancing before one—in the frying-pan." "And to hear their innocent tongues—bubble and squeak." "My eldest girl is accomplished—with plenty of sauce." "I always see the young folks put to bed myself—and smothered in onions." "And if they have been very good children, I invariably order—the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and deviled, and the sole to be fried."

Politeness in Death!—The Duke de Crillon was at Avignon at the period when the Duke of Ormond died there; and having entered his chamber at the very moment when the latter was dying, he had nearly been witness to a remarkable scene, which had just taken place between the expiring Nobleman and a German Baron, also one of the most polite men of his country. The Duke feeling himself dying, desired to be conveyed to his arm-chair; when turning towards the Baron, "Excuse me, Sir," said he, "if I should make some grimaces in your presence; but my physician tells me that I am on the point of death." "Ah, my Lord Duke!" replied the Baron, "I beg that you will not put yourself under any constraint on my account."

English or Saxon Language, in what particulars it borrows from the French.—All the words of necessity are derived from the German, and the words of luxury, and those used at table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, and articles of food,—all these are the same in German as in English; the fashions of dress, and everything belonging to the kitchen, luxury, and ornament, are taken from the French: and to such a degree of exactness, that the names of animals which serve for the ordinary food of men, such as *ox, calf, sheep*, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up for the table they change their names, and are called *beef, veal, mutton*, after the French. Every reader will readily see the reasons.

Cuttle Fish.—The noise of this fish, on being dragged out of the water, resembles the grunting of a hog. When the male is pursued by the sea wolf, or other ravenous fish, he shuns the danger by stratagem: he squirts his black liquor, sometimes to the quantity of a drachm, by which the water becomes black as ink, under shelter of which he baffles the pursuit of his enemy. This ink, or black liquor, has been denominated, by M. le Cat, *asthiops animal*, and is reserved in a particular gland. It may serve either for writing or printing; in the former of which ways the Romans used it. It is said to be a principal ingredient in the composition of Indian ink, mixed with rice.

A few days since a gentleman sent a letter to a friend, of which the following is a copy:

Dear Sir,—A stranger who has just now visited me, I have directed on to you, soliciting for him a place at your table, where I hope you will find him an agreeable addition to your other guests, and his communications not devoid of good taste.

It may easily be conceived, what an agreeable surprise was occasioned on the stranger being introduced in the shape of a very fine Hare, which doubtless received a hearty welcome.

The Explanation!—When the late Doctors P. and S., eminent physicians, were on a shooting party, they missed every shot for some time. The gamekeeper requested leave to follow the last covey then on the wing; adding, "for I will soon doctor them." "What do you mean, fellow," quoth Dr. P. "by doctoring them?" "Why kill them, to be sure," replied the gamekeeper.

Take him and cut him out in little STARS.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

FRERON,

The journalist, was a great antagonist of VOLTAIRE. He was much pleased with the character, which Dr. JOHNSON one day gave him of this distinguished writer. *Vir est eximii ingenii ac paucarum literarum.* A man of great genius, but of very little learning; "a character now ascribed to him by his greatest admirers, who have to lament, that in spite of his wit, and the elegance of his language, he must ever be called a *demi-savant*, a scionist in knowledge and in literature." Speaking of an impudent, foolish satirical writer, he used to say, "that fellow's face seems quite to call upon you for a slap."

M. DE ST. RAYMOND.

This Gentleman, who was guillotined under the sanguinary tyranny of ROBESPIERRE, at Paris, sat for his picture, for his wife and children a few hours before he suffered. He sent it to them, accompanied with some French verses, which have been translated by a young Lady of great politeness and elegance of manners, at Reading:

Wonder not, latest objects of my care,
The hue of sadness, if those features wear;
For as my face the skillful Artist drew,
I saw the scaffold, and I thought on you.

CATHERINE II. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

It was observed at Petersburg, that this Empress, who had been no very great frequenter of public worship, soon after the execution of LOUIS XVI. went in solemn procession, with naked feet and uplifted eyes, to the church of St. Alexander Newski.

KING JAMES II.

The last time he was at Oxford, said to the Vice-Chancellor, "Church and King mean, Sir, the same thing; they must both stand or fall together." He added, "I would recommend humility to the University of Oxford, and that you should all preach by heart: the preachers beyond sea are well accepted for so doing: you are indeed good scholars, but when you grow up you become lazy, and lose all you have gotten."

* No Bishop no King, says the acute HARRINGTON in his *Oceana*.

WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

This penitent Nobleman said, in his last illness, "Mr. HOBBS was my ruin. These Philosophers* have undone me." Then laying his hands upon his Bible, he said; "There is true philosophy! This is the wisdom that speaks to the heart!"

* "I think, Sir," said the Countess of TALMONT one day to VOLTAIRE, "a true philosopher should never write but to endeavour to render mankind less wicked and less unhappy than they are. Now you do quite the contrary: you are always writing against that religion which alone is able to restrain wickedness, and to afford mankind consolation in misfortunes."

ST. MALACHI.

In the prophecies attributed to this Saint, who was Bishop of Down in Ireland, and which predict the number of Popes that are to reign under characteristic epithets and designations, the present Pope is called *Peregrinus Apostolicus*, or the Apostolic Traveller, a name well suited to the journey he took some years ago to Vienna to confer with the Emperor. Three Popes, according to ST. MALACHI, are to succeed him; and then a great persecution is to take place in the Church, of which PETER the Roman is to be the chief, who is to feed his flock in great tribulation, which being over, the seven-hilled City is to be destroyed; and the tremendous JUDGE of all is to judge his people. It is said, that in the room of the Vatican, in which the portraits of the Popes are placed, there is room only for one more.

DESMANIS.

The oppressive sensation, and the cause of *ennui* were never better described than by this elegant French poet:

ENNUI.

Ce sommeil fatigant de l'ame,
Né de contrainte & du loisir,
De nos jours use plus la trame
Que la douleur & le plaisir.
Of the dull oppressive sleep,
Born of constraint and too much leisure,
More on the stretch life's thread you keep
Than either anguish or than pleasure.

It is the observation of a learned Physician in this metropolis, that many persons incur disorders that lead often to death by mere *ennui*.

Take him and cut him out in little STARS.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

L'ETOILE.

It is said that this elegant writer composed always by candle-light, and that when he set to work in the day, he had the windows shut up, and lighted candles. Like MOLIERE and MALHERBE, he was in the use of always reading his verses to an old maid-servant. M. PELISSON, who tells this anecdote, observes, that he perhaps thought that his verses were not complete till they became possessed of a certain kind of beauty which was perceivable by every person.

CAMUS, BISHOP OF BELLAY.

Was the great friend of the good St. FRANCOIS de SALES, whose life he wrote. Observing that many Clergymen ceased to preach as soon as they became Bishops, he said, "That a bishopric was a gag." Politics, he defined, *artem non tam regendi quam fallendi homines*: little thinking that mankind are so foolish and inconsiderate that they cannot well be governed without being occasionally duped.

St. FRANCIS de SALES, having one day complained to him of his want of memory, M. de BELLAY said, you have no reason to complain of your portion, since you have a most excellent judgment, in which part of human intellect I am sadly defective. The good Saint burst out a laughing, and embracing him very tenderly, said, "I know well that you always speak as you think: you are, however, the only person that I ever heard charge himself with want of judgment. Do not despair: time will bring you judgment with itself. It is one of the fruits of experience and of age."

CHAPELAIN

Was no great friend to the fair sex; he used to say, that the most intelligent of them had but half reason. CHAPELAIN's poem of the Pucelle, or of the Maid of Orleans, took him up twenty years to write, and when it came out, it was generally despised. A Latin distich was made upon it:

The Maid expected now for ages past,
An old and wrinkled hag turns out at last.

CHAPELAIN, in spite of his excessive avarice, committed once an act of great generosity. He was appointed Preceptor to the Dauphin. He persisted however, in refusing that honourable and lucrative employment: giving as a reason, that he was become old and infirm; and could not flatter himself that he could ever please a young and a lively Prince.

FATHER PAUL SARPI.

The dying wish of this great patriot of Venice has not been fulfilled, "*Esto perpetua*!"—May it last for ever! The power of the French, which, like a baleful comet, does mischief to the general system of the universe, without affording to itself either superior heat or splendour, has demolished that Republic, which had continued twelve hundred years, and which our HARRINGTON thought incapable of decay from any internal defect in its constitution. An inscription was some years ago put upon the Doge's palace at Venice, which has been but too fatally realized in our times:

Prudentia Patrum perit,
Imprudentia juvenum imperat,
Respublica recens ruit.

The prudence of our Senators is extinguished,
The imprudence of our young men governs,
The Republic is going headlong to ruin.

FREDERIC II. KING OF PRUSSIA.

The beginning of the reign of the last unfortunate King of France is thus described by this great Prince to VOLTAIRE: *admirer*

"I know very well the true state of the debts and revenues of France. Its debts are enormous, its resources exhausted, and its taxes multiplied beyond bounds. The only method to diminish in time the load of its debts, will be to put its expences within certain limits, and to retrench every superfluity. But, alas! this I fear will never be done; for instead of saying I have such an income, and I can afford to spend only so much of it, we are but too apt to say, I must have so much money—find out expedients to get it for me.

"I have lately learned that the King of France has displaced some of his Ministers. I am not astonished at it. I look upon LOUIS the XVI. as

a young lamb in the midst of wolves—he must have great luck if he gets safe out of their hands."

Take him, and cut him out in little STARS.—! SHAKESPEARE. E.

DINEROT, in a dialogue between a disciple of Confucius and a Chinese Prince, has paid a striking homage to the doctrine of a future state. Thus:—

The Philosopher—If you make an improper use of your reason, you will be miserable in this life; and who can assure you that you will not be more wretched still in another?

The Prince—Pray, who has told you that there will be another life?

The Philosopher—Were the case doubtful, you ought to conduct yourself as if there were one.

The Prince—Well, but suppose I am certain that there will be none?

The Philosopher—THAT YOU NEVER CAN.

The TURKS are fond of a set of opprobrious epithets, which they liberally apply to strangers. The Persians are insulted by the name of *red-heads*. The Georgians are called *fire-eaters*. The Tartars, *eaters of carrion*. The Arabs, *rat-eaters* and *fools*. The Greeks have the epithet of *slaves*. The Russians of *bad hearted*. The Germans *blasphemous*. The Italians, *deceivers*. The French, *chaats*. The Spanish, *indolent*. The Dutch, *cheese merchants*; and the English, *cloth manufacturers*.

CAMILLA, sister of SEPTIMIUS V. was originally in a menial situation. When she became a Princess, PASQUIN appeared with a dirty shirt: Being asked the reason, he said, "My washerwoman is made a Princess."

The BISHOP of CHESTER paid a visit to a man of rank, who, instead of the compliments expected by the Prelate, said, "My Lord, I have the greatest veneration for — the cheese made in your diocese."

POUSSIN received only seven pounds for his celebrated picture of the Plague, which has been sold for five hundred guineas.

MARSHAL TURENNE having gained one of his most distinguished battles, wrote the following account of it: "The enemies have attacked us; we have defeated them. God be praised! Good night!"

SCAPULA.—The origin of his Greek Lexicon is not generally known. It may be adduced as a proof that good sometimes proceeds from evil. He was employed by HENRY STEPHENS in correcting the press while the celebrated *Thesaurus Lingue Græcæ* was printing. SCAPULA, who was a man of learning, judged that an abridgment of that great work would have an extensive sale. He privately extracted from every sheet what was the most useful part and within the capacity of common students. By this dishonest measure, he produced a work which in a great measure defeated the end, and ruined the hopes of STEPHENS, whose great Dictionary in 4 volumes folio was within the reach of few scholars. Reduced to poverty by this disappointment, poor STEPHENS often said that his *Treasure* had ruined him.

MAL-ENTENDUE.—That a man may be a very worthy Magistrate, and yet know nothing of Latin or Greek, is a truism constantly evinced by many of our Worshipful Sages at Guildhall. One of the most worthy and humane of these, but who, unfortunately, is a little hard of hearing, had, some days since, brought before him an unfortunate Scots Tutor, who had been making rather too free over night with *British Falernian*, and was found by the watch "*recubans sub tegmine fagi*," or, in plain English, drunk and fast asleep under a porter's pitching block in the street. The Constable of the night having stated his charge, the worthy Magistrate put the usual question—"Well, my friend, what have you to say for yourself?" SANDY bo'd; but reckoning on his learning as a certain protection against the consequences of his frailty, he addressed the Magistrate in a penitent tone and Edinburgh accent—"Ma Lord, I'm an unfortun'it man, it's true; but,

"Nemo mortalium OMNIBUS HORIS SAUPT."
The worthy Alderman stared. "Eh! what! What's that he says about *sub—s* in a *saupit*? Hark'ee, my good friend! *saupits* are very improper places for you to go into with such company. I'll discharge you for this time; but never come here again with such a story."

"Take him, and cut him out in little STARS."

QUEEN ELIZABETH, in one of her rambles through the neighbourhood of London, observed many beggars lying in her way. She was at last provoked to say to one of them, *Pauper ubique jacet!* To her infinite surprise the man instantly replied,

In thalamis, Regina, tuis hæc nocte jacerem,
Si foret hoc verum, *Pauper ubique jacet!*

KING JAMES the First, hearing a Sermon, of which politics constituted the principal part, asked Bishop ANDREWS what was his opinion of it? "Please your Majesty," said the Prelate, "it may, by a very charitable construction, be called a Sermon."

"Your wine is more sour than your vinegar," said a traveller to an innkeeper. "No, no," replied the latter, "that cannot be, for both come from the same cask."

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

A merchant insisted on reading a poem of his own composition to FOOTE, and began in a pompous tone:

"Hear me, O Phoebus, and ye Muses nine!"

"Pray, Mr. Foote, be attentive!"—"I am, Sir; nine and one are ten. Go on!"

Some Scholars from Cambridge once came to Oxford, to dispute with the Scholars of that University with expectation of success and conquest. FRIAR BACON dressed himself like a thatcher, and came from the roof of a house, where they had stopped on their entrance into the City, and seemed to examine them with a curious eye. *Rustice, quid quaris?* said one of the Cantabs. *Ut mecum versificeris*, answered the pretended thatcher. Being asked, *Versificator tu?* he replied, *Non melior solis abortu*. Finding that the very thatchers were so learned, they did not think it prudent to risk a dispute with the Scholars, and returned to Cambridge.

PARTY CHARITY.—"I hope that HEAVEN will intervene in due time, to turn the savage hearts of all the supporters of the Popish Cause; that it will inspire all our clergymen with a just sense of the dangers our Church will incur by the abandonment of her own righteous cause; that it will give them grace, wisdom, and understanding, to see the faggots preparing, and the funeral torch lighted to glint the barbarous bigotry and bloody superstition of a race of ambitious and ignorant heathens, who know not the God of Truth in simplicity, but worship him darkly through the misty and corrupted channels of paganism. I also pray that we, who remain firm to the true and genuine principles of toleration, who cherish the laws, liberty, and established polity of our country, both in Church and State, and who are not to be discouraged and intimidated by the secession of the unsound members of the blessed Legion, who are fighting in the sacred cause of Heaven and human nature;—I pray that we may, on the day of need, have our hearts and hands strengthened to cut the throats of all those, who, dissenting from our immaculate principles, put in danger our most pure, excellent, and constitutional Mother Church."*

* This is taken verbatim from a M.S. letter of one of the violent writers against the Catholics. He is doubtless as much in earnest as most of the Right Honourable Gentlemen on the same side.

SINGULAR ANECDOTES OF A NORTH COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—A Clergyman of the name of Mathison, was Minister of Patteesdale, in Westmoreland, sixty years, and died lately at the age of ninety. During the early part of his life his benefice brought him only twelve pounds a-year; it was afterwards increased (perhaps by Queen Anne's bounty) to eighteen, which it never exceeded. On this income he married, brought up four children, and lived comfortably with his neighbours, educated a son at the University, and left upwards of one thousand pounds behind him. With that singular simplicity, and inattention to forms which characterize a country life, thus he himself read the burial service over his mother, he married his father to a second wife, and afterwards buried him also. He published his own banns of marriage in the church, with a woman whom he had formerly christened, and he himself married all his four children.

We extract from that entertaining and instructive annual work, *Time's Telescope*, the following description of three approaching days, which bring with them the happiest recollections of the past, and the kindest anticipations of the future:—

CHRISTMAS DAY.

This is named Christmas Day, from the Latin *Christi Missa*, the Mass of Christ, and thence the Roman Catholic Liturgy is termed their *Missa* or *Mass Book*. About the year 500, the observation of this day became general in the Catholic Church.

At this once hospitable season there was 'a run of merry days' from Christmas-eve to Candlemas; and the first twelve in particular were full of triumph, and innocent pleasure. But 'every thing is altered' now. The celebration of Christmas, in modern times, is scarcely worth a record. The middle classes make it a sorry business of a pudding or so extra, and a game at cards. The rich invite their rich friends to their country houses;—but the poor are left out entirely, or presented with a few clothes and eatables that make up a wretched substitute for the hospitable intercourse of old. To those who have the power (would that they had the heart!) to do it, we would say, Every face that you contribute to set sparkling at Christmas is a reflection of that goodness of nature which generosity helps to 'uncloud, as the windows reflect the lustre of the sunny heavens. Every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your houses, is a piece of natural piety as well as beauty, and will enable you to relish the green world of which you show yourselves not forgetful. Every *wassail bowl* which you set flowing without drunkenness, every harmless pleasure, every innocent mirth however mirthful, every forgetfulness even of serious things, when they are only swallowed up in the kindness and joy which it is the end of wisdom to produce is

Wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best.

The divine Milton, though a stern reformer, saw nothing to quarrel with in the natural joys of humanity, or in the customs which they gave rise to. In a Latin epistle to his friend Deodati, he countenances all the merriments of Christmas. He is recorded as having kept 'gaudy days' (holidays) himself; and in his affectionate elegy on the death of the same friend, does not disdain to regret the pleasure they used to have in roasting pears and chestnuts during the long winter evenings, while the wind was thundering through the elm-trees out of doors.*

Many of the amusing Christmas ceremonies of 'olden tyme' in England are described in our previous volumes. Mr. Whistlecraft affords us a delightful picture of the substantial entertainments given in the days of good King Arthur, which is delineated with all the minute accuracy and high finishing of a Mieris or a Gerard Douw.

The great King Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertained, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and ragouts, and various crimes;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes:
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard:
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cyder of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus, were not known.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Wast past all powers of language to describe.—

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgesses;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

The Christmas ceremonies at Naples are described at some length in our last volume, p.p. 303-305. To this account may now be added the following custom on the day preceding Christmas Day. The city then makes a present to the King of fruit and birds; this offering, which consists of every fruit that the country produces, and of every bird which supplies the table, is arranged on several pyramids, and carried in procession down the principal street to the palace. The fruits are the most excellent of the kind, and the quantity is generally enormous.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New Year's-day has ever been considered a season of joy and congratulation for blessings received and dangers escaped in the past year. The ancient custom of going about with the *wassail*, 'a bowl of spiced ale,' on New Year's-eve, Twelfth-night, and Christmas-eve, is still kept up in many places. New Year's gifts were formerly presented on this day, in England, by the husband to the wife, the father to the child, or the master to the servant; reversing the Roman custom, which was generally from the inferior to the superior. The gifts were not confined to particular things, though some were preferred to others, and they appear to have been offerings peculiar to the season, and made more for ceremony's sake, than for a token of remembrance, or for value. An orange stuck full of cloves was one of this class. Eggs dyed of different colours were also sent as presents, particularly red ones; which was the favourite colour of the Celtic nations. It is remarkable that a similar custom prevailed in Persia at the beginning of the last century, when they celebrated the commencement of their solar year by a feast, at which they gave each other coloured eggs. Verses in the shape of compliment or congratulation were formerly sent as New Year's gifts, and were, consequently, plenty enough during the season. An old tract, treating of this custom, says, 'The poets get mightily that day (New Year's day) by their pamphlets, for a hundred elaborate lines shall be less esteemed then in London than a hundred of Wansfleet oysters at Cambridge.' The English nobility formerly sent the King a purse of gold as a New Year's gift; a custom derived, without doubt, from

that observed by the Roman knights toward the Emperors. The Law Society of Lincoln's Inn, as they were formerly great observers of Christmas, so they were accustomed to greet New Year's-day with mirth and good fellowship. The seat of the King of Christmas in the hall was filled by his marshal, and the master of the revels supplied the vacant seat of the marshal thus elevated to the throne of the sovereign. In truth, the gentlemen of Lincoln's Inn seem to have lived 'right merrily' in ancient times, and never to have missed any excuse for a wassailing of which they could avail themselves.

The new season (observes a modern writer) seems naturally to bring with it anticipations of good fortune, and thus it heightens the deceptions which reconcile us to life, or rather increase our love of it. In truth, the entrance of the New Year has peculiar charms:—the lengthening days, the earth about to rise from the cheerless sleep of winter, the exhilarating feelings at the approach of Spring, the incipient song of birds, the increasing sunshine, are all calculated to repress sad thoughts by the delicious sensations they inspire. It is the character of human nature to fling itself confidently upon the future, and even to 'leap amid its darkness.' The past is beyond our power, the present is become the past ere we can reflect upon it:—Man, therefore, has only the future for the haven, in which he can anchor his little bark of expectations, and he looks to it with delight, always flattering himself that there he shall find good holding-ground, and so

The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

The greetings and wine-cups that usher in the New Year are not wholly empty ceremonies. The division of time entered upon has a thousand hopes on its wings. We are dependent upon it for many things which we have to achieve, or which we promise ourselves will be achieved for us.

The merry village bells ring in the stranger year over the generations sleeping insensibly beneath them. To a thousand ears in the full flush of life, youth, and health, they waft sounds of gladness, and

Another year, and then those sounds shall hail

The day again, and gladness fill the vale.

'Another year' and again the 'jolly rebecks' will sound, and the same merriment be repeated, for even the pleasures of life are but a string of such stale repetitions.—Still let us make the most of them, and not live too much upon those of 'to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,' but endeavour to employ and enjoy well the present time:—let us be more anxious to be able to call truly our past years happy ones at their conclusion, than to hope at the beginning that each new one may turn out to be so.

New Year's-day in Paris is the most remarkable day in the whole year; all the shops are shut—labour suspends his toil—commerce reposes on her oars—and the philosopher postpones his studies;—Nature, and nature's son enjoy a universal holiday. For several weeks preceding New Year's-day, various classes of ingenious artists employ all their talents and skill, to shine with an uncommon lustre on the auspicious opening of the New Year; these are the confectioners, the embossers of visiting cards, the jewellers, &c.; and their shops on this day display a degree of taste and magnificence difficult to describe, and totally unknown in England. This is the day of universal greetings, of renewing acquaintance, of counting how many links have been broken by time last year in the circles of friendship, and what new ones have replaced them. All persons, whatever may be their rank, degree, or profession, form a list of the names of persons whose friendship they wish to preserve or cultivate; to each of these persons a porter is sent, to deliver their card. Those more particularly connected with them by blood or friendship, are visited in person; and all who meet embrace on this happy day. Millions of cards are distributed; and nothing is seen in the streets but well-dressed persons going to visit their friends and relations, and renew, in an affectionate manner, all the endearing charms of friendship. On this day, too, parents, friends, and lovers, bestow their presents on the various objects of their affection, and pour so many draughts of the most delightful balm that human nature can partake.

TWELFTH-DAY.

The rites of this day, the name of which signifies an appearance of light, or a manifestation, are different in various places, but all in honour of the Eastern Magi. In the ancient calendar of the Romish church, there is an observation on the 5th day of January, the eve or vigil of the Epiphany: 'Kings created or elected by beans.' The 6th is called 'The Festival of Kings,' with this additional remark, 'that the ceremony of electing kings was continued with feasting for many days.' In the cities and academies of Germany, the students and citizens choose one of their own number for king, providing a most magnificent banquet on the occasion. In France, during the *ancien regime*, one of the courtiers was chosen king, and the nobles attended on this day at an entertainment.

With the French, 'Le Roi de la Fève' signifies a Twelfth Night King; and they have a proverb, 'Il a trouvé la fève au gâteau,' signifying 'he is in luck,' &c. but, literally, 'he has found the bean in the cake.'—In the *Anthologie Française* for 1817, this subject is thus happily moralized:—

Les Rois de la Fève.

En ce jour le sort m'est propice,
Et sur le trône il m'a porté;
Amis, que l'on se réjouisse,
Pour célébrer ma royauté.
Mon règne n'étant qu'un beau rêve,
Prolongez mon hereux sommeil;
Car vous me direz au réveil:
'Tu n'étais qu'un Roi de la fève.'

Nous voyons souvent sur la scène
César, Auguste, Agamemnon;
Mais les enfans de Melpomène
De ces grands Rois n'ont que le nom.
Alors que la pièce s'achève
Se dissipe l'illusion;
César, Auguste, Agamemnon,
Ne sont que des Rois de la fève.

Si le bonheur est sur le trône,
J'en jouirai quelques momens;
Mais si la gloire l'environne,
Elle en cache aussi lestourmens.
Quand vers les cieux mon œil s'élève,
Je dis: 'Ces Rois si grands, si fiers,
Devant le Roi de l'Univers,
Que sont-ils? des Rois de la fève.'

The evening and early part of the night of the Epiphany in Rome is a feast particularly dear to children. Not that they draw king and queen as we do, but there are cakes and sweetmeats and fruit, and, in short, all good things, sold and given away upon the occasion. The Piazza della Rotonda is particularly distinguished by the gay appearance of the fruit and cake-stalls, ornamented with flowers and lighted with paper lanterns. Persons dressed up to resemble the pictures of Mother Bunch or Mother Goose, and called *Beffana*, are led about the streets, and a great deal of popular wit is displayed. But these visible *Beffanas* are nothing in importance to the invisible. When the children go to bed, each hangs up a stocking near the pillow. If the child has been good, the stocking is filled with sweetmeats and cakes before morning; but if naughty, the *Beffana* puts nothing but stones and dirt into it, and we have seen (says Mrs. Graham) many

Lent. During this festival at Paris, the grand annual procession of a fat ox, with all its motley accompaniments of buffoonery, the glory of Paris, and the pride and joy of the Boulevards, lasts for three whole days together. A great improvement was made in the procession of the fat ox this year (1822), for the first time. Formerly the child who represents Cupid used to sit in a chair on the back of the ox; but this year the ox was led first covered with a fine pall, and Cupid sat on a canopied throne, fixed on a triumphal car, in which there were other smiling loves like himself.

A curious species of carnival spectacle was prepared and executed by Pietro di Cosimo, a Florentine painter, who flourished shortly after Leonardo da Vinci. It consisted of processions of three or four hundred persons, dressed to represent particular stories, with much splendour and whimsicality. On one occasion he got up, with great secrecy, the *Triumph of Death*, which was performed by torch-light; a black car was drawn by black buffaloes, and painted with skulls and crosses; Death sat triumphant on his throne, surrounded by yawning sepulchres, from which, at every halt, the dead arose, and sang a dolorous music. Several men on horseback, painted to represent skeletons, were the escort, with *staffieri*, dressed as the mutes at funerals, bearing black torches. The black standard of Death, with skulls and cross-bones, was borne aloft, while a mourning band thundered forth the *miserere*. The terrified people at first fled in horror; but, struck with the novelty, soon returned; and Pietro, as Vasari tells, was loaded with praises (*sommamente lodato*). Andrea del Sarto, his pupil, assisted in the execution of this triumph, which was supposed to allude to the return of the Medici, then banished from Florence. It was the bad taste of the day thus to mingle sacred and profane allusions: in the midst of this Carnival festival, they sang the 50th Psalm.

The following sensible observations on this Festival are from the pen of an acute modern writer:—The Carnival is the wreck of one of those popular institutions which can flourish only in barbarous times; and in days of rude and profound ignorance. As knowledge spreads, such periodical excitements to relaxation and pleasure gradually lose their influence; and their last efforts are still exerted in Italy by the sole patronage and protection of the church and government. Under the French regime, the carnival nearly fell into disuse; and though in every community there will always be found a sufficient number of the dissipated and the idle to obey the call of pleasure, yet the marked difference between the carnival, as we saw it in 1820, and in the various accounts which remain of its festivities in preceding ages, down to the latter end of the 18th century, prove how far the people of Rome have got the start of their government, and how little comparative interest such institutions are now calculated to excite. To the period, nearly of the French Revolution, the Carnival at Rome was characterized by great magnificence; complicated machinery was brought into play, and dramas were acted in the streets. All the heathen gods and goddesses were personified by persons of wealth and condition: the highest ranks were not excluded by fashion or taste from joining in the festivity; and Princes and Princesses performed the parts which are now entrusted to butchers and their wives, or to persons below the rank of gentry. To maintain a character would now be supreme *mauvais ton*. The Nobles, in their closed carriages, drive for an hour up and down the Corso each day; the *mezza dame*, with their husbands or cavaliers, occasionally put on a domino and mask to join the crowd, for the purpose of quizzing or rallying some friend or relation; but the great support of the carnival is the multitude of foreigners, who crowd to Rome to witness a spectacle to which they themselves principally contribute. The novelty of the scene has an attraction for them, which is wanting to the Italians; and to the foreign visitors the carnival and other church festivals owe their principal splendour.

After the first two days, however, even the spirits of strangers begin to flag; and after the first sensations subside, the barbarous character of the institution appears in its true symptoms of puerility, forced mirth, and real dullness. Man is not made for stated seasons of hilarity, nor to put on and put off his cares by act of parliament. To judge by individual sensations, nothing in the range of pleasurable pursuit can be more wearisome to the mind, more solemnly dull, than the last days of the carnival, when the exhaustion of animal spirits damps the very little stock of wit which the occasion sets afloat; when amusement is reduced to flinging lime in the morning, and in the evening to hearing complaints of inflamed eyes, of spoiled dresses, ennui, disappointed expectation, and congratulations on the approaching termination of the week.

The fair and bright side of the carnival is to be found in the gentleness, the urbanity, and good humour of the people: neither the security of disguise, nor the privilege of the mask, can urge these kindly disposed Italians to wound the feelings of an enemy, or trifle with the frailties of a friend.

See that pleasant little year-volume, yeapt *Literary Pocket Book*, the blank pages of which might be made a convenient receptacle of observations, hints, and notes for T. T. for 1824.

DESCRIPTION OF A PAGE'S DRESS IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following is an Order of Council, describing the dress of a Page in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was copied from the original in the library of Thomas Astle, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S.

THESE are to pray and requier you to make p'sent serch within your ward and charges p'sently to make hew and cry for a yong stripling of the age of XXIJ yeres; the color of his aparell as followeth: One doblet of yellow million fustian, th'one halfe therof buttoned with peche color bottons, and the other half laced downewards; one payer of pechie-color hose hose, laced with small tawnye lace; a graye hat with a copper edge rounde aboute it, with a bande, p'cell of the same hatt; a payer of watchet stockings. Likewise he hath twoe clokes; th'one of vessey collar, garded with twoe gards of black clothe and twisted lace of carnacion colour, and lynced with crymsone bayes; and th'other is a red shipp russet colour, striped about the eape, and downe the fore face, twisted with twoe rows of twisted lace russet and gold buttons afore and upon the souldier being of the clothe itselfe, set with th said twisted lace, and the buttons of russet silke and golde. This youthe's name is Gilbert Edwodd, and Page to Sr Valentine Browne Knight; who is run awaye this fowerth daye of Januarie with theis parcellsfollowinge; viz. a chaine of wyer-worke golde with a button of the same, and a small ringe of golde at it; twoe flagging chaines of golde, th'one being marked with theis letters v. and b. upon the lock, and the other with a little broken Jewell at it; one caskanet of pearle and jasynts thereto hanging; a Jewell like a marimade of gold enameled, the taylor thereof being sett with diamonds, the bellye of the mayde with a ruby, and the shude a diamond: the chaine of golde whereon it hangeth is set with small diamonds and rubyes; and certeyne money in golde and white moneye.

To all Constables, Bayliffs and Hed boroughs & to all other the Quene's Officers whatsoever, to whome the same belongeth & apperteyneth.

BURGHLYE, WARWICK. VALENTINE BROWNE.
HUNSDONE, HOWARDE.

The following receipts are curious specimens of ancient Cookery, extracted from a manuscript in the Harleian Library, No. 6807.*

VENYSON WITH FRUMENTY.—Take wheat, pick it cleane, and do it in a mortar; cast a litle water thereon, and stamp it with a pestle till it hole (i. e.) till the bran or outward coat come off; the fan out the holes; put it into a pot, and let it stepe till it breke; then set it on the fire, and stir it well; when it be well sodden, put therein swete milke; set it on the fire, and stir it well; when it is enough, colour it with saffron, and salt it enough, and dress it forth, with the venyson in another dish in fair hot water.

PARTRICH STEW'D.—Take marrowbones of beef or mutton; boil them very well; strayn the broth, and put it into an earthen pot; then add a good quantity of wyne thereto; then stuffe the Partrich with whole pepyr and marrow, and sow up all the vents of the burd; then take cloves, mace, and whole pepyr, and let them boil togeder with the Partrich; when it is enough, cast into the pot, powder of gingyver, salt and saffron, and serve it up in broth.

SMALL BURDS STEW'D.—Take small burds; pull, draw, clean, and wash them; choop off the leggs; and fry them with fresh grease right well; then take onions small minced, fry them, and cast them into an earthen pot, and take a good portion of canyl (cinnamon) and wyne, and draw through a strayner, and cast into the pot, with the onions; then put the burds thereto, with clovys, mace, and a litle pepyr, and let them boil togeder, then add white sugar and powder gingyver, salt, saffron, and serve it up.

LYODE SOUP.—Take milk and boil it; then take yolks of eggs; draw them through a strayner; put them into the milk, which must be set on the fire, but not suffered to boyle; stir it till it be somewhat thick; add thereto salt and sugar, and cut fair paynement in round sops for sippets, and cast thereon and serve it up.

CHAUDE WARDENS.—Take warden pears; seethe them in wine or water; then break them in a mortar, and draw them through a strayner without any liquor, and put them in a pott with sugar and clarified honey and canal enough, and lett them boile; when it is kele (cold) cast thereto yolks of eggs and powder of gingyver enough; and serve it up in manner of fish. If it be time of Lent, leave out the eggs; but let it boil till it be thick, and serve it up in manner of rice.

OYSTERS IN GRAVY.—Take good milk, and draw it with wine and good fish broth; then boil it with cloves, mace, sugar, and powder of gingyver, and a few minced onions; take fair oysters par-boiled, and cast them thereto; when they have boiled togeder, serve it forth.

ALMOND CAUDEL.—Take raw almonds, grynd them, and then semper with good ale and a litle water; strain it into a pot, and let it boile a while; cast thereto saffron and salt, and serve it up hott.

POTAGE ON A FISH DAY.—Make a stiff possets of milk and ale; then draw the crudds through a strayner with sweet wyne, or Rochel wine, and make it somewhat runnyng and somewhat standing; put a good quantity of sugar or honey, but not too much; then heat it a litle, and serve it forth, casting on canal and gingyver; and if you have blanch powdler, strow it, and keep it as white as you can.

HENNES IN BRUYTTE.—Take the heunes, and scald them; cut them in gobetts, and seeth them with pork, pepyre, gingyver and bread; temper it up with the same broth or ale, colour it with saffron, seethe it together, and serve it forth.

APPLE MUSE.—Take apples, seeth them, and searse them through a sieve; then add almond, milk, honey, grated bread, saffron, saunders, and salt; let them all sethe togeder, stir it well, and serve it.

FRITTOWS.—Take flower, milk, and eggs, with pepyr and saffron, and make thereof a batter; shred apples therein, fry them, and serve them up.

N. B. The above receipts are, for the most part, in modern orthography: the following one is transcribed exactly as it stands in the original manuscript:—

QUYNCEs, OR WARDENS IN PAST.—Take and make fayre round cotyns of fair paste; yenne take fair raw quynces, pare yem with a knyfe, and take fair out the core; and yanne take sugre ynow, and a litle poudre of gynger and stoppe the hole full; and couche a II or III wardonys or quynces in a cofyn, and cover yem and let yem bake; and for defeaute of sugre, take honey; but yanne putte poudre peper thereon and gyngere in the maner forsayd.

* From a MS. in the library of Thomas Astle, Esq. F.R.S. and F.A.S.

† Quere, Wherein this differs from a Devonshire white pot?

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CURFEW BELL.

This utensil is called a Curfew, or Couvre-feu, from its use, which is that of suddenly putting out a fire: the method of applying it was thus:—the wood and embers were raked as close as possible to the back of the hearth, and then the Curfew was put over them, the open part placed close to the back of the chimney; by this contrivance, the air being almost totally excluded, the fire was of course extinguished.

This Curfew is of copper, rivetted together, as solder would have been liable to melt with the heat. It is ten inches high, sixteen inches wide, and nine inches deep. The Rev. Mr. Gosling, of Canterbury, to whom it belongs, says it has been in his family for time immemorial, and was always called the Curfew. Some others of this kind are still remaining in Kent and Sussex.

Probably Curfews were used in the time of William the Conqueror, for the more ready obedience to the laws of that King; who in the first year of his reign, directed that on the ringing of a certain bell, thence called the Curfew-bell, all persons should put out their fires and candles. Whether a bell was ordered to ring expressly for the purpose, or whether the signal was to be taken from the Vespers-bell of the Convents, is a matter in which antiquaries are not entirely agreed. The Curfew-bell is still rung in many of our country towns.

Monsieur Pasquier, in his *Recherches de la France*, says, the ringing of the Curfew-bell was a custom long established in particular towns in France, and originated, as he supposes, in times of tumult and sedition. But the earliest instance he gives, is no farther back than the year 1331, when the city of Laon, which had forfeited its privileges, was reinstated therein by Philip de Valois, who directed that for the future a Curfew-bell should be rung in a certain tower in that city, at the close of the day. He then, from Polydore Virgil, cites the regulation of William the Conqueror (respecting that signal) and says, that he does not see that he brought it from France, nor does he believe, that the French took it from him. If he had assigned any reasons for this positive incredulity, it would have given his readers a better opinion of his candour. He adds, that under the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. it came much into use; though from what can be gathered from his vague, and even contradictory manner of treating this question, it seems doubtful, whether it was ever universally practised in France.

A MARINER'S BEQUEST.—At Burgh, in the Marsh, the inhabitants have a tradition, that a parcel of land was given by a sea Captain, the profits of which were to be appropriated annually for the purchasing of a silk cord for the great bell, in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul. The tradition states, that the above was given in gratitude for a deliverance from shipwreck, by bearing the sound of the bell, when rung in the evening. It appears that the mariners were lost, and the night being very dark and stormy, they must have suffered shipwreck, had they not heard the timely warning.

THE Emperor of Germany, in his way to Paris, arriving on the dominions of the Duke of Wurtemberg, was received by the Prince himself *incog.* who insisted on taking care of his Majesty's horses, equipage, &c. and also to take him to a house made ready for his arrival. The whole of the Prince's attendants were industriously employed in the service of this illustrious traveller, who of course found this imagined hotel the best prepared of any on the road. When the Emperor renewed his journey, such fine swift horses were fixed to his carriage, that he confessed they did honour to his landlord the post-master. The postilion who drove him had not, as the rest, the usual stile of habit; a bag-wig, rough and undressed old boots well blacked, and his whole dress manifestly declared the injury that time had made on him; but in mounting his horse he had such an air of activity, that the Emperor immediately conceived a favourable opinion of him. When the Emperor had taken his place in his carriage, the postilion set off like lightning, and arrived at the appointed stage with an astonishing speed, and such as no other horses the Emperor had used could any ways equal. The dexterous postilion was not only immediately called and well rewarded, but promised a place in the Emperor's service, if he would accept it. "With all my heart (said the postilion in a jocular manner)." Very well (said the Emperor) take a draught of wine, and we'll set off." "Two, if you please (said the postilion), and then I'll whip you over six more leagues in a trice." One of the boys of the inn brought him a bottle of wine, which he took in one hand, saluted the Emperor with the other, and then drank freely like a postilion. The Emperor again got into his carriage—"Drive on my friend (said he) you shall have something more for your speed." "Oh, by my soul, no doubt, master (said the postilion), I find you a worthy Gentleman." They presently arrived at the stage, where they refreshed, and the postilion received a handful of ducats, which he took without counting, and went out as going to the stable. "I never had such a good relief of horses, nor so good a postilion" (said the Emperor to his new landlord): "I believe it firmly (said the inn keeper), the horses belong to his Highness the Prince of Wurtemberg, and the Prince himself was your postilion." The Emperor gave immediate orders to go and seek the Prince; but it was needless, he had set off for his own palace, and it was impossible to overtake him. The Emperor was extremely surprised at the singularity of this piece of gallantry, and directly wrote to the Prince his acknowledgments for such a condescending service.

The following Musical Anecdote, however singular, is circumstantially true.—A man who many years lived, and still does live, at Alerton, near Liverpool, by trade a taylor, but who could occasionally handle his fiddle as well as his needle; on his way home, from whence he had been exercising his musical talents for the entertainment of some of his country neighbours, in passing through a field, about three o'clock in the morning, in the month of June, was attacked by a Bull. After several efforts to escape, he attempted to ascend a tree; not, however, succeeding in the attempt, a momentary impulse directed him to pull out his fiddle, and, fortifying himself behind the tree as well as he could, began to play; upon which the enraged animal became totally disarmed of his ferocity, and appeared to listen with seeming great attention. The affrighted *Joe Snip*, finding his fierce and formidable enemy so much appeased, began to think of making his escape, left off playing, and was moving off, without even the slightest desire to know *who should pay the piper*. This, however, the bull would not suffer; for no sooner had our Orpheus ceased his fascinating strain, than the bull's rage appeared to return with as much violence as before. He, therefore, was glad to have recourse a second time to his fiddle, which as instantly operated again like a magic charm upon the bull, who became as composed and attentive as before. He afterward made several more attempts to escape, but all in vain; for no sooner did he stop his fiddle, than the bull's anger returned, so that he was compelled to continue fiddling away till near six o'clock (about three hours), and until the family came to fetch home the cows, by which he was relieved and rescued from a tiresome labour and frightful situation. He is, perhaps, the first man upon record who may really be said to have *fiddled for his life*; and who has so truly fulfilled the Poet's idea, that "*Music has charms to soothe the Savage's rage*."

Cibber.

MRS. Sufanna Maria Cibber, whose maiden name was Arne, and whose merit as an actress is so well known, and has been so long established, was the daughter of an eminent upholsterer in Covent Garden, and is sister to that great musical composer Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne.—Her first appearance on the stage was as a Singer; in which light, the sweetness of her voice, and strength of her judgment, rendered her very soon conspicuous. In the year 1736, however, she made her first attempt as a speaking Performer, in the character of Zara, in Mr. Hill's tragedy of that name, being its first representation; in which part she gave both surprize and delight to the audience, who were no less charmed with the beauties of her present performance, than with the prospect of future entertainment from so valuable an acquisition to the stage.—A prospect which has ever since been perfectly maintained, and a meridian lustre shone forth fully equal to what was promised from the morning dawn.—And tho' it may not appear to have any immediate relation with our present design, yet I cannot, with justice to her merit, dispense with the transmitting down to posterity, by this opportunity, some slight idea of this capital ornament of our present stage.—Her person is still perfectly elegant; for altho' she is somewhat declined beyond the bloom of youth, and even wants that *embonpoint*, which sometimes is assitant in concealing the impression made by the hand of time, yet there is so complete a symmetry and proportion in the different parts which constitute this Lady's form, that it is impossible to view her figure and not think her young, or look in her face and not consider her handsome.—Her voice is beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain; and so much equal command of feature does she possess for the representation of pity or rage, of complacency or disdain, that it would be difficult to say whether she affects the hearts of an audience most, when playing the gentle, the delicate Celia, or the haughty, the resenting Hermione; in the innocent, love-sick Juliet, or in the forsaken, the enraged Alicia. In a word, through every cast of tragedy she is excellent, and, could we forget the excellence of a Pritchard, we should be apt to say, inimitable. She has of late made some attempts in comedy.—They have, however, been in no degree equal to her excellence in the opposite walk; and indeed, after the mention I have just made of another Lady, it will be sufficient to remind my reader, that *one Actor and one Actress universally capital*, is as much as can be expected to be the produce of a single century.—But to drop this digression. Mrs. Cibber was second wife to Mr. Theophilus Cibber. In what year they were married, I do not exactly know, but imagine it to have been no very long time before her appearance in Zara, that being by his own account in 1736, and in the year 1733 his comedy of the *Lover* came first on the stage, a principal part in which was performed by his first wife. What were the consequences of their union is too well known, to render my entering into any particulars in relation to them necessary.

Of the late Dr. WRIGHT and his LIBRARY.

About 17 years ago the Doctor had little but his profession to support him.

Tunbridge was the fashionable resort of the invalids of that day, and there the young physicians grouped of course. Dr. Wrighte was of this number; and there he was lucky enough to be called in to an elderly lady, who had a cancer in her breast, and had been formerly an attendant on the Princess Louisa. The Doctor cured her, and in return she gave him her hand, and a landed estate of 1200l. a year.

She died in two years after her marriage, and the Doctor, like a philosopher, having fortune enough to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, amused himself with collecting scarce books; he had more inclination than taste for this business; but, uniting himself, through the medium of a good table, with those who had, he was soon conversant in all the scarce editions.

He died of an atrophy about three months ago, at the age of 47; leaving a few legacies to his friends, and the remainder of his fortune to his nearest relations.

His Library for its size, was reckoned valuable, even by the connoisseurs; and the most valuable books in it were his black lettered plays, of which he had a great and curious collection. The reading books sold but indifferently; "but all such reading as was never read" sold, as usual, according to the rivalry of contending connoisseurs, which in the present instance was

The two dearest books in the sale were the 1st do of Marlowe, which sold for 16 guineas; and a Hollingshead for 17l.

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those that were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespear fled to London from the terror of a prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the Play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man, as he alighted, called for Will. Shakespear, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakespear could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespear finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakespear was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, "I am Shakespear's boy, Sir." In time Shakespear found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the Play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakespear's boys.

Remarkable Instance of the Sagacity of a DOG, and Affection for his Master.

IN the reign of Charles V. King of France, a Gentleman, by the name of Aubri de Montdidier, passing alone in the forest of Bundi, was assassinated and buried at the root of a tree. His Dog remained several days on his grave, and did not quit it, till pressed by hunger. He came to Paris, to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, and, by his mournful howlings, seemed to inform him of the loss they had sustained. After having eaten, he renews his cries, goes to the door, turns his head to see if any one follows him, returns to this friend of his Master, and pulls him by the coat, as it were to desire him to come along with him. The singularity of all the Dog's motions; his coming without his Master, whom he never quitted; the Master who had suddenly disappeared, and perhaps that distribution of justice and events which seldom permits crimes to remain long concealed; all these particulars were inducements for following the Dog. As soon as the Dog came to the foot of the tree, he redoubled his howlings, scratching up the earth, as a sign for seeking in that place. They digged down into it, and there found the body of the unhappy Aubri. Some time after the Dog fees, by chance, the Assassin, whom all the historians call the Chevalier Macaire; he jumps at his throat, and with great difficulty is made to let go his hold. Every time of meeting him, he attacks and pursues him with the same fury. The inveterate hatred of the Dog, against this man only, begins to appear extraordinary. Several call to mind the affection he had shewn for his Master, and, at the same time, the many occasions on which the Chevalier Macaire had given proofs of his hatred and envy against Aubri de Montdidier. Some other circumstances corroborate these suspicions. The King, informed of all that was said, had the Dog brought to him, who seemed quite easy and peaceable, till, seeing Macaire, in the midst of twenty other courtiers, he turned, barked at, and strove to dart upon him. In these times a combat was ordered between the accuser and the accused, when the proofs of the crime were not sufficiently convincing. Those sorts of combats were called 'Judgments of God;' because it was firmly believed, that heaven would sooner work a miracle than let innocence be oppressed. The King, from all the appearances of Macaire's guilt, judged, that he was engaged, or under an obligation to fight, that is, he ordered a duel between the Chevalier and the Dog. The field was marked out in the Isle of Notre Dame, which was then an empty and uninhabited piece of ground. Macaire was armed with a large stick; the Dog had a hog's head, with the flaves at one end knocked out, for his retreat, and to gain some respite, during the intermissions of fighting. Being let loose, he runs and turns immediately about his Adversary, avoids his blows, threatens him sometimes on one side, and sometimes on another; tires him; and at last, darting, seizes him by the throat, throws him down, and obliges him to confess his crime in the presence of the King and the whole Court.

The memory of this Dog was deserving of being preserved to posterity by a monument, which still subsists over the chimney-piece of the great Saloon of the Castle of Montargis.

From *Thoughts, Essays, and Maxims, chiefly religious and political.* By Charles Howard, Esq; of Graystock in Cumberland.

THIS nobleman was a Scotchman, chief and head of the ancient and numerous family of the name of Campbell in Scotland. He was duke and peer of Scotland, and the same in England by the title of Greenwich, which he acquired himself before the union, of the two kingdoms; and perhaps he may allude to this by the motto he then took, *Vix illa nostra voco quæ non fecimus ipsi.* He was brought up to the profession of arms, and behaved very well, and in a soldier-like and gallant manner; witness his conduct under the duke of Marlborough, and his behaviour at Sherif-Moor, where he commanded in chief, and was the principal means and cause of the total extinction, at that time, of the rebellion in Scotland, without much blood-shed. He had then a very difficult part to act, as a Scotchman; for at that period three parts out of four of that kingdom were naturally and affectionately Jacobites, though they had fewer Roman Catholics among them than in either of the two kingdoms, England or Ireland; and, perhaps, for that reason more openly determined, and daringly professed being acting friends to the Stuart family.

In direct opposition to him, or that part of the army he commanded, at the head of all his Campbells was placed Campbell earl of Breadalbie, of the same family and kindred, by some fatal error that ever misguided and misled that unhappy family of the Stuarts, and all its adherents. What was the consequence? Both sets of Campbells, from family affection, refused to strike a stroke, and retired out of the field of battle. He never was first minister, but was a very able statesman and politician, and was most steadily fixed in those principles that he thought right, and not to be shaken or changed. His delicacy and honour were so great, that it hurt him to be even suspected; witness that application said to be made to him by one of the adherents of the Stuart family, in 1743, or 1744, in order to gain his interest, which was considerable both in England and Scotland. He immediately sent the letter to the secretary of state, and it vexed him much even to have an application made him, lest any person should think him capable of acting a double part. He was equally firm and resolute in his opposition to the measures and ministers, when he thought them wrong.

He did not oppose Sir Robert Walpole out of pique, party, or faction, but because he thought some of his measures were erroneous, and that he made corruption too much the guide and standard of his actions. Indeed, this, and his playing the fool with Jacobitism, and his keeping it as a stalking-horse to himself in its power, and not attacking its headquarters, as it has been effectually done since, seems the most blame-worthy part of this Minister's character, who otherwise was a very able one, a friend to liberty, and understood the constitution of his country well. You never can so effectually take any principle from man by power, force, or any method, as you do when you take it from their minds; and those people you divest of this opinion, you make more easy, cheerful in their mind, and more capable of serving you.

When he thought measures wrong or corrupt, he cared not who was the author, however great or powerful he might be; witness his boldly attacking the great Duke of Marlborough in the house of Lords, about his forage and army contracts in Flanders, in the very zenith of his power and popularity; tho' in all other respects, he was the most able renowned General of his time. He deserved, and indeed he was nobly and amply rewarded by his country. The Duke of Argyle possessed great publick places and honourable employments, which did not influence him in his way of acting, or voting in Parliament, as he shewed upon several occasions, by resigning them when he thought any thing was required of him to comply with that he did not think right. In this he is censured by some, as too hasty; for why should a man punish himself when he acts upon principle, and deprive his country of his service, because he thinks another doth wrong? If he was mistaken, it must be as little as any man, because he had a good head and heart. In the house of Lords he spoke well, with a firm, manly, and noble eloquence, and seems to deserve the character given of him by Pope:

Argyle the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

Blackwood's Magazine for June, in a critique on Brace-bridge Hall, has the following remarks:

"Ere we part with the author, we would change a word with him as to the exertions he is making to produce amicable feelings between his native land and its parent country. Mr. Irving is evidently an amiable and well-meaning man; and we like him the better for the good-natured vanity which he betrays in asserting that his philanthropic labours have been crowned with success. That England has of late evinced friendly sentiments towards America, there can be no doubt; but as those sentiments were chiefly marked by the reception of the Sketch Book, it is evident that they preceded that certainly talented work, and that the success of Mr. Irving's book was more owing to our liberal feelings, than our liberal feelings to Mr. Irving's book. "The *primum mobile* of the day," as Byron says, "is cant;" and the existing species most prevalent and most disgusting is the cant of liberality. There is not a puny whipster that has paid his half-guinea to cross the Channel, that does not launch forth, on his return, in praise of French valour and French generosity; and if he ever had a sample of either, it must have been that a *gendarme* stuck a bayonet in his end. There is not a poetaster among us, that will not prate of the "pleasant land of Italy." And some of them, who go about weeping over graves, and pretend, forsooth, that they worship *freedom*, will indite their elegies to the shades of Ariosto, of Tasso, of Petrarch—to the foreign bards, the slaves and minions of some worthless, poor, petty tyrant, while they feel not in their breasts one chord of sympathy with Milton, or with one of those genuine English spirits, which, were these *soi-disant* philosophers true even to the political creed they profess, should be the gods of their idolatry. And now there is not an essayist, or an editor, that will not fawn upon America—that will not compare her pretty infantine authors to the eloquent thinkers of our own country—and that will not condemn some drudge of a contributor to tack together a memoir of Patrick Henry."

"But there is a false, hollow feeling about the age—a Quixotism, after the spirit of chivalry has departed—a vain seeking and aping of noble sentiment, of which the degenerate creatures can assume but the mask and the garb. In ages past, which we, forsooth, call dark, and barbarous, and illiberal, men knew how to join respect for other countries with unshaken love and declared preference for their own. They understood, and could entertain a generous enmity, a noble hate—prejudice was with them hallowed into a virtue—and patriotism was a religion which they had not yet learned to disbelieve or compromise. Let such feelings be placed on the page of history, by the side of our affected philanthropy and adulation of foreigners—our fitful and alternate gleams of friendship and spite, and let us judge to whom hereafter the meed of honour shall be given. But 'tis wrong to say *our*, or to attribute to the British nation the cant of a prating few. The population of our island is overgrown, and almost outnumbered by a crowd of offshoots and burrs—Cockneys, and critics, and travellers, and radicals, that, possessing no national interest, are incapable of a national feeling. These are the *theo-philanthropists*, the lovers of the human race, whose voice is to be heard from every synod of ragamuffins, and who seem to declare the sentiments of England to him who cannot enter into the silent and thoughtful spirit of the English people. Charity, and humanity, and politeness, are the gaberdines they all creep under—no one pretends to energy—no one to independence; and should John Bull venture to speak with his original and once-admired bluntness, he is anathematized on all sides, as a pest of society, as an illiberal boor, as one that should be visited with condign punishment. And let liberality and politeness once put their hands to the torture,—bigotry never strained to their pitch."

"We have no wish to sow the seeds of hate, but we dislike to see a canting and nonsensical abuse of old feelings. There is a difference, though unperceivable by some faint-hearted gentlemen, between enmity and envy, between generous rivalry and narrow hate. Let those who destroy the nobler evil, beware, lest they but afford the baser room to spring up. Let us remember that no nation has ever been great that, in comparison with itself, did not hold the rest of the world in contempt. And we know that those countries of Europe, which are now desert and enslaved, owe their misfortunes chiefly and especially to the want of that national pride and national prejudice which some among us would cry down. And if it be alleged that they would not go so deep—that it is merely civility and courteousness they recommend, we tell these Chesterfields on a large scale, these arrangers of etiquette between nations, that, with a few exceptions, (unknown but for having been by them brought forward, and alluded to) there has been sufficient civility between the people, unless indeed nothing short of absolute hugging will satisfy them. We are at a loss to conceive what all this is about—what are they talking of—or whom do they allude to? If the American journals abuse us, who cares for that? who reads them, or hears them? And as to our own periodical works, they have never applied to the whole continent of America one-half of the obloquy and reproach that has inevitably fallen to the share of any single name of notoriety among us. Then, in the name of wonder, let us hear no more of this stupid cant about good feeling, and civility, and philanthropy: one sermon is quite enough upon the text. And let Mr. Irving, Mr. Campbell, and others, who have taken a fancy to the subject, be told, That their amicable preaching, by turning discussion directly upon the mutual opinions of the nations, are calculated, more than the most venomous libels, to excite hostility, and to widen the breach."

Queen Elizabeth.—The late Duke of Chandos told Sir Robert —, a master in Chancery, that an ancestor of his was sub governor of the Tower in Queen Mary's reign; and, during the time of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth's confinement there, an order came to him, in all appearance signed by the Queen, for taking the Princess into the inner apartment of the Tower, and cutting off her head. On this Mr. Bridges dismissed the messenger, and went directly to Court, desiring to speak with the Queen; to whom he shewed the order, telling her Majesty that he was desirous of ascertaining the truth of the signature. The Queen expressed great surprise at the sight of it, and thanked him most heartily for coming to her, assuring him that it was never her intention to deal so with her sister; and said farther, that, as she was not safe where she then was, she would take care to remove her; which was done accordingly. After Elizabeth came to the throne, she did not forget this service, but rewarded Mr. Bridges

[FROM "PARISH ANNALS."]

"Mr. Cayenne, of Wheatrig, having for several years been in a declining way, partly brought on by the consuming fire of his furious passion, and partly by the decay of old age, sent for me on the evening of the first Sabbath of March in this year. I was surprised at the message, and went to the Wheatrig house directly; where, by the lights in the windows as I gazed up through the policy to the door, I saw something extraordinary was going on. Sambo, the blackamore servant, opened the door, and without speaking shook his head; for it was an affectionate creature, and as fond of his master as if he had been his own father. By this sign I guessed that the old gentleman was thought to be drawing near his latter end, so I walked softly after Sambo up the stair, and was shewn into the chamber where Mr. Cayenne, since he had been confined to the house, usually sat. His wife had been dead some years before."

Mr. Cayenne was sitting in his easy chair, with a white cotton night-cap on his head, and a pillow at his shoulders to keep him straight. But his head had fallen down on his breast, and he breathed like a panting baby. His legs were swelled, and his feet rested on a footstool. His face, which was wont to be the colour of a peony rose, was of a yellow hue, with a patch of red on each cheek like a wafer, and his nose was shirpet and sharp, and of an unnatural purple. Death was evidently fighting with Nature for the possession of the body. "Heaven have mercy on his soul," said I to myself, as I sat me down beside him."

When I had been seated some time, the power was given him to raise his head as it were afeer, and he looked at me with the tail of his eye, which I saw was glittering and glossy. "Doctor," for he always called me doctor, though I am not of that degree, "I am glad to see you," were his words, uttered with some difficulty."

"How do you find yourself, sir?" I replied in a sympathising manner."

"Damned bad," said he, as if I had been the cause of his suffering. I was daunted to the very heart to hear him in such an ungenerate state; but after a short pause I addressed myself to him again, saying, that "I hoped he would soon be more at ease, and he should bear in mind that the Lord chasteneth whom he loveth."

"The devil take such love," was his awful answer, which was to me as a blow on the forehead with a mallet. However, I was resolved to do my duty to the miserable sinner, let him say what he would. Accordingly, I stooped towards him with my hands on my knees, and said, in a compassionate voice, "It's very true, sir, that you are in great agony, but the goodness of God is without bound."

"Curse me if I think so, doctor," replied the dying uncircumcised Philistine. But he added at times, his breathlessness being grievous, and often broken by a sore hiccup, "I am however no saint, as you know, doctor: so I wish you to put in a word for me, doctor, for you know that in these times, doctor, it is the duty of every good subject to die a christian."

This was a poor account of the state of his soul, but it was plain I could make no better o't by entering into any religious discourse or controversy with him, he being then in the last gasp; so I knelt down and prayed for him with great sincerity, imploring the Lord, as an awakened sense of grace to the dying man, that it would please him to lift up, though it were but for the season of a minute, the chastening hand which was laid so heavily upon his aged servant; at which Mr. Cayenne, as if indeed the hand had been then lifted, cried out, "None of that stuff, doctor; you know that I cannot call myself his servant."

Was ever a minister in his prayer so broken in upon by a perishing sinner! However, I had the weight of a duty on me, and made no reply, but continued, "Thou hearest, O Lord! how he confesses his unworthiness—Let not thy compassion, therefore be withheld, but verify to him the words that I have spoken in faith, of the boundlessness of thy goodness, and the infinite multitude of thy tender mercies." I then calmly, but sadly, sat down, and presently, as if my prayer had been heard, relief was granted; for Mr. Cayenne raised his head, and giving me a queer look, said, "that last clause of your petition, doctor, was well put, and I think, too, it has been granted, for I am easier," adding,—"I have no doubt, doctor, given much offence in the world, and oftentimes when I meant to do good; but I have wilfully injured no man, and God is my judge, and his goodness, you say, is so great, He may perhaps take my soul into his holy keeping." In saying which words, Mr. Cayenne dropped his head upon his breast, his breathing ceased, and he was wafted away out of this world with as little trouble as a blameless child."

Population of the World.—According to a Statistical Chart published in a Neapolitan Journal, the universal population of the Globe is 632 millions, thus subdivided—172 millions in Europe; 330 millions in Asia; 70 millions in Africa; 40 millions in America; and 20 millions in the other parts.

Estimate by approximation—In Europe: Births, $\frac{1}{4}$ annum, 6,371,370; $\frac{1}{2}$ diem, 17,453; hour, 727; minute, 62; second, 1.

Deaths $\frac{1}{4}$ annum, 5,058,822; $\frac{1}{2}$ diem, 13,850; hour, 577; minute, 66; second, 1.

In the entire universe—Births $\frac{1}{4}$ annum, 23,407,407; $\frac{1}{2}$ diem, 64,130; hour, 2672; minute, 148; second, 8.

Deaths $\frac{1}{4}$ annum, 18,588,235; $\frac{1}{2}$ diem, 50,927; hour, 2122; minute, 135; second, 7.

Persons arrived at the age of 100—In 1800, according to Larrey, there were at Cairo 35 individuals who had attained the age of 100 and upwards. In Spain, in the last age, were to be seen at St. Jean-de-Page, a town of Galicia, 13 old persons, the youngest of whom was 110, and the oldest 127; their ages made together 1499 years. England is generally accounted to contain 2100 individuals of 100 years old. At the commencement of the present century, there were in Ireland 41 individuals from the age of 95 to 104, in a population of only 47,000 souls. In Russia, amongst 891,652 dead, in 1814, there were 3531 individuals of from 100 to 132 years of age. In Hungary, the family of Jean Rovin has furnished the example of the most extraordinary longevity. The father lived 172 years, and his wife 164 years; they were married for 142 years, and the youngest of their children was 115.

Daniel Bernaulli calculated that the inoculation of the small-pox has been the means of prolonging human life by three years; and the new observations of Duvillard gave the

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

A correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine relates the following instances of sagacity in the brute creation :

A friend lately returned from India, who is too veracious to take advantage of the traveller's privilege! assures me that he has seen Elephants employed to pile wood, who have, after adding heap to heap, drawn back and placed themselves in a situation to see if they have kept a perpendicular line and preserved a just level in their work, and have then corrected any perceptible defect in one or the other. The same person, has seen two elephants employed to roll barrels to a distance; one has kept them in motion, while the other has been prepared with a stone in his trunk to stop their progress at the required spot. The common tricks taught to the young Elephants which are exhibited in this country for public entertainment, shew a capacity of intellect far beyond the measure of the ordinary power in the brute creation. —

When I was last in London, I saw a dog of mean character and very ordinary description, something of the old turnspit breed, harnessed in the usual manner beneath a small baker's cart, using his best strength, and seeming to delight in his office in drawing a heavy burden for his indolent master, who ran whistling by the side, guiding the machine, and preventing an occasional overthrow that might have been otherwise expected. The man stopped to serve his customers; the harness was so contrived that the dog immediately extricated himself from his trammels, and ran to and fro barking loudly, and appearing, as I conceived, to rejoice in this unexpected liberty. The baker's business ended, he whistled shrilly; the dog instantly left his companions, with whom he was engaged at a distance,—threw his head into the collar, introduced his body into the harness most ingeniously, without the least assistance, and went to work with evident pleasure. I had the curiosity to follow, and saw this creature do the same thing repeatedly. He received occasionally a few caresses and a crust as a recompence and encouragement, and was always ready and willing at his master's call. When a boy at Harrow School, I had myself a dog of very superior abilities; one of his great merits, in the opinion of our sporting companions, was the manner in which he attempted and always succeeded in drawing a badger from his hole or den. I have seen him advance with his tail foremost, and his body slightly curved close to the nose of his intended victim, and then as the poor beast would vindicate his domestic rights, and begin to fight for his home, on the first attack, turn rapidly round, seize fast on the neck or the ear of the enemy, and in an instant draw him into light. Although of the smaller kind of terrier, he was so fleet of foot, that he constantly outran a small pack of rabbit hounds, with which we were occasionally used to relax, after the severer studies of Homer and Longinus. Every art was tried to retard his progress, but to no purpose; as a last resource, a light clog was affixed to his collar, which, as he ran, becoming entangled between his legs, gave him many an awkward somerset, and prevented his too rapid course; but this was only successful for a time: he soon perceived how to overcome this impediment; he would stop short the moment the game was started, take up the pendent clog in his mouth, and then as usual outstrip all his companions in the chase. —

We had a dog at Cambridge, the property of my friend M. who chose what Terms he would keep, and lived just as much of a college life as pleased himself, and no more; he knew his master's home in Suffolk, and his ordinary places of resort in London,—would remain with us, perhaps, some ten days or more, and then without a companion, without attaching himself to any occasional traveller, as was at first supposed, would journey up to London,—pass one week at the St. James's Coffee-House, and another at the Prince of Wales's, and then return to us with the most perfect non-chalance, and the most easy familiarity possible. After another short interval he would make a visit to his old master in Suffolk, remain just so long as he felt disposed to do so, and come back to us with a stately countenance, which absolutely seemed to speak good humour and independence.

An October Sermon.—In a village not far from Oxford a sermon was preached last Sunday, from Gen. 1. and 28th verse. "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth." After saying a few words on the nature of the command, the purchaser observed, that it was absolutely necessary various parts of scripture should be had in remembrance by his hearers; particularly those passages in which the holy rite of matrimony was ordained, for this holy rite must previously sanctify obedience to the precept; but as the wisdom of the Legislature had rendered the preparations for its celebration difficult and doubtful, he should strive to make them less obscure by reading what the law enjoined to be read, viz. the Act to prevent Clandestine Marriages, and by explaining those parts which most affected his parishioners. This he did to the great satisfaction of his audience.

Marriage Brokers.—In Genoa there are marriage brokers who have pocket-books filled with the names of the marriageable girls of the different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavouring to arrange connections; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of his defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

Anecdote.—The celebrated physician Malouin, at Paris, had such a veneration for his profession, that he declared himself convinced that Moliere's death was a just judgment on him for his want of respect to the science of Medicine.—Being once a witness of the anxious punctuality with which a patient took a most nauseous medicine, he said to him with great solemnity, "Sir, you are worthy to be sick!"

A MERMAID.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Phillip, representative of the London Missionary Society at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, dated April 26, 1822:

"I have to-day seen a Mermaid, now exhibiting in this town. I have always treated the existence of this creature as fabulous; but my scepticism is now removed. As it is probable no description of this extraordinary creature has yet reached England, the following particulars respecting it may gratify your curiosity and amuse you:

"The head is almost the size of that of a baboon. It is thickly covered with black hair, hanging down, and not inclined to frizzle. On the upper lip and on the chin there are a few hairs, resembling those upon the head. The *ossa malarum*, or cheek-bones, are prominent. The forehead is low, but, except in this particular, the features are much better proportioned, and bear a more decided resemblance to the human countenance than those of any of the baboon tribes. The head is turned back, and the countenance has an expression of terror, which gives it an appearance of a caricature of the human face; but I am disposed to think that both these circumstances are accidental, and have arisen from the manner in which the creature met its death: it bears the appearance of having died in great agony.—The ears, nose, lips, chin, breasts, and nipples, fingers and nails, resemble those of a human figure.—The spinous processes of the vertebrae are very prominent, and apparently arranged as in the human body.—From the position of the arms, and the manner in which they are placed, and from such an examination as could be made in the circumstances in which I was placed at the time I saw it, I can have no doubt that it has *clavicles*; an appendage belonging to the human subject, which baboons are without.—The appearance of the teeth afford sufficient evidence that it is full grown; the *incisores* being worn on the upper surface: there are eight *incisores*, four canine, and eight *molars*: the canine teeth resemble those of a full-grown dog; all the others resemble those of a human subject. The length of the animal is three feet; but not having been well preserved, it has shrunk considerably, and must have been both longer and thicker when alive than it is now. Its resemblance to the human species ceases immediately under the *mammae*. On the line of separation, and directly under the breast, are two fins. From the point where the human figure ceases, which is about twelve inches below the vertex of the head, it resembles a large fish of the salmon species. It is covered with scales all over. On the lower part of the animal the scales resemble those of a fish; but on that part which resembles the human form they are much less, and scarcely perceptible, except on a near inspection. On the lower part of the body it has six fins, one dorsal, two ventral, two pectoral, and the tail. The pectoral fins are very remarkable; they are horizontal, and evidently formed as an apparatus to support the creature when in an erect posture, like that in which it has been sometimes represented combing its hair. The figure of the tail is exactly that which is given in the usual representations of the Mermaid.

"The proprietor of this extraordinary animal is Captain Eades, of Boston, in the United States of America. Since writing the above description he has called upon me, and I have learned from him the following particulars:—It was caught somewhere on the North of China by a fisherman, who sold it for a trifle; after which it was brought to Batavia. Here it was purchased by Capt. Eades for 5000 Spanish dollars, and he has since been offered 10,000 Spanish dollars for it, but refuses to part with it for that sum. Capt. Eades is a passenger on board the American ship *Lion*, now in Table Bay; he leaves this port in about a fortnight, and the *Lion* visits the Thames on her passage to America, so that it will probably be soon exhibited in London."

Custom House Absurdities.—Mr. N., an American, related to me, with much good-humour, the following adventure, which happened to him on his arrival at the Custom-house at Dover. Mr. N. being an amateur of pictures, had brought with him a view of "the Falls of Niagara," which he had himself painted during his residence in Canada. The size of the picture is about six square feet, and as the duty on painted canvas is rated at one guinea the foot, consequently the demand was six guineas. Mr. N. exclaimed against this charge for a picture of no value to any one but himself, and appealed to the Director of the Customs, who informed him that the regulation was positive, and he could not depart from it. Mr. N. still complained of this exorbitant duty: "Very well," said the Director, "I know only one way for you to avoid the payment of it; leave your picture here for six months; as you are the proprietor, no one will claim it: at the end of this period I shall put it up for sale; no one will purchase this miserable dand, which is certainly not worth six shillings, and you will then have it for nothing!" With this advice Mr. N. thought proper to comply; and, in due time, obtained his picture.—*Stephensiana*.

Election Anecdote.—The Curate of a parish not twenty miles South-west of Shrewsbury, who was zealously active on the part of J. C. Pellam, esq; and canvassed the freeholders not only in his own but also in an adjoining parish, pressing solicited an honest farmer in the latter for his vote, but finding his rhetoric used to very little purpose, he added that Mr. Clide had a large family, and that his object in getting into Parliament was merely to provide for them, whilst Mr. Pellam was a gentleman of independent fortune, and without any such tie. To which the freeholder, with his usual good-humour, replied, "I dunna know, Sir, what you may think about it, but for myself I think that the man who takes care to provide well for his family, woonna do much amiss for his country or any body else."

New Remedy for Sea Sickness.—A correspondent in the Monthly Magazine states that he cured himself, in the following manner, of sea sickness, with which he was much affected during a rough voyage in a steam-packet from Calais to London:—"I seated myself in a chair upon the deck, and commenced a sharp libration of the body, such as it receives in trotting; and, in a few minutes, the previous nausea abated. In a quarter of an hour I recovered my spirits; in half an hour felt a desire to eat, which I indulged, to the surprise of those who were around me; in five, I kept up the action more or less during the three hours in which we were in rough water, in which time I emptied my pockets of eatables; and, afterwards, I was as well as though I had merely taken my customary morning's ride."

(Copied from an old Magazine.)

A poor unbeneficed Clergyman, being in want of a dinner, bethought himself of paying a visit to Lambeth Palace, where it was in the days of the beer-drinking Britons a custom from time immemorial to keep an open table for casual visitants. After he had dined, being rather dissatisfied because the servant who supplied him with victuals had entirely forgotten his *drink*, he desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote the following lines for his Grace's perusal:

Piscis in disco
Mihi datur,
Ab Archiepisco—
Po sed non ponatur,
Quia non mihi *bibere* datur.

The Prelate, after reading the paper, sent for the writer, and desired a translation, which was immediately given:

They sent me fish
In a dish
From the Archbishop—
Op is omitted here
Because there was no *beer*.

With this conceit his Grace was so well pleased, that he bestowed a good living upon its author.

IRON MASK.—This unfortunate person was the twin brother of Lewis XIV. His father, Lewis XIII. gave credit to a prediction, that if the Queen should be delivered of twins, the Kingdom would be involved in civil wars; and therefore ordered the birth of this Prince to be kept secret, and educated him as the natural son of a Nobleman. On the accession of Lewis XIV. a suspicion arose that the young man had discovered his parentage, and the King ordered him to wear an *Iron Mask*, and to be imprisoned for life. He made frequent inquiries respecting him; and soothed his captivity with the gentlest treatment.—“They now order this matter better in France.”

FORTUNE TELLING.—We lay the following before our Readers, exactly as we received it:

TO THE PRESTER

William Justice laborer he had his fortune told by a well dressed woman on Saturday the 8 of this month and he gave her half a crown, William Justice met the same woman on Sunday the 9 of this month on the little common near pangbourn bowden the both neeld down on there nees opposite each other the woman gave him a paper of powder and gave him strict charge not to open it till munday morning at seven o'clock 10 of this month, as soon as the man reseaved the powder he did not no wat he don he gave her is wach and all is money the bouth departed she promised to meet him on the same place at seven o'clock on the munday morning and give him is wach and all is money agen and something more with it, the man made his aparence but the woman never made her aparence William Justice and a nother man have bin three days persuing after the woman and cannot find er, William Justice sayes he berred the money to give to the woman this his the maner he tells his story his wach and money a mounts to a bout five pound a caution how peopel have there fortunes told.

William Justice sayes the paper of powder appeared to be peper corns and some peopel of pangbourn sayes it is the wonderfoull a fare the ever heard of, the foposed to be witch craft.

DUELING.—As a proof to what a pitch duelling is arrived, a Letter (of which the following is a literal copy), was exhibited before Mr. BOND and Sir WM. PARSONS on Tuesday, by the person to whom it was addressed, who, as well as his opponent, are two *Journeymen Hair Dressers*, just come to town to learn the present fashion of dressing the Ladies:—

“Mr. H—

“for the ungenteleman like conduct and what you have been saying about me and as it is not in my *power* to you fight you in the puglist stile I *chabing* you fight you to morrow morning with *peffles* near the *vering* att 6 o'clock I shawl *ferntly* attend. J. W.”

“Monday Eve: 7 o'clock.

EARLDOM OF MOIRA.—That this noble family is of great antiquity appears from the title-deed of their estate, granted by WILLIAM the Conqueror, part of which estate, with the mansion-house, the Earl of MOIRA still enjoys. The following lines are taken from the original deed:

“I WILLIAM, King, the third year of my reign,
Give to PAULYN ROYDON Hope and Hoptowne;
With all the bounds, both up and downe,
From heaven to yerthe, from yerthe to hell,
For thee and thine therein to dwell,
As truly as this king-ryghte is myn,
For a crosse-bow and an arrow,
When I shall come to hunt on Yarrow.
And in token that this thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wan with my tooth,
Before MEG, MAUD, and MARGERY,
With my third son HENRY.”

“London March 19 1813 Loathbury

“Miss —, I take the Liberty to trouble you with the few Lines As I roat to you Before and did not recive no answer I suspected that you did not recive my Letter wich I rout to you So I took the Liberty to trouble you With the few Lines Hopping that thay will give me to understand Wether it Bee my falt or youers for I wos not easey tell I roat to you again to now the reson you did Behave so Ungenteel as to not seand me a few Lines Why you shoul treet me with uncivilty and for What reason you Have alterd Your mind since I Recevd your Last Letter But—I Hope it not to be your falt as you did not right before now—So I Hope you Will Excuse Me taking the Liberty to trouble you with thease few lines as I was not Easey tell I had the pleasure of Erring from you Again so I Hope you will Bee so kind as to send me a few Lines from your dear hand and if you will Be kind enugh to direct to me at Mr. Jr J Be Hapy if you wuld be Cind enugh to send me wurd as soon as you can you will oblige yours Jams W— Where Whe are now Direct Jams W— at ——— No— Loathbuery London will oblige Me “Miss — at Mr R— Wormgate Boston Lincolnshire.”

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—A very singular custom, connected with the manor of Rochf rd, in Essex, is the holding of what is called a *Lawless Court*. Its origin is uncertain, but tradition represents it as arising from a conspiracy against the Lord of the Manor, projected during his absence, and overheard by him on his way home. As a punishment, he ordered that all the tenants on his manor should ever afterwards assemble at a certain hour of the night, on the same spot where the conspirators met, and do homage for their lands. The court is held in the open air, on King's Hill, on the midnight of the first Wednesday after Michaelmas day; and all the business is transacted in whispers, the minutes being made with a coal, instead of pen and ink. The steward opens the court in as low a voice as possible; yet, those tenants who neglect to answer, are deeply fined, and every absentee forfeits double his rent in every hour's absence. The time of assembling is from twelve till cock crow. The parties previously meet at the King's Head, in Rochford.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA.—It has often been justly observed, that great events sometimes spring from trifling causes. This is exemplified in a circumstance that occurred at the commencement of the late war. The King of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick and General Clairfayt had concerted an attack on the French. It was made at the appointed time, but the French were prepared, and the Allies retreated without success. The three Chiefs again met, and the King of Prussia opened the conversation by observing—“Well, this attack has failed, and it now only remains to consult what farther is to be done.” Gen. Clairfayt answered with some asperity, “Consultation will be useless; for though there are only three of us here, one of us is a *traitor*.” It was utterly impossible that the French could have known of the attack itself, the point where it was made, and have prepared themselves as they did, unless our secret had been betrayed, and I therefore repeat that one of us is a *traitor*.”—The King immediately replied—“Upon my word, General, this is extraordinary language: I am a Sovereign, and accountable to nobody for my actions, but, however, to shew that your charge does not apply to me; I here declare, upon my honour, that I never mentioned the circumstance to a single creature alive—except to the Countess de Luslanou.”—This lady was his Majesty's mistress, and no doubt, knew the value of the secret too well not to sell it for a handsome bribe. She was banished from the capital after the King's death. Such are the effects of *secret influence*.

THE POWER OF ORTHOGRAPHY AND PUNCTUATION.—The husband of a pious woman having occasion to make a voyage, his wife sent a written request to the Parson of the Parish:—but instead of spelling and pointing it properly, viz.—

“A person having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation.”

She spelled and pointed it as follows:—

“A person, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation.”

The Parson (who had not examined the contents of

It is a circumstance little known, that this song, which has been so powerful an engine in the French Revolution, had its origin in a saying of Dr. Franklin. When he was in France, and was informed of any disaster, that had occurred to the Americans, he constantly said, "I expected it; but nevertheless *Ca Ira*." As he became popular, the words became remarkable, and, at last, when a song was wanted for Revolution purposes, this saying was chosen for the lurchen of it.

ANECDOTE OF A SAILOR.—A sailor named Fleming was pressed about two years since, and put on board a tender, the day before he was about to be married. This was done by the treachery of an acquaintance, who had not only borrowed a sum of money of him, but who endeavoured to supplant him in the affections of the girl of his heart. The girl, however, proved faithful in his absence, and her fond tar lately arrived, flush of prize money. Informed of the iniquitous conduct of his supposed friend, he arrested him for the sum lent, and then sent him the following letter:

"So, Mr. Crimp, you are in *bilboes*, I find.—That was a d—d *foul weather* trick you played me; but you are *under hatches*, and there I'll keep you, until matrimony has *spliced* me to my dear Poll—I'll then give you leave to *sheer off*; but hark'ye, my boy, when you are free from the *grapples*, don't *sheer* in my *wake*, or I may give you a *salute* you won't like. I won't wish to send you to *Davy's locker*, because as how, if I had not been *pressed*, I might not have *fell in* with the *prize-money*. So you *ungrateful swab*, I forgive you, that is, after I am *lain along-side* of my sweet Poll. No more at present from
Your's, JOE FLEMING."

P. S. As I understand you love Poll, I send you a guinea by bearer to drink her health.

RUSSIAN WINTER.—Two interesting periods for Petersburg are those of the frost and the thaw. All communications are then interrupted for some days between the different islands of the Neva and the new and magnificent town of Peter-I. It is to be observed, that it is not the water of the river that freezes, notwithstanding the north cold; the rapidity of its current prevents it. The *isicles* come already formed from the Lake of Ladoga, from whence they are driven by the wind; they float on the lake until repulsed by the sea, or, collecting in a mass at the entrance of the river, they stop, and joining one to another, they fix on the Neva a platform of ice, which often requires but few hours to be cemented into a solid mass. The *isicles* of different sizes are several feet thick, and soon are seen sliding on it heavy sledges and loaded cars. A lady of a more genial clime would shudder at the idea of crossing in a coach and six so deep and wide a lake on frail blocks of ice: but at Petersburg there are only a few timid women who are frightened at it. At the approach of the ice all the boat bridges are laid aside, and only replaced after several weeks, during which period there is no communication except by a road across the river. On returning from a supper, a ball, or a play, during the night, shut up in a close carriage and wrapped in a warm pelisse, you are apt to forget that you are crossing an abyss for more than a quarter of a league. When the ice is covered with snow, and the road beaten, you would not even perceive that you were on the water, if a trickling sound did not inform you of it, and if you were not surprised to pass between lines of ships that seem placed on the snow, and which form streets on the Neva, that gives it the appearance of a town of a very singular architecture.—The time the Neva is frozen is the most brilliant for Petersburg; and winter is the finest season.—Communications are established every where; the roads are good; provisions of every kind, game and fowl, come from the extremities of the Empire to the market. In Spring, the ice of the Neva breaks suddenly, and in an instant you see the barges sailing where the sledges slid. The cannon of the fortress announce the thaw, and the commander, in a superb sloop, brings to the Emperor, who, surrounded by his Court, waits for him on the balcony of his palace, a bottle of water, drawn from the centre of the lake, that then it appears in all its majesty. The Neva is generally frozen in the beginning of November, and remains covered with ice till the latter end of April."

GIVEN TO FOULTIER D'ELMOTTE, BY THE SIEUR LE NOIR, INTENDANT OF THE POLICE UNDER THE OLD GOVERNMENT OF FRANCE.

"I permit you to write against the Deity, but not against M. de MAUREPAS; against Religion, but not against Government; against the Apostles, but not against Ministers; against the Saints, but not against the Ladies of the Court; against Morals, but not against the Police." This we have on the authority of M. D'ELMOTTE himself, in the VIth number of the *Bastille Devoile*.

A GREEN GOWN.—The origin of this expression, for what formed a great part of the amusement at Greenwich-hill, on Monday and Tuesday last, is more ancient than is, perhaps, supposed.—There is in the Tower, *inter Brevia Regis Edwardi III. anno 24, (1351)* a Record of the indictment of WILLIAM FOX, Parson of Lee, near Gainborough, and others, for that they came to Bradholm, in the county of Nottingham, and then and there forcibly took and carried a certain Nun named MARGARET de EVERINGHAM, a Sister of the said house, *exuentes eam habitum religiosum et induentes eam robam viridem secularem, anglice, giving her a green gown.*

FIDELITY OF A CAT.—BUFFON, and all the other Naturalists, give the worst possible character of this domestic animal. As far as a single fact can disprove this description, we have the following very singular Report, lately made by the physician MARTIN in the *Athenæ* (Academy) of Lyon.

"On the 20th of Sept. inst. at eight o'clock in the evening, I was called upon by the Hospital Justice of the Peace, to accompany him to the street Belle Cordiere, to inquire into an assassination committed on a woman named PENIT: I attended, and discovered the corpse of a pregnant woman extended on a couch and weltering in her blood. A spaniel dog lying at her feet, licked them, and from time to time heaved the most plaintive groans: at sight of us it rose, and did not bark, but came to us and then returned to its mistress. Its slow and painful walk, its drooping head, and its actions, carried the impression of the deepest melancholy, and a sentimental expression which is truly the characteristic of that faithful companion of men.

"A large black he-cat also drew my attention. He was, no doubt, at the moment of the assassination posted on the cornice of an *eserutoire* at the bottom of the room. It remained fixed to the spot, had its eyes rivetted on the corpse, and its looks at once indicated horror and affright. After examining the corpse I withdrew, promising the Justice of the Peace to return at six the next morning, with some of my associates, and open the body in the presence of the persons accused of the assassination. The next day I returned pursuant to my promise. The first object that struck Citizen MARTIN, Doctor of Physic, of St. Genis, who wished to accompany me, was the same Cat which I observed on the day before. It was in the same spot and in the same attitude, and its looks had acquired an expression of horror and determined rage, that my Collegue made me look at it again, fearful of its being mad. The little apartment was soon filled with the Officers of Justice and the armed force. Neither the sound of the arms, nor the tumult produced by the animated conversation of the Assistants, disturbed the attention, nor deranged the menacing attitude of the Cat. I was preparing to remove from the womb of the corpse another victim, which the same assassination had deprived of life before it saw the light, when the accused were introduced. The moment the animal, which I had not lost sight of, fixed its eyes upon them, they became more fiery, its hairs bristled, it sprung into the middle of the chamber, stopped a moment, and then went and laid down under the bed with the dog, partaking at the same time of its indignation against the murderers, and its fidelity to their Mistress. These mute but terrible witnesses did not escape the notice of the guilty; I know not whether the voice of remorse spoke in their hardened hearts, but I remarked that they were discomposed; and it was perhaps the only time in their lives that their atrocious impudence was in any degree affected. This trait has put an end to that antipathy which I heretofore conceived against cats."

The object of this memoir was born in Dublin, in the year 1753, and was the son of a Clergyman in rather confined circumstances. After receiving the usual rudiments of a classical education, he entered college about the year 1773, as a non-decremented pensioner; and passing through the usual routine of preliminary instruction, he obtained a fellowship in 1778. In 1791, he became a member of the senior board, and in 1792, librarian, having enjoyed the office of assistant during the preceding eight years. His habits, at all times retired, became decidedly cenobitical before he had passed his prime. Until the last twenty years, however, he occasionally ventured beyond the walls of the College, to dine with a Gentleman of the Irish Bar, to whom he was much attached, but always on the express condition that there should be no ladies present. The following was a favourite question of his, and was proposed by him to myself at one Hebrew examination:—“What other *mainin*” (meaning) has *rosh* besides *caput*? — “Why it means *pison* (poison); and there’s a passage in Scripture which is translated what *head’s* above the *head* of a woman—but it ought to be — what *pison’s* above the *pison* of a woman.”

He usually walked in the Fellows’ garden, the park, or the courts of the College, encumbered with the weight of his entire wardrobe, consisting of a coat, vest, and breeches (brown in reality, but by courtesy black), a shirt (black in reality, but by courtesy white), hose, and no cravat. At home he sat constantly without the coat, the waistcoat being furnished with sleeves. On the occasion of a fellowship examination, his appearance was very remarkable, and it was no easy matter to become convinced of his identity; for he never failed to wash his hands and face on such occasions, and vacancies occur in Dublin College almost every year, or at least every two years. This phenomenon, added to the assumption of a clean gown (which, however, he always exchanged for the old and unctuous one on removing from the theatre or examination-hall to the Commons’-hall), improved his exterior so much, that he might actually have passed for a handsome old man. But the disposition of his locks was not unlike the radiation of a bunch of radishes, and such curls as fell off (for his hair had in latter years but a precarious tenure), he always attached with hair-pins to the back of his head.

His ruling passion is alleged to have been the love of money, with what truth I shall not here inquire; for this is no time to scrutinize his foibles, when his bones are scarcely yet settled within the grave. It is certain that he was no stranger to those kindlier feelings of which the mere miser is incapable. I have seen his cats, and cocks, and hens, passing out of the hall-door before him in the morning, and himself patting them, and giving directions to his college-woman about them. When his former and favourite old woman, Catty, was on her death-bed, nothing could exceed the humanity with which he provided for her necessities. It is even said, that he complied with her request of having masses said for her soul, and that he paid for them out of his own pocket.

Of the limited range of enjoyments to which the Vice-Provost was necessarily restricted from his habits of monachism, those of the table were not the least prominent. In drinking he was remarkably abstemious, but his manducating propensities developed themselves in no equivocal manner. Faithful to the Commons’ bell, he opened his hall-door at three o’clock every day, and the ceremony of closing it was so attractive in the eyes of those disposed to gratify their risible inclinations, that groups might frequently be observed assembled in the court for the purpose of witnessing the complicated process. After pulling the door to, he used to swing from the handle for the space of some seconds, and then run a tilt against the pannels, almost in the manner of a battering-ram, until he became satisfied by the result of repeated ordeals, that no straggler about college could gain admission without co-operation from within. He then tucked up the skirts of his gown, and, in a pace rapid for a man of his years, proceeded across the court towards the dining-hall. On one occasion, many years since, some mushrooms were served up in a very scanty quantity, as they were only just coming into season. The Vice-Provost devoured them all; and some of the fellow-commoners, indignant at the appropriation, were determined to punish him. A whisper accordingly began to circulate that the mushrooms had been of a rather suspicious appearance, and most probably of a deleterious nature. When the buzz, thickening as it approached the head of the table, reached the ears of the Vice-Provost, he

be withstood. A draught of oil was accordingly procured, which he was obliged to swallow as an emetic, and the triumph of the avengers was complete.

In wit and repartee he was by no means deficient. One day, at Commons, Mr. *****; one of the junior fellows, distinguished for his classical attainments, took occasion to ask the Doctor in a bantering tone how he would translate the opening of Cæsar’s Commentaries—*Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres*, and instantly received the following retort:—“Why... I suppose-I’d say—All Gaul is *quarthered* into three halves, *Misther* *****.” A *jib* (or new-comer in college), unacquainted with the person of the Vice-Provost, dazzled his eyes one day with a looking-glass, upon which the Doctor having detected the delinquent, fined him and his brother ten shillings each for *casting reflections on the heads of the College*.

His regularity in attending to college business was extreme. It is on record, that a poor soldier was once near undergoing a flogging, in consequence of the neglect of some duty while absorbed in the perusal of Baron Munchausen. Tom Jones was more fatal to Jacky Barrett (the Doctor’s familiar designation throughout college). Some years since I was acquainted with the son of a clerical gentleman, who still enjoys a living in the county of Galway, and had been a student of Trinity College while Barrett was a junior fellow. At that time the Doctor was much addicted to the perusal of novels, of which Mr. ***** possessed an ample store, the use of which was proffered to Dr. Barrett, and eagerly accepted. One baleful day, his attention was so engrossed by the adventures of the hero above-mentioned, that he actually forgot, until too late, to repair to the College Chapel (where he was reader for the week), and thereby incurred the penalty of seven shillings. When I heard of this circumstance, it instantly struck me, that an affair which had borne so hard upon both his character and purse, could not readily have been effaced from a memory of almost superhuman tenacity; and the buoyancy of youth will, perhaps, plead my excuse, when I avow, that I was malicious enough to form a plan for probing his feelings on the subject. About this period I held a situation in the library, vested in the scholars of the college, which furnished me with a pretext for interrogating the librarian relative to certain unclassified novels which lay upon one of the shelves. I approached to consult him, and, feigning to be recollecting some of the names, stated, in a tone of hesitation, that I believed Tom Jones was of the number. Electric was the impression which the bare mention of Fielding’s hero made upon the Vice Provost. He was instantly in a passion. “No... there’s not Tom Jones...there’s *Pether-Wilkins* and such novels...but there’s not Tom Jones...Tom Jones is in Fielding’s works-in-the-library...but-not-there.”

To the usages of polished society he was of course a stranger. One day a contemporary of his came into the library, and grasped his hand in a manner rather too cordial for his capacity of physical endurance. “Why-do-you-squeeze-*wan’s*-hand-so?” he ejaculated—“you-put-me-to-pain.” On another occasion he called “Ben.....*sin*,” (Benson, the library porter,) at the instant in which a venerable Roman Catholic clergyman was entering the library. From the distance, and the circumstance that this gentleman was uncovered, he was mistaken by Dr. Barrett for the porter; and as, being an infirm man, he walked slowly up the library, the Doctor turned to me and said—“See-how-slow-the-rascal-comes.” By this time the priest, still unrecognised, was within a few paces of us, when Dr. Barrett, looking full in his face, pronounced, in accents of cast iron, or rather, bell-metal:—“Can’t-you-*conthrive*.....to-walk a little-slower?” When convinced of his mistake, he made no sort of apology to the clergyman, although he passed close to the spot where we were standing, but poked his head as before into the catalogue, which he had been consulting as it lay upon the table.

Although naturally shrewd, his simplicity was at times remarkable. Benson (himself a character), and the doctor were standing one day at the same side of the oblong library table, when the former was desired by the latter to *put* (*u* as in *but*) a book into one of the shelves in a stall at the other side of the table, and exactly opposite to the place where they were standing. The porter, being obliged to walk round, took the book with him, a heavy tome, from the Vice-Provost’s hand, laid it upon the table, and slowly commenced his circuit. The doctor, not perceiving the drift of his movements, vociferated after him:—“How-can-you-put-up-the-book...without the book?” “I’m goin,

"But how can you put up the book.... without the book?" bellowed the dignitary, with continually increasing choler. "I'm going, Sir," growled the immittigable Benson, without mending his pace. The outcries of the Vice-Provost, who was now almost foaming with rage, were in vain. Benson, with imperturbable gravity, moved on, until, having completed his orbit, he coolly lifted the volume from the table, and deposited it in its place, leaving the astonished Vice-Provost convinced of the practicability of *putting up a book without a book*.

While he was once examining a class of graduates in the Hebrew Psalter, one of them, being insufficiently prepared, was prompted by his neighbour. It was the 114th psalm that he was endeavouring to translate, and he had got as far as "the mountains skipped like rams," when the Professor perceived what was going forward, and interrupted the proceeding with the following most extraordinary adversative proposition:—"Why the mountains-skipped-to-be-sure...but, Sir ***** you're promptin'."

Not long before his death he put the question to Mr. ***** who was sitting with him, which of the fellows would be *sorryest* for him, in the event of his dying? Mr. ***** replied that he, for one, would be sorry, and that he was confident the feeling would be general. "Aye,...but who'll be *sorryest*?.....I'll tell you who'll be *sorryest*...It'll be Tom *****...for he'll lose nine-hundhert-guineas." To explain this, it may be necessary to mention, that the situation of senior lecturer for the ensuing year (the emoluments of which are estimated at about 1,000l.), would have reverted to Dr. ***** had the Vice-Provost survived a few days longer. In consequence of his demise it devolves upon Dr. *****, the new senior fellow.—*The London Magazine*.

Among other whimsical things produced by his Majesty's visit to Dublin, the following notice on the gate of the College has caused much merriment. The Vice-Provost, the Rev. John Barrett, in his capacity of Librarian, caused to be posted at the entrance of the University a slip of paper, on which was written—

OBSERVE,

That the Library is closed for three days for the purpose of cleaning
JOHN BARRETT!

A few days previously, a Gentleman of the University who had lost ten pounds advertised it at the same place, as follows:—

Lost by Mr. A., of No. 9, College, the sum of Ten Pounds. If found by a poor man, Two Pounds reward will be given him; if by a person above accepting of the reward, the Two Pounds to be handed to the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity.

A wag observing, that the advertisement omitted to say, that the reward would be given on returning the money, scribbled the following underneath the advertisement:—

Found by a Gentleman, the Ten Pounds mentioned above. Two Pounds of which have been handed to the Secretary of the Mendicity Society, by the finder, who has pocketed the balance for his trouble.

We mentioned yesterday the price at which the *Decameron of Boccacio* sold. Earl Spencer was the competitor with the Marquis of Blandford, the fortunate purchaser. The Marquis proposed starting with five guineas, but Lord Spencer put in at 100l. When the Marquis bid the last 10l. Lord S. said, "I bow to you." The engagement was very fierce, and at its termination there was a general "Huzza!" Presently after, the Marquis offered his hand to Lord S. saying, "We are good friends still?" His Lordship replied, "Perfectly—indeed, I am obliged to you."—"So am I to you," said the Marquis, "therefore the obligation is mutual."—He declared that it was his intention to have gone as far as 5000l.—He was before possessed of a copy of the same edition, but it wanted five leaves; "for which five leaves," as Lord S. observed, "he might be said to have given 2,260l."—A bookseller, by order of Bonaparte, bid 2000l. for the *Boccacio*, which De Bune told the auctioneer, when he was in Paris, was the only great desideratum in Napoleon's library.

The utmost that can be said of the present extravagant *bibliomania* that prevails is, that it is somewhat more rational than the *tulip mania* which prevailed in Holland about a century and a half ago.

FOOTE being upon a visit at Lord TOWNSHEND'S at Raynham, happened one morning to look into the pig-stye, and saw a silver spoon among their victuals; one of the house-maids coming by and perceiving Mr. FOOTE, cried out "Plague on the pigs, what a noise they make." "Well they may," said FOOTE, "for they have but one silver spoon between them."

PRAYING FOR HUSBANDS IN ACTUAL PRACTICE.

—The Convent of the Chartreuse, at Auray, in Normandy, possesses little other interest than that of its site, except that it certainly contains the most wonder-working altar in all Christendom. The natives have the firm belief, that whatever boon is there solicited, is granted to the petitioner. This well-frequented altar is dedicated to St. Anne. Mrs. Stothard relates, in her late tour, that she observed a certain young girl offer her prayers, with great punctuality and earnestness of devotional feeling, to St. Anne, and observes, that from her best cap and jacket being worn on such occasions, and the soft air of a young man who always accompanied her to the church door, she could, without much craft, divine the subject of her devotion; and the more especially, as the girl had assured her, in proof of the efficacy of St. Anne's blessing upon her shrine, that a certain young Lady of Auray, who feared dying (rather say *living*) an old maid, very earnestly begged the Saint to grant her a husband. St. Anne's bounty being equal to her power, she most kindly sent the trembling petitioner three husbands in the space of five short happy years!

THEODORIC, ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.—This Prelate was illustrious in his time for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the Emperor SIGISMUND asked of him instruction to obtain happiness. "We cannot, Sire, expect it in this world." "Which, then, is the way to happiness hereafter?" "You must act virtuously." "What do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," said Theodoric, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gout or stone."

PERSONIFICATION OF THE DEVIL.—The Church of Del Parto, in Naples, is remarkable for a singular picture in one of its chapels: it represents St. Michael trampling on Satan. It is observable, that the latter is represented with the face of a beautiful female, and the reason given is whimsical enough. The countenance of the devil is a portrait of a very beautiful Lady, who unfortunately fell in love with Diomedes Caraffa, a Bishop of Ariano, who, to show his abhorrence of her sacrilegious passion, when fitting up this chapel for his mausoleum, ordered the painter to degrade her into the infernal spirit, and place her prostrate under the spear of the Archangel. For the satisfaction of the sex, it must be added, however, that this ungallant prelate has not been canonized.

A FRENCH KETTLE.—The following is related as a fact:—There is a very large cauldron in a house at Paris, which is called 'La Marmite Perpetuelle,' from its having been on the fire 87 years; during which time it has boiled more than 800,000 capons; and it boils nothing else. It is situated near the principal market for fowls, which have thus only a step to be carried from the market into the cauldron. At any hour, night or day, on applying to that succulent house, a boiled capon issues from its nutritious gulph, where they are incessantly regenerated, in a wonderful manner.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A COURTIER.—The Prince de Conde once thought himself offended by the Abbé de Voisenon: Voisenon heard this from "a good natured friend," and went to Court to exculpate himself. As soon as the Prince saw him, he turned away from him. "Thank God!" said Voisenon, "I have been misinformed, Sir—your Highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy." "How do you see that? Mr. Abbé," said his Highness coldly, over his shoulder—"Because, Sir," answered the Abbé, "your Highness never turns your back upon an enemy."—"My dear Abbé," exclaimed the Prince and Field Marshal, turning round and taking him by the hand—"it is quite impossible for any man to be angry with you"—and so ended his Highness's animosity.

WINDOW WIT.—The following lines are written on a pane of glass in the window of an inn in Lancashire, remarkable for the number of dogs and women servants kept in the house:—

"Them that keeps more dogs tan hags
And more women tan men
They may thrive but God knows when."

BON MOTS FROM THE FRENCH.—A simple fellow who held a situation in the Romish Church, wrote an account of what he expended in the following terms:—

Item—Five pence for combing the tail of St. George's horse.
Item—Ten pence for cleaning the clothes of two Saints.
Item—Twenty pence for hanging up two Angels.

From Moore's "Loves of the Angels."

On Love, Religion, Music—all
That's left of Eden upon earth—
The only blessings, since the fall
Of our weak souls, that still recall
A trace of their high, glorious birth—
How kindred are the dreams you bring!
How Love, though unto earth so prone,
Delights to take Religion's wing,
When time or grief hath stain'd his own!
How near to Love's beguiling brink,
Too oft, entranc'd Religion lies!
While Music, Music is the link
They both still hold by to the skies,
The language of their native sphere,
Which they had else forgotten here.

SONG.

From Moore's "Loves of the Angels."

Come, pray with me, my seraph love,
My angel-lord, come pray with me;
In vain to-night my lip hath strove
To send one holy prayer above—
The knee may bend, the lip may move,
But pray I cannot without thee.
I've fed the altar in my bower
With droppings from the incense tree
I've shelter'd it from wind and shower,
But dim it burns the livelong hour,
As if, like me, it had no power
Of life or lustre, without thee.
A boat at midnight sent alone
To drift upon the moonless sea,
A lute, whose leading chord is gone,
A wounded bird, that hath but one
Imperfect wing to soar upon,
Are like what I am, without thee.
Then ne'er, my spirit-love, divide
In life or death thyself from me;
But when again, in sunny pride,
Thou walk'st through Eden, let me glide,
A prostrate shadow, by thy side,
Oh happier thus than without thee!

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

When day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my long step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
To Memory's eye the Maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly.

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart—
I echo'd faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love budding in her breast,
And wish to mine its pious prest,
God knows how fervently.

And when the hours of day delight,
And when the night makes me wish for night,
And when the swift minutes flew
And when the dawning dew
I wander'd silently.

LORD STRANGFORD.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove,
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake, till rise of sun, my dear!
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear!
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of flight,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THE following verses (by Moore) were sung at the dinner which the King honoured with his presence, at the seat of Lord Powercourt, on the 3d inst. His Majesty is said to have appeared more delighted than any other person who heard it: he evinced the pleasure which he felt, by his countenance and the constant motion of his hands:

Air, *St. Patrick's Day.*

Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours:

But just when the chain
Has ceased to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flowers,
There comes a new link,
Our spirits to sink.

Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the Poles,
Is a flash amid darkness too brilliant to stay;
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now on our Prince's day.

* * * * *

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts that have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.

Thy gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last!

And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's lustre within thee that ne'er will decay,—
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain on the Prince's day.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN OLD AGE AND THE AUTHOR.
By Mr. J. Wilde, formerly of Sheffield, but now of Plymouth.

AUTHOR.

And art thou come at last, old boy?

I've waited for thee long:
Come sit thee down, and let's enjoy
What age itself can ne'er destroy,
The charm of sacred song.

Welcome, welcome to my heart!

I like thy cheerful face:
Fate has decreed we ne'er shall part,
Till Death shall point his friendly dart,
To show my resting place.

Thou hast been much abus'd, old friend;

I thought thee lame and blind:
I thought to see thy body bend,
Hear thy sad voice foretell my end,
And say my doom is sign'd.

But now I see thy latter stage;

Frosty, yet kindly shows:
Thy silver locks proclaim the sage,
Denoting wisdom more than age,
And pure as winter snows.

Come, teach me to be wise, for now

There is no time to lose:
Thy mouth seems eloquent, and thou
Art able to instruct me how
The better part to choose.

OLD AGE.

Hear then, and be my friendly lay

Oracular to thee;
Thy theme by night, thy rule by day,
My wholesome precepts to obey,
And happy shalt thou be.

Know then, thy passions I've subdued,

Let reason fill the place,
And let no wanton thoughts intrude,
Vile source of man's iniquitude,
And age's worst disgrace.

Know, I'm thy guardian genius, I

Thy steps will still attend;
I took the form of infancy,
Of sprightly youth, and manhood high;
But here my changes end.

But not by care; be rul'd by me,

And life may yet be long:
Strict temperance let thy motto be;
A conscience still from evil free;
So ends my moral song.

AUTHOR.

Then welcome, dear Old Age, once more!

More dear than all the past;
Since such the joys I have in store,
I'll love my neighbour, God adore,
And hope for peace at last.

THE COUNTRY SURGEON.

(A TRUE BILL.)

Being an elegant Hudibrastic attempt to describe his Professional Enjoyments.

LUCKLESS is he, whom fate does urge on
To practise as a Country Surgeon;
To drag a heavy galling chain,
The slave of all for paltry gain;
To ride, regardless of all weather,
Through frost and snow, and hail together;
To smile and bow when sick and tired,
Consider'd as a servant hired.
At every quarter of the Compass,
A surly patient makes a rumpus,
Because he is not seen the first,
(For each man thinks his ease the worst).
And oft, at two points diametric,
Call'd to a business obstetric.
There lies a man with broken limb,
A lady here with nervous whim,
Who, at the acmé of her fever,
Calls him a savage—if he leave her.
For days and nights, in some lone cottage,
Condemn'd to live on crusts and pottage,
Or pork in pandowdle, the fare
Some Cornish surgeons eat, but stare.
To kick his heels, and spin his brains,
Waiting, forsooth, for labour's pains;
And that job over, happy he,
If he squeeze out a guinea fee.
Then, worn like culprit on the wheel,
He sits him down to hasty meal:
He sits! when, lo! a patient comes
With rotted tooth and putrid gums;
The Doctor takes his dentist tools,
Fixes the screw, and tugs and pulls;
His dinner cold, his hands this mess in,
All for a shilling, or a blessing!
Now comes the night: with toil oppress,
He seeks his bed in hope of rest;
Vain hope! his slumbers are no more—
Loud sounds the knocker at the door;
A farmer's wife, at ten miles' distance,
Groaning, calls out for his assistance:
Fretting and fuming in the dark,
He in the tinder strikes a spark,
And as he, yawning, heaves his breeches,
Envies his neighbour blest with riches!

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

It was at the noon-tide hour,

A lady repos'd in a bower;

Where, shaded between

The branches of green,

Blossom'd and blush'd a fair flower.

Not a pinion was mov'd, nor a breeze was heard,

As with curious hand the lady stirr'd

The leaves of this unknown flower.

She saw in its cradling bloom

A cherub with folding plume;

And a bow unstrung,

And arrows, were flung,

O'er the cup of this opening flower;

And the lady fancied she much had need

Of the light of his wakening eyes, to read

The name of this unknown flower.

She placed it too near to her breast,

And the cherub was charm'd from his rest;

Then he wing'd a dart

At the lady's heart,

From the leaves of this treacherous flower:

"Ah, cruel child!" said the lady, "I guess,

Too late, that *Love in Idleness*

Is the name of this unknown flower!"

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN: an Old Ballad.
[From the London Magazine.]

YOUNG Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.
But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.
The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a *faint*.
Come, girl, said he, hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boat-swain he will be.
So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.
And is he gone, and is he gone?
She cried, and wept outright:
Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight.
A waterman came up to her:
Now, young woman, said he,
If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea.
Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she had said gee woe!
Says he, they've only taken him,
To the Tender ship you see:
The Tender! cried poor Sally Brown;
What a *hard*-ship that must be.
O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, oh! I'm not a *fish*-woman,
And so I cannot swim.
Alas! I was not born beneath
"The virgin and the scales;"
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales.
Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were furl'd.
But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.
Oh, Sally Brown, oh, Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a *blow*!
Then reading on his 'bacco-box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.
And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.
His death, which happen'd in his *berth*,
At forty-odd befel:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

A MORAL TALE.

By T. Crosse, esq.

My Lady and Sir John, as happy a pair
As ever breath'd in gay St. James's air,
One Summer evening left the pleasant town,
And to their country mansion rambl'd down.
Not that to them the country charms could yield,
The gloomy forest, or the verdant field;
But as they wanted, was to change the scene,
For learned doctors said it eas'd the spleen.
One Summer evening, having nought to do,
Call'd on the Vicar, as I might on you;
Like other Vicars liv'd this sound divine,
Much lov'd his friends, but better lov'd his wine!
At the knight's table, now a constant guest,
He crack'd his bottle, and sometimes his jest;
A jolly fellow that would laugh and sing,
Toast his old friends, or give the Church and King,
Not over learn'd, if we the truth may speak,
And more in fact a Trojan than a Greek.
The Knight invites this jolly Priest to dine,
And then departed as the clock struck nine:
The glimmering twilight just supplied the day,
As thro' the church-yard drear they took their way,—
It chanc'd the Sexton, whistling o'er his spade,
Just in the path a human skull had laid,
My Lady started, and Sir John took fire,
On his pale cheek was seen vindictive ire,
He curs'd the fellow as he pass'd along,
Who only answer'd with a rustic song;
Then to his trembling lady thus began
To ease her fears, and prove himself a man:
"You know, my dear, I never fear'd to die,
Once at Almgel's I gave a Lord the lie,
My Lord was prudent, and the affront forgave,
And from that hour the world pronounc'd me brave!"
My Lady then in softer sounds replied,
"In men, their courage is their greatest pride;
As for myself, I must confess my fear,
Death strikes at distance, but is dreadful near!
O awful thought, we must resign our breath,
But if I think I shall be tripp'd to death,
Suppose, my love, we call on dear Spadille,
And see and make a party at quadrille."
This noble resolution pleas'd the Knight,
And so in cards and mirth they pass'd the night!

'Tis thus, my friends, each moral lesson's vain,
And Heaven forewarns, and wisdom calls again;
Trifles and toys each little mind employ,
The laugh of folly, and the dance of joy.
But soon the laugh, and soon the dance, is o'er,
And then this world knows the gay crowd no more.

SONNET TO A GOOSE.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
Or wander wide, with flat and flabby feet,
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and fleet:
If thy gay quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race;
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of some lady fair;
Or if, the drudge of housemaid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinion white besoil,—
Departed Goose! I neither know nor care;
But this I know, that thou wert very fine,
Season'd with sage, with onions, and port wine.

The Carrier Pigeon.

[From the Charleston Courier.]

COME hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air;
Who hearest the sighs of the lover,
And bringest him news of his fair;
Bend hither thy light waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck;
O! perch on my hand dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,
And there is a sip of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleetest when nerv'd by the vine:
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing quill, a soft billet-doux,
I have melted the wax in love's taper,
'Tis the colour of true hearts, sky blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,
With a blue riband round thy soft neck;
So go from me beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck;
Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow he hurries away;
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A Counsel in the Common-Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes,
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing, and maltreating
Women, or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.
So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.
"Well, Farmer Numpskull, how go calves at York?"
"Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you,
'But on four legs instead of two.'
"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there.
"Now look at me, clown, and attend:
"Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
"Ye'es—very like—I often go there!"
"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The Counsel cried, with grin sardonic;—
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
"This genius of the clods, when I
"On Circuit was at York residing.—
"Now, Farmer, do for once speak true;
"Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
"Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
"Are there as many fools as ever
"In the West-Riding?"
"Why, no, Sir, no; we've got our share,
"But not so many as when you were there!"

THE CAPTURE OF SCIO.

"As the multitude of sad objects did but strike me, I selected a single captive."—STERNE.

THE evening was glowing, all fragrant and calm,
Her lone star looked forth in his loveliest smile;
O'er meadows and vineyards the air shed its balm,
And Ocean lay waveless round Scio's green Isle.
The vespers of peace through her vallies were heard,
And melody thrilled on the eloquent string;
Where the Grecian maid glanced her bright looks on the bard,
Who sang of his love as a Greek ought to sing.

Who sang of his love, but who mixed the fond lay
With the notes of a passion more mournful and grand,
The deeds of his fathers in Freedom's bright day,
Ere Tyranny trod on the bloom of his land.
The hope that lived on for the country he loved,
Was mixed with the sigh for the maid he adored,
And sweetly the soft eyes of beauty approved
The accents that breathed from the patriot's chord.

Green Sciol there's gloom on thy fair-blowing fields,
And the shrieks of thy children through hamlet and wood,
While the tyrant the red sword of massacre wields,
And steep the bright tints of thy valleys in blood.
And mute is the lyre in the desolate bower,
No longer the heart of the hero to move,
Or kindle fond glances at evening's soft hour,
When breathing the wild hymns to freedom and love.

And where is the minstrel who woke the sweet sound?
And where is the maiden that wept o'er the lay?
Oh! he fell where the hamlet was blazing around,
And they bore her all pale o'er the water away.
She's gone to the den of the savage that tore
Her frantic embrace from the land of her birth,
When the youth of her bosom was sleeping in gore,
And all that she lov'd was swept wildly from earth.

There, desolate daughter of Greece, must thou bear,
A bondage the darkest, the foulest, the worst,
That e'er fixed soft eyes in a tearless despair,
And the young heart of innocence withered and cursed.
And there thou art doomed to be ever oppressed,
By the smiles of the tyrant, the taunts of the slave;
Fairchild of the fairest of women, who blessed
With the chaste light of beauty the homes of the brave.

THE FALLING LEAF.

WERE I a trembling leaf	No,—on the wings of air
On yonder stately tree,	Might I be left to fly,
After a season gay and brief,	I know not, & I heed not where,
Condemn'd to fade and flee;	A waif of earth and sky!
I should be loth to fall	Or, cast upon the stream,
Beside the common way,	Cur'd like a fairy-boat,
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd	As thro' the changes of a dream,
By all who pass'd by,	To the world's end I'd float.
Till trodden down to clay.	Who, that hath ever been,
I would not choose to die	Could bear to be no more?
All on a bed of grass,	Yet who would tread again the
Where thousands of my kin-	scene
dred lie,	He trod through life before?
And idly rot in mass.	On, with intense desire,
Nor would I like to spread	Man's spirit will move on;
My thin and wither'd face,	It seems to die, yet, like hea-
In <i>hortus siccus</i> , pale and dead,	ven's fire,
A mummy of my race.	It is not quench'd, but gone.

Sheffield, Oct. 24, 1822.

J. M.

ORIGIN OF WEARING LIVERIES.

Mr. Douce ("Illustrations of Shakspeare") says, that the practice of furnishing servants with liveries may be traced in some of the Statutes ordained in the reign of Richard the Second; and that in the reign of Edward IV. badge and livery were synonymous, the latter word being derived from the French term, signifying the delivery of such a thing. The badge was then, as at present, the armorial bearings, crest, or device of the master, executed in cloth or metal, and sewed to the left sleeve of the habit. Greene, in his "Quid for an upstart Courtier," speaking of some serving men, says, "Their cognizance, as I remember, was a peacock without a tayle." Hentzner mentions it as a great fashion, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth for the nobility, to be followed by whole troops of servants, bearing their masters' arms in silver, fastened to their left arms, and reprehends it as a piece of ridiculous English vanity. And we find, from Fynes Morison, that it had been the custom for gentlemen's servants to wear *blue coats*, with silver badges of their masters' devices on their left sleeve," but which, in his time, had become less fashionable; "and they commonly had cloaks edged with lace, all the servants of one family wearing the same livery, for colour and ornament." This fact leads to the supposition, that the badge on the sleeve was disused in the reign of James the First (when he wrote) though it had before been so constant an accompaniment to a blue coat, as to have occasioned the proverbial expression of "Like a blue coat without a badge." Liveries and badges, however, were not wholly confined to menial servants formerly. The retainers of the great—a class of men of considerable importance in the fental times, kept up for ostentation long afterwards, may also be numbered among them; for though they did not reside with their employers, attending them chiefly on days of ceremony, they regularly received an annual allowance of a suit of clothes, a hat or hood, and a badge.—A quotation from "A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men," or "The Serving Man's Comfort," (1598) explains the description of persons accepting the office of retainer. "Amongst what sort of people," it asks, "should this serving-man be sought for? Even the Duke's son preferred page to the Prince, the Earl's second son attendant upon the Duke, the Knight's second son the Earl's servant, the Esquire's son to wear the Knight's livery, and the Gentleman's son the Esquire's serving man. Yea, I know at this day," says the author, "gentlemen, younger brothers, that wear their elder brother's blue coat and badge, attending him with as reverend regard and dutiful obedience as if he were their prince or sovereign."

Stowe ("Survey of London") gives numerous instances of the excess to which this fashion of wearing liveries had been carried, a little before, and within his memory. Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, in the reign of Edward IV. came to town, he tells us, with 600 men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves (his cognizance,) before and behind. West, Bishop of Ely (1332,) kept 100 servants, to every one of whom he gave, for a winter gown or livery, four yards of broad cloth; and for his summer coat, three yards and a half. The Earl of Derby had 220 men in check roll, who wore his livery. Lord Chancellor Audley, in the reign of Henry VIII. gave to his gentlemen, who rode before him coats guarded with velvet, and chains of gold; and to his yeomen after him, the same livery, not guarded: every livery coat had three yards of broad cloth.—Old John Paulet, Marquis of Winchester, near the same time, gave his gentlemen and yeomen a livery of "Reading Tawny." The livery of Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was "a grey marble cloth," the gentlemen guarded with velvet, the yeomen with the same cloth, "yet their skirts large enough for their friends to sit upon." The Earl of Oxford, at the same period, has been seen, the same author informs us, to ride into the city, to his house by London Stone, with fourscore gentlemen in a livery of Reading Tawny, and chains of gold about their necks, before him, and one hundred tall yeomen behind him, in the like livery, without chains, but all having his

Henry the Seventh gave the first check to the custom of keeping and clothing numerous retainers; that politic monarch had no sooner obtained the crown, than (aware of the formidable consequence this class of men had given to the Nobles in the preceding civil wars) he determined to restrain them. He issued the strictest orders for this purpose to all his Nobility, and it is well known that he severely fined his own father-in-law, the Earl of Derby, for daring to break them. Henry the Eighth, not having his father's fears, was less scrupulous, and most of the examples of great numbers of livery servants just mentioned, took place in his reign. At length the custom, from producing quarrels between different families, as well as licentious excesses, was found so pernicious as to suggest the propriety of licensing them. Strype, mentioning the latter fact, declares that Queen Mary granted thirty-nine licenses of retainer during her reign, but Queen Elizabeth only fifteen. Gardiner, the prelate, had two hundred retainers; the Duke of Norfolk, in the latter reign, was allowed one hundred, which the Queen never exceeded.

Before we dismiss the present subject, says Mr. Douce, it may be necessary to observe that the badge occurs in all the old representations of posts or messengers. Of the latter of these characters it may be seen in the 52d plate of Strutt's first volume of ancient dresses, &c. where, as in most of the early instances, the badge is affixed to the girdle; but it is often seen on the shoulder, and even on the hat or cap. These figures extend as far back as the thirteenth century, and many of the old German engravings exhibit both the characters with a badge that has sometimes the device or arms of the town to which the post belongs. He has generally a spear in his hand, not only for personal security, but for repelling any nuisance which might interrupt his progress. Among ourselves, the remains of the ancient badge are still preserved in the dresses of porters, firemen, and watermen, and perhaps, in the shoulder knots of footmen. The blue coat and badge still remain with the parish and hospital boys.

Few animals can support the steady gaze of man—in proof of this assertion the Editor of the *Newcastle Magazine* relates the following anecdote of the late Lord THURLOW:—"A buffalo was not to be approached without danger by any of his attendants. He had, indeed, killed some of them. At length his Lordship volunteered to venture into the enclosure where the animal was kept; as soon as he entered, the buffalo came galloping towards him. The LORD CHANCELLOR folded his arms and looked on him firmly, and with his peculiarly fierce frown. The buffalo, when within a yard or two of him, stopped suddenly, terrified by his manner, turned round, and walked growling away. His Lordship observed, that it only required a man to exert his natural dignity to overawe any animal, however ferocious." Lord THURLOW often tried the effect of stern looks with great success, and was in consequence, we fear, somewhat too speculative in his theory. Like most theories, we apprehend, that part is true and part false—a steady gaze is an allowable experiment as a dernier resort, but rather too hazardous for reliance. We certainly should object to meet a Bengal tyger, with the defensive armour of looks alone.

The Gaelic chiefs, as every one knows, were excessively proud of their rank and prerogatives. When the first Marquis of Huntly, then the chief of clan Gordon, was presented at the Court of James VI., he did not so much as incline his head before his Sovereign. Being asked why he failed in this point of etiquette, he replied, that he had no intention whatever of showing any disrespect to his King, but that he came from a country where all the world were used to bow down before him.—Again, when George II. offered a patent of nobility to the chief of the Grants, the proud Celt refused it, saying, "Wha would then be Laird of Grant?"

A Gentleman in a stage-coach, passing through the City of B——, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired of the driver what building it was? The driver replied "It is the Unitarian Church." "Unitarian!" said the Gentleman, "and what is that?" "I don't know," said John, "but I believe

SHOREDITCH—CORNHILL—STRAND, &c.

The origin of the names of the different streets in the metropolis, their ancient state, and the historical illustrations by which the accounts of many of them might be extended, it was the late Lord Arford's opinion, would form the subject of a very amusing work; and he mentions *Les Anecdotes des Rues de Paris*, as a pattern for it. The following slight notices of Shoreditch, Cornhill, and the Strand, three of our most frequented thoroughfares, are offered upon this idea.

SHOREDITCH.

The supposed derivation of the name of Shoreditch, from Jane Shore, the ill-fated mistress of King Edward the Fourth, has its foundation from the stanzas of an old ballad, entitled "The Woeful lamentation of Jane Shore," &c. which was printed in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, from an old black letter copy in the Pepysian Collection, at Cambridge.

CORNHILL.

Cornhill was so called from its having been anciently the great city market for *corn*, the principal factors or dealers in which article, had their stalls or standings on market days in the middle of the street. Its inhabitants at this time were chiefly drapers, who were so numerous, that they formed themselves into a fraternity or guild, under the name of the "Drapers of Cornhill," which was existing in 1361. The drapers gave way to a lower order of tradesmen, about the reign of Henry VI. called "Fripperers or Upholders," who dealt in second-hand clothes and household stuffs. Speaking of these, Stowe says, "I have read of a countryman, that having lost his hood in Westminster Hall, found the same in Cornhill hanged out to be sold, which he challenged, but was forced to buy, or go without it; for their stall, they said, was their market. About this time also," says he, "the wine drawers of the Pope's Head Tavern, standing without the door in the High-street, took the same man by the sleeve and said, Sir, will you drink a pint of wine? Whereunto he answered, a penny spend I may,—and so drank his pint; for bread he paid nothing, for that was then allowed free." It recovered its respectability before the reign of Elizabeth, and has ever since boasted, as now, of the residence of the first and most opulent citizens.

In Cornhill were anciently several curious buildings, as the Pope's-Head Tavern just mentioned, which was a large stone mansion, thought to have been once a Royal residence, from having had the King's Arms carved in the front. This stood on the site of the present Pope's-head alley. The Weigh-house, where merchandise, brought from abroad, was weighed at the King's beam. This stood near the middle of the street, and was built by Sir Thomas Lovel, mentioned in the play of *Richard III.*, who gave it to the Grocers' Company, of which he was a member. The most distinguished buildings, however, were the Tun, the Carrefouse, and the Royal Bourse, or Exchange.

The Tun was originally a sort of cage or prison, and was so called from resembling in shape "a tunne standing on the one end." It was built of stone by Henry Wallis, Mayor, about 1282, for the confinement of night-walkers, and other disorderly characters; but in 1401, was converted into "a faire conduit of sweet water castellated," which was conveyed in pipes from Tyburn, and was thence afterwards named the Conduit in Cornhill. The same spring supplies the present pump in front of the Royal Exchange, and which was discovered some few years since.

The Carrefouse was a water stand, which stood at the parting of the four ways formed by Gracechurch-street, Bishopsgate-street, Leadenhall-street, and Cornhill. It was invented in 1582 by a German, and was supplied by means of an artificial forcer with Thames water, which ran every tide through four sprouts, pointing towards the four streets. Being found an inconvenience, from its frequently overflowing, it was several times presented by the Ward Inquest as a nuisance, and was at length totally removed. It is generally called in these presentments, the Carrefouse, the Four

Sprouts, &c. and appears from old representations of it, to have been, when standing, a great ornament to the spot.

Of the Royal Exchange, the history is well known. It was begun in 1569, and finished in a twelvemonth, when Queen Elizabeth visited it in great pomp, and named it the Royal Exchange. In some old works, however, it is called "Britain's Bourse." The original structure, which was only of brick and timber, stuccoed in parts to resemble stone, was burnt in the fire of London, and the present building erected.

STRAND.

The name Strand, given to the great street connecting the cities of London and Westminster, bespeaks its origin by its situation, being the high shore or bank at that part of the Thames, to which river, in very ancient times, it lay entirely open. At what period it assumed this name is uncertain, being sometimes called, in old writings, the High-street, and the Great Street of Westminster. They more usually designate it, however, by name of *Le Strand*, and its church was anciently called St. Mary Ate Strand, and *Apud Strandam*, at least as far back as the reign of Edward I.; nor is it unreasonable to suppose, as strictly appropriate, but it might have been so named much earlier. From a very remote period, the Thames side of the Strand was built on, and presented towards the river a splendid row of Noblemen's houses and palaces; but the street itself remained a mere country road until after the year 1300. And on its north side were cottages only, and the walls of Covent-garden, until as late as the reign of Edward VI.

The most remarkable object in the Strand anciently (exclusively of the mansions just mentioned, and which would require a separate history) was the Strand Cross. This architectural ornament was of stone, and stood near the site of the present New Church, where, afterwards, the great maypole was erected. The King's Justices, in early times, sat at this Cross, and administered the law of the land; and it was not also unusual at the same time, for deeds to be signed and delivered "*apud crucem lapidem extra barram novi Templi*," particularly grants to religious houses. This cross was standing in the reign of Edward VI.

Pennant, in his account of "London," Ed. 5. p. 149, observes, respecting Charing Cross, that here "stood one of the celebrated memorials of the affection of Edward I. for his beloved Eleanor, being the Cross erected on the last spot on which the body rested in the way to the Abbey, the place of sepulture. This and all the others were built after the designs of the *Cavalini*. This was destroyed by the religious fury of the Reformers. From a drawing communicated to me (continues Pennant) by Dr. Combe, it appears to have been of an octagonal form, and in an upper stage ornamented with eight figures; but the Gothic parts appear far from being rich.

"The Cross was, in the next century, replaced by a most beautiful and animated equestrian statue, in brass, of Charles I. cast in 1633, by *Le Saunier*, for the Earl of Arundel. It was not erected till the year 1678, when it was placed on the present pedestal, the work of *Grimlyn Gibbons*. The Parliament had ordered it to be sold and broke to pieces; but John Pierce, the brazier who purchased it, having more taste or more loyalty than his masters, buried it unutilized, and showed to them some broken pieces of brass in token of his obedience. *M. de Archenholtz* (*Tableau d'Angleterre*, i. 163) gives a diverting anecdote of this brazier: he says that he cast a vast number of handles of knives and forks in brass, which he sold as made of the broken statue. They were bought with great eagerness by the loyalists, from affection to their Monarch; by the rebels, as a mark of triumph over the murdered Sovereign."

Philip, Earl Stanhope, whose dress always corresponded with the simplicity of his manners, was once prevented from going into the House of Peers by a door-keeper who was unacquainted with his person. Lord Stanhope was resolved to get into the House without explaining who he was; and the door-keeper, equally determined on his part, said to him, "Honest man, you have no business here. *Honest man*, you can have no business in this place." "I believe," rejoined his Lordship, "you are right; *honest men* can have no business here."

The following description of the Hall of Cortes, and of the reception of the King and Royal Family on the 19th of July, 1820, when his Majesty swore to the Constitution, is taken from Mr. Blaquiere's Letters on Spain :—

"The hall of Cortes is of an oval form, and decorated with a degree of elegant simplicity. As if every thing connected with the present state of Spain was destined to form a striking contrast with its former condition, this edifice was once a church, but fitted up for the Cortes, on their removal from Cadiz to the capital in 1814 : it is within a few hundred yards of the Royal Palace, and though an irregular structure, seems peculiarly well adapted for the reception of a popular assembly.

"The front is surmounted by a cross, at the base of which there is a group, composed of three figures ; Hope supported by the symbol of Christianity, points to Spain, also represented under a female form, at whose feet is seen a torch, the emblem of paternal affection : underneath is a lion grappling a globe, on which both hemispheres are traced ; and about the center of the facade there is a large marble slab, with the following inscription, in gilt letters :—THE POWER OF ENACTING LAWS IS VESTED IN THE CORTES, WITH THE KING. A niche on each side contains statues of Patriotism and Liberty.

"The hall is one hundred and fifty feet long, by sixty in breadth. On entering the great door, there is a platform extending twenty feet, and of a rectangular shape : here a barrier is formed by two bronze lions crouched on pedestals, and holding a massive gilded bar in their mouths, to be drawn aside only when the Sovereign appears : the Deputies enter by four small doors placed on the sides. On a second platform at the upper extremity, more elevated than the first, a richly-embroidered crimson velvet drapery, lined with ermine, and sustained by Cariatides, overhangs a throne or chair of state : opposite to this, and directly over the entrance, is the following inscription :—THE NATION IS ESSENTIALLY SOVEREIGN ; CONSEQUENTLY IT POSSESSES THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT OF MAKING THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS. A treble range of benches, covered with red damask, accommodate the members ; there is a table and chairs for the president and secretaries, below the throne. Two rostrums, in the center, and nearly level with the floor, serve for those who address the chair. Besides the statues of Wisdom and Genius, which occupy niches to the right and left of the throne, there are several square slabs containing bas-reliefs, on which some memorable events, connected with the late war, are sculptured. Others bear the names of Daoiz, Alvarez, and Valerde, celebrated martyrs to the cause of Spanish freedom ; these are in letters of gold. Four recesses, at equal distances, command a full view of the hall and galleries ; three are appropriated to the reception of the Royal Family, Foreign Ambassadors, Grandees, and other distinguished visitors : the last is exclusively opened for the reporters to the public press. Four niches on each side are occupied by statues, representing the cardinal virtues. Six chandeliers of cut glass are suspended from the ceiling, and the hall is well lighted from semicircular windows above the frieze by which it is surrounded. The galleries are spacious and convenient. Beadles are in attendance to preserve decorum, and no money is exacted for admission.

"His Majesty, preceded by the Queen, and the other members of the Royal Family, in state carriages, left the palace a little before nine o'clock, amidst the firing of cannon, enthusiastic cries of the people, and to the sound of patriotic airs. The whole of the body guard, composed of noblemen or their sons, rode before, and a regiment of cavalry brought up the rear. When the arrival of the first carriage was announced, the deputation appointed to receive her Majesty went out and conducted her to the balcony. She was splendidly attired, and came in supported by the two Princesses, the wives of Don Carlos and of Don Francisco de Paolo. Advancing to the front, they bowed to the Deputies and those in the galleries, who received them with reiterated plaudits. A conviction on the part of the spectators, that those lovely women exulted in the emancipation of their adopted country, ensured a most cordial reception ; nor, judging from their personal charms and the way in which they appeared to enjoy the scene, would it require any great effort of imagination to conceive, that the Graces had now descended, to preside at the consecration of human liberty !

"When fresh salvos of artillery, and still louder shouts, announced the arrival of the King, another, and more numerous deputation went forth, and in about five minutes, Ferdinand, attended by the Infantes, his Ministers, and a long train of Grandees attached to the household, entered the hall ; upon which the Deputies rose, and arranged themselves on each side. A dead silence followed the announcement of his Majesty's approach to the great door ; but no sooner had he passed the gilded bar, than an hysterical burst of joy resounded through the hall, and applauses, mingled with benedictions on the head of the "Constitutional King," continued for a considerable time after he reached the throne. He must, indeed, have been an insensible being who could have witnessed such a scene unmoved.

"Ferdinand was dressed in a blue coat, embroidered with gold, crimson velvet waistcoat and small clothes, white silk stockings, gold buckles in his shoes, and a cocked hat, which he carried in his hand : he wore a small sword, and was decorated with several orders. Previous to sitting down, his Majesty testified his satisfaction by frequent bows to the Deputies and spectators in the galleries. When he was seated the auditory became silent in an instant, after which the ceremony proceeded.

"When the King's brothers, Don Carlos and Francisco, the Ministers and other attendants, took their place on each side the throne, the President and Secretaries advanced towards his Majesty : on approaching sufficiently near to administer the oath, they held a copy of the Constitution before him : placing one hand on the Holy Evangelists, presented by the President, and holding up the other, Ferdinand read the prescribed formula ; upon which, a second manifestation of public feeling took place. When silence was restored, the President, who had resumed his place among the Deputies, addressed the throne, in a speech in which equal justice was done to the Monarch and his people. The answer, which followed, was read by Ferdinand himself, from a written paper, and delivered in a very clear and impressive tone.

"From the moment of the King's entrance, until he retired, the Queen kept her eyes rivetted on his person ; she appeared, in fact, to feel that fortune could not confer a greater blessing, than in thus enabling her to be present, when her husband had so effectually recovered the lost affections of his people.

"After the President's reply, in which he thanked his Majesty for the speech just delivered, had terminated, Ferdinand, accompanied by the Queen, entered the same carriage, and were followed by the other members of the Family. It was with extreme difficulty the procession moved on, so great was the pressure of a crowd that filled the streets through which it had to pass, and the avenues leading to them.

"In addition to the immense concourse that impeded their passage, the balconies and windows were filled by all the beauty of Madrid ; innumerable banners waved from every side, garlands and flowers were thrown on the carriages as they passed, and nothing was heard but expressions of the most enthusiastic loyalty.

"Several bands of music went before the procession, playing patriotic marches ; the first carriage reached the palace at half past one ; soon after which the populace retired, and festivity was suspended till the evening, when a general illumination took place ; the theatres were also thrown open to the public, and the streets continued to be crowded till midnight.

"Such was the reception of Ferdinand VII. and his family, when he swore to adhere to the Constitution."

SIR,—The following account of the Huguenots may not be unamusing :—

Huguenots was originally an appellation given by way of contempt to the Reformed or Protestant Calvinists of France. The name had its rise in 1560, but authors are not agreed as to the origin and occasion of it ; but one of the two following seems to be the least forced derivation : One of the gates of the City of Tours is called the gate Fourgon, by corruption from *le feu Hugon* (i. e. the late Hugon.) This Hugon was once Count of Tours, according to Eginhardus, in his Life of Charles the Great, and to some other historians. He was, it seems, a very wicked man, who, by his fierce and cruel temper, made himself dreadful ; so that, after his death, he was supposed to walk about in the night-time, beating all those he met with. Davila and other historians pretend that the nickname of Huguenots was first given to the French Protestants because they used to meet in the night-time in subterraneous vaults near the gate of Hugon ; and what seems to countenance that opinion is, that they were first called by the name of Huguenot at the city of Tours. The persecution which they underwent has scarce its parallel in the history of religion ; though they obtained a peace from Henry III. in 1576, it was only of short duration. This peace was the source of that civil war in which the ambitious and powerful house of Guise, instigated by the sanguinary suggestions of the Roman Pontiff, aimed at nothing less than the extirpation of the Royal Family, and the utter ruin of the Protestant religion ; while the Huguenots, on the other hand, headed by leaders of the most heroic valour and the most illustrious rank, combated for their religion and for their Sovereigns with various success. These dreadful commotions were at length appeased by the fortitude and prudence of Henry IV. He granted, by the famous Edict of Nantes, in the year 1598, the liberty of serving God according to their consciences. The sufferings of the Huguenots were afterwards renewed. The Bishops and Jesuits judged it necessary to extirpate by fire and sword this resolute people, and thus to ruin, at one blow, the cause of the Reformation in France. In 1685 the Edict of Nantes was revoked, which deprived the Protestants of the liberty of serving God according to their consciences. The revocation was accompanied with the applause of Rome ; but it excited the indignation even of many Roman Catholics, whose bigotry had not effaced, on this occasion, their natural sentiments of generosity and justice. This act was highly prejudicial to the real prosperity of France, by the immense emigrations it occasioned amongst the Protestants, who sought, in various parts of Europe, that religious toleration and that humane treatment which their mother country had so cruelly refused them. In Eng and particularly they found an asylum, and communicated, in return for the protection they experienced, the benefit of their skill and industry. And let it be observed that it was among the manufacturers of lawn, cambric, &c. in Germany and the Low Countries, that Calvinism was first introduced ; and it was among the Huguenots and silk weavers in France that Louis the Fourteenth found the greatest opposition to his notions of religion.

Your constant reader,

In the window of a house in Chester, there is a notice, in the following words :—"Yang pigs and fools kill'd here on the shortest notis and on the most reasonable terms."

TRANSLATED FROM "EL DESCRETO" (THE PRUDENT MAN) BY BALTASAR GARCIA, A SPANISH WRITER WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The wise man divides his time sparingly, like one who has but little to lose, and yet has a long life in prospect. Life without changes is like a long road without inns. Nature has apportioned the life of man in the same manner as the seasons of the year. Infancy is the spring of life; the flowers of it are tender and modest, and the hopes gentle and flattering. Youth is the warm and exuberant summer of life; the blood is then heated, and the passions are headstrong and fierce. Manhood is the autumn; it comes crowned with the ripe fruits of the understanding. Old age follows, and is the winter of existence; the leaves of vigour fade and decay, the veins become frozen like streamlets, the head is hoary like snow, or the hair and the teeth drop as leaves from the trees, and life totters over the grave. The voyage of life may also be divided into three parts, according to a celebrated wit, who divided the action of his comedy into three days. The prudent man employs the first part in conversing with the dead, the second in speaking with the living, and the third in communing with himself. Let us unravel this enigma. The first period of life he devotes to books. He reads them rather as a pleasure than a task, or to speak more correctly, he devours them; they nourish his mind—they are the delicacies of his soul. How fortunate is he if he meet with the best books upon every branch of knowledge! He learns the two universal languages—the Latin and the Spanish, which are now the keys of the world. He also learns the five following languages—viz. the Greek, the Italian, French, English, and the German, in order to select what is superior in each, and what will render them immortal. He then is devoted to history, that mother of life—that spouse of the understanding—that daughter of experience.

He commences with ancient history, and finishes with the modern, although it is usual to do the very reverse. He selects authors, and remembers the different periods of which they write,—of æras, of centuries, and of ages: he searches into the causes of the rise and fall of empires—of monarchies, and of republics;—the number, order, and qualities of their Princes, or great men; and their actions in peace and in war. He expatiates in the gardens of poetry, culling here and there a flower. His object there is not so much for exercising himself in the art, as for enjoyment. Above all poets, he gives his heart to the sententious Horace, and his hand to the subtle Martial. From poetry he passes to philosophy, beginning with natural philosophy. He learns the nature of the universe; he examines the solar system—the movement of the heavenly bodies—their magnitudes, distances from the sun and each other; he acquires a knowledge of the wonderful structure of the human body, the properties of animals, plants, and precious stones. But in moral philosophy he chiefly delights, since it produces nourishment for the "good man;" he studies the books of sages and philosophers, especially those who have written in maxims, in apophthegms, in emblems, and in apologues. Cosmography is also a study with him; he makes himself acquainted with the continents, islands, and seas; he knows the elevations of mountains, the climates of countries, the divisions of the earth, and the provinces and countries in them. Finally, he crowns his various studies by a long and serious application of reading the Holy Scriptures—those writings the most important, the most useful and the most agreeable for men of inquiring minds. A knowledge of moral philosophy produces prudence; natural, skill; history, information; poetry, elegance; rhetoric, eloquence; cosmography, intelligence; and the study of the Holy Scriptures, piety and devotion.

The second part of life the intelligent man devotes to travelling. He searches for whatever is best in the world, and inspects it himself. When we do not see things, we do not fully enjoy them; besides there is often a wide difference between what the imagination conceives, and what the true representation presents. We take pleasure in an object that we only visit once, whereas, if it were seen frequently, perhaps, it would create disgust. When a person has just become owner of any beautiful thing it produces great pleasure; very soon afterwards it is viewed without that degree of delight. He sees the Courts of great Princes, the prodigies of nature and art, in paintings, sculpture, tapestry, jewels, &c. He converses with those who excel in science, or any thing extraordinary, and by these means of personal remarks, he has an opportunity of judging and selecting whatever is worthy his admiration.

He passes the third period of his life in meditating upon the great deal that he has read, and the still more that he has seen. All which entered by the port of the senses into the harbour of the mind is discharged into the warehouse of the understanding, where every thing is registered. The understanding weighs, judges, reasons, and draws the quintessences of truths. Ripe age is the proper period for contemplation; for the more the body loses its power, the soul acquires strength.* The maturity of age seasons the reasoning powers, and tempers the passions. By sight we become intelligent, by contemplation we become wise. The skillful man is like the industrious bee, he extracts from all things either the honey, or an agreeable profit; or wax, which serves as his flambeau to undeceive him. Philosophy herself may justly be defined to be a meditation on death, which is necessary to be thought upon very often, in order to succeed at the last struggle of life.

* This is one of the most incorrect conclusions we have met with in this original writer; the only apology for it is, that it was a very common notion entertained in those days.

APPROPRIATE MOTTO.—The celebrated violinist of the Italian Opera, M. Mori, has adopted for his motto the well-known admonition, "Memento Mori."

SPANISH MANNERS.

About the latter end of May the whole population moves down stairs. A thick awning, which draws and undraws by means of ropes and pulleys, is stretched over the central square, on a level with the roof of the house. The window-shutters are nearly closed from morning till sun-set, admitting just light enough to see one another, provided the eyes have not lately been exposed to the glare of the streets. The floors are washed every morning, that the evaporation of the water imbibed by the bricks, may abate the heat of the air. A very light mat, made of a delicate sort of rush, and dyed with a variety of colours, is used instead of a carpet. The *Patio*, or square, is ornamented with flower-pots, especially round a *jet d'eau*, which in most houses, occupies its centre. During the hot season the ladies sit and receive their friends in the *Patio*. The street-doors are generally open; but invariably so from sun-set till eleven or twelve in the night. Three or four very large glass lamps are hung in a line from the street-door to the opposite end of the *Patio*; and, as in most houses, those who meet at night for a *Tertulia*, are visible from the streets, the town presents a very pretty and animated scene till near midnight. The poorer class of people, to avoid the intolerable heat of their habitations, pass a great part of the night in conversation at their doors; while persons of all descriptions are moving about till late, either to see their friends, or to enjoy the cool air in the public walks.

A foreigner must be surprised at the strange mixture of caution and liberty which appears in the manners of Spain. Most rooms have glass doors; but when this is not the case, it would be highly improper for any lady to sit with a gentleman, unless the doors are open. Yet, when a lady is slightly indisposed in bed, she does not scruple to see every one of her male visitors. A lady seldom takes a gentleman's arm, and never shakes him by the hand; but on the return of an old acquaintance after a considerable absence, or when they wish joy for some agreeable event, the common salute is an embrace. An unmarried woman must not be seen alone out of doors, nor must she sit *tete-a-tete* with a gentleman, even when the doors of the room are open; but as soon as she is married, she may go by herself where she pleases, and sit alone with any man for many hours every day.

The custom of sleeping after dinner, called *Siesta*, is universal in summer, especially in Andalusia, where the intenseness of the heat produces languor and drowsiness. In winter, taking a walk, just after rising from table, is very prevalent.

Almost every considerable town of Spain is provided with a public walk, where the better classes assemble in the afternoon. These places are called *Alamedas*, from *Alamo*, a common name for the elm and poplar, the trees which shade such places. Large stone benches run in the direction of the alleys, where people sit, either to rest themselves, or to carry on a long talk, in whispers, with the next lady; an amusement which, in the idiom of the country, is expressed by the strange phrase, *pelar la Pava*—"to pluck the hen-turkey." We have in our *Alameda* several fountains of the most delicious water. No less than twenty or thirty men with glasses, each holding nearly a quart, move in every direction, so dexterously clashing two of them in their hands, that, without any danger of breaking them, they keep up a pretty lively tinkling like that of well-tuned small bells. So great is the quantity of water which these people sell to the frequenters of the walk, that most of them live throughout the year on what they thus earn in summer. Success in this trade depends on their promptitude to answer every call, their neatness in washing the glasses, and most of all, on their skilful use of the good-natured waggery peculiar to the lower classes of Andalusia. A knowing air, an arch smile, and some honied words of praise and endearment, as "My rose," "My soul," and many others, which even a modest and high-bred lady will hear without displeasure, are infallible means of success among tradesmen who deal with the public at large, and especially with the more tender part of the public. The company in these walks presents a motley crowd of officers in their regimentals,—of clergymen in their cassocks, black cloaks, and broad-brimmed hats, not unlike those of the coalmen in London,—and of gentlemen wrapped up in their *capas*, or in some uniform, without which a well-born Spaniard is almost ashamed to show himself.

Extract from Letters from Spain, by Don Leucadio Doblado. The May-pole, or rather May-cross, is an observance in some parts of Spain, round which the children beg; and the author says—"I am inclined to believe that the illuminated grottoes of oyster-shells, for which the London children beg about the streets, are the representatives of some Catholic emblem, which had its day as a substitute for a more classical idol. I was struck in London with the similarity of the plea which the children of both countries urge in order to obtain a halfpenny. The "It is but once a year, sir!" often reminded me of the

La Cruz de Mayo
que no come ni bebe
en todo el año.

The Cross of May
Remember pray,
Which fasts a year and feasts a day.

OLD WINE.—At Bremen there is a wine cellar called the Store, where five hogsheads of Rhenish wine have been preserved since the year 1625. These five hogsheads cost 1200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money; a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs; and a single wine glass, 2,723,808 francs.

Mr. Editor—I scarcely ever meet a beggar in the streets, but I feel my risible muscles strongly excited, as I mentally exclaim, “That woman is an excellent *tragedian* ;” or, “That man is a very clever *low comedian*.” The character which the fraternity bore in the days of Homer, the oldest heathen poet on record, they have maintained ever since:—

“A surly vagrant of the giant kind,
The stain of manhood, of a coward mind;
From feast to feast insatiate to devour,
He flew, attendant on the genial hour.”

POMER'S ODYSSEY.

Such as was Homer's *Irus*, such was Shakspeare's *Bedlam Beggar*, and the same description may serve those of the present day. If Shakspeare's maxim, that “*All the world's a Stage*,” was ever exemplified, it is to be found among the mendicant tribes, who, *Proteus-like*, assume every shape, gesture, and tone of voice, that may incite to pity, and some even extort charity by tales of horror, and exposure of self-inflicted wounds, horrible and ghastly to the sight.—The tragic actress, with a couple of *borrowed* children, and a plaintive tale; the hale vagrant, with his *borrowed* grey hairs, his artificially-furrowed face, and his story of having seen better days, and being reduced by fire, flood, or any other moving accident, are very *natural* performers.—However frequently we may be offended with an ill-dressed character—an inappropriate costume, we seldom see a mendicant who does not suit his dress to his assumed character, and his voice and gesture to the tenor of his tale. This is an invariable rule with them, as their success chiefly depends on the observance of it. One of the tatters of a beggar's patched coat got entangled in a gentleman's button, as they happened to be passing each other in the street, and (as is generally the case, when the weak come into contact with the strong) the beggar's coat got the worst of it, and some of the tatters fell to the ground. The gentleman expressed his regret at the accident.—“Bless your honour, no consequence, only I must not lose it; 'tis a little bit of my property,” said the beggar, stooping to pick up the dismembered fragment. “You shall have another suit,” said the gentleman. “Your honour's all goodness, but that would be my ruin. Every rag about me, at a moderate computation, is worth a guinea.”—This shows that *rents* are still of some value!—The life of a beggar is, therefore, not that extreme of wretchedness, neither is it so poor a trade, as a casual observer may imagine. On the contrary, they have their enjoyments, nay, their *luxuries*! The late new invention of the *Treadmill* is a terrible check upon the genius of these *sporters* upon the *miseries of human life*. He could have been no friend to the *stage*, who could have the heart to conceive the idea of making the principal performers *tread the wheel of hard labour*; and upon the remark being made to an old *mummer*, he feelingly exclaimed—“May he reap the fruits of his ingenuity for his pains!” In short, there is no employment in life in which one man does not *tread upon the heels of another*, beggars and authors not even excepted.—(Magic Lantern.)

SKINNING NOT SHAVING.—The *Democratic Press* informs us, that the ingenuity of our western fellow citizens has got up a new species of counterfeiting. A bank at Indiana, it is said, was established, that issued *skins* instead of *notes*. A raccoon skin passed for a dollar; an opossum 50 cents; minks 25; rabbit 12½; squirrel a cent. At length the counterfeiters got to work; they fixed raccoon tails to opossum skins, and passed them for a dollar, while the “coon” skins without the tails maintained their value, until the fraud was detected. Usury in this currency was called “*skinning*,” instead of “*shaving*.”—(New York Paper.)

PERFECT FREEDOM.—Pope Alexander VII. one day asked the keeper of the Vatican library (Alatini) why he did not take orders? “Because,” he replied, “I would be free to marry.”—“But if so,” observed the Pope, “why don't you marry?” “Because,” rejoined the keeper, “I would be at liberty to take orders.” So he died, neither a priest nor a married man.

The following extraordinary instance of sagacity was the subject of much conversation at Paris during last summer:—A gentleman followed by his dog, went to Wauxhall; the gendarmes at the door refused to allow the dog to follow his master. Some dispute ensued, and the officer came up. He found the visiter pleading with all his eloquence for permission to be attended by his old and faithful friend. “All I can do,” said the officer, “is to take care of your dog till you leave the place: you will find him safe on your return.” The gentleman reluctantly left his dog, and entered among the gay company. Pickpockets are as dexterous in Paris as in London, and he was robbed of his watch. He went out and complained to the officer. “I have been robbed,” said he, “and the misfortune was occasioned by your refusal to let my dog follow me. Had the dog been with me my property would have been safe.” The officer ordered the police to make search for the depredator, but the person who had been robbed said he had not the least doubt his dog would be able to detect the thief.—The officer was incredulous upon that point, but permitted the dog to go in with his master. The animal dashed among the company, and soon followed a dandy, whose air and appearance entitled him at least to the respect due to a Duke. The gentleman who had lost his watch pointed out the person to the Police. “It is impossible that elegant young man could commit the crime,” said the gendarme, “I am certain my dog is not mistaken,” replied the owner of the watch; “he has traced the property.” The Police arrested the party: he was searched, and eight watches found in his possession. They were laid upon the floor of a room, and the dog sagaciously selected his master's watch from the rest. The initials of the owner were on the case. The pickpocket proved to be a notorious offender, and was sentenced to five years' imprisonment by the Paris Tribunal.—*French Paper.*

THE MONKS OF LA TRAPPE.—The austerities practised by the monks of the order of Trappe are classed under nine heads:—1. The endurance of cold in winter, when the use of a fire is permitted but for a few moments at a time.—2. Heat in summer, when the drops of sweat gathered by toil must not be dried by a handkerchief, but only wiped from the brow with the hand.—3. Early rising; before half-past one in the morning on Sundays and ordinary festivals, and before midnight on great festivals.—4. Never to lean against the wall while sitting, however fatigued.—5. To make but one meal a day for seven months in the year, and that to consist of potatoes, herbs, or vegetables, without butter or oil, and seasoned with salt and water; this too not to be touched but on a signal given by the Superior.—6. To work fasting five or six hours a day, or more, at laborious occupations.—7. To sing in the choir, or pray, more than seven hours every day; more than eleven on Sundays, and more than twelve on great festivals.—8. Never to sleep but on boards, with a pillow of straw.—9. To reckon all this nothing; and every morning to make a prostration before the cross, repeat the *misereere*, and entreat God's forgiveness for having done so little during the day, and that little so ill. Even, if necessary, some retrenchment is to be made upon this wretched subsistence. The brethren of the order are directed to consider particular friendship as more sinful and pernicious than the most deadly hatred, by directing the affections from the Creator to the creature.

RUSTIC WIT.—As two *would-be* wits (who reside not 100 miles from East Hothly) were “pushing along” in their gig on the road to Brighton, on Sunday morning, elated with the expectation of obtaining a peep at Majesty and a sight of the Palace Chapel, under the guidance of a “gentle shepherd,” they overtook a clod-pate on the road, blowing on his fingers, which were benumbed by the cold. “Well, John,” said one of our wits, “have you met a swarm of bees on the road this morning?” “Why, no,” replies John, with the archest look imaginable, “but I saw two confounded great *DRONES* though.”—*Lewes Ex-*

Many of our readers must still remember the intense and general anxiety which was created by the expulsion of Mr. John Wilkes from the House of Commons. At that turbulent period almost every man was "fired with the fever of epidemic patriotism," and petitions to Parliament poured in from every quarter, to avert the imaginary evils which were to arise from this judicious exercise of Parliamentary power. The celebrated Dr. Johnson contributed his endeavours to stem the torrent of popular disaffection, and with peculiar force and humour, described the progress of a petition, in a paper called "The false Alarm." As it is more than probable that during the approaching Session of Parliament this popular "conspiracy for the destruction of paper," will again have its run, we present to our readers Dr. Johnson's observations upon the getting up of a Petition. They very correctly describe many, perhaps most, of the petitions of the present day. "The progress of a petition is well known. An ejected placeman goes down to his county or his borough, tells his friends of his inability to serve them, and his constituents of the corruption of Government. His friends readily understand that he who can get nothing, will have nothing to give; they agree to proclaim a meeting; meat and drink are plentifully provided; a crowd is easily brought together, and those who think that they know the reason of their meeting, undertake to tell those who know it not. Ale and clamour unite their powers, the crowd, condensed and heated, begins to ferment with the leaven of sedition. All see a thousand evils, though they cannot show them, and grow impatient for a remedy, though they know not what. A speech is then made by the *Cicero* of the day; he says much, and suppresses more, and credit is equally given to what he tells, and what he conceals. The petition is read, and universally approved. Those who are sober enough to write, add their names and the rest would sign it if they could. Every man now goes home and tells his neighbour of the glories of the day; how he was consulted; and what he advised; how he was invited into the great room, where his Lordship called him by his name; how he was caressed by Sir *Francis*, Sir *Joseph*, or Sir *George*; how he eat turtle and venison, and drank unanimity to the three brothers. The poor loiterer, whose shop had confined him, or whose wife had locked him up, hears the tale of luxury with envy, and at last inquires what was their petition. Of the petition nothing is remembered by the narrator, but that it spoke very much of fears and apprehensions, and something very alarming, and that he is sure it is against the Government; the other is convinced that it must be right, and wishes he had been there, for he loves wine and venison, and is resolved, as long as he lives, to be against the Government.

"The petition is then handed from town to town, and from house to house, and wherever it comes the inhabitants flock together, that they may see that which must be sent to the King. Names are easily collected. One man signs because he hates the Papists; another because he has avowed destruction to the turnpikes; one because it will vex the parson; another because he owes his landlord nothing; one because he is rich; another because he is poor; one to show that he is not afraid; and another to show that he can write."

To give an extract from Dr. Johnson may by some be deemed a libel upon the good taste of our readers. Those, however, who have frequently perused the "False Alarm," may once more read the above with *ennui*; and those, whose attention it has hitherto escaped, will we trust be somewhat amused by the pleasantry with which the subject is treated.

LEGAL DEFIANCE.—Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled some forty years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence—"D— you, you scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, Sir, never, I defy you, I defy you!"—*Literary Gazette.*

A circumstance which, when related to us by a good mimic, excited our risibility in a high degree, and struck us as scarcely less ludicrous than the celebrated story of *Monsieur Tonson*, occurred some time ago at a Circuit Court of Justiciary, and in the presence of a Judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner are more than compensated by his many amiable and excellent qualities. Their Lordships and suit had just met, and were proceeding to investigate rather an interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a knocking at the outer Court door. Again and again the shrill-tongued Macer ejaculated "Silence! silence there!" to little or no purpose; when the Judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise? Macer, officers, what are you about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle-shuffling?"

Officer—It's a man, my Lord.

Judge—A man! what man, Sir? Who, where is he, and what does he want?

Officer—He's at the outside, please your Lordship, and wants to get in.

Judge—Well, keep him out, keep him out, I say, Sir.

The officer bowed or nodded assent, and the business of the Court proceeded. By and by, however, an individual possessing the right of *entry*, walked into the hall of justice, and "the man," watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. By a levity and restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in, till he wished to get out again. With this he began to jostle every body near him—a proceeding which not only created a new hubbub, but drew forth a fresh rebuke.

Judge—What's all this now? Even if my ears were as sharp as that of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying.

Officer—It's the man, my Lord.

Judge—What! the same man?

Officer—The *verra* same!

Judge—Well, what does he want now?

Officer—He wants to get out, please your Lordship.

Judge—Wants to get out! Then keep him in—keep him in, I say, Sir.

The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the persevering man was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, therefore, and elbowing his way to an open window, he mounted on what is called the *sole*, and appeared contrary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the Tartar, and, again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His Lordship appeared angry (as well he might); and a third time exclaimed, "What's the matter now? Is there to be no end to this?"

Officer—It's the man, my Lord.

Judge—What! the same man again? Show me the fellow, and I'll man him.

The officer here pointed to a respectable enough looking individual, who, as he said, "had crupper up on the window sole, and wanted to get down again."

Judge—Up on the window sole! Well, keep him up—keep him up, I say, Sir, if it should be the day of judgment. (Perhaps his Lordship meant the *hour* of judgment.)

It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the incorrigible man, while held in durance on the window sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or witnesses at the bar.—*Dumfries Courier.*

CROMWELL'S BOND.—Colonel Bond, who had been one of King Charles the First's Judges, died a day or two before Cromwell, and it was strongly reported every where that the Protector was dead. "No," said a gentleman who knew better, "he had only given a *Bond* to the Devil for his future appearance."

SHERBET.—It is not generally known that this beverage, so often mentioned with praise in Arabic poetry, is neither more nor less than a decoction of oatmeal and sugar, seasoned, when cold, with rose water.

The love of novelty, it has been truly observed, is the parent of fashion. As the fancy sickens, says a writer on this subject, with one image, it longs for another. This is the cause of the continual revolutions of habit and behaviour, and why we are so industrious in pursuing the change; this makes fashion universally followed, and is the true reason why the awkwardest people are as fond of this to fly as the genteel.

This passion for novelty, particularly in the article of dress, seems for ages to have been a predominant feature in the English character, and with the exception of our neighbours, the French, may be said to be almost peculiar to it. Most of our early writers make some allusions to it in their works, and Dr. Andrew Borde, in a satirical tract published by him in the reign of Henry VIII., to show the then excess of the folly, has prefixed, in a rude wood-cut, the figure of a naked Englishman with a piece of cloth and pair of sheers, dabbling on the fashion he shall have his clothes made in.—Proposing in the few slight notices which follow, to confine our observations merely to the costume of the last century, we shall pass over the fashions of those which preceded it, with only quoting some general remarks.

"The party-coloured coat," says the author of a Treatise on Dress, published in 1761, "was first worn in England in the time of Henry I. Chaplets, or wreaths of artificial flowers, in the time of Edward III.; hoods and short coats without sleeves, called tabarts, in the time of Henry IV.; hats in the time of Henry VII.; ruffs in the reign of Edward VI.; and wrought caps and bonnets in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Judge Finch introduced the band in the reign of James I.; French hoods, bibs, and gorgets were discontinued by the Queen of Charles I.; the commode, or cover, was introduced in the year 1637; shoes of the then fashion, in 1633; breeches instead of trunk hose, in 1634; and perukes were first worn after the Restoration.

About the year 1700, the ladies wore Holland petticoats embroidered in figures, with different coloured silks and gold, with broad orrices at the bottom. Muffs were at this period in use, but very different in shape and materials from those of the present day; being in general very small, and frequently made of leopard skin. Diamond stomachers adorned the ladies' bosoms, which were composed of that valuable stone set in silver, in a variety of figures, upon black silk, and which must be admitted to have been a brilliant, if not elegant ornament. Satin gowns were lined with Persian silk; and handkerchiefs, and Spanish leather shoes, lined with gold, were common with persons of respectability. To these different articles the ladies added bare necks, with gold and other crosses suspended from them. Those odd little circular pieces of black silk called *pitches*, prevailed also at this period to a most extravagant degree. These were stuck on different parts of the female face, and varied in size. Frequent allusions are made to these fancied "beauty spots," by early comic writers.

In 1709, a ladies dress is thus described in an advertisement to recover one that was lost: "A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border; cherry coloured stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-coloured damask gown, flowered with large trees, a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin head cloths, with crows-foot edging; double ruffles, with fine edging; a black silk fur belowed scarf, and a spotted hood." In 1711, a lady's riding dress is advertised for sale, in the *Spectator*, of blue camblet, well laced with silver; being a coat, waistcoat, petticoat, hat, and feathers. And another advertisement, in 1712, mentions an *Isabella* coloured *Kincob* gown, flowered with green and gold; and a dark coloured cloth gown and petticoat, with two silver orrices; a purple and gold *atlas* gown, a scarlet and gold *atlas* petticoat, edged with silver; a wrought *under* petticoat, edged with gold; a black velvet petticoat; *allegah* petticoat, striped with green, gold, and white; a blue and silver silk gown and petticoat; a blue and gold *atlas* gown and petticoat, and clogs, laced with silver. A Mrs. Beale, at the same period, advertizes her loss of a green silk knit waistcoat, with gold and silver flowers *all over it*, and about fourteen yards of gold and silver thick lace on it; with a petticoat of rich strong flowered satin, red and white, all in great flowers or leaves, and scarlet flowers with *black specks* brocaded in, raised high, like velvet or slag.

The ladies wore hooped petticoats, scarlet cloaks, and masks, when walking. The hoops were fair game for the wits, and they spared them not:—

"An elderly lady, whose bulky squat figure, By hoop, and white damask, was render'd much bigger, Without hood, and bare neck'd, to the Park did repair, To shew her new cloaths, and to take the fresh air: Her shape, her attire, rais'd a shout and loud laughter; Away waddles madam, the mob hurries after. Quoth a wag, thus observing the noisy crowd follow, As she came with a hoop, she's gone off with a hollow!"

An advertisement, in 1703, gives a whole-length portrait of a youth in middle life. Such a figure would attract much wonder in the streets of London at present.—"He is of a fair complexion, light brown lank hair, having on a dark brown frieze coat, double breasted on each side, with black buttons and button-holes; a light dregget waistcoat, red *shag* breeches, striped with black stripes, and black stockings."

The ridiculous long wigs of 1710 were very expensive. One was advertised as stolen that year, said to be worth five guineas. This, however, was a trifle; for Dr. Druver's "fair wig," in the *Tatler*, cost "forty guineas." But, lest it should be supposed that the gentlemen only were expensive in decorating the head, take the prices from the Lace Chamber on Ludgate-hill:—"One Brussel's Head, at 40l.; one Ground Brussel's Head, at 30l.; one looped Brussel's Head, at 30l." Wigs maintained their ground

enormously large, in 1720; at which period white hair for them was all the fashion, and bore a monstrous price. They were still a more important article of dress in 1734; but the favourite colour had then changed—those of "right grey human hair" were four guineas each; light grizzle ties three guineas; right grey human hair, "con-perukes," from two guineas to fifteen shillings each, which was the price of dark ones; and right grey bob perukes, from two guineas and a half to fifteen shillings, the price only of dark bobs; those mixed with horse hair were much lower. It will be observed, from the gradations in price, that right grey hair was most in vogue, and dark hair of no estimation.

A lady, corresponding with her friend, whimsically describes the cross of the box-lobby loungers of 1733; from which it will be seen, whatever we may think of them, that our ancestors were by no means behind hand with us now.—"Some of them," she says, "wore those loose kind of great coats which the vulgar called 'wrap-rascals;' with gold-laced hats slouched, in humble imitation of coachmen; others aspired at being grooms, and had dirty boots and spurs, with black caps on and long whips; and a third sort wore light scanty frocks, little shabby hats, put on on one side, and clubs in their hands."

In 1760, the ladies are stated to have worn the following species of caps:—The French night cap; the Ranelagh mob; the Mary Queen of Scots cap, and the fly cap. The latter we may suppose was the most esteemed, as the late Queen Charlotte, when she landed in England in 1761, was, in compliance with English custom, habited in "a gold brocade, with a white ground; had a stomacher ornamented with diamonds, and wore a *fly-cap*, with richly laced lap-pets."

The *London Chronicle* for 1762, enumerates the following articles of male attire, on which it indulges several witty remarks. Of hats, there were, the Kevenhuller; the sailors, described as uniformly tacked down to the Crown, and laughably said to look as if they carried a triangular apple patty upon their heads; the Quaker's hat, which is said to spread over their heads like a pent-house, darkened the outward man, to signify they have the inward light. Some are described as wearing their hats (with the corner that should come over their foreheads in a direct line) pointed in the air. These were called "Gawkies." Others are said to not above half cover their heads, but between beaver and eyebrows, to expose a piece of blank forehead, that looks like a sandy road in a surveyor's plan. Of wigs then in use, are satirized, among others, "the 'prentice minor bob, or hair cap; the citizen's sundry buckle, or bob major; the apothecary's bush; the physical and chirological tye; the scratch, or the blood's skull covering, and the John's jenny, or white and all white, in little curls like a fine fleece on a lamb's back. This last is the species of wig now frequently worn by a gentleman's coachmen."

Taking the fashions generally within the last forty or fifty years, we find the ladies heads covered with a *cushion*, as it was termed, generally formed of horse hair, and something like a porter's knot set upon the ends; over this the hair was combed straight, the sides curled, and the back turned up, and the whole powdered; diminutive caps of gauze, adorned with ribbands, and miniature hats, generally of black silk trimmed, were stuck on the tower of hair with long pins. The waist was covered by a long-bodied gown, drawn exceedingly close over stays laced still closer; the hips sometimes supported a bell hoop; the shoulders alternately small cloaks and cardinals; the former of muslin and silk, and the latter almost always of black silk, richly laced.

This description of dress altered by degrees to the present fashion. The head insensibly lowered; the horse-hair first gave place to large natural curls, spread over the face and ears; the cap enlarged to an enormous size, and the bonnet swelled in proportion. Silks became unfashionable, and printed calicoes, and the finest white muslins, were substituted. Hoops were entirely discontinued, except at Court. These were all improvements; but it is only of late years that the ladies, much to their honour, have thrown aside most of the hateful attempts to supply nature's deficiencies, and now appear in that native grace and proportion which distinguishes an English woman.—The hair cleansed from all extraneous matter, shines in beautiful lustre carelessly turned round the head, in the manner adopted by the most eminent Grecian sculptors; and the form appears through their snow-white draperies in that fascinating manner, which excludes the least thought of impropriety. Their hats and bonnets of straw, chip and beaver, if somewhat less, would be extremely becoming; and their velvet pelisses, shawls, and silk spencers, are contrived to improve, rather than injure the form.

The male dress, like the female, changed almost insensibly from formality to ease. This was effected merely by altering the cut of the clothes; the materials are the same as they were a hundred years ago; the colours, however, are more grave. Instead of "Claret-coloured clothes, Pompadours, light blue, with silver button-holes," &c.; deep blue, dark browns, mixtures, and blacks, are now worn by the sedate and the gay, the young and the old. In point of shape, there is, and always will be, a continual variation. The hat has as many different forms and denominations as it had in the times we have been speaking of, though not of the same kind. The modern neckcloth should not be omitted, especially as it has been more ridiculed than other parts of the male dress. It is enough to say, though some have considerably reformed it in this particular, that it has been compared to a towel tied under the chin.

Too much praise cannot be given to the abolition of the unnatural custom of wearing hair-powder. The appearance of this, in a young person at least, though only discontinued a few years, is becoming more and more

ROYAL ETIQUETTE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Paul Hentzner, in his journey to England, near the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, draws the following amusing picture of that Princess, and the etiquette then observed in attending and waiting on the person of the Sovereign. The Queen was at this time at the Royal Palace of Greenwich, where she was born, and where she generally resided in summer. The site of this Palace (which was a magnificent Gothic structure of great extent) is now occupied by Greenwich Hospital:—

"We were admitted," says he, "by an order which Mr. Rogers had procured from the Lord Chamberlain, into the *Presence Chamber*—hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with *rushes*, through which the Queen commonly passes in her way to the Chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the Queen any person of distinction that came to wait upon her. It was Sunday, when there is usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same chamber were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of Councillors of State, Officers of the Crown, and Gentlemen, who waited the Queen's coming out; which she did from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner:—

"First went Gentlemen, Barons, Earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bare-headed; next came the Chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the Royal scepter, the other the sword of state in a red scabbard, studded with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, the point upward.

"Next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar.) She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated *Lunebourg* table; her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceedingly fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans; and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a Marchioness; instead of a chain, she wore an oblong collar of gold and jewels.

"As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether Foreign Minister or those who attended for different reasons, in *English*, *French*, and *Italian*; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of *Spanish* and *Dutch*. Whoever speaks to her does it kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there a Bohemian Baron had letters to present her, and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels, a mark of particular favour. Wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees*. The Ladies of the Court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white: she was guarded on each side by Gentlemen Pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the anti-chapel, next the presence chamber, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of *Long live QUEEN ELIZABETH!* She answered it with *I thank you, my good people*. In the chapel was excellent music. As soon as it and the service were over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the Queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at prayers, we saw her table† set out with the following solemnity:

"A gentleman entered the room bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again, they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-seller, a plate, and bread; and when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a Countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the Queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bare-headed, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, which were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the Lady taster gave to each of the guards a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle drums, made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of this ceremonial, a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who with particular solemnity lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the Queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court.

"The Queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreigner or native, is admitted at that time, and that only at the intercession of somebody in power."

* Her father had been treated with the same deference.—It is mentioned by Fox, in his *Acts and Monuments*, that when the Lord Chancellor went to apprehend Queen Catherine Parr, he spoke to the King on his knees. King James suffered his courtiers to omit it.

† The excess of respectful ceremonial used in decking her Majesty's table, though not in her presence, and the kind of adoration and genuflection paid to her person, as narrated by our author, approach to Eastern homage. "When we observe," says the late Lord Orford, "such worship offered to an old woman, with bare neck, black teeth, and false red hair, it makes one smile; but also makes one reflect what masculine sense was couched under those weaknesses, and which could command such awe from a nation like England!"

The inhabitants of the village of Glenorchy, in Argyleshire, had some time ago occasion to attend the funeral of Peter Fletcher, a respectable old man, who had attained the age of 102. Auchallander, the place of interment, is distant from the village about seven miles, and stands on a lonely spot on the confines of Glenorchy Forest—and singular as being almost exclusively devoted to persons of the name of Fletcher. Having proceeded to the spot, and paid the last duties to all that remained of their friend, the nearest connections of the deceased, according to the custom of the Highlanders, brought forth refreshments for the company. These were spread out on clean linen, and consisted of ample store of bread and cheese, with a due allowance of something stronger than water to wash them down. This part of the ceremony having been brought to a conclusion, all began to move away in different directions towards their homes. The friends of the deceased were the last to quit the spot—and before gathering up the remains of the feast, they wandered a few yards from the place, to bid farewell to their acquaintances. In this way the fragments of the bread and cheese were left unprotected. What was the astonishment of the company when they beheld three wild deer issue from the adjoining forest, and actually commence an attack on what remained of the bread and cheese. On no occasion are the Highlanders more liable to be impressed with all the superstitions of their country, than whilst engaged about their dead. The party at once concluded that the singular appearance of the deer betokened that the feast of mourning had been prematurely closed. Each anxious to remove the portending evil far from himself, looked eagerly round to see if he could not read in the countenance of his companions a forerunner of the impending disaster. Such prognostications, it may be presumed, are not unfrequently fulfilled by the very feelings which they excite—and may, on more occasions than one, have given cause for applying the apposite proverb, that "frets follow them that frets follow." That such was the case in the present instance we shall not say—but what followed was ill calculated to remove the impressions which had been entertained. John Fletcher, brother to the man whom they had just buried— hale and active, though 99 years of age, was drowned, a few hours after, in the river Orchy, whilst on his way homewards.—*Glasgow Journal*.

The following Address was spoken by a female at the late celebration of independence in Marlborough, Vermont:—

"Fathers, Mothers, Friends, and Fellow-Citizens—In the celebration of the birth-day of our nation, we, the representatives of the confederated States of the Union, come among you to join in the general joy, bringing with us the declaration of the independence of these United States, which we pray you to receive and cause to be read from that sacred desk in the presence of this numerous assembly, that it may recall to the memory of the aged those principles of political liberty for which they fought and bled; and that it may impress upon the minds of the rising generation that abhorrence of Royal tyranny, and love of republican liberty, without which the independence achieved by their ancestors can never be maintained.

"Accept, then, from us this precious pledge—precious to your sister States, whom we join this occasion represent, and more than precious to the inhabitants of these green mountains, who laid the corner-stone of our independence at the battle of Bennington.

"And when you receive this chart, rest assured, venerable fathers and mothers, that though the father of his country, the great Washington, sleeps in his lowly tomb at the base of Mount Vernon, and only three of those Patriots who signed this declaration of our independence yet linger on this side the grave, yet there is—blessed, and for ever blessed be a merciful God!—a generation arising who will never surrender tamely that independence for which their fathers suffered, bled, and died."

Drinking of healths was customary amongst the Roman gallants, who used to take off as many glasses to their mistresses, as there were letters in their names, according to Martial, who says—

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur.
Now let Six cups to Nævia's health go round,
And fair Justina's be with Seven crown'd.

Hence, perhaps, arose our custom of drinking healths or toasts, a ceremony which Prynne, in his "*Healthe's Sickness*," inveighs against with all the madness of enthusiastic fury. This extraordinary man concludes his "Address to the Christian Reader" thus:—"The unfained well-wisher of thy spiritual and corporal, though the appugner of thy popular and pot-emptying health."

(From a MS. of Aubrey's in the Ashmole Library, Oxon.)

Before the last civil wars, in gentlemen's houses, at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to the table was a boar's head, with a lemon in his mouth. At Queen's College, Oxon, they still retain this custom; the bearer of it into the hall singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, "*Apri caput defero*," &c.

Hieretofore, noblemen and gentlemen of fine estates, had their heralds, who wore their coat of arms at Christmas, and other solemn times, and cried "*Largesse*" thrice.

In days of yore lords and gentlemen lived in the country like petty Kings; had *jura regalia* belonging to seignories; had castles and boroughs; had gallows within their liberties where they could try, condemn and execute; never went to London but in Parliament time, or once a year to do their homage to the King. They always ate in their gothic halls, at the high table or orsille, (which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where a table stands) with the folks at the side table. The meat was served up by watch-words: jacks are but of late invention; the poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains. The beds of the men-servants and retainers were in the hall. In the hall *mumming* and *loaf stealing*, and other *Christmas sports*, were performed.

The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying "Round about our coal fire."

In the halls and parlours of the great houses were written texts of Scripture, on painted cloths.

The first dish that was brought up to table on Easter-day was a red herring riding away on horseback; i.e. a herring ordered by the cook, something after the likeness of a man on horseback set in a corn sallad.

The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter (which is still kept up in many parts of England), was founded on this, viz. to show their abhorrence of Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection.

Before the Reformation, there were no poor-rates; the charitable doles given at the religious houses, and the church ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church house, to which belonged spits, pots, &c. for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came here too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me there were few or no almshouses before the time of Henry VIII. That at Oxon, opposite Christchurch, was one of the most ancient in England.

The lawyers say that, before the time of Henry VIII. one shall hardly find an action on the case, as for slander, &c. once in a year, *quod nota*.

At the parish priests' houses in France, especially in Languedoc, the table cloths were on the board all day long, and ready for what was in the house to be put thereon for strangers, travellers, friars, pilgrims, so it was here I have heard my grandfather say in his grandfather's time.

A neat built chapel and a spacious hall were all the rooms of note, the rest were small. At Tomar-ton, in Gloucestershire, anciently the seat of the Riverses, is a dungeon thirteen or fourteen feet deep; about four feet high are iron rings fastened to the wall, which were probably to tie offending *villans* to; and all lords of manors had this power over their villans (or socage tenants), and had all of them no doubt such places for punishment. It is well known all castles had dungeons, and I believe so had monasteries, for they had often within themselves power of life and death.

Every baron and gentleman of estate kept horses for men at arms. Some had their armories sufficient to furnish out some hundred of men. The halls of the Justice of Peace were dreadful to behold. The skreen was garnished with corslets and helmets, gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberts, brown-bills, and bucklers.

Public inns were rare, travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together if occasion served. The meetings of the gentry were not at taverns, but in the fields or forests, with their hawks and hounds, and their bugle horns in silken

church, they sat all night fasting and praying, viz. at the eve of the wake. In Easter holidays was the clerk's ale for his benefit, and the solace of the neighbourhood.

In these times, besides the jollities mentioned, they had their pilgrimages to several shrines, as to Walsingham, Canterbury, Glastonbury, Bromholm, &c. Then the Crusades to the Holy Wars were magnificent, and gave rise to the adventures of knights errant and romances.

Glass windows in churches and gentlemen's houses were rare before the time of Henry VIII. In my own remembrance before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none. In Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, and Salop, it is so still.

Captain Silas Taylor says "that, in the days of yore, when a church was to be built, they watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication; and took that part of the horizon when the sun arose for the east; which makes that variation, so that few stand true except those built between the Equinoxes."

Mr. Dugdale told me that, about Henry the Third's time, the Pope gave a bull, or patent, to a company of Italian architects, to travel up and down Europe to build churches.

The use of "Your humble seryant" first came into England in the time of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from "*Votre tres humble serviteur*." The usual salutation before that time was *God keep you, God be with you*; and among the vulgar, *How d'ye do*, with a hearty thump on the shoulder.

Till this time the Court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James's Court was so far from being civil to the women, that the ladies, nay, the Queen herself, could hardly pass by the King's apartment without receiving some affront.

A Physician, the other day, called upon a patient subject to frequent and severe attacks of gout. The painful visitant had left him, and he was enjoying himself over his wine with great conviviality. "Doctor," he exclaimed, "I am very glad to see you; you've just come in time to taste this bottle of Madeira, it is the first of a pipe that is just broached." "Ah," exclaimed the Doctor, "these pipes of Madeira will never do, they are the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then," rejoined the other, "fill your glass, for now that we have found out the cause, the sooner that we get rid of it the better."

It was observed to a Rev. Gentleman, that Lord — must have felt himself considerably astonished at becoming the father of a clever son. "Yes," he replied, "he must have felt like a hen that had hatched a duck, and saw it suddenly take water."

When the Queen of Charles I. was brought to bed of the Princess Elizabeth, "the Hollanders," says Whitlocke, "to congratulate her Majesty's safe delivery, sent hither a solemn embassy and a noble present; a large piece of ambergris, two fair china basins almost transparent, a curious clock, and four rare pieces of Tintoret and Titian's painting." He adds, "Some supposed that they did it to ingratiate the more with our King, in regard his fleet was so powerful at sea, and they saw him resolved to maintain his right and dominion there."

A deputation from the Dissenters waited on Lord Thurlow, by appointment, to request that he would give them his vote for the repeal of the Test Act. They were shown into the library, where a plentiful collation had been prepared. They thought themselves sure of success: but they reckoned without *their host*, who at length made his appearance. He listened to a long harangue with much patience. When it was finished, he thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, you have called on me to request my vote for the repeal of the Test Act. Gentlemen, I shall not vote for the repeal of the Test Act. I care not whether your religion has the ascendancy or mine, or any or none; but this I know, that when *you* were uppermost, you kept *us* down; and now that *we* are uppermost, with God's help we will keep *you* down." Of Lord Thurlow it has been said, that Nature had given him a head of crystal and nerves of

There were very few free-schools in England, Aubrey tells us, before the Reformation. "Youth," says he, "were generally taught Latin in the monasteries, and young women had their education, not at Hackney, as now (scil.), 1678, but at nunneries, where they learned needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic (apothecaries and surgeons being at that time very rare), drawing, writing, &c. Old Jacques, now living, has often seen from his house the Nuns of St. Mary Kingston, in Wilts, coming forth into the Rymphittrey, with their rocks and wheels to spin, sometimes to the number of threescore and ten, all of whom were not Nuns, but young girls sent there for education.

"From the time of Erasmus until about forty years last past, the learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starched as their bands and square beards, and gravity was then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days were but old hoys, when quibbles passed for wit, even in their sermons. The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest. They were as severe to their children as schoolmasters, and their schoolmasters as masters of the House of Correction; the child perfectly loathed the sight of his parent, as the slave his torture. Gentlemen of thirty and forty years old were to stand like mutes and fools, bare-headed, before their parents; and the daughters (grown women) were to stand at the cupboard-side during the whole time of the proud mother's visits, unless (as the fashion was) leave was desired, forsooth, that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon, brought them by the serving man, after they had done sufficient penance by standing. The boys (I mean the young fellows) had their foreheads twined up and stiffened with spittle; they were to stand mannerly forsooth, thus, the foretop ordered as before, with one hand at the band-string, the other behind the breech. The gentlemen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument that is used to drive feathers, and in it had a handle at least half a yard long. With these the daughters were oftentimes corrected, but fathers and mothers slash't their daughters, in the time of their besom discipline, when they were perfect women. At Oxford, and I believe at Cambridge, the rod was frequently used by the tutors and deans: and Doctor Potter, of Trinity College, I know right well whipt his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the Inns of Court."

The predilection for learning French was as great in ancient as in modern times, and is stated by Caxton, in his edition of "Ralph Higdon's Polychronicon," as one of the causes of impairing our language. "It is by cause," says he, "that children that gone to scole lerne to speke first *Englyshe*, and then ben compelled to construe her lessons in *Frensh*; and that have been used syn the Normans come into England. Also gentilmen's children ben lerned and taught from theyr yougthe to speke *Frensh*; and uplandysh men will counterfete and liken himself to gentilmen, and are besy to speke *Frensh*, for to be more sette by; wherefore it is sayd by the comyn proverbe—'Jack wold be a gentilman if he coude speke *Frensh*.'"

It might not be altogether incorrect to imagine that the majority of the youths of ancient familie were rather deficient in the accomplishments then and now thought necessary for their appearance in polished life. A number of exceptions could be made, however, no doubt, and multitudes of persons might be cited, as examples of the learning and knowledge extant in the reigns immediately preceding that of Elizabeth. Strype, in his edition of Stowe's Survey, speaking on the subject of ancient education and schools, seems to think the period of the reign of Henry VI. one of much ignorance, and that particularly from bad teachers, and the want of public schools, which occasioned a petition, he says, to that Monarch in Parliament from four of the principal parish Parsons of

London—Allhallows the Great, St. Andrew, Holborn, St. Peter in Cornhill, and St. Mary Colechurch, to be allowed to set up public schools in their churches. In that petition they beg Parliament to consider "the grate number of gramer scholes that sometye were in divers parties of this realme, beside those that were in London, and how few ben in these dayes, and the grate hurt that is caused of this, not oonly to the spiritual partie of the realme, where oftentye it apperith too openly in some persones with grete shame, but also in the temporal partie, to whom also it is full expadient to have compotent congruitie."—"Wherefore, particularlie in London, (forasmuche as it is the comon concourse of this land) it wer expedient that there should be a sufficient number of scholes, and good inforimers in gramer; and not for the singular avail of two or three persons, grievously to hurt the multitude of young peple of al this land. For wher ther is grete nombre of lerners, and few techers, and al the lerners be compelled to go to the few techers, and to noon others, the maistres waxen riche of monie, and the lerners ponere in comyng, as experience openly sheweth ayenst al vertu and ordre of wele public."

This petition was not only granted, but within nine years afterwards five additional public schools were set up in the metropolis, and which was done, the same author observes, "for this good end, to cheeke and suppress the smaller schools then of late opened by ignorant and illiterate grammar masters." How necessary this measure was at that time, and long afterwards, the observations of Sir Thomas Elyot show.

Miss Margaretta Maria Downes, of Fir-Court, Church-toke, Montgomeryshire, underwent the *hundred and sixth* operation of tapping, upon the 22d of last May, which was performed by Richard Clee, Esq. of Shropshire; but he could only extract one quart of water, although she was then as large as at the other times, when thirteen or fourteen quarts were drawn off. In this painful moment the lady thus expressed herself: "Good Doctor, stab me again in another place, life or death, for I cannot live long except you can extract the water." The surgeon reluctantly complied with her request, but the second operation was attended with no more success than the first, only one small tea-cup full of water being discharged. This most distressing disappointment Miss Downes sustained with fortitude. She told Mr. Clee that in a fortnight or three weeks she would send for him to perform the operation again, if she was alive; "and I will not be unhappy," she said, "nor suffer my spirits to be cast down." In the course of one week, however, to the astonishment and joy of herself and friends, every drop of the water was dried up, and she was quite small, and able to walk out daily. After this event the water collected so slowly that she was not under the necessity of being tapped again till last February, when she cheerfully submitted to the *hundred and seventh* operation, which she bore with good spirits, while the surgeon extracted THIRTEEN quarts of clear water; and Miss Downes's health at present is much better than it has been for twenty years.—*Durham Chronicle*.

An Englishman, walking in the principal street of Darmstadt with a German friend, was thus addressed by the latter, who pointed out to him a gentleman on the opposite side of the way:—"Look at that officer; would you believe it, that with so fine a person, and a mind to correspond with it, he has received *two baskets*?" The surprise occasioned by this expression was removed by the information, that when a lady refuses an offer of love, she sends the luckless lover a little basket, as a token of her disinclination to receive his addresses.

The following interesting anecdote, relative to the effect of magnetism on chronometers, has been communicated to a scientific Journal:—When Harrison's timekeeper was under trial at Richmond, it did not go as was expected. No one suspected the cause till his late Majesty George III., who interested himself much about the machine, suggested that it was affected by a magnet which was lying near it. The magnet was removed, and the timekeeper recovered its rate."

'It was nearly dark when I remounted my horse. The moon had indeed arisen, but, in consequence of the cloudiness of the sky, I derived but little benefit from her light. I still had eight miles to ride, before I reached the side of the river Thames, where I intended to remain during the night. When I had proceeded about half way, I inadvertently left the main road, while the increasing narrowness and intricacy of the path I then followed soon convinced me that I had taken a wrong course; however, upon hearing the sound of voices, I continued to advance, and soon found myself on the bank of the Thames. A vivid glare of light illuminated every object around; but, as there was a little turn in the course of the river, I could not at first discover whence the radiance proceeded; in a few moments, however, a large raft, in which were five Indians and a blazing fire of hickory bark, appeared floating down the stream. Two of the Indians held torches in their hands, and a couple of dogs sat in a small canoe that lay along-side. A column of smoke rose from the fire, which, extending itself into ruddy volumes, hovered about the raft like a canopy, as it slowly glided down the refulgent current of the Thames, and riveted my eyes. My attention was soon drawn to the opposite shore by a young deer, which had sprung from the thicket, and stood steadfastly gazing upon the savages in an attitude of beautiful astonishment. In a moment three rifles were levelled at it. They were discharged, and it dropped down. The Indians raised a triumphant shout, and waved their torches, while a couple of them jumped into a canoe, and, accompanied by the dogs, paddled rapidly to the shore. But when they landed, the deer, which had merely been wounded, spring upon its legs again, and rushed into the forest. The dogs being dispatched to turn it, barked incessantly; the Indians on shore shouted and whistled to encourage them, and those upon the raft called loudly to their companions in tones of anger and impatience. The dogs soon succeeded in getting ahead of the deer, and driving it to the shore; but it immediately plunged into the river, and, having swam towards a little bay that lay in the shade, it disappeared, to the great disappointment of the hunters. The raft had now floated far below the point at which the Indians had landed with the canoe, so that they hastily embarked, and paddled down the stream towards it. When they reached their companions, they were taken on board, and the whole party moved down the river, illuminating the woods, and decoying their inhabitants into destruction.

'This kind of hunting is practised, I believe, by the North American Indians only. The brightness of the fire allures the deer, and several other kinds of game, to the sides of the river, where they are so much exposed to the shots of the hunters, that they very rarely escape.

'When it was midnight, I walked out, and strolled in the woods contiguous to the house. A glorious moon had now ascended to the summit of the arch of heaven, and poured a perpendicular flood of light upon the silent world below. The starry hosts sparkled brightly when they emerged above the horizon, but gradually faded into twinkling points as they rose in the sky. The motionless trees stretched their majestic boughs towards a cloudless firmament, and the rustling of a withered leaf, or the distant howl of the wolf, alone broke upon my ear. I was suddenly roused from a delicious reverie by observing a dark object moving slowly and cautiously among the trees. At first, I fancied it was a bear, but a nearer inspection discovered an Indian on all fours. For a moment I felt unwilling to throw myself in his way, lest he should be meditating some sinister design against me; however, on his waving his hand, and putting his finger on his lips, I approached him, and, notwithstanding his injunction to silence, inquired what he did there. "Me watch to see the deer kneel," replied he; "this is Christmas night, and all the deer fall upon their knees to the Great Spirit, and look up." The solemnity of the scene, and the grandeur of the idea, alike contributed to fill me with awe. It was affecting to find traces of the Christian faith existing in such a place, even in the form of such a tradition.'

We make the following extract from an agreeable account, by Mr. WILLIAM BULLOCK, of an excursion into Norway, for the purpose of procuring a herd of Rein-Deer.

"On my arrival I presented a letter from the Director of the copper-works at Rorås to the burly-looking master of Northveigan; who, though his dress and general appearance reminded me strongly of the hero of Old Mortality, was as good-natured a simple fellow as ever I met with.

"Having set before us boiled fish, called Seake, caught in the neighbouring lake, he offered to accompany us to the Fins, who were sitting (as is here termed) about three miles distant. I was too anxious to get amongst these extraordinary people to refuse his offer. Having taken off my large boots, retaining only a pair of shoes made of rein skin, we set out, taking with us a small keg of brandy, which we determined to administer as sparingly as possible, but without which it was needless to go, if we expected to be treated civilly. After a little more than an hour's walk, the barking of three or four small dogs informed us we were approaching the Coy, and a few minutes afterwards, a full chorus of between twenty and thirty curs welcomed us to the abodes of these children of nature. At first I only observed one man, standing with his hand thrust into the breast of his Mud, or upper garment; seeing we were strangers, he busied himself in driving away the swarms of dogs which surrounded us, and invited us into his coy (I was going to say, but I think improperly, as every house contains three and often four large families.) On entering we found several women at work, some making purses, others clothes, a couple dressing skins, and two or three menolling on the rein-deer's hides spread for the purpose of sitting or sleeping on. They immediately moved to make room for us. Accustomed as I had been to the Fins, and acquainted as I was with their manner of living, it was not without difficulty I could bring myself to think the miserable hut in which I was seated was not rather a temporary retreat from the storm which had

rounded me. After observing the women a short time, who, without taking much notice of us, continued their occupations, I made my survey of the house, which I think worthy of particular description. It was in shape a cone, 14 feet in diameter, and 6 feet high; it was therefore impossible to stand upright, except under the centre, which, you know, is always occupied by the fire. The supports are six or eight birch poles joined at the top, and fastened into the ground; over these are placed the trunks of small firs or pines, split down the middle, with their bark side outward; these reach within about a foot of the top, so as to leave an opening for the escape of the smoke; the crevices are then stopped with moss and birch-twigs; over this is spread a quantity of small branches, pine or fir, and the whole covered well with snow. The doorway is so extremely small, that even a moderate-sized person has difficulty in creeping in. The door itself is simply a piece of wadmal cloth, often barely large enough to cover the aperture it is designed to close. They keep it extended by two strips of wood placed across it, and are always careful to shut it, as its being left open causes so great a draft, as to fill the coy with the ashes suffered to accumulate in the fire-place.

"Their furniture was quite as simple as their mansion, and consisted of three iron and two brass pots, two iron bars hung from the roof for the purpose of suspending the paus over the fire; from eight to ten wooden bowls and ladles; spoons of rein-deer's horn, wood, and one of silver, of a very antique form and workmanship; two small silver cups for brandy; a kind of fork, the handle about two feet long, with two curved prongs, and about two inches long, not placed at the end, but protruding from the side, used for taking the meat from the pot; leather bags for putting their bowls into; and every lady a work-box, finely ornamented with iron, and a lock and key. Round the fire is a circle of stones, some large, others small, without the smallest attention paid to their arrangement; from these stones to the side of the coy is spread with fine birch branches, which, deer-skins being laid over them, serve for beds and seats. I must next describe to you what I think I may properly call a Lapland Store-house: this is a rude uncovered kind of stage, raised about seven feet from the ground, generally ten feet long, and from three to four wide, composed of rough birch poles, commonly supported at one end by a couple of trees, at the other by crooked pieces of birch; on it they lay their large sledges, which serve them as cupboards. They are usually covered, and some of them have locks; in these are kept salt herrings, of which the natives seem particularly fond; meal; at times, as a great luxury, a few cakes of rye or barley; salt; their clothes, any garments manufactured for sale, dressed skins, &c. &c. On the tree and poles which support them, they hang their venison, bridles, harness, and guns. The driving sledges are always put up as soon as brought in, to prevent the loops (made of sinews, fastened in their sides for the purpose of passing the cord through which laces the covering of the sledge) being gnawed by the dogs. On our return we found the farm-house put in order, the floor strewed with pine leaves, (a common custom,) which gave an agreeable odour; indeed every thing shewed an attention to cleanliness and comfort which would be looked for in vain in the west of Norway. We had excellent coffee, good cream, and boiled milk; and our landlady did not lick the spoons, by way of cleansing them, as is often practised in other parts of this country. My bed was also clean, and I slept soundly until awoke in the morning by the howling of a storm of wind and snow, which raged for some time with such violence, that I thought it impossible that any thing could withstand it; the house literally shook, and from the noise made by the windows I expected to see them desert their casements; the snow was

drifted along in such volumes as to render imperceptible even large objects at the distance of 50 yards; the lake in front of the house, upwards of a mile broad, and double that length, was completely cleared of the snow which the day before had laid on its icy surface to the depth of two feet; the tops of many small hills were left bare, and several large firs and pines were torn up. After I had finished my repast, I was shewn the stable, and from thence conducted to the cow-house, which was very neat and commodious. I thought this an excellent opportunity of inquiring into the truth of a statement made by some travellers in this part of Norway: I allude to their feeding the cows in winter with horse-dung. As I did not perfectly believe it, I felt a little hesitation in asking the question, for, if the custom did not exist, I thought they might conceive I meant to affront them. I was soon however relieved, by seeing the girl who attends them place a tub full of this sweet commodity before one of the cows, which began instantly to devour it. When I told them such a circumstance would scarcely be believed in England, they were greatly surprised, said the cows would not milk so well without it, and wondered we did not give it to them. To shew me they were fond of it, the tub was taken away; upon which Colly turned round, and begged its return in accents too plain to be misunderstood. Moss (rein moss) and hay were given her, but she touched neither until the vessel containing this favourite repast had been restored and completely emptied."

Craniology.—In one of those social parties which sometimes take place even among the great at the West end of the town, where mirth and innocent amusement occupy the place of ceremony, a young lady (who had been a pupil of Dr. Spurzheim) was instructing the company with her observations on their heads. At last it came to be the turn of the great Captain of the age to have his head examined, which done, the lady's opinion was demanded. She hesitated, blushed, but said nothing. "Come," said his Grace, "don't be afraid, my young friend, to declare openly what you think." "Why, then," said the lady, "since I must speak, your Grace is most deficient in that organ which I, in common with all the world, know you to possess in the greatest degree—Gall's doctrines must fall at once." "No, Madam," said the Duke, "you mean courage, and I assure you, your doctrines receive confirmation, not refutation, from the head you have examined. I have no courage, and never had in a physical sense; and that for which the world gives me credit, and which I trust I do possess, is altogether the effect of reason and reflection."

Administration of Justice in Turkey.

The *Multeka* is the name of the collection of laws which is not followed in Turkey. Like their other collections, it is taken from the Koran, which, as is well known, is written in an enigmatic figurative style, demanding numerous commentaries, and allowing of many different interpretations. The decisions of the Mufti in similar cases are frequently as contrary as it is possible for the opinions of any two English lawyers to be. Besides the glorious uncertainty of the law, common both to Europe and Asia—in Turkey, the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, the Captain Pacha, the Kadileskiers, the Beglarbegg, and many other officers, with names nearly as brutal as their tyranny, dispose of the lives and properties of all their subjects, and of the unfortunate Christians in particular, at their will and pleasure. It is also the practice to give oral testimony the preference over every other. When the whole nation lived in tents, and false witnesses were as scarce as horses, this custom might have been praiseworthy, at present it makes perjury a trade, which is carried on by many hundreds of people in all the large towns. Every process is supported by false witnesses, and even the just cause must often be defended by their means. If false witnesses swear that they have seen a debtor pay, denial, want of a written acknowledgment are of no avail, and nothing remains for the creditor but to produce a number of other witnesses to swear that the same has been again lent. Another custom or practice is for the successful party to pay the costs of the process. A malicious scoundrel has therefore nothing to do but to begin a process with the man he wishes to ruin; and the more unjust his cause, the more certain his success. People of this description also make a trade of litigation with opulent individuals, whom they summon before the tribunal of some Judge with whom they have an understanding. The salary of the Judge also is fixed at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. of the value of the object in dispute, which again leads to many exactions. A well-informed author, M. Paris, has, in a recent work, published several anecdotes of the oppression to which this leads. "An Armenian merchant bought a house for 15,000 piastres. On such occasions it is customary to give the Muteveli a present, which on the present purchase might amount to 10 or 15 piastres. The Armenian offered him 30, which the Muteveli refused, demanding 100; and on the Armenian refusing to pay him, summoned him before the Nahib, a magistrate under a Cadi, who, after hearing both parties, decided against the Turk, and threatened him with imprisonment should he again be guilty of the same exactions. After the Armenian had paid the Muteveli the thirty piasters, he handed twenty over to the clerk instead of the usual fee of 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ cent. on the thirty dollars. The latter complained of the insufficiency of the offer, and the Judge interposing, said with great seriousness, 'Have you lost your senses, when you imagine you can pay me for my trouble with this sum? Do you not know that the tenth part of the value of the object is my due; your house cost 15,000 piastres, and you must therefore give me 1500.' In vain the Armenian represented that not his house but the fees of the Muteveli were the object in the dispute—to avoid being sent to prison he was obliged to pay the 1500 piastres."—"A Greek merchant caused a tank to be built at his country house. An old Janissary, who was the police officer of the district, came every day, smoking his pipe, and amused himself with looking at the workmen, and like idle people in general, frequently gave them advice. When the tank was finished, he presented a bill to the Greek, in which he demanded a sum nearly equal to the expense of building the tank, for his services as architect. The Greek, extremely surprised at such a demand, wished to settle the affair amicably. The architect however would not recede one step, and summoned him before the Nahib. The Judge decided indeed against the Janissary, but forced the Greek to pay him as much as he had offered the Janissary to make up the business."—"A subaltern Janissary officer had the presumption to offer the Nahib of Anjora a certain sum if he would allow him to burn and plunder the houses of the Rayas for three nights. Fortunately the banker of the Nahib was an Armenian: when he heard of this extraordinary negotiation, he informed the Christians of it, and they came to the resolution of appealing to the Nahib, who, boasting much of his disinterestedness, only took from them the half of the sum which the Janissary had offered him, to refuse him the required permission? Every office in Turkey is bought with money, and it is the business of the possessor, by every kind of means, to gain back his outlay with proper interest, and something more to answer the demands of his masters. In the language of the country, instead of saying a man fills the office of Judge, it is common to say he consumes or expends it."

TURKISH PECULIARITIES.

Dr. Richardson, in his "Travels along the Mediterranean," mentions some ludicrous instances of the peculiarities of Turks. "At Jaffa, the grand paymaster of the city, requested me to prescribe for his favourite wife, who had been a complainer for about the space of eight months. I readily complied with his request; and we walked together from the office to his house. Having sat down in his parlour, pipes and coffee were immediately introduced, and he proceeded to inform me of the ailments of his better half, or rather fourth or sixteenth, I believe, would be the appropriate fractional denominator of the female invalid who shared the affections of her husband with fifteen competitors. Having enumerated what he considered to be the leading symptoms of her disease, he enquired if it would be necessary for me to feel her pulse. I replied in the affirmative, and to this he made no objection. But on the interpreter adding, 'Yes, and he must see her too,' the good man seemed rather stunned, and appealed to me to confirm or renounce the statement of the interpreter. I assured him that there is an aspect as well as a pulse of disease, and that the physician can frequently judge more accurately of the state of his patient from an examination of the countenance than of the pulse. On hearing this, he paused for a considerable time, and sucked in and volumed out the smoke in wreaths from his mouth, as if the whole faculties of his soul had been in consultation; and demanded if it were necessary for me to see the whole of her face. I replied, 'Yes, the whole of it, as I see your's just now before me.' 'La, la, la, no, no, no,' he shook his head, and instantly exclaimed, looking me full in the face, as if to inquire, 'Do you mean to

insult me?' Finding the look made no impression, he tranquillized himself, and began to bargain with me, that I should see her face in detail; the month and tongue at one time, the nose and cheeks at another, but not the whole at once, and on no account her eyes. At this my risible faculties were rather excited, and I informed the worthy gentleman, that I had no desire to see his wife at all; but since he had inquired of me as a professional man, what was necessary to enable me to judge properly of the state of his wife's complaint, I considered it my duty to tell him candidly, and without reserve, all that he had asked. 'Sahé, sahé, dougré, dougré, right, right, true, true,' he exclaimed; and, apparently subdued, after a little consideration, during which he seemed to have reasoned himself into something like common sense, added, 'Well, you shall see her;' and having walked out, returned in a few minutes with the lady at his back, wrapt up, as usual, in a white faldetta, or robe, that covered the head and face, and the greater part of the body. She did not, however enter the room, but sat down at the top of the stair, on the outside of the door; the interpreter remained within, and, at her husband's request, I walked out to her, and saw a plain, diffident, unaffected, and apparently amiable woman, who held out her hand, shewed her tongue, and face, and eyes, without any hesitation, such as a sensible woman would do in this or in any other country, and told the tale of her sufferings with great simplicity, earnestly desiring relief, and inquiring if I could give her any hopes of a recovery. The account of this lady's complaint, as well as those of many others, convinced me that nervous affections prevail to a greater extent, and, if possible, under a greater variety of forms among the ladies in the Levant than in this part of Europe.

At Jerusalem, Omar Effendi Nakib el Schereef, the "Prince of the Arabs," requested to see Dr. Richardson on account of a disease of the eyes; and the Doctor found him afflicted with an inflammation of the eyes of eight months standing, which threatened total blindness. The Doctor explained to the patient that the inner membrane of the eyelid must be scarified; this rather startled the Schereef, and he declined the experiment until he had seen the operation performed. An ophthalmic patient, who was a Christian, was immediately produced, and the operation performed, which the patient bore remarkably well; after the eye had bled some time, he was desired to wash it, and declared that it was much easier than before the operation. "This (says Dr. R.) screwed up the courage of the noble Turk, who now expressed his determination to follow the example of my Christian patient; a resolution which was highly applauded by all his attendants. He preferred, however, having the operation done in an adjoining room, which was both larger and better lighted, the one which we occupied being very small, and lighted chiefly from the door. For though I had informed him, and he had had an opportunity of judging for himself, that the operation was but a mere scratch, yet both he and his visitors considered it in the most serious light, and on entering the other apartment, the first thing he did was to kneel down and say his prayers, accompanied by the Mufti or Cipo Legge, who is his cousin-german, and several other Turks. They prayed all together most devoutly and fervently, and bowed themselves down to the sofa on which they knelt, and seemed to kiss it, and could not have been more in earnest or more importunate had he been going to be put to the torture, or tied to the stake to be burnt, or subjected to the most dangerous operation. When the prayers were ended, he came and sat down beside me, on another part of the divan, apparently resigned to his fate. However, when I proceeded to handle the eye, and evert the eyelids, he stooped me to bargain that I should do his exactly as I had done the Christian's, that is, to make only three incisions in each eye; a circumstance which I was quite unconscious of: however, both the Capo Verde and his friends had caught it, and imagining that I certainly performed the operation in the best style to the Christian, or that some important secret lurked in the number three, requested that it should be performed in every respect the same; with all of which I promised to comply, and immediately proceeded to operate, while his friends returned to their prayers. One of his servants held a basin of water, and an old Christian woman, who acted as the family apothecary, superintended. When the operation was finished on one eye, his friends left their prayers, and came around him, and as it bled freely, they expressed their gratitude in pious ejaculations, which were emphatically reiterated at every bit of clotted blood that was taken out of the eye, and which Omar Effendi never suffered to be thrown away till he had taken it between his finger and thumb, squeezing and holding it up, protesting that it was diseased flesh, which the more knowing ones were not willing to allow; adding that his eye would now get well, for the disease was cut away, that he felt the eye move easier and better already; to which all his friends answered, 'ushalla or ishalla,' a word which the followers of Mahomet pronounce with more devotional fervour than any word that I ever heard pronounced by any people in any language, and which is equivalent to 'God grant,' or 'may it please God;' a prayer in which all joined, for the man is a good man, and much esteemed and beloved. Having finished the operation on one eye, I proceeded to the other, being reminded of my promise to stick to the number three, and his friends returned to their prayers, which they left as before on my withdrawing the lancet, to comfort their friend, and to join him in pious sentences of congratulation which they utter with much feeling and solemnity." This simple operation, which might easily have been performed in three minutes, what with explaining, praying, palavering, smoking tobacco, and drinking coffee, occupied at least four hours.

Chinese Friendship.—An officer in Irkutsk having bought something of a Chinese in Kiachta, called him his friend several times, and at parting invited him to visit at his house if ever he came to his country. Several months after, the Chinese arrived at Irkutsk, and took up his abode with his friend the officer. He remained there seven days, and when he went away took all that pleased him, furniture, paintings, clocks, &c. saying, "Adieu, friend." Not long after the Russian had need of 3000 roubles. As he could not well raise the money at Irkutsk, he travelled to Kiachta, went to the Chinese, and begged him to lend him 3000 roubles. "Lend! lend! and good friend!" murmured the Chinese: "go to my desk, and take as much as you want; but if you say any thing about lending, and repaying, our friendship is at an end." The Russian took the sum he wanted, and as he was going away the Chinese shook him heartily by the hand, and cried "Adieu, my dear dear friend!"

In "Whimsies; or New Cast of Characters" (1631), the anonymous author in his description of a good and hospitable housekeeper, has left the following picture of Christmas festivities:—

"Suppose Christmas now approaching, the evergreen ivie trimming the portals and parlours of so frequented a building; the usual carols to observe antiquitie, cheerefully sounding, and that which is the complement of his inferior comforts, his neighbours, whom he tenders as members of his own familie, joyne him in his consort of mirth and melody."

The customs formerly observed at this season of the year were numerous, and were several of them kept up with a considerable degree of romantic parade and splendour. Some of these are retained at the present day, and some are disused. We shall give an account of the principal, which may be compriz'd under the heads—Christmas Carols; Celebration of Christmas Eve; Decking of Houses, &c. with Evergreens; Christmas Sports; the Yule Dough; Plum Puddings and other cheer, and Christmas Boxes.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—Bishop Taylor observes, that the "Gloria in Excelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds, at our Lord's nativity, was the ancient Christmas Carol. The word is said to be derived from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy. Several specimens are preserved of the early Christmas Carols, but they are chiefly interesting from their age. Mr. Douce has translated one which has some poetical merit, most of the others in point, are little better than the compositions sung about the streets in modern times.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—Next to the preparatory announcement of the joyous season, by the sort of song just described, followed the celebration of Christmas Eve; thus pleasingly described by a modern poet:—

"Thy welcome eve, lov'd Christmas, now arriv'd,
The parish bells their tuneful peal resound,
And mirth and gladness every breast pervade:
The ponderous ashen faggot, from the yard,
The jolly farmer to his crowded hall
Conveys with speed; where on the rising flames
(Already fed with store of massy brands)
It blazes soon!"

Christmas day, in the primitive church, was always observed as the Sabbath day, and was, like that, preceded by an eve, or vigil. Hence our present custom of keeping Christmas eve. On the night of this eve, our ancestors were wont to light up candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas candles, and lay a large log of wood upon the fire, called a yule clog, or Christmas block, to illuminate the house, and as it were, turn night into day. So Poor Robin, in his Almanack for 1677, speaking of the beginning of December, says—

"Now blocks to cleave,—this time requires,
'Gainst Christmas, for—to make good fires."

The ancient method of spending the Christmas day, is thus curiously described in the scarce tract, entitled "Round about our Coal Fire at Christmas," &c.

"An English gentleman at the opening of Christmas day on the morning had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by day-break. The strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The Hackin (a great sausage) must be boiled by day-break, or else two young men must take the maiden (i. e. the cook) by the arms, and run her round the market-place, till she is ashamed of her laziness." At dinner, and during the holydays, the tables were all spread from the first to the last; the sirloin of beef, the minced pies, the plum porridge, were severally brought upon the board, every one ate heartily and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, "'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all."

The **YULE DOUGH**, or Dow, a part of these festivities, was a kind of infant or little image of paste, which our bakers used formerly to bake at this season, and present to their customers, in the same manner as the chandlers give Christmas candles. This figure, it appears, was intended to represent the child Jesus, and a something like it is said to be still customary in Yorkshire, where what is called "the vessel-cup singers" (generally poor old women), about three weeks before Christmas, go from house to house with a waxen or woollen doll, fantastically dressed, and sometimes adorned with an orange or a fine rosy-tinged apple, with which in their hands they sing or chaunt an old local carol. This vessel-cup is most probably the remains of the "wassail bowl," which anciently formed another part of the festivities of this season of the year. The

PLUM PUDDING, that great article of modern feasting,

"A mixture strange of currants, suet, meat,
Where various tastes combine, the greasy and the sweet,"
is not mentioned amongst the other cheer enumerated in the preceding quotation, though it was certainly as old as 1676. *Poor Robin*, in that year, speaking of Christmas as a time when good eating did so abound, that it seemed as if "all the world were made of minced pies, Plum Puddings, and fummety."*

EVERGREENS.—The decking of houses, churches, &c., with evergreens, was a very ancient custom, and to the delight of those who do not like entirely to forget old times, is still in a great measure retained. This appears, like several other Christmas observances, to have been copied by the Christians from their Pagan ancestors. Formerly this practice, at this time, was universal. Stowe, in his Survey, tells us, "that against the feast of Christmas, every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme, ivy, bayes, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded green. And the conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished." The laurel, a conspicuous object in modern collections of these plants, was used by the Romans, as the emblems of peace, joy, and victory.

* Fummety, from 'fumentum,' wheat. It is made of creed wheat, or wheat, which after being beaten for some time with a wooden mallet, is then boiled and eaten with milk, sugar, nutmeg, &c.

and victory. In the Christian sense, it may be applied to the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the coming of CHRIST. The misletoe was a plant held sacred by the Druids, and suspended from the ceiling of the apartment where the pleasures of the evening are to take place, still gives rise to a number of frolicksome gambols in the country.

SPORTS AND GAMES.—Our ancestors, among other amusements at this period, had what they called "disguisings," consisting of *mummings*, the "Lord of Misrule," the *Fool Plough*, and *Sword Dance*, &c. Of these, the mumblings were sometimes very splendid. This custom consisted in the changing of clothes between men and women, who, when dressed in each other's habits, went from one neighbour's house to another, partaking of Christmas cheer, and making merry with them in their disguise; but, on particular occasions, varied, and was formed into a sort of characteristic procession or drama. Stowe has preserved an account of a remarkable mumming made in 1377 by the citizens of London, "for the disport of the young Prince Richard, son to Edward the Black Prince," who then resided at the Palace at Kensington. The dresses, &c., in this, were particularly grand. And the like, he informs us, took place in compliment to King Henry the Fourth, in the second year of his reign, whilst residing at Eltham Palace; "when twelve Aldermen of London and their sonnes, rode a mumming, and had great thanks." Before this, in the year 1348, there was also a splendid ceremonial of this kind, when, according to Andrews, in his *History of Great Britain*, "eight tunics of buckram, forty-two visors, and a great variety of other whimsical articles of dress, were provided for the disguisings at court, at the feast of Christmas."

The revel master, called the Lord of Misrule, was a sort of officer appointed on occasion of some of the great Christmas festivities; to keep order during the celebration of the different sports and pastimes which took place. The Universities, and in London the principal Inns of Court, were the most expensive in the preparations and pageantry attending this kind of mock solemnity, which the reader, if he has patience to read about such sort of foolery, will find

prolixly detailed in Dugdale's "*Origines Juridicales*." The custom, however, was not confined to these places; for Stowe tells us there was, at the feast of Christmas in the King's house, wheresoever he lodged, a "Lord of Misrule," or master of merry disports, "and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour and good worship, were he spiritual or temporal." The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs had their several Lords of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to delight the beholders. These Lords, beginning their rule at Allhallowtide Eve, and continuing the same till the morrow after the Purification, commonly called Candlemas-day, in which space there were generally fine and subtil disguisings, masks, and mummeries; with playing at cards for counters, nayles, and pointes, in every house. "More," he adds, "to the shame of modern times, 'for pastime than gaine.'" The name only of the Lord of Misrule is now remembered. The Lords of Misrule were first preached against at Cambridge, by the Puritans, in the reign of James I., as an appointment unbecoming the gravity of the University; and in Scotland these personages, there called in derision the "Abbot of Unreason," were thought worthy to be suppressed by the Legislature as early as 1555.

The foot and plough dance was a custom used about this time in the north of England, and still in part kept up. It consisted of a sort of pageant in which were a number of sword dancers dragging a plough; and one, sometimes two, in strange attire. What was called "*the Bessie*," in the grotesque habit of an old woman, and the "*fool*," almost covered with skin, a hairy cap on, and the tail of some animal hanging from his back, acted as a sort of clown; and one of them went about rattling a box amongst the spectators of the dance, in which he received their little donations.

Christmas boxes, which were formerly a matter of hountry, have in late times been almost demanded as a matter of right. The tax on tradesmen, in particular, says the author of the *Connoisseur*, gave him a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the master and mistress to lower their wages on account of the vails. Gay, in his *Tristram*, mentions the Christmas box—

"Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round a Christmas box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year."

Parliament, in 1652, by order, enjoined "That no observation shall be had of the five and twentieth day of December, commonly called Christmas day, nor a iv solemnity used or exercised in churches in respect thereof." We live now in more liberal times.

A few years ago two resurrectionists entered the churchyard of —, and were about to commence work, when one of them expressed some fears about the horse and cart, and the other expressed his regret that they had no one to stand by the horse. A chilling fear struck upon them, when an elfin groom rose, apparently from the dead, and skipping across a grave, exclaimed, "Oo, I'll haud the horse, lads!"—another stride, which terror greatly lengthened, raised him upon a new turfed grave, affording an increased stature:—terror seized the despoilers, and, like maniacs, they flew they knew not whither. The urchin goblin was no other than a mischievous youngster, who to save himself from a merited drubbing, had fled from home, and taken up his quarters for the night under one of the tomb-stones, and whence he was tempted to move only by the expectation of his expected guerdon for holding the horse. He now marched homeward with an excellent horse and cart, which, of course, were never claimed. These were sold for the benefit of the youth, and by the proceeds he was educated and put to business in Edinburgh, where, we understand, he at this moment is. For this reason we abstain from giving the names more particularly.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

New Year's Eve, as well as New Year's Day, was anciently celebrated with various observances. One of the most popular of these was, the custom called *wassail*, which is still retained in several parts of the country; on this occasion young women go about with a wassail bowl of spiced ale, with some sort of verses, which are sung by them as they proceed from door to door. This term wassail is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *Vas hal*, be in health, and is well illustrated in the story told of Vortigern and Rowena, which being well known to all readers of English history, need not be here repeated. The wassail bowl, according to Wharton, was Shakspeare's "Gossip's bowl" in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The composition was ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples. It was also called "lamb's wool." Was-haile and drinc-heil are said to have been the usual ancient phrases of quaffing among the English, and were synonymous with the "Come, here's to you," and "I'll pledge you," of the present day.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (May, 1784), tells us, "the drinking of the wassail bowl or cup, was, in all probability, owing to the keeping of Christmas by our ancestors, in the same manner they had before the feast of Yule. There was nothing the Northern nations," says he, "so much delighted in as carousing ale, especially at this season of the year, when fighting was over. It was likewise the custom at all their feasts, for the master of the house to fill a large bowl or pitcher, and drink out of it first himself, and then give it to him that sat next, and so it went round. One custom more should be remembered, and that is, that it was usual some years ago, in Christmas time, for the poorer people to go from door to door with a wassail cup, adorned with ribbon, and a golden apple at the top, singing and begging money for it, the original of which was, that they might procure 'lamb's wool' to fill it, and regale themselves as well as the rich."

Milner, in a dissertation on an ancient cup, supposed to be a wassail cup, inserted in the eleventh volume of the *Archæologia*, informs us, that the introduction of Christianity amongst our ancestors, did not at all contribute to the abolition of the practice of wasselling. On the contrary, it began to assume a sort of religious aspect; and the wassail-bowl itself, which in great monasteries was placed on the Abbot's table, at the upper end of the refectory or eating-hall, to be circulated amongst the community at his discretion, received the honourable appellation of "Poculum Charitatis." This, in our Universities, is called the Grace Cup.

A song, called the "Wasseller's Song," from the information of the late Mr. Lysons, is still sung on New Year's Eve, in Gloucestershire. The wassellers bring with them, that the *Gentleman* tells us, a great bowl, dressed up with garlands and ribbons, the first verse of which is—

"Wassail, wassail! all over the town,
Our toast is white, our ale is brown;
Our bowl is made of a maplin tree,
We be good fellows all,—I drink to thee."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—"As the vulgar," observes Bourne, "are always careful to end the old year well, so are they no less solicitous of making a good beginning of the new one. The old one is ended with a hearty comotation; the new one is opened with the custom of sending presents, which are termed new year's gifts, to friends and acquaintance." He resolves both customs into superstitions, as being observed in order that the succeeding year may be prosperous and successful. Among other customs, feasting is not forgotten on this day.

"Froze January, leader of the year,
Mince pies in van, and calf's head in the rear *."

Bishop Stillingfleet notices that, among the Saxons of the northern nations, the feast of the new year was kept up with more than ordinary jollity; whence they reckoned their age by so many *Iolas* (a word in the Gothic language signifying merry-makings); and a certain northern writer describes this kind of feast just as Buchanan describes the British Saturnalia, by feasting or sending presents and new year's gifts to one another; a custom derived to the Christian world from Gentilism. The superstition condemned in this by the ancient fathers, lay in the idea of these gifts being considered as omens of success for the ensuing year. In this sense also, and in this sense alone, could have commenced the benevolent compliment of wishing each other a happy new year. The latter has been adopted by the modern Jews, who, on the first day of the month Tisri, have a splendid entertainment, and wish each other a happy new year.

In Westmorland and Cumberland, as stated by another correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791, early in the morning on the 1st of January, the Foxes Populi assembled together, carrying stangs and baskets. Any inhabitant, stranger, or whosoever joins not this ruffian tribe, in sacrificing to their favourite saint-day, if unfortunate enough to be met by any of the band, is immediately mounted across the stang (if a woman, she is basketted), and carried, shoulder height, to the nearest public house, where the payment of sixpence immediately liberates the prisoner.—None, though ever so industriously inclined, are permitted to follow their respective avocations on that day." At Rome, on the contrary, it is said to have been a custom on New Year's Day for all tradesmen to work a little in their business by way of omen; or for luck's sake, as we say, that they might have constant business all the year after.—Massy, in a note on Ovid's *Fasti*, who translates the passage in his author thus:—

"With business is the year auspiciously began;
But every artist, soon as he has try'd
To work a little, lays his work aside."

The scarce hook called the "Popish Kingdom," &c. (1570) has the following lines relating to New Year's Day: "The next to this is New Year's Day, when on to every frende They costly presents bring, and New Year's Gifts do sende, A good beginning of the yeare they wishe and wishe again According to the ancient guise of heathen people valne."

* Alluding to an annual insult offered, on the 30th of January, to the memory of the unfortunate Charles I.

In the *Monthly Miscellany*, for December, 1692, there is an essay on New Year's Gifts, which states, that the ancient Romans were "great observers of the custom of New Year's Gifts, even when their year consisted only of ten months of thirty six days each, and began in March; also when January and February were added by Numa to the ten others, the calends or first of January, were the time at which they made presents; and even Romulus and Tatius, made an order that every year vervine should be offered to them, with other gifts, as tokens of good fortune for the new year. Tacitus makes mention of an order of Tiberius, forbidding the giving or demanding of New Year's Gifts, unless it were on the calends of January; at which time, as well the Senators as Knights and other great men, brought gifts to the Emperor, and in his absence to the capitol. The ancient Druids, with great ceremonies, used to scrape off from the outsides of oaks the misliden, which they consecrated to their great Tutates, and then distributed it through Gaul, on account of the great virtues which they attributed to it; from whence New Year's Gifts are still called in some parts of France *Gry an-neuf*. Our English nobility, every new year's tide, still send to the King a purse with gold in it. Reason may be joined to custom, to justify the practice; for as the presages are drawn from the first things that we meet at the beginning of a day, week, or year, none can be more pleasing than of those things that are given us. We rejoice with our friends after having escaped the dangers that attend every year; and congratulate each other for the future, by presents and wishes for the happy continuance of that course, which the ancients called *Strenarum Commercium*. And as formerly men used to renew their hospitalities by presents called *Xenia*, a name proper enough our New-year's gifts, they may be said to serve to renew friendship, which is one of the greatest gifts imparted by Heaven to men; and they who have always assigned some day to those things which they thought good, have also thought it proper to solemnize the festival of gifts, and to show how much they esteemed it, in token of happiness, made it begin the year. The value of the thing given, or if it is not a thing of worth, its novelty, or the excellency of the work, and the place where it is given, makes it the more acceptable; but, above all, the time of giving it makes some presents pass for a mark of civility on the beginning of the year, that would appear unsuitable in another season."

The night of New Year's-day, in some parts of Scotland, is a night of special observance. In Sir John Sinclair's statistical account of that kingdom, the Minister of Kirmichael, in the county of Banff, under the head of Superstitions, &c., tells us—"On the 1st night of January, they observe with anxious attention the disposition of the atmosphere; and as it is calm or boisterous, as the wind blows from the South or the North, from the East or the West, they call *daru-coille*, the night of the foundation of the trees; and from this circumstance has been derived the name of that night in the Gaelic language. Their faith in the above sign is couched in verses (thus translated): The wind of the south will be productive of heat and fertility; the wind of the west of milk and fish; the wind of the north of cold and storm; and the wind from the east of fruit on the trees. In England also we had antiently our superstition on this night. In the Dialogue of "Dives and Pauper," printed by Pinson (1493) the following are mentioned amongst others:—"Alle that take hede to dysmale dayes, or use nyce observaunces in the newe morne, or in the *newe yeare*, as setting of mete or drynke by nyght on the benche, to fede Alholdo or Gobelyn."

Upon the Circumcision, or New Year's Day, the early Christians ran about masked, in imitation of the superstition of the Gentiles. Against this practice St. Maximus, &c. declaimed; whence in some of the very early missals, we find written in the mass for this day, "*Missa ad prohibendum ab Idolis*."

A writer in the *Quotidienne* of Saturday last, in a review of a work on the Stage, gives the following anecdote of Garrick, for the truth of which he says, wisely enough, that he "will not answer,"—"A young lady felt a violent passion for a Frenchman whom she saw in London, without being acquainted with him. He was just about to quit the banks of the Thames, ignorant, no doubt, that he was leaving one behind who was to be the victim of his absence. The British *Dido*, threatened with this cruel departure, and wishing not entirely to lose the object of her adoration, pointed out the handsome Frenchman to Garrick in a public place, begging him to preserve a remembrance of his features. Garrick, who probably at once perceived in this the wish of a lover, made himself so completely master of the countenance of the young stranger, that he was soon able to console his too sensitive countrywoman, by presenting a portrait of the Frenchman, which a painter had been able to render a striking likeness from the wonderful imitation of Garrick. This little story, for the truth of which I do not answer, does not appear surprising, when we read in the memoirs of Garrick his adventure at Versailles, where in the midst of the Court, when he had seen Louis XV. only once, he represented the majestic features of the King with such perfection, that every one exclaimed "Vive le Roi! Vive Louis XV.!"

A gentleman in Glasgow has in his possession a ladle for a punch-bowl, made of the wood of the celebrated yew of Crookstone. One evening, Campbell the Poet was with him at a merry-making, when the landlord requested a couplet to engrave upon this wooden minister of their festivities. The Bard immediately complied, and wrote down the following extemporaneous lines, which now adorn the ladle of yew:—

Near ancient Crookstone's stately tower,
For many a year I stood;
My shade was oft the hallowed bower,
Where Scotland's Queen was wooed.

Glasgow Chronicle.

This day, which is well known to be called the Twelfth, from its being the twelfth in number from the Nativity, is denominated also the Feast of the Epiphany, from a Greek word signifying *manifestation*, from our Lord's having been on that day made manifest to the Gentiles. This, as Bourne observes, is one of the greatest of the twelve, and of more jovial observation for the visiting of friends and Christmas gambols.

A passage in Collier's Ecclesiastical History, seems to account in a satisfactory manner for the name of Twelfth Day.—“In the days of Alfred a law was made with relation to holydays, by which the twelve days after the Nativity of OUR SAVIOUR were made festivals;” and from Bishop Hall (Virgidemarum. Lond. 1598), the whole twelve days appear to have been dedicated to feasting and jollity:—

“Except the twelve days, or the wake day feast,
What time he needs must be his cosen's guest.”

The customs of this day are various in different countries, yet agree in the same end—that is, to do honour to the Eastern Magi, who are supposed to have been of Royal dignity, and are in old writings called “The Three Kings of Colen.” Of these, according to tradition, the first was named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, who offered gold: the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense: the third, Balthasar, a black or moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh, according to this distich:—

“Tres Reges Regi Regum tria dona ferebant;
Myrrham Homini, uncto aurum, thura dedere Deo.”

The practice of choosing King and Queen, which is of immemorial antiquity, is, no doubt, to be traced to this tradition, and prevails, in some sort of fashion, all over Christendom. In France, before the late extinction of monarchy, it was a custom on this day, among other ceremonies used at Court, to choose one of the courtiers King, while the rest of the Nobles attended, and the day concluded with a grand entertainment; and nearly similar rites were observed in Germany in the cities and academies, where the citizens and students chose one of their own number for King, providing a most magnificent banquet on the occasion.

The manner of chusing King and Queen formerly, was not, as now, by tickets, but by a bean, or piece of coin placed in the cake, and which, according to the share it was found in when it came to be divided, gave to the person the mock dignity of Sovereign during the entertainment. This was a common Christmas gambol in both our Universities, as well as generally in other societies and companies in different parts of Europe in keeping this festival; and *beans for Twelfth Day*, “Gastel a feve or-rois crier,” are mentioned among the cries of Paris, in a poem printed as early as the thirteenth century, which shows both the antiquity and commonness of the custom. And it is said that when the King of Spain told the Count Olivarez, that John Duke of Braganza had obtained the kingdom of Portugal, he slighted it, saying that he was but *Rey de havas*, a bean-cake King (a King made by children on Twelfth night.)

In England the bean appears to have made part of the ceremony in choosing King and Queen, until a comparatively late period. Thus in Ben Johnson's Masque of Christmass, the character of Baby Cake, is attended by “an usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease.” And in Pinkerton's Scottish Poems, in a curious letter to Lord Leicester, dated Edinburgh, 1563, mention is made that “Lady Flemmyng was chosen Queene of the Beane on Twelfth night.”

In the ancient Calender of the Romish Church, is an observation on the 5th of January, the vigil or eve of the Epiphany. “Kings created or elected by beans.” The next day (the sixth) is called “the Festival of Kings,” with this additional remark that “this ceremony of electing Kings was continued for several days.” There was a custom similar to this on the festive days of Saturn, among the Romans, Grecians, &c. Persons of the same rank drew lots for kingdoms, and like Kings exercised their temporary authority.

In the south of England the general custom in choosing King and Queen now is—after a tea-cake is produced, and two bowls containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes, the host fills up the tickets, and the whole company, after the King and Queen are elected, are to be ministers of state, maids of honour, ladies of the bed-chamber, &c. Often the host and hostess, more by design perhaps than by accident, become King and Queen. According to Twelfth Day law, each party is to support his character until midnight.

It appears that the Twelfth Cake was made formerly full of plums, and with a bean and pea. The former, whoever got, was to be King; and whoever found the latter was to be Queen; as we find from the following lines of an old country song called “Twelfth Night, or chusing King and Queene.”

“Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the King of the sport here;
Beside we must know
That the Pea also,
Must revel as Queene of the Court here.”

And again—

“Of Twelfth-tide cakes, of Pease and Beanes
Wherewith ye make these merry sceanes,
When as you chuse you King and Queen,
And cry out ‘Hey for our Town Green.’”

A different species of cake, however, seems sometimes to have been made in some countries, the materials of which, in a foreign work dated 1620, are described to have been flour, honey, ginger, and pepper. “One,” its author says, “is made for every family. The maker throws in, at random, a small coin while she is kneading it. When it is baked, it is divided into as many parts as there are persons in the family, and in distributing it, each person has his share. Portions of it are also distributed to CHRIST, the Virgin, and the Three Magi, which are given away in alms. Whoever finds the piece of coin in his share, is saluted by all as King, and

being placed on a seat or throne, is thrice lifted aloft with joyful acclamations. He holds a piece of chalk in his right hand, and each time he is lifted up, he make a cross on the ceiling. These crosses are thought to prevent many evils, and are much revered.” And in Ireland, an article in the Universal Magazine for 1774 tells us, “on Twelve Eve in Christmas, they are accustomed to set up as high as they can a sieve of oats, and in it a dozen of candles set round, besides one in the centre much larger, all lighted. This is done in memory of our SAVIOUR and his Apostles—lights of the world.”

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1764, thinks the practice of chusing King and Queen of Twelfth Nights owes its origin to the custom among the Romans, which they took from the Grecians, of casting dice who should be the *Rex Convivii*—or, as Horace calls him, *Arbiter Bibendi*. Whoever threw the lucky cast, which they termed *Venus* or *Basilicus*, gave law for the night. In the same manner, says he, the lucky clown, who, out of the several divisions of a plum-cake, draws the King, thereby becomes sovereign of the company; and the poor clodpole to whose lot the knave falls, is as unfortunate as the Roman, whose hard lot it was to throw the *damnosum canieulum*.”

In Gloucestershire, on Twelfth Day, there is a custom of having twelve small fires made, and one large one, in many parishes in that county, in honour of this day. And in the South-hams of Devonshire, on the eve of the Epiphany, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cider, goes into the orchard, and there encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three times:—

“Here's to thee, old apple tree,
Whence thou may'st bud, and whence thou may'st blow!
And whence thou may'st bear apples enow!
Hats full! caps full!
Bushel, bushel—sacks full,
And my pockets too full, Huzza!”

Other ceremonies follow; and some superstitiously believe if this custom be neglected, they will have no apples the next year. Other counties have also their different customs.

It may seem rather to belong to religion than popular custom, to mention (on the authority of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731), that at the Chapel Royal, at Saint James's, on Twelfth Day, that year, “The King and Prince made their offerings at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to custom. At night their Majesties, &c. played at hazard, for the benefit of the groom porter.”

A correspondent in *Road's Weekly Journal*, for the same year (supposed to be a country gentleman), speaking of the then manner of celebrating Twelfth Day, in London, which he had been taken to see, says “all the trades in town seemed to be suspended for a while, and to yield to that single one of the pastry cooks; and no other manufactories were thought of but those of grocery and confectionery wares, that were taken up in the incredible number of cakes prepared for this night's revel. The pomp and pageantry with which the several pastry-cook's shops were set out, the fancy, richness, and number of their flags and streamers, and the contention which appeared in every one to outdo his neighbour in splendour and delicacy, were pleasingly remarkable, and failed not of attracting the eyes of successive crowds of admirers.”

SIR—The following Account of the Origin of Twelfth Day may be amusing. Epiphany, the Feast of Kings, is a double festival of the first rank, solemnized on the 6th of January, commonly called “Twelfth Day,” in honour of the appearance of JESUS CHRIST to the three Kings, or Magi, who came to adore, and bring him presents. Epiphany, in the original Greek, signifies appearance, or apparition, and was applied to the host on account of the star which appeared to the Magi. Many Christians spend the evening of this day in a manner very different from the original design of the festival. The rites vary in different places, but the design of them all is much the same, which is, to do honour to the eastern sages, who are supposed to have been kings. The manner of drawing king and queen on this day, given by Mr. Brand, in a letter in the *Universal Magazine* for 1774, is as follows:—“I went to a friend's house in the country to partake of some of those innocent pleasures that constitute a merry Christmas. I did not return till I had been present at drawing king and queen, and eaten a slice of the twelfth cake made by the hands of my good friend's consort. After tea a noble cake was produced, and two bowls containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. Our host filled up the tickets, for the whole company, except the king and queen, were to be ministers of state, maids of honour, &c. Our kind host and hostess became king and queen, according to Twelfth Day law, each party is to support their character till midnight. After supper one called a king's speech, &c. All the rest is political satire.” It is remarkable that Shakspeare should have named one of his plays *Twelfth Night*, to which period it has no kind of reference in any thing but its name.—

The longest law-suit which ever took place in England, or, indeed, in any part of the world, arose in a litigated question respecting certain possessions near Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester, between the heirs of Thomas Talbot, Viscount Lisle, on the one part, and the heirs of Lord Berkeley on the other. The suit was instituted towards the end of the reign of Edward IV. and was still pending in the reign of James I. at which time a compromise took place between the parties—thus embracing a period of 120 years!!

A gentleman, the other day, settled his yearly grog-bill at a certain public-house, in Scarborough, which was for *fifteen hundred glasses of rum and water!* This gentleman is near sixty years of age, in excellent health, and is not ashamed to own, that during the last seven years, he has enjoyed his glass and the society of his friends with as much pleasure

SIR,—The following account of *New Year's Day* may be amusing:—This day has been held very different in different nations, and yet in all ages it has been held in great veneration. Among the Romans the first and last days of the year were consecrated to Janus—on which account it was that they represented him with two faces. To them we owe the ceremony of wishing a *happy new year*, which is very ancient. Lucian says it is a very ancient custom, and refers it to Numa. In Russia, at the new year, is held a feast of the dead, called Raditzli Sabol, on occasion of which every body visits the grave of his relations, lays some victuals upon it, and then hears Mass, in payment for which the Priests get the victuals. In England, the ushering in of the new year, or “*New Year's Tide*,” with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was a custom observed, during the 16th century, with great regularity and parade, and was as cordially celebrated in the Court of the Prince as in the cottage of the peasant. On the first day of the new year, presents, called new year's gifts, were given and received with the mutual expression of good wishes, and that of “a happy new year.” The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song, but more generally, especially in the north of England and in Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and hailed you with the gratulations of the season. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, the chief officers of the State, &c. gave New Year's gifts to her Majesty. The Queen, though she made returns in plate and other articles, took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favour. The French year, during the reigns of the Merovingian race, began on the day on which the troops were reviewed, which was the 1st March. Under the Carolingians it began on Christmas day, and under the Caputians, on Easter days. Charles IX. appointed, in 1564, that it should commence in future on the 1st January. The Mahometans begin the year the minute in which the sun enters Aries. The Persians in the month answering to our June. The Chinese and most of the Indians with the first moon in March. The Brachmins with the new moon in April. The Mexicans on our 23d February; it consists of 18 months, having 20 days each, which make 360, the remaining five days are spent in mirth, and no business is suffered to be done, nor even any service in the temple. The Abyssinians on the 26th August, and have likewise six days at the end, which they call pagomen. The Greeks on the 1st September.

It has been said that more French soldiers fell, in Spain, by poison and private assassination (if that term can apply to killing an invader) than in the field; it would appear, however, that this poisoning in some cases was unintentional:—“It happened at this time” says Southey, “that several French soldiers, after drinking wine in the public houses at Madrid, died; some almost immediately, others after a short illness, under unequivocal symptoms of poison. Baron Larrey, who was at the head of the medical staff, acted with great prudence on this occasion. He sent for wines from different ventas, analysed it, and detected narcotic ingredients in all; and he ascertained upon full inquiry, that these substances, of which laurel water was one, were as commonly used to flavour and strengthen the Spanish wines, as litharge is to correct acidity in the lighter wines of France. The natives were accustomed to it from their youth; they frequently mixed their wine with the water, and moreover the practice of smoking over their liquor tended to counteract its narcotic effects by stimulating the stomach and the intestines; it was, therefore, not surprising that they could drink it with safety, though it proved fatal to a few strangers. M. Larrey, therefore, justly concluded, that there had been no intention of poisoning the French; if such a suspicion had been intimated, execrated as they knew themselves to be, the troops would readily have believed it; and a bloodier massacre than that of the 2d of May must have ensued.”—*Southey's Peninsular War*.

Extracted from a publication of Mr. Davies Gilbert, M. P. for Bodmin, who has taken the pains to collect these pleasing "specimens of times now passed away, and of religious feelings superseded by others of a different cast."

"These carols or Christmas songs were chanted to the tunes accompanying them, in churches on Christmas-day, and in private houses on Christmas-eve, throughout the West of England, up to the latter part of the late century."

"The editor is anxious also to preserve them on account of the delight they afforded him in his childhood; when the festivities of Christmas-eve were anticipated by many days of preparation, and prolonged through several weeks by repetitions and remembrances."

"Christmas-day, like every other great festival, has prefixed to it in the calendar a Vigil or Fast; and in Catholic countries mass is still celebrated at midnight after Christmas-eve, when austerities cease, and rejoicings of all kinds succeed. Shadows of these customs were, till very lately, preserved in the Protestant West of England. The day of Christmas-eve was passed in an ordinary manner; but at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cider or beer exhilarated the spirits in every house; and the singing of carols was continued late into the night. On Christmas-day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining: and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners."

"None of the sports or gambols, so frequently practised on subsequent days, ever mixed themselves with the religious observances of Christmas-eve. Two of the sports most used in Cornwall were, the one a metrical play, exhibiting the successful prowess of Saint George exerted against a Mahometan adversary; the other, a less dignified representation of some transactions at a market or fair."

"In the first, St. George enters accoutred with complete armour, and exclaims,

"Here come I Saint George,
That valiant champion bold,
And with my sword and spear,
I've won three crowns of gold."

"I slew the Dragon, he
And brought him to the slaughter,
By which I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt's daughter."

"The Pagan enters.

"Here come I the Turkish knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight,

"* * * * * bold,
And if your blood is hot,
I soon will make it cold."

"They fight, the Turkish Knight falls, and rising on one knee,

"Oh! pardon me, Saint George,
Oh! pardon me, I crave,
Oh! give me but my life,
And I will be thy slave."

"Saint George, however, again strikes him down; but, immediately relenting, calls out,

"Is there no Doctor to be found,
To cure a deep and deadly wound?"

"A Doctor enters, declaring that he has a small phial filled with the juice of some particular plant, capable of recalling any one to life; he tries, however, and fails: when Saint George kills him, enraged by his want of success. Soon after this the Turkish Knight appears perfectly well; and, having been fully convinced of his errors, by the strength of Saint George's arm, he becomes a Christian, and the scene closes."

"The fair or market usually followed, as a farce. Several persons arranged on benches were sometimes supposed to sell corn; and one applying to each seller in his turn inquired the price, using a set form of words, to be answered in a corresponding manner. If any error were committed, a grave personage was introduced with much ceremony, grotesquely attired, and provided with a large stick; who, after stipulating for some ludicrous reward, such as a gallon of moonlight, proceeded to shoe the untamed colt, by striking the person in error on the sole of the foot."

"For an ample account of various customs and ceremonies practised at Christmas in former periods, the reader is referred to Brand's 'Observations on Popular Antiquities,' edited by Henry Ellis, F.R.S. and secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, two vols. 4to; and to 'The Clavis Calendaria, by John Brady,' two vols. 8vo. In each of these works will be found a very curious dissertation on the word *yule*, the name of a Pagan festival, which has passed into most European languages, to denominate Christmas. The French *noel* is obviously derived from this word, and appears corrupted into 'Now Well,' when it forms a part of the chorus in the fourth carol; and perhaps indicates the whole to be a translation."

"Some ancient Christmas Carols, with the tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England. Collected by Davies Gilbert, Esq. F.R.S., F.A.S. &c. 8vo.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM "SPINSTER."—Among our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, bed, and table linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed Spinsters—an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

WOMAN.—The following curious compliment to the fair sex is extracted from an old play, entitled *Cupid's Whirligig*:—"Who would abuse your sex that knows it? O woman, were we not born of you—should we not then honour you? Nursed by you, and not regard you? Made for you, and not seek you? And since we were made before you, should we not live and admire you as the last and most perfect work of nature? Man was made when Nature was but an apprentice, but Woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art. By your love we live in double breath, even in our offspring after death. Are not all vices masculine, and virtues feminine? Are not the Muses the loves of the learned? Do not all noble spirits follow the Graces because they are women? There is but one phoenix, and she's a female. Was not the princess and foundress of good arts, Minerva, born of the brain of highest Jove, a woman? Has not woman the face of love, the tongue of persuasion, and the body of delight? O divine perfected woman, if to be of thy sex is so excellent, what is it then to be a woman enriched by nature, made excellent by education, noble by birth, chaste by virtue, adorned by beauty!—a fair woman, which is the ornament of heaven, the grace of earth, the joy of life, and the delight of all sense, even the very summum bonum of man's existence." This old play, written in 1607, and falsely ascribed to Shakespeare, is rarely met with, and is not likely to have fallen in the way of Burns: who, however, in one of his songs has hit upon the same idea, and almost the same words as we have marked in Italics, in the preceding passage. Burns says,

"Her prentice han' she' tried on man,

"And then she made the balance o' life."

[We have extracted the following anecdotes from a pleasant little book, with an odd title: it is called *Paramythia*. It is, we believe, the production of a very clever artist, who has spent the greater part of his life at St. Petersburg. The anecdotes appear to us to be, not only entertaining, but new: the latter is a very rare merit now-a-days, when any memorable fact travels round the world almost as quick as light.]

General—was one of the parvenus, lifted, by the French revolution, from obscurity—his father having held the situation of Swiss, or porter, to Louis XVI. When appointed by Buonaparte Ambassador to the Court of Russia, he was much in the habit of boasting, in society and at Court, of his estates and possessions in Languedoc, Champagne, &c. &c.; upon which a very witty and beautiful lady, the Countess Valerien Zooboff, said to him, with great naïveté, "*Languedoc, Champagne! mon cher General, et moi je vous croyais toujours Suisse.*"

Note.—The play upon the word *Suisse* is not to be rendered into English with all its point, but would run more feebly thus:—"Languedoc, Champagne! why, my dear General, I always thought you a Swiss!"—"The author begs to state, that, having submitted his manuscript to the confidential perusal of a friend, he was surprised to hear him say he had seen the foregoing scrap in some publication, or that he had heard it related: under such circumstances, the author can only repeat his conviction, that the whole of the scraps are, to the best of his belief, hitherto unpublished, and that if this anecdote has been in print, he trusts it will be found the only instance."

The Empress Catherine possessed great intrepidity and presence of mind. In the last effort made by Gustavus III. of Sweden, against her political ascendancy, by his invasion of Russian Finland, and in which, had he been as well seconded by those about him as by his own exertions, Petersburg, at least, might have been in jeopardy, she remained unconcerned, conversing with her usual affability with her courtiers at Tzarskoe Sello, a seat not more than sixteen miles from the capital; though she could distinctly hear the cannonading between the fleets of Russia and Sweden in the action that took place a little below Cronstadt.

She met, however, on another occasion, with a mortification from the same quarter, which she bore with much less firmness and equanimity. The late King, Gustavus Adolphus, was contracted to the eldest sister of the present Emperor Alexander, and very extraordinary preparations were made for the celebration of the nuptials. On the day the wedding was to take place, the Empress, who never lost sight of her policy, and little calculating on resistance from a youth so little experienced, contrived to annex some conditions (chiefly, I believe, on the score of religion), so very unpalatable to the Swede, that he refused to go to Court, though it was assembled for the occasion, and though repeated invitations were sent to him. A complete rupture was the consequence: and she experienced on this occasion so much vexation, that it was even thought to have affected her health—then rather declining.

I have, in one of the following scraps, said that the Emperor Paul was not completely master of himself: this trifling occurrence will further evince it. The late Mr. Frazer, of the King's-road, Chelsea, used, almost every summer, to bring out a large investment of curious plants, flowers, and shrubs, of which the present Dowager-Empress, Paul's consort, was a great amateur and purchaser. One year, he brought out, on speculation, one of the long slap-bang stage-coaches, to carry sixteen insiders; thinking they might be substituted for the very heavy lumbering calashes, then used for transporting the court-servants from the town palaces to those in the country, when they changed their dejour or service. The Emperor was apprised of the carriage being at the door, to which were harnessed six horses. He came down to see it, laughed at its appearance, and, seeing me loitering about, asked me, with another or two he selected, to take a ride in it. We were no sooner seated than, to my utter astonishment, up jumped the autocrat of all the Russias on the coach-box, with the coachman, and away we drove for several versts. When about to return, whether the Czar of Muscovy thought the carriage ridiculous, his own conduct somewhat so, or was sullen at having so far committed the imperial dignity, I know not; but he tapped at one of the little windows in the front where I sat, which, as the reader may suppose, I immediately opened, and on seeing me, he, half laughing, said, "*Savez vous, Mons. W., que si je voulois je pourrais vous cracher dans la figure.*"—"Do you know, Squire W., if I chose, I could spit in your face." The reply it deserved might have packed me off to Siberia, and therefore I pocketed the affront.

A Russian merchant, whose name at this moment I do not recollect (nor is it important), was extremely, even immensely, rich, yet lived in a small obscure room, with hardly any fire, furniture, or attendance, though his house was larger than many palaces; burying his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his great security in the possession of a tremendous large and fierce dog, who used to go round his premises barking every night: the dog (as most dogs will do) died one day. His master was inconsolable; but, remaining strict to his principle of economy, would not buy another, and actually performed the faithful creature's services himself, going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his deceased friend.

Note.—Such is occasionally the eccentricity of character, that I am correct in adding, this man either lent or subscribed a million of rubles to assist the Empress in the beginning of the Swedish war, or on some other great national emergency.

IRISH LAW.—The following extract from an affidavit read in the Court of Common Pleas in Dublin, is alike illustrative of the manner in which legal process is executed in the sister island, and of the precision with which legal instruments are drawn:—"And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he the said deponent knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss, at this deponent, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire, he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell,' which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

CURIOUS SUPERScription OF A LETTER.—In consequence of a wager, a letter was some years since put into a country post-office, arrived at the general post-office, and was delivered by the post-man. The direction, according to the terms of the wager, consisted of these lines from Pope:—

"Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name."

This letter came safe to Mr. Balaam, who was then a fishmonger

[From the *Retrospective Review*.]

Dr. Radcliffe was never married, and dying without children, he made the University of Oxford his principal heir. His friends observing the accumulation of his vast wealth, recommended marriage to him, and pointed out the daughter of a wealthy citizen. The Doctor had a most ungallant hatred of the whole sex, which, on this occasion, he however consented to overcome. Accordingly, his advances were made in due form, pecuniary arrangements nearly finished, and the marriage almost fixed, when the experienced eye of the Doctor made a discovery in his intended bride, which produced the following letter:—

"Sir,—The honour of being allied to so good and wealthy a person as Mr. S—d, has pushed me upon a discovery that may be fatal to your quiet, and your daughter's reputation, if not timely prevented. Mrs. Mary is a very deserving gentlewoman; but you must pardon me, if I by no means think she is fit to be my wife, since she is another man's already, or ought to be. In a word, she is no better and no worse than actually pregnant, which makes it necessary that she be disposed of to him that has the best claim to her affections. No doubt you have power enough over her to bring her to confession, which is by no means the part of a physician. As for my part, I shall wish you much joy of a new son-in-law, when known, for I am by no means qualified to be so near a kin. *Hanging and marrying*, I find, go by destiny, and I might have been guilty of the first had I not so narrowly escaped the last. My best services to your daughter, whom I can be of little use to as a physician, and of much less in the quality of a suitor. The daughter of so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. S—d can never want a husband, therefore the sooner you bestow her the better, that the young *Hans en Kelder* may be born in wedlock, and have the right of inheritance to so large a patrimony. You'll excuse me for being so very free with you; for though I cannot have the honour of being your son-in-law, I shall ever take pride in being among the number of your friends; who am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"JOHN RADCLIFFE."

The Doctor was, however, a favourite of the female sex, and not always the injured person. Among others, he attracted the notice of a lady of quality, whose individuality is now lost under the name of Lady Betty. She contrived to be out of order week after week, and at last fairly exhausted the patience of the Doctor at being sent for on so many trifling occasions. Whereupon he told her father, that it was his opinion that her ladyship stood more in need of a confessor than a physician, for he was convinced her mind was more disordered than her body. But it was in vain that the Doctor was dull and avoided his patient—he was, at last informed by means of the lady's maid, that he alone must be that confessor.

Hereupon he gave his attendance, to hear what she had to say, which made a discovery that struck him with amazement. How to answer her directly he knew not, for she had made a sort of ambiguous confession, which had only pointed out her great respects for a certain person without any name; he thereupon told her, "that her case was somewhat difficult, but he did not doubt to ease her of all her anxieties, on that account, in a month's time." Accordingly, the young lady formed an inconceivable joy to herself; but the Doctor immediately laid the whole affair before the Lord of —, her father, with a caution to him not to let the daughter know he was any wise apprised of it, since it was in his power to prevent her flinging herself away with a man much beneath her, by a speedy contract of marriage with some person of equal extraction: this advice was readily embraced and gratefully acknowledged, and the lady, who is now living, and one of the best of wives, was married to a nobleman, who had made pretensions to her for several months before this discovery, within the time limited, which at once absolved the Doctor of his promise, and showed his inviolable attachment to the reputation and interest of his friend and benefactor.

The inexorable doctor was made to suffer in his turn. In a visit which he paid to a young female patient, of great beauty, wealth, and rank, he was so smitten with her charms, as to make him stand in need of a physician himself. He altered his liveries, ordered a new coach, and disclosed his love. The ungrateful woman ridiculed his attachment, and made a good story of it to Sir Richard Steele. The consequence was, that our *Æsculapius* cuts a laughable figure in the forty-fourth number of the *Tatler*. Dr. Radcliffe consoled himself with his old friends and his old wine.

LORD N.'S GAME JOKE.—On being informed last autumn of the elopement of Mrs. M—, whose maiden name was W—, his Lordship said, "Then we must look out our fleecy-hosiery."—"Why so, my Lord?"—"Because," said his Lordship, "it is an unerring symptom of a sudden, long, and severe winter, to see, so early in the season, the *woodcocks* forsake the *moors*."

ATTEMPT AT THEORY.—Dr. Bardsley, of Manchester, in an Essay on Popular Sports, alludes to some very singular ones in Lancashire. It appeared in evidence, he says, in a case lately brought forward at the Manchester Sessions, "that two persons, upon some trifling dispute at a public-house, agreed to lock themselves up in a room with the Landlord, and fight it out according to the *Bolton method*. This contest lasted a long time, and was only terminated by the loss of the greatest part of the nose, and a part of an ear, belonging to one of the parties, which were actually bitten off by the other during the fight. The sufferer exhibited at the trial part of the ear so torn off; and when asked by the Counsel what had become of that part of his nose which was missing—he replied with perfect naïveté—"That he believed his antagonist had swallowed it!" "It has (adds the Doctor), happened to the Writer of these remarks to witness in more than one instance, the picking up in the streets lacerated portions of ears and fingers." The late Mr. Windham, who was a great theorist in his way, attributed the superior bravery of the people of Lancashire to their fondness for bull baiting. As, however, they held an equally distinguished place for acuteness, may not this be traced to this constant necessity, for persons being on the alert, and keeping a *sharp look out*, who may not choose that their noses, ears, or fingers should serve as a meal either for their friends or the pigs?

A REPARTEE.—While Napoleon was yet a subaltern in the army, a Russian officer with much self-sufficiency remarked, "that his country fought for glory, and the French for gain." "You are perfectly right," answered Napoleon, "for every one fights for that which he does not possess."

THE SLEEPERS OF THE HOUSE.—Sheridan, one evening, in the midst of a long debate in the House of Commons, took an opportunity, on perceiving a member rise who was remarkable for *prosing*, to retreat for the purpose of taking some refreshment. He remained absent for some time. On his return, he saw near him several members, who, having fallen into a nap, were reclining in very indulgent attitudes on the seats; one among them, remarkable for his corpulency, was *snoring* in an elevation of tone that at intervals might be very distinctly heard; when the dramatic wit, entering in a hurry, exclaimed in the words of Shakespeare,

"What's the business?"
"That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley?"

(From the *Traveller*.)

A Man warranted Sound, a good Feeder and Walker.—A trial allowed.

On Monday last a respectable auctioneer put up for sale at Garraway's coffee-house, according to the description in his particular of sale, a life interest of a gentleman, aged 52, arising from 400l. in the 4 per Cents. Bank of England; when a most ludicrous and novel scene took place. The auctioneer stated, by way of inducement to the persons assembled to bid for the property, that the person whose life interest he was about to offer for sale, "was as sound as a roach," and a good walker.

"I have," said he, "had him examined by a regular surgeon; and I have also got a letter from a person who has known him since he was 12 years old, to prove he has never had any serious illness, or a particular complaint; and also a surgeon's certificate that he is sound." He then produced a letter directed to him, to the following effect:—

"I have known Mr. W. this forty years, and I have never known him to have any serious illness, or a particular complaint."

"W—S—."

After this letter had been handed round the room, a surgeon's certificate was produced, of which the following is a copy, viz.—

"This is to certify, that I have minutely examined into the state of Mr. E. W.'s health, and find that he has not any (organic) disease. Dec. 2, 1822."

"R—R—."

"Member of the R. C. of Surgeons, London."

After this, it was remarked to the auctioneer that the certificates did not prove the gentleman a good goer, and that proof ought to be produced that he was, to which the auctioneer agreed, and sent for the gentleman, his employer, who soon arrived, when he was requested by the auctioneer to walk up and down the room, by way of trial, and prove that he was a good walker, which was directly complied with, and a walking scene took place once up and down the public sale-room, before all the persons assembled. After this, the auctioneer was asked if he would warrant him sound, which he agreed to do, or return the deposit; the biddings then commenced, and soon got up to 40l.; when the auctioneer, in order to obtain a higher price, stated there was nothing the matter with his employer but a little lame, of no consequence; that he was a very hearty eater; he had dined with him once, and he had never seen any one eat more; and again requested his employer, who was sitting down in the auction-room, to walk up and down once more, which he willingly did, which caused the lot to be knocked down for 65l., to the no small amusement of the company assembled, and who had witnessed this novel auction.

FRENCH OPINION ON ENGLISH MANNERS.—The gross ignorance displayed in the French newspapers with respect to the manners and character of Englishmen, and the nature of our constitution and laws, has been a subject of frequent remark. On the first renewal of the intercourse between the two countries after a long war, during which the French Government had used every possible means of misleading and deceiving the people, it was not astonishing to find the most absurd stories currently reported and implicitly believed. But even now the peculiarities of our national character seem to be as little understood as ever. Boxing and dog-fighting are to a Frenchman matters of endless wonderment; and in his admiration he believes, like Mathews' prisoner of war, that "everybody boxes in England." Thus a Paris paper lately asserted that many ladies of high rank witnessed the prodigious *rat-icide* of the dog Billy in the Westminster pit. Another gravely quoted *Life in London* as a picture of the mode of living in England.

ANTIQUARIANISM.—Vaillant, the great French medalist, fearing to fall a prey to an Algerine corsair in the Mediterranean, swallowed several medals he had found in Africa. He escaped, however, the fate he feared, and got safe to France, but was not a little incommoded with the medals he had swallowed, which would not pass like the waters of Scarborough. By the aid of a skilful physician, he was relieved from time to time, to the great joy of his learned brethren, who were for many days anxiously waiting the deliverance of an Otho, which was one of the last regained.

SMART REPLY.—Two friends meeting after an absence of some years, during which time the one had increased considerably in bulk, and the other still resembling only the "effigy of a man," says the stout gentleman—"Why, Dick, you look as if you have not had a dinner since I saw you last."—"And you," replied the other, "look as if you had been at dinner ever since."

PAGING A SERMON.—Mr. — being lately on a visit in a certain country village, was told by his friend, who knew that he was a great admirer of sermons, that he would have a rich treat on Sunday, as their rector was allowed by all to be an excellent preacher. Mr. — attended, and sat close to the pulpit. The Reverend Gentleman had not held forth many minutes, before Mr. — began to page him at intervals, as thus—"Barrow"—"South"—"Clarke"—"Tillotson"—"Blair"—and so on, which he did in so audible a tone, that the clergyman, nettled at these comments, at length leant over, and, in an under tone, observed "You are a very impertinent fellow."—"That's your own!" said Mr. —.

SINGULAR CUSTOM AT HALLATON.—The town of Hallaton, Leicestershire, is distinguished by a singular and ludicrous ancient custom. A piece of land was bequeathed to the use and advantage of the rector for providing "two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two dozen penny loaves, to be scrambled for on Easter Monday annually." The land, before the enclosure took place, was called "Hare-crop Leys;" and at the time of dividing the fields, in 1770, a piece was allotted to the rector in lieu of the said leys. The custom is still continued; but instead of hare, the rector provides two large pies made of veal and bacon; these are divided into parts and put into a sack, and about 2 gallons of ale in 2 wooden bottles without handles or strings, are also put into a sack; the penny loaves are cut into quarters and put in a basket. Thus prepared, the men leave the rectory, and are soon joined by the women and children, who march to a place called "Hare-pie-bank," about a quarter of a mile south of the town. In the course of this journey, the pieces of bread are occasionally thrown for scrambling; but the pies and ale are carried to the grand rustic theatre of confusion. This in olden time (though not upon so great a scale, or destined for such bloody feats, as the Roman amphitheatres) consisted of a bank with a small trench round it, and a circular hole in the centre. Into this the pies and ale are promiscuously thrown, and every frolicsome athletic youth who is fond of the sport, rushes forward to seize a bit, or bear away a bottle. Confusion ensues, and what began in puerile sport has occasionally terminated in a boxing match. To the credit of the town it has ended, for a number of years, in peace; and the day has been spent in the greatest hilarity.—*Provincial paper*.

POOR MILITARY.—A young Ensign residing in lodging the rooms of which were very small, was visited by a fashionable friend, who had no sooner entered than he exclaimed—"Heaven defend me, Charles, where do you find space to breathe here; whither's hardly room enough for a cock to crow in? how long have you been in this *nutshell*?"—"Not long enough," said the other archly, "to become a kernel."

ON THE CORONATION CEREMONIAL,

FROM AN

Historical Inquiry into the Nature of the Kingly Office,

By T. C. BANKS, Esq.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CORONATION CEREMONIAL.

A Coronation procession is a solemnity not known in Europe till long after the times of Christianity. The Romans, who abhorred the title of King, admitted no other crown for their Emperors but such as was the ornament of a conqueror or generalissimo, and which was ordinarily placed on their heads by the prætorian guard, or by the preceding Emperor in designating a successor.

Constantine is said to have been the first who laid aside the laurel, and wore only the diadem of gold and precious stones; which being sometimes worn over the helmet, and drawn afterwards across the head from ear to ear, gave occasion (probably) to the form of the arched Imperial Crown; which with ecclesiastical ceremony was placed on the head of Justin the Younger in the East, A. D. 565, and of Charles the Great in the West, A. D. 801.

Although a Coronation ceremony is the most solemn, and most magnificent which Great Britain can boast; yet, with some regret, probably, the people observe that later times have abated much of the splendour with which it was formerly attended, when Kings and Queens made their procession on horseback from the Tower to the Royal Palace, as was the custom, at least from the reign of Richard the Second to that of Charles the Second, whose procession from the Tower took up one day, and his Coronation the next day.

With regard to the histories of our ancient writers, it is not a little singular, that, although they mention when, where, and by whom the Kings of England, from the time of Athelstan to Richard the First were crowned, they nevertheless take no notice of the ceremonies used on such occasions. That Monarch being the first who is indebted to them for a particular recitement of the public procession, with the ecclesiastical form observed, when he was solemnly anointed King, and invested with the British crown. The manner was thus:—

THE CORONATION OF RICHARD THE FIRST.

First, the Archbishops of Canterbury, Roan, Triers, and Dublin, with all the other Bishops, Abbots, and Clergy, apparelled in rich copes, and having the cross, holy water, and censers carried before them, came to fetch him at the door of his privy chamber; where receiving him, they led him to the Church of Westminster in solemn procession, until they came before the high altar.

In the middle of the Bishops and Clergy went four Barons bearing candlesticks with tapers—after whom came

Geffery de Lucy, bearing the cap of maintenance; and next to him John Marshall, bearing a massy pair of gold spurs—then followed

William Marshall, Earl of Striguil (alias, Pembroke), who bare the Royal Sceptre, in the top whereof was a cross of gold—and next to him

William Fitz-Patriek, Earl of Salisbury, who bare the warder or rod, having on the top thereof a dove—then came three other Earls, viz.—

David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother to the King of Scots;

John, Earl of Mortaigne, the King's brother;

Robert, Earl of Leicester;

each of which Earls bare a sword upright in his hand, the scabbards being richly adorned with gold.

After them followed six Earls and Barons bearing a checker table, upon which were set the King's scutcheons of arms; then came

William Mandeville Earl of Albermarle, bearing a crown of gold, a great height, before the King, who followed, having the Bishop of Durham on his right hand, and Reynold Bishop of Bath on the left, over whom a canopy was borne.

In this order his Majesty came into the Church of Westminster; where before the high altar, in the presence of the clergy and the people, laying his hand upon the Holy Evangelists and the reliques of certain Saints, he took a solemn oath that he should observe peace, honour, and reverence to Almighty God, to his Church, and to his Ministers, all the days of his life; also, that he should exercise upright justice to the people committed to his charge; and that he should abrogate and disannul all evil laws, and wrongful customs, if any were to be found in the precinct of his realm, and maintain those which were good and laudable.

This done, he put off all his garments from his middle upwards, but only his shirt, which was open on the shoulders, that he might be anointed; then the Archbishop of Canterbury anointed him in three places; on the head, on the shoulder, and on the right arm, with prayers in such cases accustomed. After this he covered his head with alinen cloth, hallowed, and set his cap thereon; and then, after he had put on his Royal garment, and his uppermost robe, the Archbishop delivered him the sword with which he should beat down the enemies of the Church; which done, two Earls put his shoes upon his feet, and having his mantle put on him, the Archbishop forbade him, on the behalf of Almighty God, to presume to take upon him this dignity, except he faithfully meant to perform those things which he had there sworn to perform. Whereunto the King made answer, that by God's grace he would perform them.

Then the King took the crown beside the altar, and delivered it to the Archbishop, which he set upon the King's head, delivering him the sceptre to hold in his right hand, and rod royal in his left hand, and thus being crowned, he was brought back by the Bishops and Barons, with the cross and candlesticks, and three swords, passing forth before him unto his seat.

When the Bishop, who sang Mass, came to the offertory, the two Bishops that brought him to the Church led him to the altar, and brought him back again. The Mass ended, his Majesty was brought, with solemn procession, into his chamber, and so the whole ceremony was concluded.

THE CORONATION OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE I,

October 20th, 1714:

The time of the King's Coronation having been fixed, his Majesty, in imitation of his Royal predecessors, resolved to grace the solemnity by advancing some of the former Peers to higher degrees, and by creating some new ones. Accordingly, on the 15th of October, he was pleased to direct letters patent to pass the great Seal of Great Britain, for creating—

James, Lord Chandos, Earl of Caernarvon; but that Lord dying, his eldest son James was created Viscount of Wilton, Com. Hereford, and Earl of Caernarvon.

Lewis, Lord Rockingham, Baron of Throwley, in the county of Kent, Viscount Sondes of Lees-Court, in the same county, and Earl of Rockingham.

Charles, Lord Ossulston, Earl of Tankerville.

Charles, Lord Halifax, Viscount Sunbury, in the county of Middlesex, and Earl of Halifax.

of Kent.

John Lord Harvey, Earl of Bristol.

Thomas, Lord Pelham, Viscount Haughton, in the county of Nottingham, and Earl of Clare.

Henry, Earl of Thomond, of the kingdom of Ireland, Viscount Tadcaster, in the county of York.

James, Viscount Castleton, of the kingdom of Ireland, Baron Sunderston of Saxby, in the county of Lincoln.

Bennet, Lord Sherard, of the kingdom of Ireland, Baron of Harborough, in the county of Leicester.

Gervase, Lord Pierrepont, of the kingdom of Ireland, Baron Pierrepont of Hanslop, in the county of Bucks.

Henry Boyle, Esquire, Baron of Carlton, in the county of York.

Sir Richard Temple, Baron of Cobham.

The day before, by order of the Court of Aldermen, the Lord Mayor elect, the Recorder, and the two Sheriffs, went to St. James's, to desire the honour of his Majesty's presence in the city on the Lord Mayor's Day. His Majesty was graciously pleased to accept the invitation, and conferred the honour of Knighthood on Robert Breedon, Esq. one of the Sheriffs.

On the 16th of October was held, at St. James's, a Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, where the King and several of the Knights Companions being present, Charles, Duke of Bolton, John, Duke of Rutland, Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, and Charles, Earl of Halifax, were elected Knights Companions of the said Order, having been first introduced into the Chapter, and knighted by the Sovereign with the sword of state: and then withdrawing, were afterwards severally sent for in, (according to the usual forms of the Order above mentioned), and invested with the Garter and George, with the usual ceremonies.

The 20th of October being appointed for his Majesty's Coronation, the same was performed in manner following:—

His Majesty came to Westminster about nine in the morning, and retired into the Court of Wards, till the Nobility, and those who formed the first part of the proceeding, being put in order by the Heralds, came down in solemn procession to Westminster Hall, where his Majesty being seated under his canopy of state, the sword and spurs were presented to him, and laid upon the table at the upper end of the Hall.

Then the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster having brought the crown and other regalia, with the bible, chalice, and patena, they were presented severally to his Majesty, and shortly after were, together with the swords and spurs, delivered to the Lords appointed to carry them.

Whereupon the procession began in this manner:—The Dean's beadle of Westminster; the High Constable of Westminster, with his staff, drums and trumpets; six clerks in Chancery, two abreast, (as all the former part of the proceeding went); Chaplains having dignities; Aldermen of London; Masters in Chancery; the King's younger serjeants; the Solicitor and Attorney-General; the King's ancient serjeants; Gentlemen of the Privy Bedchamber; Judges; children of Westminster, and of the King's Chapel; Quire of Westminster, and Gentlemen of the Chapel; Prebendaries of Westminster; Master of the Jewel-house; and Privy Counsellors not Peers; all in their proper habits, as usual at Coronations.

Then two Pursuivants of Arms; Barons in their crimson velvet robes, with their coronets in their hands; (two abreast, as all the Peers went); Bishops; a Herald of Arms; Viscounts; two Heralds of Arms; Earls; two Heralds of Arms; Marquises; two Heralds of Arms; Dukes; two Kings of Arms, with their coronets; the Lord Privy Seal; Lord President of the Council; Lord Archbishop of York; Lord Chancellor; two persons representing the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy.

Next, the Lords who bore the regalia, viz. the Earl of Salisbury, St. Edward's staff; Lord Viscount Longueville, in right of his claim, the spurs; the Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, the sceptre with the cross; the Earls of Sunderland, Pembroke, and Lincoln, the three swords; then Garter's Deputy, with his coronet, between the Usher of the Black Rod and the Lord Mayor of London; then the Lord Great Chamberlain of England single; then his Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, in his robes of estate, of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, his coronet set with precious stones, and cap borne by the Earl of Hertford, on a crimson velvet cushion, and wearing a like cap of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, by his Majesty's royal permission, his train supported by Augustus Schutz and Adolphus Oughton, Esqrs. the two eldest Grooms of his Royal Highness's Bedchamber, assisted by Henry Killegrew, Esq. Gentleman of his Royal Highness's Robes. The Earl of Derby with the sword of state, between the Duke of Montague, Lord High Constable for that day, and the Earl of Suffolk and Bindon, as Earl Marshal of England; the Duke of Grafton, Lord High Steward on that occasion, with the crown, between the Duke of Argyle, bearing the sceptre with the dove, and the Duke of Somerset with the orb; the Bishop of Salisbury with the bible, between the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry with the patena, and the Bishop of Bangor with the chalice.

Then the King, in his royal robes of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and bordered with a rich broad gold lace, wearing the collar of the Order of St. George, (as did all the Knights of the said Order), and the Knights of the Order of St. Andrew wore likewise the collar of that Order, and on his head a cap of estate of crimson velvet, turned up with ermine, adorned with a circle of gold, enriched with diamonds, supported by the Bishops of Durham, and Bath and Wells, under a canopy, borne by the Barons of the Cinque Ports; his train borne by four Noblemen's eldest sons, viz. Lord Walden, Lord Mandeville, Lord Rialton, Lord Desford, assisted by the King's Vice Chamberlain, in the absence of the Master of the Robes; the Serjeants at Arms and Gentlemen Pensioners going on each side.

The regalia and canopy.

Next followed the Captain of his Majesty's Horse-guard, between the Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, and the Captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, with the Lieutenant and Standard-bearer of the Gentlemen Pensioners on either hand of them; and the Officers and Yeomen of the Guard closed the proceeding.

Thus the whole proceeding marched on foot upon blue cloth to Westminster Abbey, the houses and streets on each side being crowded with vast numbers of spectators, expressing their great satisfaction by loud and repeated acclamations.

Being entered into the Church, and all duly placed, the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed this great solemnity, began with the recognition, which ended with a great shout from each side of the theatre; then his Majesty made his first oblation, and the Lords who bore the regalia, presented them at the altar. The Litany was sung on the east side of the theatre by the Bishops of Litchfield and Coventry, and Norwich; and after the Epistle, Gospel, and Nicene Creed, the Lord Bishop of

After sermon, his Majesty repeated and signed the Declaration or Test established by certain Acts of Parliament made in the reigns of William and Mary, and Queen Anne; and took the Coronation Oath, which he likewise subscribed; and in King Edward's chair, placed in the middle of the area before the altar, was anointed, and presented with the spurs, and girt with the sword, and vested with his purple robes; and having received the ring, the orb and sceptres, was solemnly crowned about two o'clock, the people expressing their joy with loud and repeated acclamations, the drums beating, trumpets sounding, and the great guns being discharged; whereupon his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the Peers, put on their coronets, and the Bishops their caps, the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats, and the Kings of Arms their coronets.

Then the holy bible was presented to his Majesty by the Archbishop; and his Majesty having received the benediction, sat down in his chair, and then vouchsafed to kiss the Archbishops and Bishops; and being enthroned, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, did their homages, and seemingly kissed his Majesty's left cheek, and afterwards touched the crown, while the Treasurer of the Household threw about the Coronation medals.

Then his Majesty made his second oblation, and received the holy Communion; and after the final prayers, retired into King Edward's Chapel; and being vested in his robes of velvet, and the whole proceeding being again put in order, his Majesty returned to Westminster Hall, wearing his crown of state, and the Peers and Kings of Arms their coronets.

The King dined at a table in the upper end of the hall, with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on his left hand; and the Nobility and other persons of quality were seated at their respective tables, which were all ready furnished before their coming in; the hot meat, or first course for his Majesty's table, for which space was left, was served up with the proper ceremony, being preceded by the Officers, &c. of the Board of Green Cloth, and by the Lord High Steward, between the Lord High Constable, and the Lord Marshal on horseback,

And just before the second course, Lewis Dymoke, Esq. his Majesty's Champion, in complete armour, rode into the hall, between the Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal before mentioned, and performed the challenge; after which, Garter's Deputy, attended by the other Officers of Arms, proclaimed his Majesty's style in Latin, French, and English.

Dinner being ended, and all things performed with great splendour and magnificence, about seven o'clock his Majesty returned to St. James's; and the day concluded with bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and other demonstrations of a general joy and satisfaction.

There scarcely was ever such an appearance of Lords Spiritual and Temporal, as on this occasion, since the Conquest.

ON THE CORONATION CEREMONIAL.

The following are some further particulars connected with the ceremony of the Coronation of the Kings of England, of which ceremony, on the Coronation of his late Majesty, we gave an account yesterday:—

The several quantities of plate delivered at the Coronation, according to the claims, and which are in customary quantities at other Coronations:—

1. To the Lord Almoner, for the day, 305 ounces of gilt plate in two large gilt chased basins.
2. The gold cup and cover to the Lord Mayor of London, was 20 ounces of pure gold.
3. To the Mayor of Oxford, a high gilt bowl and cover, richly chased, of 110 ounces, as a gift from the King to that City, with his Majesty's arms engraved on it.
4. To the Champion, a high bowl and cover, finely chased and gilt, of 56 ounces—all which bowls were enclased with his Majesty's cipher.
5. To the Duke of Norfolk, as Chief Butler of England, for the day, a cup of pure gold, of 52 ounces.
6. To the Lord Great Chamberlain, as Chief Officer of the Exchequer, two large gilt chased basins, and one gilt chased ewer.

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, as his fee, according to ancient usage, receives the purple velvet chair, cushion, and footstool, whereon he sits at the Coronation. The officers of the removing wardrobe also usually receive, as their fee, the pall of cloth of gold held over the King at his Coronation.

EXPLANATION OF THE SACRED AND ROYAL HABITS, AND OTHER ORNAMENTS WITH WHICH THE KINGS AND QUEENS ARE INVESTED ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION.

The mantle, Dalmatica, or open pall, otherwise called the imperial pall, was heretofore a rich embroidery, with golden eagles; but being in the time of the civil wars, together with all the rest of the regalia, except the ampul and spoon (all which were constantly kept in the church of Westminster), sacrilegiously plundered away, a very rich gold and purple brocaded tissue is made use of instead thereof, the ground or outside whereof is shot with gold thread, brocaded with gold and silver trails (mostly gold), with large flowers of gold frosted, heightened with some little silver flowers, and all the trails and flowers edged about with purple, or deep mazarine blue.

The *super tunica*, surcoat, or close pall, is a close coat with plain sleeves, of a very thick and rich cloth of gold tissue, shot with gold thread and gold flowers, brocaded and frosted, without either silk or velvet. The length behind, is a yard, quarter and half; and before, a yard and quarter, having only one slit behind, a quarter and half deep, which divides it into two skirts, each skirt being just a yard and a half, so that the whole compass at the bottom is three yards. To this belongs a belt, or girdle, made of the same cloth of tissue, lined with a white watered tabby, with a gold buckle, runner, and tab, to which lingers of the same are affixed for the King's sword, wherewith he is girded.

The armill is made of the same cloth of tissue as the *super tunica*, or close pall, and lined with crimson Florence sarcenet. The length of it is about an ell, and the breadth of it three inches, with two double ribands at each end, with crimson taffety, viz.:—Two at the corners of the ends, to tie it below the elbows, and two a little higher for tying it above the elbows.

The *colobium sindonis*, or surplice (saying that it is without sleeves) is the last garment put upon the King after the anointing, it is made of very fine white cambric, and is in length about a nail of a yard deeper than the *super tunica*, or close pall, it is laced about the neck, round the arm-holes, or opening of the shoulders, down the breast, up the slits of the sides, and round the bottom, with fine white Flanders lace surliced on very full.

The surcoat of rich crimson satin, which is put upon his Majesty at his first dressing in the morning, is made like the *super tunica* or close pall, and much about the same dimensions; the lining is crimson Florence sarcenet.

The buskins are made of the same cloth of tissue as the *super tunica*, and lined with crimson Florence sarcenet; the length of them 18 inches, the compass at the top 15 inches, and from the heel to the toe 11 inches.

The sandals are made with a dark coloured leather sole, and a wooden heel, covered with red leather; the straps or bands (whereof two go over the foot, and the third behind the heel) are of cloth tissue, lined with crimson taffety, as is also the bottom or inside of the sole. The length of the sandal is 10 inches.

The spurs, called the great golden spurs, are curiously wrought.

The ampulla, or eagle of gold, containing the holy oil, is in form of an eagle, with the wings expanded, standing on a pedestal, all of pure gold, finely chased. The head screws off at the middle of the neck, for the convenience of putting in the oil, and the neck being hollow to the very beak, the holy oil is poured out into the spoon through the point of the beak. The weight of the whole is about eight or ten ounces, and the cavity of the body capable of containing about six ounces.

The anointing spoon is likewise of pure gold, with four pearls in the broadest place of the handle, and the bowl of the spoon is finely chased both within and without: by the extreme thinness whereof it appears to be very ancient.

King Edward's chair (commonly called St. Edward's chair) is a very ancient chair of solid hard wood, with back and sides of the same, variously painted, in which the Kings of Scotland were heretofore constantly crowned, but being brought out of that kingdom by the victorious Prince, King Edward I, in the 24th year of his reign, anno 1296, after he had totally overcome John Balliol, King of Scots, it hath ever since remained in the Abbey of Westminster, and has been the Royal Chair in which the succeeding Kings and Queens of this realm have been inaugurated. It is in height six feet seven inches, in breadth at the bottom thirty-eight inches, and in depth twenty-four inches; from the seat to the bottom is twenty-five inches; the breadth of the seat within the sides is twenty-eight inches, and the depth eighteen inches. At nine inches from the ground there is a bottom-board, supported at the four corners by four lions; and between the seat and the said bottom-board is enclosed a stone, commonly called Jacob's stone, or the fatal marble stone, being an oblong square, about twenty-two inches long, thirteen inches broad, and eleven inches deep, rather of a steel-like colour, mixed with some veins of red; whereof history relates, that it is the stone whereon the patriarch Jacob is said to have laid his head in the plain of Luz. That it was brought to Brigantia in the kingdom of Galicia in Spain, in which place Cathol King of Scots sat on it, as his Throne. Thence it was brought into Ireland by Simon Breach, first King of Scots, about seven hundred years before Christ's time; and from thence into Scotland by King Fergus, about three hundred and thirty years before Christ; and in anno 850, was placed in the Abbey of Scoue, in the shire of Perth, by King Kenneth, who caused it to be enclosed in this wooden chair, and this prophetic distich to be engraved:—

"Ni fallat Fatum, Scoti hunc quoque locatum
"Inveniunt lapidem, regnare, tenentur ibidem."

If Fate go right, where-e'er this stone is found,

The Scots shall monarchs of that realm be crown'd.

Which is the more remarkable, by being fulfilled in the person of King James the First, grandfather to the Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, grandmother to King George the Second, grandfather to his Majesty George the Third.

This antique regal chair having, together with the golden sceptre and crown of Scotland, been solemnly offered by the before named King Edward the First, to St. Edward the Confessor, anno 1297, (from whence it hath the name of St. Edward's chair) has ever since been kept in St. Edward the Confessor's chapel, with a tablet hanging thereto, wherein are written, in the old English letter, these verses:—

Si quid habent veri, vel Chronica cana fidesve,
Clauditur hac Cathedra nobilis ecce Lapis.
Ad Caput eximius Jacob quondam Patriarcha
Quem posuit cernens numina mira Poli.
Quem tulit ex Scotis spoliatus quasi Victor Honoris
Edwardus Primus, Mars velut Armipotens.
Scotorum Dominor, Noster Validissimus Hector,
Anglorum Decus, et Gloria Militum.

Curtana, or the pointless sword, representing the sword of mercy, is the principal of the three swords in dignity, which are borne naked before the King, to the Coronation; and is a broad bright sword, whereof the length of the blade is thirty-two inches, the breadth almost two inches, the handle being covered with fine gold wire, is four inches long, besides the pomel an inch and three quarters, which, with the cross, is plain and steel gilt, the length of the cross being almost eight inches. The scabbard belonging to it was covered with a rich brocaded cloth of tissue, with a gilt ferule, hook, and chape.

The second sword, or sword of justice to the spirituality, is a pointed sword, but somewhat obtuse. The length of the blade is forty inches, the breadth an inch and a half, the handle as before, (covered with gold wire) four inches long, and the pomel an inch and three quarters deep. The length of the cross is almost eight inches, which, with the pomel, was plain steel gilt, as before; and the scabbard, in all respects, as the former.

The third sword, or sword of justice to the temporality, is a sharp pointed sword; the length of the handle four inches, the pomel an inch and three quarters, the length of the cross seven inches and a half; and the scabbard, in all respects, as the two former.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CROWNS AND SCEPTRES, &c. WHEREWITH THE KING AND QUEEN HAVE BEEN USUALLY CROWNED, &c.

St. Edward's crown, with which his Majesty is crowned, so called in commemoration of the ancient crown, which was kept in the church of Westminster till the beginning of the great Rebellion, when, with the rest of the regalia, it was most sacrilegiously plundered away, is a very rich imperial crown of gold, made against the Coronation of King Charles the Second, embellished with pearl and precious stones of divers kinds, viz. diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with a mound of gold on the top of it, encircled with a band or fillet of gold, embellished also with precious stones; and upon the mound a cross of gold, embellished likewise with precious stones, and three very large oval pearls, one at the top of the cross, and two others pendant at the ends of the cross. The said crown is composed (as all the imperial crowns of England are) of four crosses, and as many fleurs de liz, of gold, upon a rim, or circlet, of gold, all embellished with precious stones, from the tops of which crosses arise four circular bars, ribs, or arches, which meet at the top in form of a cross, at the intersection whereof is a pedestal, whereon is fixed the mound before mentioned. The cap, within the said crown, is of purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, thick powdered in three inches.

the Crown of State, so called, because it is worn by the King at all such times as he comes in state to the Parliament House. This was also new made against the Coronation of King Charles the Second, and was worn by the King in his return to Westminster Hall; it is exceeding rich, being embellished with divers large rose, or faucet, and table diamonds, and other precious stones, besides a great quantity of pearl; but it is most remarkable for a particularly large ruby, set in the middle of one of the four crosses, esteemed worth ten thousand pounds, as also that the mound is one entire stone, of a sea-water green colour, known by the name of an agnarine. The cap was also of purple velvet, lined and turned up as the former.

The Queen's circlet of gold, which her Majesty wears in the proceeding to her Coronation, is a rim or circlet of gold, very richly adorned with large diamonds, curiously set with a string of pearl round the upper edge thereof. The cap is purple velvet, lined with white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, richly powdered.

The orb, mound, or globe, which is put into his Majesty's hand, immediately before his being crowned, and which his Majesty bears in his left hand upon his return into Westminster Hall, is a ball of gold of six inches diameter, encompassed with a band or fillet of gold, embellished with roses of diamonds encircling other precious stones, viz. emeralds, rubies, and sapphires, and edged about with pearl; on the top whereof is a very large amethyst, of a violet or purple colour, near an inch and a half in height, of an oval form; which, being encompassed with four silver wires, becomes the foot, or pedestal, of a very rich cross of gold, of three inches and a quarter in height, and three inches in breadth, set very thick with diamonds, having, in the middle thereof, a fair sapphire on one side and a fair emerald on the other and embellished with four large pearls, in the angles of the cross, near the centre, and three large pearls at the ends of the said cross; the whole height of the orb and cross being eleven inches.

The Queen's crown, wherewith her Majesty is crowned, is a very rich imperial crown of gold, set with diamonds of great value, intermixed with a few precious stones of other kinds, and some pearl. It was composed of crosses and fleurs-de-liz, with bars or arches, and a mound and cross on the top of the arches, after the same manner as the King's imperial crowns are, differing from them only in size, as being lesser and lighter. The cap is of purple velvet, lined with rich white taffeta, and turned up with ermine, or meniver pure, richly powdered.

The Queen's rich Crown, which her Majesty wears in her return to Westminster Hall, is likewise of gold, but so richly embellished with diamonds and pearl, that little or none of the gold appears. It is also an Imperial Crown, composed of crosses and fleurs-de-liz, with arches and a mound, as is her Majesty's other crown.

The whole value whereof, as it has been used at former Coronations, has been computed at one hundred and eleven thousand nine hundred pounds sterling.

The cap is purple velvet, lined with rich white Florence taffeta, turned up and richly powdered with ermine.

St. Edward's Staff, in length four feet eleven inches and a half, is a staff of sceptre of gold, with a pike or foot of steel, about four inches and a quarter in length, with a mound and cross at the top; the garnishings are also of gold, and the diameter of it above three quarters of an inch.

The King's Sceptre, with the dove, is a sceptre of gold, in length three feet seven inches, and three inches in circumference at the handle, and two inches and a quarter about at the top. The pomel garnished with a circle, or fillet, of table diamonds, and in several places with precious stones of all sorts, and the mound at the top embellished with a band or fillet of rose diamonds. Upon the mound is a small Jerusalem cross, whereon is fixed a dove, with wings expanded, as the emblem of mercy.

The King's sceptre, with the cross, or sceptre royal, is likewise of gold, the handle plain, and the upper part wreathed; in length two feet nine inches and a quarter, and of the same thickness as the former. The pomel at the bottom is enriched with rubies and emeralds, and small diamonds; and the quantity of five inches and a half in length, just above the handle, is curiously embossed and embellished with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. The top rises into a fleur-de-liz, with six leaves, whereof three are upright, and the other three hanging down, all enriched with precious stones; and out of the said fleur-de-liz issues a mound made of an amethyst, garnished with table diamonds, and upon the mound a cross, wholly covered with precious stones, with a large table diamond in the centre.

The Queen's Sceptre, with the cross, is also of gold, adorned with diamonds and other precious stones, being in length two feet ten inches, with a mound and cross at the top, issuing out of a fleur-de-liz, very like the King's in all the embellishments thereof, only smaller and not wreathed, nor altogether so thick.

The Queen's ivory rod, is a rod or sceptre of white ivory, in length three feet, one inch and a half, whereof the pomel and garniture is of gold, as is also the mound and cross at the top, only the dove on the top of the cross is enamelled with white; the circumference at the bottom is about two inches, and at the top about an inch and a half.

The King's Coronation ring, is a plain gold ring, with a large table ruby violet, wherein a plain cross, or cross of St. George, is curiously enchased.

The Queen's Coronation ring, is likewise gold, with a large table ruby set therein, and sixteen other small rubies set round about the ring, whereof those next to the collet are the largest, the rest diminishing proportionably.

THE DINNER AND THE CHALLENGE.

Conceive so magnificent a building as that of Westminster Hall, lighted up with near 3,000 wax candles in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the galleries on every side crowded with company, for the most part elegantly and richly dressed. Their Majesties' table was served with three courses, at the first of which Earl Talbot, as Steward of his Majesty's Household, rode up from the Hall-gate to the steps leading to where their Majesties sat; and on his returning, the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight in his Lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the King. A loud clapping and huzzing consequently ensued.

After the first course, and before the second, the King's champion, Mr. Dynocke, who enjoys that office as being Lord of the Manor of Schrivelsby, in Lincolnshire, entered the Hall, completely armed, in one of his Majesty's best suits of white armour, mounted on a fine white horse, the same his Majesty George IV rode at the battle of Dettingen, richly caparisoned, in the following manner:—

Two trumpets, with the champion's arms on their banners; the serjeant trumpeter, with his mace on his shoulder; the champion's two esquires richly habited, one on the right hand, with the Champion's lance, carried upright; the other on the left

on; the Herald at Arms with a paper in his hand, containing the words of the challenge.

The Earl Marshal, in his robes and coronet, on horseback, with the Marshal's staff in his hand; the Champion on horseback with a gauntlet in his right hand, his helmet on his head, adorned with a great plume of feathers, white, blue, and red; the Lord High Constable, in his robes and coronet, and collar of the order, on horseback, with a constable's staff.

Four pages richly apparelled, attendants on the Champion.

The passage to their Majesties' table being cleared by the Knight Marshal, the Herald at Arms, with a loud voice, proclaimed the Champion's challenge, at the lower end of the Hall, in the words following:—

"If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George III, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. (grandson) and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King (George II,) the last King, deceased, to be the right heir to the Imperial Crown of the realm of Great Britain, or that he ought not to enjoy the same; here is his champion, who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him; and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever shall be appointed."

And then the Champion throws down his gauntlet; which, having lain some small time, the Herald took up and returned it to the champion.

Then they advanced in the same order to the middle of the hall, where the Herald made proclamation as before; and, lastly, to the foot of the steps, when the Herald, and those who preceded him, going to the top of the steps, made proclamation a third time, at the end whereof the Champion cast down his gauntlet; which, after some time, being taken up, and returned to him by the Herald, he made a low obeisance to his Majesty whereupon the cupbearer, assisted as before, brought to the King a gilt bowl of wine, with a cover; his Majesty drank to the champion, and sent him the bowl by the cupbearer, accompanied with his assistants; which the champion (having put on his gauntlet) received, and retiring a little, drank thereof, and made his humble reverence to his Majesty; and being accompanied as before, rode out of the hall, taking the bowl and cover with him as his fee.

The dishes were provided and sent from the adjacent temporary kitchens, erected in Cotton-garden for this purpose. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid in for this grand feast. The King's table was covered with 120 dishes at three several times, served up by his Majesty's band of pensioners; but what chiefly attracted our eyes was their Majesties' dessert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other desserts were no less admirable for their expressive devices; but I must not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be seated, the Poor Knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them. An airy apology, however, was served up to them instead of a substantial dinner; but the two Junior Knights, in order to preserve their rank of precedence to their successors, were placed at the head of the Judges' table above all the Learned Brethren of the coil. The Peers were placed on the outermost sides of the table, and the Peeresses within, nearest to the walls. It cannot be supposed that there was the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner: some of the company were as eager and impatient to satisfy the cravings of their appetites, as any country squire's at a race or assize ordinary.

It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken, or a bottle of wine. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners' boxes at Ludgate, or the Gatehouse, with a "Pray, remember the poor!"

The services performed at the Coronation of our Monarchs are some of the most curious parts of that august ceremony; for which reason, as no account has yet appeared of those performed at the late Coronation, we must be content to give our Readers the claims of several persons to do service at the Coronation of King James II and his Queen:—

1. The Lord Great Chamberlain of England claimed, at the said Coronation, to carry the King his shirt and clothes the morning of the Coronation, and with the Lord Chamberlain to dress the King. To have forty yards of crimson velvet for a robe; also the King's bed and bedding, and furniture of his chamber where he lay the night before, with his wearing apparel and night-gown; also to serve the King with water before and after dinner, and to have the basin and towels, and cup of assay.—Allowed, except the cup of assay.—He received the forty yards of velvet, and the rest of the fees were compounded for 260l.

2. The Earl of Derby, counter-claimed the office of Lord Great Chamberlain, with the fees, &c. but was not allowed.

3. The King's champion claimed his office as Lord of Schrivelsby Manor, in Lincolnshire, to perform the said office, and to have a gold cup and cover, with the horse on which he rides, the saddle, armour, and furniture, and 20 yards of crimson satin.—Allowed, except the 20 yards of satin.

4. The said office counter-claimed by another branch of the said family, but not allowed.

5. The Lord of the Manor of Lyston, in Essex, claimed to make wafers for the King and Queen, and to serve them up to their table, to have all the instruments of silver and other metal used about the same, with the linen, and certain proportions of ingredients, and other necessities and liveries, for himself and two men.—Allowed; and the service, with his consent, performed by the King's officers, and the fees compounded for 30l.

6. The Lord Mayor and Citizens of London claimed to serve the King with wine after dinner, in a gold cup, and to have the same cup and cover for his fee; and with twelve other citizens by them appointed to assist the Chief Butler of England in the butlership, and to have a table on the left hand of the hall—not allowed in the reign of King James, because the liberties of the City were then seized into the King's hands, and yet they executed the office *ex gratia*, and dined in the Hall, and had a gold cup for their fee.

7. The said Lord Mayor and Citizens of London claimed to serve the Queen in like manner, and were only disallowed at that time, for the same reason.

8. The Mayor and Burgesses of Oxford claim to serve in office of Butlership to the King, with the Citizens of London, with all fees thereunto belonging.—Allowed.

MR. EDITOR,—An ingenious and speculating acquaintance of mine having lately put forth a project for propelling carriages by steam, I would beseech your attention to half a dozen observations upon the consequences likely to result from the success of such an undertaking. My friend, Sir, is a man of limited ambition; one who ne'er tried in air balloon

— "to stray,

"Far as the solar walk or milky way;"

and who would probably be content if he gained twenty or thirty thousand pounds by an invention, to which I look for a change in the very constitution of society. *Ab actu ad posse valet consequentia.* That my hopes for the future take some confirmation from the past, witness the state of our country at the very moment while I write: from that which has been accomplished since the close of the last century, judge of what may be expected by the beginning of the next. If the hour is not quite come when, according to the prediction of an old writer, men "call for their wings as familiarly as for their boots;" if the wandering Jew is not yet caged at Exeter Change, nor the perpetual motion applied to objects of practical utility; yet, surely, in other points we have been blest with success which may encourage us to hope even for the solution of those mysteries! Think of Logier's new plan for making musicians in batches; and look at the *poupons* in our hairdressers' shops! See the lights (hand in hand) of coke gas and of knowledge at once piercing the heads and the habitations of the poorer classes! *Lemuel Gulliver*, Mr. Editor, spoke more truth than he had credit for: the songs which charmed our childhood were first spoken in prophesy. "London-bridge," sang my nurse, "is broken down:" and lo! London-bridge is going to be broken down! London streets, says tradition, were once paved with gold; have we not recently been attempting to pave them with iron? What say our elders to the predicted intimacy (now realized) between the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange and the Dragon of Bow steeple? Who shall scout the possibility of converting saw-dust into planks, when we are raising marble pillars out of powder, and new blankets from old rags? Why should we not preserve sunbeams from July to December, when we already preserve ice from December to July? But why do I dwell upon projects like these, which a dash of my pen must reduce to insignificance for ever? What is turtle-soup bottled for the benefit of a fourth generation? What are men who eat swords? What are pigs who talk languages? Such inventions as printing, gunpowder, and the compass, are alone fit to be classed with the new application of steam.

My friend's project, Mr. Editor, stands at present limited to waggons; but it must eventually, and I think rapidly, supersede every other character of conveyance; and draught horses, except a few kept for the ice-carts in winter—(steam and ice might perhaps not entirely agree)—will be disused, past all question, throughout our dominions. I can imagine the surprise of an Englishman coming to London (from a tour in *Terra incognita*) in the year 1843. By that time the adoption of the new plan will be universal, and every description of wheel carriage will be propelled by the aid of steam. What an interesting change will have taken place in the aspect and arrangements of the metropolis!

Fuel, not horses, being the medium of impulse, the property of all public vehicles will naturally have changed hands: the Golden Cross, the Bull-and-Mouth, the Bolt-in-Tun, and the Cross Keys, will have ceased to exist; and the stage coaches will be found setting off probably from the magazines of our leading coal merchants—from Old Birge House, Broken Wharf, Custom House Quay, and the dark arch under the Adelphi. Then the change in the detail of the road will seem very whimsical at first. Instead of calling (as now) for fresh horses at a post town, we shall have only to call for a fresh scuttle of coals: our coachmen (by the way, they must give up white hats) will flourish huge poker instead of long whips; a very steep hill, which would now require an extra pair of nags, will then be met with the assistance of an extra pair of bellows; and, as no thief would touch a steam coach for fear of burning his fingers, the guard, to prevent accidents, will carry a wet mop rather than a pistol. There would be some difficulties, no doubt, in the infancy of these arrangements. The turnpike acts, for instance, would in most cases be eluded; and the post horse duty would be likely to become unproductive. Impositions, however, as well as improvements, would take place as the system got on. Any smoke which proceeded from the furnace of the vehicle would, converted into gas light, serve in time to direct its progress. The heat of the fire might perhaps be a little inconvenient in summer; but (to outside travellers especially) in winter it would be an advantage. And with respect to the possibility of an occasional blow up, there can be, I think, no doubt that, as soon as the scheme gets into practice, any one of the assurance companies, for a reasonable premium, will guarantee at per mile the lives of steam passengers; and such insurance might either be made matter of separate contract by the individual, or it might be done generally by the coach proprietor, and included in the fare.

And now I come, Mr. Editor, to a little project of my own, in which I venture to assure myself of your approbation and assistance. Why should the application of steam, as an impulse, be confined to wheel carriages? Why should not steam horses—horses on wheels—be constructed? I do most devoutly believe, Mr. Editor, that the thing will happen. I do confidently anticipate that a Sunday will arrive, when the spruce clerk in Rotten-row shall sport a palfrey (I mean literally) of neither bone nor blood; when blacksmiths shall take the air upon "copper fillies" of their own creation, each quadruped, like Don Quixote's Clavelino, carrying flames and brimstone in his belly! Can any obstacle, I ask, be even stated to such a consummation? Would not such horses stand pre-eminent in metal as in fire? Would they not beat, as to bottom, the best horse of Arabia? They would eat nothing, drink

nothing, and want very little grooming; their riders (now too liable to be smoked themselves) would then be in a situation to smoke every body else; their shying, biting, kicking, or taking fright, would be casualties of course no longer to be apprehended; and breaking, instead of being, as at present, a necessary ceremony, would, on the contrary, be a practice as much as possible to be deprecated.

My fancy, Mr. Editor, takes fire. A cloud (of steam) is rising before my eyes, through which groups of strange objects in perspective present themselves. I see these fiery barbs of my imagination—these *Pegasi*! (for there will be pegs in them) petted, patronized, pampered! I hear of matches among the *fancy*—Steam against Time, and Steam the favourite. I shall read in time to come—and that in your very respectable paper—"Epsom Races.—Second day.—Sweepstakes of 50 guineas. For high pressure horses consuming their own smoke, to burn not more than a bushel of coals within the hour—one heat. Three horses started; Mr. Stokehole's *Explosion*, Mr. Ash's *Skyrocket*, and Mr. Coke's *Tinderbox*. The race was won with some difficulty by *Explosion*. *Skyrocket* blew up about 100 yards from the winning post: the remains of his rider have not yet been found." Are not these things to hearken to, Mr. Editor?—things catching? And yet what are even these efforts to some which I anticipate? I see this invention (as yet in its childhood) rendering England, in future wars, triumphant above the world. As our frigates, in dead calms, shall run ten knots an hour against the ships of our enemies, so do I see the collected flower of all the cavalry in Europe flying discomfited before steam chargers with British lancers upon their backs. I see more, Mr. Editor, even more than all this. I see fire horses constructed as we have seen fire ships! I see them freighted more formidably even than the famous horse of Troy!—or, rather, what was the horse of Troy but such a horse as I am talking of?—lined, allegorically, with living warriors; but in reality stuffed with bomb shells, petards, and Congreve rockets? I see a grim squadron of these cattle that I wot of. The firm earth rings beneath their brazen hoofs, and the blue arch of heaven is rent with their snortings! I see them dash forward in the front of our English lines;—I see them thundering amid the hostile ranks;—I see them making their way like mad bulls on a Monday;—I see—what do I see? Or what, rather, do I not see! I must bridle my imagination. I must leave to the slow but certain hand of time the farther development of these great works that shall be: the world is not yet in a condition to comprehend them.

But a few sentences more, Mr. Editor, and I have done. The advantages which I have already opened as arising out of my friend's plan, are among the smallest of those which must follow its adoption. Dispensing with the necessity (except at Astley's) of *real* horses, what a mine of fresh subsistence do I not open to the human race. Millions of acres now devoted to the growth of oats, will be laid down into wheat land, or employed in the cultivation of barley; until bread shall be sold at three farthings the pound; and the mere cheapness of malt shall tempt brewers to make their beer of it. Then the saving which will accrue at all points in the general cost of *locomotion*. What a relief will it be to apothecaries, professors of music, and of dancing, who now keep a carriage with one horse, to be enabled to keep one with no horse at all. Is it nothing to increase velocity and at the same time diminish the expense? Would it be a trifle to invent steam jackasses, and to render the ill treatment of Animals' Bill a dead letter? I have only, Mr. Editor, to add, that should you insert these expositions, I shall look confidently to Parliament for some acknowledgment of my endeavours; and as a plan once suggested is best tried as soon as possible, might not an attempt be made with mine in the next Royal progress?

MEPHITICUS.

At Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard, there is a library of books which has no legal claimant. It is a considerable collection of Divinity, Greek and Roman classics, English history, &c., and has probably been much larger than it is now. It belonged to the Rev. Joseph Beasley, who, about a century ago, was minister of the parish of Mentmore, and who, tradition says, hanged himself in his study upon seeing a corpse coming over the green from Leybourne, a hamlet of Mentmore. He lies buried under a plain long narrow stone in the church-yard at the east end of the church, between the church and the gate. All that seems to be remembered of him besides is, that he paid his addresses to the widow of a wealthy farmer who lived near the church, and was rejected by her. He appears, from the name occurring in his books and other circumstances, to have had a sister residing with him, either constantly or occasionally; and a Miss Beasley, probably the same person, married into a neighbouring family. His books are in the care of the churchwardens of the parish, and are kept in a small low room of a cottage near the church, which is said to have been the study where he hanged himself, and the window of which looks over Leybourne-green. From non-usage, spiders, time, and dust, they are of course in bad condition, and afford food enough for melancholy contemplation.—*Bucks Chronicle*.

Some of Rubens's pictures may be called a toleration of all religions. In one of the compartments of the Luxembourg Gallery, a Cardinal introduces Mercury to Mary de Medici, and Hy-men supports her train at the sacrament of marriage before an altar, on which are the images of God the Father and Christ.

After the discomfiture of the rebels at the battle of Culloden by the Royal army, under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, Government, it is known, issued a proclamation, in which they offered a reward of 30,000*l.* for the apprehension of the Pretender, alive or dead. In opposition to this, the following curious paper was issued by the Pretender and his Council, which at this moment, and under the circumstances of his Majesty's present visit to Scotland, must be read with peculiar interest:—

"Charles, Prince of Wales, &c.; Regent of the kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging.

"Whereas, we have seen a certain scandalous and malicious paper, published in the style and form of a Proclamation, bearing date the 1st inst., wherein, under pretence of bringing us to justice, like our Royal ancestor King Charles the First, of blessed memory, there is a reward of 30,000*l.* sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies, we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt: and though from our nature and principles we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian Princes, we cannot but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of 30,000*l.* sterling to him or those who shall seize or secure till our further orders, the person of the elector of Hanover, whether landed or attempting to land, in any part of his Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example.

"CHARLES, P. R.

"Given at our camp at Kinlockeill, Aug. 22, 1745.

By his Highness's command,

"JO. MURRAY."

The original paper from which the above is copied is so rare, says Beloe, that I never heard of any other than that which accident lately deposited in the British Museum.

CREATION OF WOMAN.

[FROM MOORE'S "LOVES OF THE ANGELS."]

"You both remember well the day
When un'o Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He mut achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of Creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!
Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying Heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.
Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd—and at the sea—the skies—
And heard the rush of many a wing,
By God's command then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scene so blest?
From that miraculous hour, the fate
Of this new, glorious Being dwelt
For ever, with a spell-like weight,
Upon my spirit—early, late,
Whate'er I did, or dream'd, or felt,
The thought of what might yet befall
That splendid creature mix'd with all.
Nor she alone, but her whole race
Through ages yet to come—whate'er
Of feminine, and fond, and fair,
Should spring from that pure mind and face,
All wak'd my soul's intensest care;
Their forms, souls, feelings, still to me
God's most disturbing mystery!

CHARACTER OF MR. SOUTHEY, IN "THE LIBERAL."

BY LORD BYRON.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his way
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few—
"Wat Tyler"—"Rhymes on Blenheim"—"Waterloo."
He had written praises of a Regicide;
He had written praises of all Kings whatever;
He had written for Republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever;
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas clever;
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.
He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing* "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than any body knows.
He had written WESLEY's life;—here turning round
To SATHAN, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
"In two octavo volumes, nicely bound;
"With notes and preface, all that most allures
"The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
"For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
"So let me have the proper documents,
"That I may add you to my other saints."
SATHAN bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
"With amiable modesty, decline
"My offer, what says MICHAEL? There are few
"Whose memoirs could be rendered more divine.
"Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
"As it was once, but I would make you shine
"Like your own trumpet; by the way, my own
"Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.
"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
"Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
"Judge with my judgment! and by my decision
"Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall!
"I settle all these things by intuition,
"Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
"Like King ALPHONSO! When I thus see double
"I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."
* See "Life of H. KIRKE WHITE."

Palmyra.
[The following Poem, by Mr. A. BARBER, of Wadham college, obtained Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize for the present year, and was recited at the Theatre, Oxford, on the 19th ult.]

O'er the lush'd plain where sullen horror broods,
And darkest frown the Syrian solitudes,
Where morn's soft steps no balmy fragrance leave,
And parch'd and dewless is the couch of eve,
Thy form, pale City of the waste, appears
Like some faint vision of departed years.
In mazy cluster still, a giant train,
Thy sculptured fabrics whiten on the plain;
Still stretch thy column'd vistas far away
The shadow'd dimness of their long array.

But where the stirring crowd, the voice of strife,
The glow of action, and the thrill of life?
Hear! the loud crash of yon huge fragment's fall,
The pealing answer of each desert hall,
The nightbird shrieking from her secret cell,
And hollow winds the tale of ruin tell.

See, fondly lingering, Mithra's parting rays
Gild the proud towers once vocal with her praise,
But the cold altars clasping weeds entwine,
And Moslems worship at the godless shrine.
Yet here slow pausing Memory loves to pour
Her magic influence o'er this pensive hour;
And oft as yon recesses deep prolong
The echoed sweetness of the Arab's song,
Recalls that scene when wisdom's sceptred Child*
First broke the stillness of the lonely wild,
From air, from ocean, from earth's utmost clime
The summon'd Genii heard the mutter'd rhyme;
The tasking spell their airy hands obey'd,
And TADMOR glitter'd in the palmy shade.

Lo! to her feet the tide of ages brings
The wealth of nations and the pomp of kings,
And far her warrior Queen from Parthia's plain
To the dark Ethiop spreads her ample reign.
Vain boast; e'en she who IMMENESE's field along
Waked fiercer frenzy in the patriot throng,
And sternly beauteous, like the meteor's light,
Shot through the tempest of EMESA's fight—
While trembling captives round the victor wait
Hang on his eye, and catch the word of fate—
ZENOBIA's self must quail beneath his nod,
A kneeling suppliant to the mimic god.

But one there stood amid that abject throng,
In truth triumphant and in virtue strong:
Beam'd on his brow the soul which undismay'd
Smiled at the rod, and scorn'd the uplifted blade.
O'er thee, PALMYRA, darkest, seem'd to lower
The bolding terrors of that fatal hour,
Far from thy glades indignant Freedom fled,
And Hope too wither'd as LONGINUS bled.

* "All these mighty things," say the Arabs, "Solymon Ebn Doud (Solomon, son of David) did by the assistance of spirits."—See Wood's Account of the Ruins of Palmyra. † See Gibbon's Decline and Fall, ch. xi.

TO LADY HOLLAND, ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF BOX.

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh;
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up on her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

THOS. MOORE.

TO LADY HOLLAND, ON HER *LEGACY FROM THE LATE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

This gem, twice destined to reward
The deeds of generous pity,
BRASCHI gave him, whose conquering sword
Spared Rome's imperial city;
He, exiled, fall'n, the prey, the jest
Of mean unmanly foes,
Grants it to you, oh, just bequest!
Who felt and soothed his woes.

VLL. HD.

* It consisted of a snuff-box, with a cameo, presented to BONAPARTE by Pope Pius VI., on the peace granted by him at Tolentino, in 1796.

Hanc, iterum egregia pietatis præmia, gemmam
Victori intactâ misit ab urbe Pius
Hanc tibi dat meritam dux idem et captus et exul
Quod sola es casus ausa levare suos.

VLL. HD.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

(From a Dublin Paper.)

Let me approach the corse—this pale cold brow,
Hath lost its meaning and expression now.
These eyes are dayless—where is all that fire
Which beam'd with courtesy, or flash'd with ire?
The manly form—the grace—the portly mein?
How chang'd alas! from what thou late hast been
How chill—how lifeless droops the hand that gave
The frenzied wound that brings thee to the grave!
All—all is cold—and like some ruin'd shrine,
Whose light of glory hath just ceas'd to shine,
This human temple having lost the ray
Of Heaven's own kindling, hastens to decay.
The animating spark—the soul hath flown,
And trembles now before another throne.
But hold—with Christian charity, o'er all
His faults, in solemn silence spread the pall—
Let no wild shout of party feud ascend,
To triumph o'er his melancholy end—
Let the dread curse upon the lips of hate,
Lie hush'd in pity at his awful fate.
Let bosom friends crowd round the fun'ral bier,
And wedded love pour out the scalding tear,
The tears of blood he made a nation shed
Are now forgot—"we war not with the dead."
The good in life withhold insidious breath,
And the serpent the serpent of death.

Written after the Consecration of the New Church at Kingswood by the Bishop of Gloucester on the 11th Sept. 1821.

WHEN first the Fane (that white, on Kingswood pen,
Arrests, far off, the pausing stranger's ken)
Echo'd the Hymn of Praise, and on that day,
That shone, from Heav'n, with more auspicious ray,
When thousands listen'd to the Prelate there,
Who call'd on God, with consecrating Pray'r;—
I saw a Village Maid, almost a child,
E'en as a light-hair'd Cherub, undefil'd
From Earth's rank fume, with innocent look her eye
Meekly uplifted to the throne on high,
Join in the full choir's solemn harmony.
—Oh! then how many boding thoughts arose,
Lest, long ere varied life's uncertain close,
Those looks of modesty, that open truth
Lighting the forehead of ingenuous youth,
Lest these, as slowly steal maturing years,
Should fade, and grief succeed, and dimming tears:
Lest, "peradventure Evil should betide
So fair a Wanderer, in a world so wide."
Then, should the cheek be blanch'd with early care,
Sin mark its first and furrowing traces there,
With touch corroding mar the alter'd mien,
And leave a Canker where the Rose had been;—
Then, the sweet child whose smiles can now impart
Joy overpowering to a mother's heart,
Might bring down (when not anxious love could save)
That mother's few grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!—

But hark! the Preacher's voice:—
Behold his earnest look, his lifted hand!
What holy fervour wakes at his command?
He speaks of Faith, of Mercy from above,
Of Heav'nly Hope, of a Redeemer's Love!
Hence! every thought, but that which shews a fair youth
Advancing in the paths of Peace and Truth;
That shews thy light, O pure Religion, shed,
Like a faint glory, on a daughter's head,
Who shall each parent's love, through life repay,
And add a transport to their dying day!

I saw an Old Man on his staff reclin'd,
Who seem'd to every human change resign'd:—
He, with white locks, and long-descending beard,
A Patriarch of other years appear'd—
"And thine, oh! aged, solitary man,
Was life's enchanted way, when life began,
The sun-shine on each mountain, and the strain
Of some sweet melody, in every plain;
Thine was illusive fortune's transient gleam,
And young love's broken, but delicious dream;—
Those mocking visions of thy youth are flown,
And thou dost bend on death's dark brink alone:
The light associates of thy vernal day,
Where are they? blown as the sear leaves away;
And thou dost seem a trunk, on whose bare head
The grey moss of uncounted days is spread!"
I know thee not, old man, yet traits like these
Upon thy time-worn features Fancy sees.
Another, or another year, for thee,
Haply the silver cord shall loosed be!
Then listen, whilst warm eloquence pours
That 'better country' to thy anxious gaze,
Who art a weary, way-worn pilgrim here,
And soon from life's vain masque to disappear.
Oh! aged man, lift up thine eyes—behold
What brighter views of distant light unfold;
What though the loss of strength thou dost deplore,
Or broken loves, or friends that are no more;
What though gay youth no more his song renews,
Life's summer-light dies, like the rainbow hues;
The Christian hails the ray that cheers the gloom,
And throws its heav'nly halo round the tomb—
Who bade the grave its mouldering vault unclose?
Christ—Christ who died; yea, rather Christ who rose!

Hope lifts from Earth her tear-illumin'd eye,
She sees dispersed the world's last tempest fly;
Sees Death arrested 'midst his havoc vast,
Lord, at thy feet, his broken weapons cast!

In circles, far retiring from the sight,
Till, undistinguished, they are lost in Light,
Admiring Seraphim suspend their wings,
Whilst, hark! th' eternal Empyrean rings,
Hosannah, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!

These thoughts arose, when from the crowded Fane
I saw retire the mute assembled train;
These images beguil'd my homeward way,
That high o'er Lansdown's lonely summit lay.
There seem'd a music in the evening gale,
And looking back on the long-spreading vale,
A blessing seem'd to wait upon the hour
When the last light from Heav'n shone on the distant tower.

• The Lord Bishop of Gloucester. W. L. B.

On a First View of Fonthill Abbey.

THE mighty master wav'd his wand, and lo!
On the astonish'd eye the glorious show
Bursts, like a vision! SPIRIT OF THE PLACE,
Has the Arabian wizard with his mace
Smitten the barren downs far onward spread,
And bade th' enchanted Palace tow'r instead?
Bade the dark woods their solemn shades extend?
High to the clouds you spire Tow'r ascend?
And starting from the umbrageous avenue,
Spread the rich pile magnificent in view?
Enter—from this arch'd portal, look again,
Back, on the lessening woods and distant plain,
Ascend the steps—the high and fretted roof
Is woven by some Elfin hand aloof,
Whilst from the painted windows long array
A mellow'd light is shed, as not of day.
How gorgeous all! Oh! never may the spell
Be broken, that array'd those radiant forms so well.

August 21st, 1822. W. L. BOWLES.

PURE Fount, that welling from this airy hill
Dost wander forth into the nether vale,
Thou to the passenger dost tell no tale
Of other years, but thus, continuing still
Thy secret way, a lone, unnotic'd rill,
And almost silent as the clouds that sail
Above thee, calm, and reckless of the noise
The changing world may keep, dost onward glide;
But could'st thou speak to the grey clouds that ride
High o'er thy lowly track, or hadst a voice
Like him, the Preacher in the wilderness,
Yes, thou should'st say to all,—“That mortal pride
“Fleets like the passing ræck, but not the less
“Virtue and Wisdom shall, like thee, abide.”

Say more—“Time was, when from this wild'ring wood,
“Towers, pinnacles, and battlements, arose
“Clustering, and the due bell at evening's close
“Sound'd afar; for here secluded stood
“Matilda's earliest Abbey†—mark the spot!—
“Here, where no turmoils of mankind intrude,
“It rose—it vanish'd—and deep solitude
“Possess'd the woods again;—old Time forgot,—
“Hast'ning to further spoil, its place and name;
“Since then, e'en as the clouds of yesterday,
“Seven hundred years have well nigh pass'd away,
“But my pure fount, through changing years the same,
“Though the tall towers that grac'd its hallow'd side
“Left not a wreck, and mortal music died,
“Still lifts its “small still voice” like penitence
“Or humble praise.

“Thou, pass, admonish'd, hence,
“Happy, thrice happy, if, through “good or ill,”
“CHRISTIAN, thy heart responds to my forsaken rill.”

WM. L. BOWLES.

* The Abbey at Lockswell, founded by the Empress Matilda and her son (afterwards King Henry II.) before it was removed to Stanley, in the parish of Breinhill, was here situated.—An examination of the original grants has now, for the first time, after so many centuries, established, beyond a doubt, the name and place of the first Abbey, where this remarkable spring, anciently called Drogonis fons, from Drogo, the Chamberlain (Camerario) of Matilda, has its rise, in the wildest part of the forest of Chippenham.

† Founded by the Empress Matilda before the Abbey at Stanley.

TRANSLATION OF VERSES WRITTEN BY VOLTAIRE, IN REPLY TO A LADY, WHO SAID TO HIM, WHEN HE WAS 78 YEARS OLD, “LOVE ME.”

If you wish me still to prove,
All the rich delights of love,
Bid the morning's op'ning blaze
Gild the twilight of my days.
Vain wish! from those gay realms, where wine
And beauty hold united sway,
Time, who takes me by the hand,
Warns me I must soon away:

Yet let us some advantage draw,
From His inexorable law.
Who meets not age with decent ease,
Knows nothing but its miseries.
Leave to youth its giddy joys,
Life has not enough to spare,
For pleasure only, and her toys;
Wisdom claims an equal share.

Love's tender follies! soft delight!
Illusions dear! ye wing your flight
From me for ever; once bestow'd,
To cheer me in life's weary road.
Death strikes us twice—I feel his pow'r—
Alone, unheeded, left to sigh,
Anticipate his torturing hour,
To cease to breathe—is but to die.

Thus while I mourn'd my wanderings past,
I pin'd for bliss that could not last,
And, spite of nature's waning fire,
My soul still wak'd to fond desire;
Then; Friendship, Heaven-descended maid!
Pour'd through my languid frame her balm;
Her softer beauties lent their aid,
As tender, but than love, more calm.
Enraptur'd with her novel charms,
Enlighten'd by her Angel lore,
I breath'd my homage in her arms,
But wept, that I could do no more.

M. K. M.

EPITAPH ON BENJAMIN TREMLYN,
An old Soldier, buried in Breinhill Churchyard, who died
December 1, 1822, aged 92. By the Rev. W. L. BOWLES.

A POOR old Soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse, and this recording stone.
'Twas his, in youth, o'er distant lands to stray,
Danger and Death companions of his way:
Here in his native village, drooping age
Clos'd the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past,—of names of high renown,—
Or his brave comrades long to dust gone down,
His look with instant animation glow'd,
Tho' ninety winters on his head had snow'd.
His Country, whilst he liv'd, a boon supplied,
And Faith her shield held o'er him when he died.
Hope, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,
And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,
Where dust to dust, beside the chancel's shade,
Till the last trump, a brave Man's bones are laid.

We were lately favoured with the perusal of a Perth play-bill, in which *Tam O'Shanter* dramatised, is announced for performance as the after-piece. A ludicrous mistake has occurred, however, in the classification of the *Dramatis Personæ*. The sapient playwright, it would appear, in reading the lines

"Tam had got planted unco richt,
Fast by an ingle bleezin' finely,
Wi' reaman' swats that drank divinely,"

very naturally conceiving ream an' swats, from the delectable style of their carousing, to be a brace of Tam's pot companions, actually introduced them as such, and we find in the bill that the characters of "Ream" and "Swats" are to be personated by two of the performers. This reminds us of an anecdote, connected with the same subject, which had its origin nearer home. Some time ago, we chanced to be in the shop of an elderly bookseller, when the conversation turned upon the identity of the characters introduced by Burns in his *Tam O'Shanter*. The bibliopole, who had spent the early part of his life in this neighbourhood, assured us that "exceptin' Kerr, he kent every body to leuk at that was mentioned, frae Tam himsel' down to his mare Maggie." This being the first time we had ever heard Mr. Kerr's cognomen alluded to, in connection with *Tam O'Shanter*, we expressed considerable surprise, and stated, that he undoubtedly must have made a mistake in the name. "It may be sae, but its a point easily settled," said he, razing down a copy of Burns from the shelf. With "spectacles on nose," he soon turned up the poem in question. "Ay, ay," said he, in an exulting tone, "I thocht I was na that far wrang—

"Care mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the happy."

Now, I kent twa or three o' the Kerrs that leev't in the townhead, but I never could fin' out whilk o' them Burns had in his e'e when he wrote the poem."—*Ayr Courier*.*

* The common Scotch pronounce most of their names in a different manner from that usual in England. *Kerr*, for instance, is pronounced *Car*, and *Home* and *Hume* are pronounced in the same way as the French would *Hume*.

A HARD CASE.—Some days back a private of the 88th, quartered in this town, requested his commanding officer to obtain him permission to change into the 44th regiment, now embarking for India. On being asked his motive for this singular wish, he replied, it was from no dislike to the regiment or his comrades, or his officers, and least of all to his Honour, nor from any partiality to the 44th or to India, "but the truth is, I am married, and I hear my wife is coming to join—I would fain be off first."—*Cavan Herald*.

ADVANTGES OF GENEALOGICAL KNOWLEDGE.—An Englishman was lately rallying a Scotsman on the curiosity of his countrymen with respect to the family and connections of individuals—"A man (says the Scot), we are no sae liberal in Scotland as ye are here—I maun confess it. We have a notion that education has a great deal to do in making the nian, and that a bad father is a bad teacher. We say of a man whose father was nae better than he should be, that he is 'a cat of a bad kind,' and we watch him. We ken the value of money very weel in Scotland, but its no just every thing with us as it is with you. There is a certain house in Edinburgh, which I winna name, has in my time been occupied by three several tenants, each of whom retired in a few years wi a fortune of above twenty thousand pounds, yet I will venture to say the descendants of these people will be obliged to emigrate to you, to enjoy their inheritance.—We count a great way back."

A MAN DYING TOO LATE FOR A PROPER PLACE.—We copy from a respectable Liverpool paper, of the 22d inst. the following:—"Too late for a proper place.—Died yesterday, Mr. James Hays, upwards of twenty years shopman to Mr. Wm. Thornly, Lord-street."—*Birmingham Chronicle*.

EQUITY.—In the reign of PETER I. King of Portugal, called the Just, a Priest, says *Faria y Sousa's* Hist. of Portugal, having killed a Layman, was suspended from his office, which coming to the ears of the KING, he ordered the man's son, who was a mason, to put the Priest to death. He accordingly obeyed his MAJESTY's commands, was seized and brought before him to receive his sentence, when the KING turning to his Ministers and Courtiers said, "the Ecclesiastical Judges suspended the Priest from his office, I therefore suspend the mason from his work." The Ecclesiastical Judges at Manchester fared otherwise.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.—There is a very odd contrast, says SMOLLETT, between France and England. In the former all the people are complaisant but the publicans; in the latter there is hardly any complaisance but among the publicans.

THE SERVICEABLENESS OF BEARS.—The Historians of Poland tell strange stories of the abundance of honey in the woods of that country. It is no uncommon thing, they say, for a peasant in proceeding through them, to step into the hollow of a decayed trunk filled with honey, where he sticks fast. On these occasions the bears are found to be of singular service, as witness the following story told by J. N. DE PARIVALL, in the 4th edition of his history:—"A peasant having fallen into the hollow of a trunk filled with honey, would have been drowned but for a bear, who having approached to lick the honey, he laid hold of it by the tail, which induced the bear to make a sudden spring that extricated him from his sweet but fatal imprisonment." The bears are not, therefore, such bad neighbours to the Poles as might be supposed. The Russians have proved worse, and the Poles think the bears are libelled when the former are compared to them.

BON MOT.—A certain witty Judge having heard that Miss NUGENT was brought up to vote for Mr. SUTTER, of Orange notoriety, and being shown the printed list of Candidates, on which, under the Statute of King WILLIAM, was written, "good men in bad times." "Aye, bad times, indeed (said his Lordship), when the daughter of a respectable nian like Mr. NUGENT is compelled to turn *Orange Woman*."

WEAKNESS!—On the 2d ultimo, the Lord Bishop of CHESTER was at Muker, in Swaledale, Yorkshire, on the visitation of his diocese, when an old woman applied to him to be confirmed. This Lordship said, it was very unusual for a person of her age to be confirmed; but she insisted on the rite.—The Bishop then asked her how many commandments there were? She replied three. What are they, said his Lordship? She answered, *Whis-sunday, Kersmuss, and Muker Fair!* The Bishop now told her she was a weak old woman. "Wake," said she, in the country dialect, "eigh an sea wad ye be wake, if ye'ad been in a lousness three weeks or a month, as I've been."—*Tyne Mercury*.

In a statistical account of Russia, lately published in two volumes by an Officer of rank in the Russian service, we have an account of the grounds of the claim of Russia to that part of Poland which now forms part of it:—

"Nestor tells us, that Lithuania Proper and Schumadia paid tribute in his time to Russia. In the time of the weakness of the Russian Empire, from the divisions which reduced it to subjection to the Tartars, the ambitious Chieftains of Lithuania took part also against it, withdrew themselves from its supremacy, made themselves independent, and founded a State which became great and independent at Russia's expense, by the conquest of the whole of its western part. Catharine the Great reunited this fugitive country with her empire, with the exception of a small part on the west side of the Niemen.

"Russia now possesses nothing more of Poland than the Province of Belostock. It is a part of Podlachia, or the Great Polish Woivodship of Bielsetz; a small and insignificant indemnification for all the evils which Poland for centuries has so often caused to the Russian Empire."

This Nestor, on whose evidence the Russian claim is made to rest, was born in 1056, so that at all events the title is ancient enough.

Who knows but the title of our King to France may also be made available one of these days?

Henry IV. of France was rather more honest. When the Chief Magistrate of a town which he had taken, on delivering to him the keys at the gate, began to enumerate the various titles (*droits*) by which it belonged to him, he interrupted him rather bluntly with a pun indicative of the title on which he laid the most stress:—"You may add also the *droit de Canon*," and then rode on, leaving the speaker to finish his oration by himself.

The idea of keeping Poland because Poland, some centuries ago, gave dissatisfaction to Russia, reminds one forcibly of the fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. Centuries of humility could not wash out the offence in the eyes of the Russian Wolf.

VAUDEVILLE.—France is indebted for Vaudevilles to OLIVIER BASSELIN, of Vire, who lived in the beginning of the 13th century. He was a fuller, and lived in the Vaux, or valleys below Vire, where he and his workmen used to sing songs of his composition, as they spread out their cloth along the banks of the river. Some of these songs, being published, were called *Vaux-de-Ville*, and afterwards *Vaudeville*.

BON MOTS.—Lord N. being informed that Capt. F., who had actively canvassed the Proprietors of the National Insurance Company in favour of his brother, at the late election for Directors, was an Officer of the Royal Marines, who had seen much service, observed, "that the Captain would have been himself most eligible, having considerable experience and knowledge of marine risks, being accustomed to receive premiums for taking lives, and as affording a practical proof, that although following a profession more than doubly hazardous, his tenement had escaped all the damages of fire; but," added his Lordship, on hearing that the Gallant Captain did not possess four shares, "his want of a sufficient stock of assurance is an insurmountable bar to his promotion!"

HIGHLAND ANECDOTE.—An English gentleman travelling through the Highlands, came to the inn of Letterfinlay, in the braes of Lochaber. He saw no person near the inn, and knocked at the door—No answer. He knocked repeatedly with as little success. He then opened the door and walked in. On looking about he saw a man lying on a bed, whom he hailed thus—"Are there any Christians in this House?"—"No (was the reply), we are all Camerons!"

MACHIAVEL'S CHOICE.—When MACHIAVEL lay at the point of death he was seized with the following phrenzy. He saw a small company of poor, half-starved, ragged, ill-favoured wretches who, he was told, were the inhabitants of Paradise, of whom it is written—"Beati pauperes spiritu, quoniam ipsorum est regnum celorum." Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of Heaven." After these had retired an infinite number of grave majestic personages appeared, who seemed as sitting in Council, and debating upon important affairs of state. There he saw PLATO, SENECA, PLUTARCH, TACITUS, with many others of the like character. And when he asked who those venerable persons were, he was informed they were the damned, the souls of the reprobated—"Sapientia hujus sæculi inimica est Dei—The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." After this, being asked to which of those companies he would choose to belong, he answered, "he had much rather go to hell, where he might converse with those great geniuses about state affairs, than be condemned to the company of such lousy scoundrels as had been presented to him before—he would rather be sent to Hell after his death, than go to Paradise, because he should find nobody in Heaven but a parcel of beggars, monks, hermits and apostles; but in Hell, he should live with Cardinals, Popes and Kings." Many such stories are falsely told of MACHIAVEL, the oddity of this alone recommends it to notice.

AUTHORITY.—The mortal enemy unto knowledge—that which hath done the greatest execution upon truth—hath been a peremptory adhesion to authority, and more especially the establishing of our belief upon the dictates of antiquity. For, as every capacity may observe, most men of ages present so superstitiously do look on ages past, that the authority of the one exceeds the reasons of the other.—*Sir Thomas Brown*.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.—The origin and application of the *Pied Poudre* Court perhaps is unknown to many of our readers. It is derived from the French, and literally signifies "*dusty feet*." An eminent law writer observes, "This is the lowest Court recognised by the law of England." The etymology of the name is somewhat doubtful. Sir Edward Coke says, that it has its name because justice is done "as speedily as a dust can fall from the foot," whilst others derive it from the *dusty feet* of the suitors. Mr. Daines Barrington derives it more satisfactorily from *Pieds Poudreux*, a pedlar, in old French—"a Court of Petty Chapmen, such as resort to fairs and markets." A ludicrous scene took place on Monday. As one of the itinerant showmen was passing through Long-lane to Smithfield, the axle-tree of his caravan broke, and discharged its cargo into the street. Several monkeys were instantly seen running in different directions, one of which took refuge in a cook's shop, to the no small discomfort of the master cook and his hungry guests. *Pug*, without waiting to examine the bill of fare, placed himself by a dish of ready-sliced plum pudding, and, sans ceremonie, helped himself, and all remonstrance on the part of the cook could not persuade him to relinquish his delicious repast until his master, by force of arms, dislodged him from the luxurious banquet.

Wassail, or was-heal, in Saxon, signifies your health, and is now used in a very limited sense, and only at the time of Christmas. It anciently signified mirth and festivity in general; and in this sense it occurs in Shakspeare, as follows:—

"The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels."
And Milton likewise says—

"I'm loth to meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers."

Wasselling was a great ceremony at Court on Twelfth Night in the reign of Henry VII. "When the steward cometh in at the doore with the wassel, he must crie three times, 'wassell, wassel, wassel,' and then the chaplain was to answer with a good song." In a very old house at Bexley, in Kent, is an oaken chimney-piece, on which is carved a wassel bowle, resting on the branches of an apple-tree. On one side is the word wassheil, and on the other seinheile: it is at least as old as the fourteenth century.—The custom of throwing roasts, and pouring out libations to apple-trees for proving a fruitful year was called wassel; the term is still applied to the drinking songs sung in the cider counties on the eve of Epiphany, when the ceremony is performed. In Holderness, and other parts of Yorkshire, it is the custom to carry about with the wassel-cup an image of our Saviour, together with a quantity of roasted apples, so that this custom has been restricted to the convivial season of Christmas, and the custom of roasting apples on Christmas Eve still continues in some districts. The origin of the term wassel is traced to the story of Vortigern and Rowena, the daughter of Hengist. On their first interview, she kneeled before him, and presenting a cup of wine, said—"Hlford Kyning, waes-heil!"—i. e. Lord King, health be to you! The King being unacquainted with the Saxon language, asked the meaning of the terms, and being told that they wished his health, and that he should answer by saying *drinc heil*; he did so, and commanded her to drink; then taking the cup, he kissed the damsel, and pledged her. From this time the custom long remained in Britain, and whoever drank to another at least said, *wacht heil*, and he that received the cup, answered *drinc heil*. The wassel songs were sung during the festivities of Christmas, and in earlier times, by the itinerant minstrels, of whom, with the practice, some remains may be traced in our present wails and carols. One of these songs is preserved in the British Museum.

A wassail bowle, or cup, was anciently placed on the table of Princes as well as of Abbots. In the 11th vol. of the *Archæologia*, there is an engraving of one which formerly belonged to Glastonbury Abbey, and a dissertation upon it by Dr. Milner. The inside (which holds two quarts) is furnished with eight pegs, at equal distances, one below the other, in conformity with Edgar's law, to repress excess in drinking. This measurement allowed of half a pint to each person. There is one now to be seen at Mr. Greenall's, Great Compton-street, Soho. In the preface to the History of *Tom Thumbe the Little*, published in the year 1621, is the following passage:—"Now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellows, over a well spiced wassel bowle of Christmas ale, telling of these merrie tales which hereafter followe."

FELICITOUS LEVITY.—In the Review of Sir ROBERT KER PORTER's Travels in Georgia, &c. in the number of the Quarterly which has just made its appearance, the writer, giving an account of the passage of an embassy to Persia, through the Caucasus, says, "As they proceeded with trembling steps; a tempest of wind arose, blowing immense drifts of snow in their faces, in the midst of which the Persian Ambassador and his Steward, with their horses, wandered over the precipice, and sunk into the Abyss.—By dint of labour and ingenuity, the Ambassador gradually worked his head out of the snow, and the Cossack and Ossetine guides being let down, fastened ropes round his Excellency, and thus extricated him from his unpleasant situation. His Excellency's steward, we believe, is there still."

CHEAT DINNER.—In the year 1752, a dinner was provided by JOHN HERVEY, Esq., at Wexford, for Colonel TOTTENHAM, M.P., CESAR COLCLOUGH, M.P., and JOHN GROGAN, Esqrs.; the expence of which was only eleven-pence halfpenny:—viz. a cod 3d., a widgeon 3d., two pair of pigeons 3d., and a pair of rabbits 2½d.

UNFORTUNATE CASE.—A zealous Priest in the north of Ireland missed a constant auditor from his congregation, in which schism had already made depredations. "What keeps our friend, farmer B——, away from us?" was the anxious question proposed by our vigilant Minister to his assistant. "I have not seen him among us," continued he, "these three weeks: I hope that it is not Protestantism that keeps him away." "No," was the reply, "it is worse than that." "Worse than Protestantism? God forbid it should be Deism." "No, worse than that." "Worse than Deism! good Heavens, I trust it is not Atheism." "No, worse than Atheism!" "Impossible, nothing can be worse than Atheism!" "Yes, it is, your honour—It is *Rheumatism*!"

DIFFICULTY OF TRANSLATION.—An unfortunate mistake occurred some time ago in translating the Scriptures into one of the Eastern languages. To judge was understood in the sense of *doing or rendering justice*, and the sentence *Judge not least ye be judged*, was translated *do not justice least justice be done to you*.

CITY RECORDS.—The present LORD MAYOR, anxious to restore the good old times, is very fond of repeating the following anecdote. "At the commencement of a public dinner at Guildhall, WILKES lisped out—'Mr. Alderman B——LL, shall I help you to a plate of turtle or a slice of the haunch? I am within reach of both.'—'Neither one nor t'other, I thank you, Sir,' replied the Alderman, 'I think I shall dine on the beans and bacon, which are at this end of the table.' 'Mr. Alderman A——N, which would you chuse, Sir?' continued the Chamberlain, 'Sir, I will not trouble you for either, for I believe I shall follow the example of my brother B. and dine on beans and bacon,' was the reply. On this second refusal, WILKES rose, and with every mark of astonishment in his countenance, called 'Silence,' which being obtained, he then addressed the Chair,—'My LORD MAYOR, the wicked have branded us with the imputation of gluttony; that they may be put to open shame, I humbly move that your Lordship command the proper Officer to record in our annals—that two Aldermen of the City of London prefer Beans and Bacon to either Venison or Turtle Soup!'"

EXTRAORDINARY ACCOMMODATION.—A house is advertised in a neighbouring county to Warwickshire to be let. The situation is stated to be a good one for a ladies' school; and amongst the numerous advantages it possesses is one certainly of a novel character for such an establishment—viz. *Fox Hounds and Harriers are kept in the neighbourhood!*

The rare collection of old china, and a vast mass of other curiosities, got together during a long life by the late Mrs. Garrick, are to fall under the hammer of Mr. George Robins. Few females excited more conversation and jealousy in her youth and on her first arrival in England, from her accomplishments, than this Lady; she was called the beautiful *Violette*, and her fame increased daily. All the *béau monde* contested for her society and company, under the auspices of sister Countesses. She was taken to Chiswick, and was once on the point of being married to a Nobleman of high rank. This Nobleman endeavoured to gain possession of her by other means, and with other views, and one evening, at a fine masquerade, he was following her whilst she was under the Countess of Burlington's arm, who perceiving the Noble Peer's solicitude, pulled off her glove, moved her wedding ring up and down her finger, which was to signify no other than honourable terms would be accepted. Lord Orford says, at one of the most superb entertainments ever given by the Duke of Richmond, both by land and by water, at which almost all the *Royals* and *Fitzes*, and Nobles of the land were present, there was an admirable scene; Lady Burlington brought the *Violette* (Mrs. Garrick) and the Richmonds had asked Garrick, who stood ogling and sighing the whole time, while my Lady kept a most fierce look out. Sabbatini, one of the Duke of Modena's Court, was asking me who all the people were, and who is that? "C'est mi Lady Hartington, la belle fille du Duc de Devonshire."—"Et qui est cette autre dame?" It was a distressing question; after a little hesitation, I replied, "mais c'est Mademoiselle Violette."—"Et comment Mademoiselle Violette! j'ai connu une Mademoiselle Violette par exemple." I begged him to look at Miss Bishop.

GREY CAUSES.—The memorable observation of the LORD CHANCELLOR with reference to the difficulty of deciding in Chancery cases—that if all were black or white it would be easy to decide, but that a number were grey, reminds one of the saying of another great sage respecting the difficulties in Turkish judication.—KHENHER BEY, surnamed FADHEL AL ROUM, being in conversation with his friends, as they were discoursing on the difficulties which occurred in the exercise of judicature, one of the company observed: "In my opinion the greatest difficulty is when one of the two parties is rich and the other poor." KHENHER BEY answered: "I find no difficulty there; for it is clear that the rich man will gain his cause and the poor man will lose it; but the great difficulty is when the two parties are equally rich and powerful. If, being poor, you have a law suit with a rich and powerful man, be sure not to go near the CADI, for he will not fail to give it against you. My advice is, that you should either give up the matter altogether, or throw yourself at the feet of your adversary, for you will obtain more justice from him than from the CADI." It may be worth while remarking, that the difficulty with us is substantially the same, though we manage matters a little more circuitously than our Allies the Turks. The Judge does not take money, directly, like the CADI, but he will procrastinate the proceedings, if he can, till one of the parties becomes exhausted, for the fees of court come, either directly or indirectly, into his own pocket. So that, disguise the thing as we will, judicature resolves itself into this—the rich man carries the suit, the less rich is ruined; both are fleeced, and the CADI or Judge fattens on the spoil.

Of all people the Hindoos seem to have been the most vehement respecters of their Clergy, Magistracy, and King. "For contumelious language to a Brahmin (says the law of Menu), a Sudra must have an iron style, ten fingers long, thrust red hot into his mouth; and for offering to give instruction to priests, hot oil must be poured into his mouth and ears." "If (says HALLER's Code of Gentoo Laws) a Sooder sits upon the carpet of a Brahmin, in that case the Magistrate, having thrust a hot iron into his buttock, and branded him, shall banish him the kingdom; or else he shall cut off his buttock. For striking a Brahmin even with a blade of grass, or overpowering him in argument, the offender must soothe him by falling prostrate.—A Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity, even as fire is a powerful divinity, whether consecrated or popular. Thus, though Bramins employ themselves in all sorts of mean occupations, they must invariably be honoured, for they are something transcendently divine." The recent verdict of a Durham Jury gives our Churchmen something of the Brahmin character. "If a Magistrate has committed a crime, and any person, upon discovery of that crime, should beat and ill-use the Magistrate, the Magistrate shall thrust an iron spit through him and roast him at the fire." This was a people who, *certainly*, knew what respect was due to a corrupt Magistrate. Their ideas of the attributes of Kings surpass JAMES's notable speech on the godship of Kings:—"A King, says the law of Menu, is formed of particles from the chief guardian Deities, and consequently surpasses all mortals in glory. Like the sun, he burns eyes and hearts; nor can any human creature on earth even gaze on him. He, fire and air; he, the God of criminal justice; he, the Genius of Wealth; he, the Regent of Waters; he, the Lord of the Firmament. A King, even though a child, must not be treated lightly, from an idea that he is a mere mortal."

The Turks and the Gentry of a certain country have always a strong motive for being fond of war—the latter are enabled to get Commissions for their younger sons, and the former have the privilege of exemption from execution so long as hostilities are continued, which gives an audacity to the character altogether noble and dignified. An anecdote may serve to illustrate this. An Italian merchant at Smyrna, who had formerly affronted a Turk, durst not appear before him after the latter enrolled himself. The Turks vowed that he would have vengeance, and as he wished to be thought a man of his word, and could now safely perform his vow, he insisted on killing his adversary. The merchant, aware of his danger, concealed himself, and offered money; but the Mussulman was obstinate. To inspire other infidels with respect, he said, I am determined to kill one who dared to give offence to a true believer. Might not an occasional impunity of this sort rapidly fill the ranks of our army when recruiting goes on slackly?

Whenever a quarrel among the Cossacks causes them to combat each other, they fight as in England, with their fists, and never with knives, daggers, or any sharp instrument. This practice is so established a characteristic of that people, that it gave rise to a very remarkable wager. TERLOFF and GELAGIN, two of the late Empress CATHERINE's Privy Councillors, happened to be in her presence when it was told her that a Cossack Priest, then a Monk in the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, had been arrested for cutting the throat of a young woman with whom he had quarrelled; upon which TERLOFF offered to wager with GELAGIN that the Monk was not a Cossack. The bet was made, and won by TERLOFF, the Monk proving to be a Russian. Upon being questioned how he could possibly divine the probable success of his wager; "because," said he, "no Cossack would strike a woman; or if he did, he would use his hand, and not a knife."

A fortune-teller had told the Countess of Shrewsbury that she should not die while she was building. Accordingly, she bestowed a great deal of the wealth she had obtained from three husbands in erecting large seats at Hardwicke, Chatsworth, Bolsover, Oldcotes, and Worksop; and, by a singular coincidence, died in a hard frost, when the workmen could not labour.

Kent, the architect, and father of modern gardening, was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought complete without his assistance. He was not only consulted on furniture, as frames of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, &c. but for a plate, for a barge, for a cradle. And so imperious was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their birthday gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of five orders; the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured satin with ornaments of gold.

It is the custom in several parts of Italy for girls to carry their marriage portion about with them, in the shape of gold ear-rings and crosses; and no maid servant thinks herself properly dressed on mass-days without announcing in this way that she is equally fit for heaven and a husband. The gold is very thin, but solidity is made up for by the length and width of the ornaments; and the earrings are often heavy enough to tear through the holes of the ears. Imagine a brown, black-eyed girl, with her thick hair done up in combs, a white veil over it, a coloured, sometimes a white gown, large dangling gold ornaments at her ears and bosom, and perhaps bare feet or tattered shoes; and you have the complete portrait of an Italian maid servant or peasant girl, issuing forth to church or to dance.—*The Liberator*, No. II.; *Description of Genoa*.

WE extract from the new Scots novel, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, the following exquisitely faithful and discriminative portraiture of that pedantic, and, in some respects, almost incomprehensible monarch, *James the First of England*:

"The King's dress was of green velvet, quilted so full as to be dagger-proof, which gave him the appearance of clumsy and ungainly protuberance; while its being buttoned awry communicated to his figure an air of distortion. Over his green doublet he wore a sad-coloured night-gown, out of the pocket of which peeped his hunting-horn. His high-crowned grey hat lay on the floor, covered with dust, but encircled by a carcanet of large balas rubies; and he wore a blue velvet night-cap, in the front of which was placed the plume of a heron, which had been struck down by a favourite hawk in some critical moment of the flight, in remembrance of which the King wore this highly-honoured feather.

"But such inconsistencies in dress and appointments were mere outward types of those which existed in the royal character, rendering it a subject of doubt amongst his contemporaries, and bequeathing it as a problem to future historians. He was deeply learned, without possessing useful knowledge; sagacious in many individual cases, without having real wisdom; fond of his power, and desirous to maintain and augment it, yet willing to resign the direction of that and of himself, to the most unworthy favourites; a big and bold assertor of his rights in words, yet one who tamely saw them trampled on in deeds; a lover of negotiations, in which he was always outwitted; and a fearer of war, where conquest might have been easy. He was fond of his dignity, while he was perpetually degrading it by undue familiarity; capable of much public labour, yet often neglecting it for the meanest amusement; a wit, though a pedant; and a scholar, though fond of the conversation of the ignorant and uneducated. Even his timidity of temper was not uniform, and there were moments of his life, and those critical, in which he showed the spirit of his ancestors. He was laborious in trifles, and a trifler where serious labour was required; devout in his sentiments, and yet too often profane in his language; just and beneficent by nature, he yet gave way to the iniquities and oppressions of others. He was penurious respecting money which he had to give from his own hand, yet inconsiderately and unboundedly profuse of that which he did not see. In a word, those good qualities which displayed themselves in particular cases and occasions, were not of a nature sufficiently firm and comprehensive to regulate his general conduct; and, showing themselves as they occasionally did, only entitled James to the character bestowed on him by Sully—that he was the wisest fool in Christendom."

Hare-hunting appears to have been the favourite recreation of ecclesiastics, as it is not very long since bishops were obliged to keep a pack of harriers for the exercise and amusement of their clergy. So far back as the twelfth century, we find that a Bishop of Rochester was so fond of hare hunting that he was said to have suffered it to interfere with the sacred functions of his profession, and was a keen sportsman at the age of 80. In the fourteenth century, a Bishop of Worcester appears to have written to a brother Bishop of St. David's, to remind him of a promise to send him six couples of hounds, declaring he languished for them. "Let them come then, oh reverend father," said his lordship, "without delay; let my woods re-echo with the music of their cry, and the cheerful notes of the horn."—*Sporting Magazine*.

A dragoon having been carried by a restive horse against Louis XIV. during an action, his Majesty became angry, and lifted his cane, as if to strike him. On this, the soldier, rendered desperate by such an affront, immediately tendered one of his pistols to the King, at the same time exclaiming, "Sire, you have bereaved me of my honour, deprive me also of my life." The Monarch, instead of being displeased with his sensibility, took the first opportunity to promote so brave a man.—*Percy Anecdotes*.

Second Thoughts are best.—When Mr. Thelwall was on his trial at the Old Bailey for High Treason, during the evidence for the prosecution, he wrote the following note and sent it to his counsel: "Mr. Erskine, I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do, you'll be hanged;" to which Mr. Thelwall immediately returned this reply, "I'll be hanged then if I do."

The laws of China (Mr. Barrow tells us) are contained in 16 small volumes, and they have lasted for thousands of years, for a population which is equal to that of one-third of the universe. They are so simple, so defined, and so promulgated through the empire, that the services of attorneys and counsellors are unnecessary, and there is not one to be found in the (thus truly called) Celestial Empire! Peter the Great, of Russia, issued an edict, that no law-suit should exceed eleven days: then it was to terminate. The Code, Napoleon, we believe, is in a single volume octavo. The ramifications of our statutes tend to confuse, not to define. First, our Legislature passes an Act; then comes an Act to amend this Act, then a rider, then a supplement, then an appendix, and so on; instead of each Act being consolidated under their own authority, or that of a delegated committee. G. A. Stevens has drolly satirised this, by a counsellor at the Bar referring to the 984th page of the 120th folio volume of the Abridgement of the Statutes!

Political Puns.—Among the many expedients resorted to by the depressed party in a State to indulge their sentiments safely, and probably, at the same time, according to situation, to sound those of their companions, puns and other quibbles have been of notable service. The following is worthy of notice: The cavaliers, during Cromwell's usurpation, usually put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it would exclaim with cautious ambiguity, "God send this *Crum* well down!" A Royalist Divine, also during the Protectorate, did not scruple to quibble in the following prayer, which he was accustomed to deliver: "O Lord, who hast put a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, put it into his heart also—to do according to thy word." He would drop his voice at the word *also*, and after a significant pause, repeat the concluding sentence in an under tone. The temerity and profaneness of this conduct is perfectly shocking.

NAMES, and their Influence on the Mind.—The effects which are produced by names upon the imagination is one of the most extraordinary illusions of mankind. Favour or disappointment has been often conceded, as the name of the claimant has affected us; and the accidental affinity or coincidence of a name, connected with ridicule or hatred, with pleasure or disgust, have operated like magic. There is something in names which one cannot help feeling—there are some names to which we cannot help giving a preference to others, without knowing their respective merits; it is a feeling difficult to account for, but still more difficult to resist. It arises from various causes; chiefly, perhaps, from the association of ideas—but that it affects mankind strongly, all ages and climates may be called on to testify its truth. Harsh names will have, in spite of all our philosophy, a painful and ludicrous effect on the ears and associations: it is vexatious that the softness of delicious vowels, or the ruggedness of inexorable consonants, should at all be connected with a man's happiness, or at all have an influence on his fortune. The actor Macklin was softened down from Macklaughlin; by the same means was Malloch polished into Mallet; and even our sublime Milton, in a moment of humour and hatred to the Scots, condescends to insinuate that their barbarous names are symbolical of their natures, and from a man of the of *Mac Colleitok* he expects no mercy. Voltaire, in giving the names of the founders of Helvetic freedom, says the difficulty of pronouncing their truly respectable names is injurious to their celebrity—they are *Melchitad*, *Stauffacher*, and *Valthurfurst*. There are names, which even in the social circle will, in spite of all due gravity, awaken a harmless smile; and some have solemnly thanked heaven that their names were not liable to a pun. The names of *Eloisa* and *Clarissa* have perhaps subjected their owners to disasters, which happily they might have evaded had they possessed the homely names of *Grizzle* or *Deborah*. The Spaniards have long been known for cherishing a passion for dignified names, and are marvelously affected by long and voluminous ones; they feel a most singular contempt for a very short name, on which subject the following pleasant fact has been recorded: An opulent citizen named *John Cuts* (and what name could be cut more unluckily short?) was ordered by Queen Elizabeth to entertain the Spanish Ambassador; but the latter complained grievously, and thought he was disparaged by the shortness of his name! He imagined that a man bearing such a monosyllabic name could never have performed any thing great or honourable; but when he found that honest John Cuts displayed a hospitality which had nothing monosyllabic in it, he only groaned at the utterance of the name of his host.

A Breakfast!—A farmer's servant having a cheese set before him, to take his breakfast, and sitting a long time over it, his master asked when he intended to have done. "Sir," replied he, "a cheese of this size is not so soon eaten as you may think."—*American paper*.

Anecdote.—The Rev. Mr. C., well known in the literary as well as in the Christian world, on account of his work containing excellent materials for thinking, and for his generally religious life, was recently dining with a large but select and intelligent company at Stone's coffee-house. Among the company was a Mr. F., a considerable wine and brandy merchant, who, in the course of the evening, as usual, mounted his favourite hobby, declaring that when he had been in any man's company for five minutes, from the gentleman's look and conversation, he could tell what was his profession. "Well," said the Rev. Mr. C., "suppose you try your skill upon me: what am I? what is my profession?" "Why you, Sir, (the Reverend had on a black neckerchief, and a coat rather closely buttoned up,) I should deem to be an officer upon half-pay, but an officer who has seen a good deal of service." "True, I have seen a good deal of service; but it has been in the *church militant*, not in a *corps militaire*." Our physiognomist thought to share the smiles that were hereupon gathering in every face, by assuming some merriment rather at his own expense—"Why then [he resumed] there is only a letter or two difference between us: you are concerned in the spiritual, and I am interested in the spiritual." "Aye [rejoined our clerical friend] but you have omitted to bring into your account one very material difference between us: what I deal in is much *above proof*, while the articles of your trade are much *below proof*!"—Roars of laughter, as might be expected, increased the confusion of the previously-confounded physiognomist; and they were so loud and long-continued, that he was unable even to attempt a rally.

Dr. Johnson was asked by a lady what new work he was employed about. "I am writing nothing just at present," he replied. "Well but, Doctor," said she, "if I could write like you, I should be always writing merely for the pleasure of it." "Pray madam," retorted he, "do you sincerely think that Leander swam across the Hellespont merely because he was fond of swimming?"

A little girl happening to hear her mother speak of going into *half-mourning*, said, "Why are we going into half-mourning, mamma? are any of our relations *half dead*?"

A citizen who had two sons, the eldest of whom was a fine gentleman, the other always attentive to business in his father's banking concern, gave to them the appellations of *Count* and *Discount*.

Some thieves lately broke into a house at Walworth, while the family were at church, and robbed it of several articles, with which they decamped, leaving the following inscription, in chalk, on a table in the kitchen: "You must *watch* as well as *pray*."

Spanish Folly.—Philip III., king of Spain, being taken ill of a fever and shivering in cold weather, a *braziere* or pan with burning coals was brought into his chamber and placed near him, and by some act of carelessness was placed so very close to him as to scorch him. A noble, who happened to be present, said to one that stood by him, "The King burns." The other answered, "It is true; but the page whose office it is to bring and remove the *braziere* is not here." The consequence was, that before the page could be found, his Majesty's legs and face were so burnt, that it caused an erysipelas, of which he died.—Philip IV., his successor, escaped not much better. That Prince being one day hunting, was overtaken by a violent storm of rain and hail; and no man presuming to lend the King a cloak, he was so wet before the officer could be found, who carried his own, that he took a cold, which brought on a violent and dangerous fever, from which he escaped with difficulty.

Origin of the Representation of Britannia on the English Copper Coin.—To Charles II.'s partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin: he admired and even idolized this celebrated beauty, but could not secure her, as he was base enough to essay; and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our copper money.

African Radical!—The Rev. John Campbell, in his "Travels in South Africa," gives an account of the liberty of speech taken by a young Captain at a public meeting at which King Mateebe presided in person. The orator told his Majesty that he did not like to see kings with thick legs and corpulent bodies: "they ought," he added, "to be kept thin by watching and defending the cattle!"

Lord Bacon compares those who move in the higher spheres, to those heavenly bodies in the firmament which have much admiration but little rest.

Frost in Russia.—A palace was built of ice by the Empress Anne of Russia, on the banks of the Neva, in 1740, fifty-two feet long, which, when illuminated, had a surprising effect. The frosts in Russia are most severe: the rivers are covered with ell-thick ice, and the ground with ell-thick snow. Spit-tle ejected becomes converted into ice before it reaches the ground; and if metal be touched with moist hands, the skin is left adhesive to it. Sometimes the beards are frozen to the bed-clothes while asleep. Within a few days after the snow has disappeared, the forests and trees are clothed with beautiful foliage, and the ploughed lands, meads, and pasture grounds, with luxuriant corn and herbage.

Melancthon.—The important change which at an early age took place in the mind of Melancthon, on the subject of religion, may be ascribed to the perusal of a copy of the Bible which the celebrated Capnio had put into his hands, and which instantly became his inseparable companion. The monks, with their usual virulence and prejudice, instantly became his persecutors. The spirit manifested by these religious barbarians on this occasion perfectly harmonized with the language of one of that fraternity, whose preposterous ignorance and bigotry have furnished a standing joke ever since the Reformation. "A new language," says he, "has been invented, which is called *Greek*; guard carefully against it, it is the mother of every species of heresy. I observe in the hands of a great many people a book written in this language, which they call the *New Testament*; it is a book full of thorns and serpents. With respect to Hebrew, it is certain, my dear brethren, that all who learn it are instantly converted to Judaism!"—*Coxe's Life of Melancthon*.

A Dublin paper gives an account of a gentleman, who walked in his sleep, having fallen out of a window, and killed himself before he awoke!

Advantages in London!—At a small baker's at the Court-end of the town, any lady or gentleman so disposed may step in, and have, as we are informed by a notice in chalk over the door, his or her "*vitals* baked here;" and not far from this spot resides an industrious individual, whose avocation cannot be too generally made known, as it may save many families the very considerable expense generally attendant upon moving from one house to another. "*Messuages*," says he, on a board slung out at his window, "delivered to all parts of the town, by me, *Timothy Trudge*."

The first paper-mill erected in England is that which stands on the river Darent, about half a mile from Dartford, in Kent. It was built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by John Spelman, jeweller to her Majesty, who had afterwards the honour of knighthood conferred on him by James I.

THE GREENLAND SEA.—In the pure blue of the Greenland Sea are bands or streams of olive green, extending two or three degrees of latitude in length, and from a few miles to 10 or 15 leagues in breadth. The food of the whale occurs chiefly in the green-coloured water; it therefore affords whales in greater numbers than any other quality of the sea, and is constantly sought after by the fishers. Besides, whales are more easily taken in it than in the blue water, on account of its great obscurity preventing the whales from seeing distinctly the approach of their enemies. "I procured," says Mr. Scoresby, "a quantity of snow from a piece of ice that had been washed by the sea, and was greatly discoloured by the deposition of some peculiar substance on it. A little of this snow, dissolved in a wine-glass, appeared perfectly nebulous; the water being found to contain a great number of semi-transparent spherical substances, with others resembling small portions of fine hair. On examining these substances with a compound microscope, I was enabled to make the following observations:

"The semi-transparent globules appeared to consist of an animal of the Medusa kind. It was from 1-20th to 1-30th of an inch in diameter. The fibrous, or hair-like substances, were found to be beautifully moniliform. They possessed the property of decomposing light, and in some cases showed all the colours of the spectrum very distinctly. The whole substance had an appearance very similar to the horns or antennæ of shrimps: fragments of which they might possibly be; as the squillæ are very abundant in the Greenland sea.

"I afterwards examined the different qualities of sea water; and found these substances very abundant in that of an olive green colour; and also occurring, but in less quantity, in the bluish-green water. The number of Medusæ in the olive-green sea was found to be immense. They were about one-fourth of an inch asunder. In this proportion a cubic inch must contain 64; a cubic foot 110,592; a cubic fathom 23,887,872; and a cubical mile about 23,888,000,000,000! From soundings made in the situation where these animals were found, it is probable the sea is upwards of a mile in depth; but whether the substances occupy the whole depth is uncertain. Provided, however, the depth to which they extend be but 250 fathoms, the above immense number of one species may occur in a space of two miles square. It may give a better conception of the amount of Medusæ in this extent, if we calculate the length of time that would be requisite, with a certain number of persons, for counting this number; allowing that one person could count a million in seven days, which is barely possible, it would have required that 80,000 persons should have started at the creation of the world!

"What a stupendous idea this fact gives of the immensity of creation, and of the bounty of Divine Providence in furnishing such a profusion of life in regions so remote from the habitations of men! But if the number of animals in a space of two miles square be so great, what must be the amount requisite for the discolouration of the sea, through an extent of perhaps 20, or 30,000 square miles!

"These animals are not without their evident economy, as on their existence possibly depends the being of the whole race of mysticæ, and some other species of cetaceous animals. For the minute Medusæ apparently afford nourishment to the sepia, actinia, caveri, helices, and other genera of mollusca and aptera, so abundant in the Greenland sea; while these latter constitute the food of several of the whale tribe inhabiting the same region: thus producing a dependant chain of animal life, one particular link of which being destroyed, the whole must necessarily perish."

On an island towards the eastern shore of Behring's Straits Lieutenant Kotzebue was greeted in a very friendly manner by the natives. After some previous salutations and presents, the commander of the horde invited his visitor to his tent. There a greasy piece of leather was spread as a seat for the guest, and each person present, approaching in turn, embraced him, rubbed his nose hardly against the stranger's nose, then spit upon his own hands and wiped them several times over the face of his newly-acquired friend. A wooden trough, of whale blubber, of which Lieut. Kotzebue wheedled his stomach to partake, confirmed the favourable impressions which the savages had conceived, and they parted from the navigator with great apparent regret.

Their method of feeding is distinguished for its simplicity. A seal, just killed, is placed in the midst of the party, its belly is cut open, and each after the other puts his head in, and sucks out the blood. When their thirst is satisfied, every man cuts for himself a gobbet of the flesh, which he devours without much attention to mastication.

In his intercourse with the natives on the Asiatic coast, Lieut. K. was forcibly struck by a distinctive peculiarity which he had before remarked between the northern and southern savages. In the south, one of the most acceptable presents is a looking glass. In the north, on the contrary, directly a native sees the reflection of his own image, he shudders and runs away.

On his arrival at Oonalashka, Kotzebue learnt a zoological fact which probably has not been so gravely stated since the days of the voracious Sinbad, namely, that whales were sometimes found one hundred and eighty feet in length, and that the people engaged at the opposite ends of the fish must halloo very loud to be able to understand one another.

This story, however, was equalled by one which was told our voyager, in a land of comparative civilization. The Governor of Manilla, "a well-informed, intelligent man, assured him that horses often ran away into the interior of the country. There a bird makes its nest in the upper part of the animal's tail: the horse grows lean, and does not recover even after the bird has flown away with its young."

In California, the Governor of St. Francisco entertained his visitors with a fight between a bull and a bear. The latter are so numerous, that dragoons are as commonly sent on horseback into the forests to catch a bear, "as we would order a cook to bring a goose from the pen!" Both bull and bear are wild, and each is caught by a noose. Their combat was remarkable, and, though the bull frequently tossed his antagonist, the bear, strange to say, was victor in the end.

At the Sandwich islands, in an interview with the favourite queen, Kahumanna was sitting in her own house, between two other ladies, smoking tobacco, driving away the flies with a fan, combing her hair, and eating water melons. Kahumanna, after a few whiffs, swallowed part of the smoke, and emitted the rest through her nostrils. She then handed the pipe to her visitor, and, not a little astonished at his refusal, passed it to her neighbour, who after a short enjoyment, gave it to the third.

During the King's dinner an attendant close to him held a wooden box, with a lid, in the form of a snuff-box, which was opened when the King wished to spit, and was shut closely after the operation. This careful custody of the royal saliva arises from a belief that as long as they possess this treasure, their enemies cannot affect him by any illness produced through magic.

The governor of the island of Woahoo, on his first visit, was dressed in a very tight coat, waistcoat, and breeches, a cocked hat, and topped boots. He was accompanied by his suite, all richly compared, but they were obliged to abstain from eating, because pork was unlawful unless previously consecrated in a Morai, and all the other dishes, having been dressed over the same fire, were *taboo*. But drink of any kind was acceptable, and "without difficulty they swallowed a bottle of rum at one draught." A few days afterwards the governor returned the banquet, and excused his own absence through an English interpreter, by saying, his lady was so very tipsy that he was unable to leave her.

At Otaheite, on the accession of a new sovereign, or other similar occasions, words belonging to the general language are banished, and replaced by new ones. Such arbitrary changes have, in later times, caused the language of this island, which was formerly but little different from that of Owhyhee, to depart more and more from it, so that the natives of the two islands do not now understand each other.

The following fact in the history of Owhyhee, which we owe to a credible witness, a thinking and well-informed man, M. Marin, a Spaniard settled there, and which was confirmed to us by the natives, shews us this strange custom also in the Sandwich islands, and that in the most singular manner. About the year 1800, Tamaahnaah, the king, on occasion of the birth of a son, invented quite a new language. The newly-invented words were not related to any roots of the current language, nor derived from any of them; even the particles, which supply the grammatical forms, and are the connectives of the discourse, were transformed in a similar manner. It is said that some powerful chiefs, who were displeased at this metamorphosis, destroyed the child who had caused it, by poison. At his death the enterprise which had been undertaken at his birth was abandoned.

[From Peron's Voyages in the Southern Hemisphere.]
Extraordinary vitality of Sharks.—On the 20th of November we caught a shark about 10 feet in length, which gave us a strong proof of the irritability of these fish. After the head was cut off and the heart and entrails taken out and thrown into the sea, and we were dragging it forward to wash it at the pump, the animal, whilst we drew it along by the tail, made violent motions, and raised its body with such strength and quickness, that several persons had nearly been thrown down. In our passage from Europe to the Isle of France, I had before seen in an animal of the same kind this irritability remain for a still longer time. For above two hours, the shark had been gutted and the head taken off, when a sailor came to cut off the tail; but the knife had not penetrated the flesh above half an inch, when the fish contracted itself violently, and leaped several times on the deck; and their irritability continued till the tail was entirely taken off with a hatchet.

Enormous Sepia.—We perceived in the water, at a small distance from the ship, an enormous species of Sepia, as big as a ton: it rolled with a great noise in the midst of the waves, extending its long arms on the surface, which were like so many reptiles of 6 or 7 feet in length. Doubtless it is some such animal as this that Dom. Peretty describes as having such prodigious dimensions, and being of such an amazing weight that according to him it is able to obstruct the working of a ship, and by climbing up the cordage, to drag it to destruction; and to cause it to founder. This is an idle, tale probably founded on the appearance of some such monstrous Sepia.

Fucus Giganticus.—On the same day we saw floating on the surface of the waves some quantities of the Fucus Giganticus. It is not without reason, that this vegetable bears this specific name, for I have seen some stalks or branches of it that were 200 or 300 feet in length.

Whiteness of animals towards the Poles.—The remarkable disposition of all animals to become white the nearer their habitation is to the high latitudes, is a curious phenomenon. Thus in the same northern regions that produce white foxes, white bears, &c. there is also a kind of white dolphin.

Alarm of a Native Female of North Holland.—One of our sailors wore a pair of gloves, which, on approaching the fire, he drew off his hands, and put in his pocket; at the sight of which the young woman uttered a scream which at first alarmed us, but we were not long at a loss to guess the cause of her fright, and we could not doubt from her gestures but that she had taken the gloves for a sort of live skin which we could take off and replace at pleasure.

De gustibus non est disputandum—exemplified in a Native Female of North Holland.—She had no sooner finished her dance, than she came close to me, and taking from a bag made of rushes, such as I have before described, some charcoal which it contained, she crush'd it between her hands, and with an obliging air she began to apply it to my face, as is customary in these regions. I willingly submitted to this obliging flattery, and Mr. Herison had the same complaisance. We now seemed to be very much admired by these women; they appeared to regard us with a degree of sweet satisfaction and pleasure, and seemed to congratulate us on the acquisition of such an addition to our beauty. Thus it appears that the fairness of the skin of which the Europeans are so vain is an absolute defect, and a sort of deformity, which, in these distant climates, must yield to the palm of beauty to the blackness of coal, or the colour of red ochre.

Brahminical Law.—"For contumelious language to a Brahmin," says the law of Menu, "a Sudra must have an iron style, ten fingers long, thrust red hot into his mouth; and for offering to give in-tinction to priests, hot oil must be poured into his mouth and ears." "If," says Hallhed's Code of Gentoo Laws, "a Sooder sits upon the carpet of a Brahmin, in that case the Magistrate, having thrust a hot iron into his buttock, and branded him, shall banish him the kingdom, or else he shall cut off his buttock. For striking a Brahmin, even with a blade of grass, or overpowering him in argument, the offender must soothe him by falling prostrate. A Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity even as fire is a powerful divinity, whether consecrated or popular. Thus, though Brahmins employ themselves in all sorts of mean occupations, they must invariably be honoured, for they are something transcendently divine." "If a Magistrate has committed a crime, and any person, upon discovery of that crime, should beat and ill-use him, the Magistrate shall thrust an iron spit through him, and roast him at the fire." "A King," says the law of Menu, "is formed of particles from the chief guardian Deities, and consequently surpasses all mortals in glory. Like the sun, he burns eyes and hearts; nor can any human creature on earth even gaze on him. He, fire and air; he, the God of Criminal Justice; he, the Genius of Wealth; he, the Regent of Waters; he, the Lord of the Firmament. A King, even though a child, must must not be treated lightly; from an idea that he is a mere mortal."

Parrots.—The Greeks originally were acquainted with but one species of Parrot (or Psittacus,) which was imported from the East by Alexander's Captains. The Romans knew no other species but those from India till the time of Nero; when they were also brought from the Island of Gaganda, far up the river Nile. After the Portugues doubled the Cape of Good Hope, they became more numerous in Europe; and now, we observe from a recent work on Natural History, this almost inexhaustible and beautiful genus has been divided into no fewer than 239 species!

Bon Mot.—Taunton was the first town in the West of England that applied to Parliament for a Turnpike Act. The Bill was opposed by Humphrey Sydenham, esq; member for Exeter, who asserted, that the roads were in very good repair: it was supported by Thos. Prowse, esq; who put the house in a roar of laughter, by undertaking to prove, that the roads were in so bad a state, that it would be no more expensive to repair them than to build new ones.

THE Superior (or *Guardiano*) frequently, with infinite pathos, observed, it was a great pity that England, which had once been such a flourishing garden of Catholicism, and had produced so many and such great saints and martyrs—martyrs inferior to none, and saints all but equal to those of Naples,—should now teem with nothing but noxious weeds, and be always covered with dark clouds; and that the English, who were such *bella gente*, should all be consigned into the hands of the dark one: he used, however, to console himself with the hope that the Almighty would not abandon that unhappy country for ever to reprobation, but would in his own good time restore it to the true faith, and to his favour and protection, which he had so long withheld.—Another subject of discourse was Naples, the Neapolitans, and the Carbonari. The *Guardiano's* opinion about his native city was, that it undoubtedly stood higher in the favour of God than any other spot on earth; in this opinion he was principally confirmed by the circumstance that miracles are performed there up to the present day. The Neapolitans, he said, were undoubtedly very bad people, very ignorant, very lazy, great thieves, great liars, and very malignant; but they had one capital virtue—that of believing more devoutly than any other people; and the bad part of them, he said, was composed entirely of those who had been spoiled by the French, or seduced by the Carbonari. He allowed that the Neapolitans did not excel in manufactures, which he attributed solely to the influence of the air; and this opinion he sustained and elucidated by the following ingenious explanation:—"Our countrymen," said he, "as all the world knows, can make very good macaroni, and this is because the air of Naples is favourable to the making of macaroni; but if they go to Rome, they cannot make good macaroni there, because the air of Rome is not favourable to macaroni-making:—now, in England you excel in manufactures, because your air is cold and moist, and favourable to manufactures, especially to cotton weaving and cutlery; but Englishmen cannot make razors or stockings in Naples, for the air prevents them."—*London Magazine*.

The Persians.—Mr. Morier gives several examples of the propensity of the Persians to flattery, hyperbole, and exaggeration. When the British Embassy reached Shiraz, the Vizir of the Prince Governor, attended by most of the principal men of the city, came out to meet the Ambassador. When the usual routine of first compliments had been gone through, and repeated over and over again, the Minister placed himself on one side of the Ambassador, while the Melmander, an officer appointed to attend distinguished strangers, and who acts as commissary, guard, and guide, was on the other. The Melmander said to the Minister, "How well the Elshee (Ambassador) talk Persian!" "Well!" cried the Minister, "he talks it admirably—he is superior to any Mollah. We have never yet seen such an Elshee—none so accomplished, none so clever, none so learned." To all this there was a chorus around of "*Belli, belli, belli*." The Minister then turned to a person on the other side of him, and said loud enough, and expressly for the Ambassador to hear, "Did you ever see any one so charming as the Elshee, so much better than all the other Elshees." The Ambassador, in praising the climate of Shiraz, observed, "It is so fine, that I should have thought mankind never died here, had I not seen those tombstones," pointing to some which he was just passing. "Wonderful! wonderful!" exclaimed the Melmander, "Did you hear that!" he roared out to the Minister. "What a wit is the Elshee." He then repeated the joke to the Minister, who cried out "Wonderfull wonderful!" as did all the others. However impertinent this sort of barefaced flattery may appear to Europeans, in the eyes of the Persians the omission of it would be a neglect of the common forms of politeness. Mr. Morier was once present when the Prime Minister gave instructions to a man who was sent to greet a Russian officer on his arrival, and his principal injunction was, "Be sure you give him plenty of flattery." They know, however, the real value of it, as well as we, for at the same time he turned round to our countryman, and said, "You know it is necessary to laugh at his beard," or, in other words, to humbug him. Among themselves they practise the same sort of deceit; and they are in general aware of the value of the praise they receive, yet it does not fail to stimulate their vanity, which, as far back as Herodotus, appears to have been a national vice, for he says "they esteem themselves the most excellent of mankind."—In the embassy of Sir Harford Jones (we quote the words of the same traveller) I once witnessed the introduction of one Persian to another, the principal Mirza of the embassy to the Chief Jeweller. "What!" said the latter, "is that the renowned Aga Meer, that learned, that ingenious man, that famous penman?" and then went through such a rapid enumeration of virtues, qualities, personal charms, and family distinctions, that the Mirza at first appeared quite overwhelmed; but by little and little he recovered, and returned so brisk a fire of compliments as almost to annihilate the jeweller."

Anecdote.—In a little convent at Moret in France, an unknown negress took the veil in the reign of Louis XIV. Bontemps, the confidential minister of the time, had placed her there at an early age, with a large sum paid down, and the continued allowance of a most liberal pension. She was abundantly provided in all points. The Queen and Madame Maintenon both paid especial regard to the welfare of the convent; and, though not appearing to direct any immediate attention to the negress, they carefully enquired relative to her health, her conduct, and her treatment. The Dauphin and his children often visited her; and one day, when she heard the Prince's hunting-horn in the adjoining forest of Fontainebleau, she said, with an air of negligence, "*c'est mon frère qui chasse*." Her rejoinder to Madame Maintenon was still more striking. That lady was once descending on the virtue of humility, for which it does not appear that the recluse was particularly distinguished. In the course of her lecture, she insinuated to the mysterious captive, that she was by no means the person whom she suspected herself to be. "*Si cela n'étoit pas, Madame,*" was the reply, "*vous ne prendriez pas la peine de venir me le dire*." She died in 1732; and both St. Simon and Anquetil concur in the belief that she was the legitimate daughter of the King and Queen: that the latter, by the frequent incautious admission of a black dwarf to her presence during her pregnancy, had affected the colour of the child; and that the birth being deemed monstrous, was thus secluded from the knowledge of the public.

Persian Horses.—From the earliest times, the breeding of fine horses has been a passion in the East; and in no country more than Persia, where, indeed, a man and his horse are seen in such constant companionship, that custom has in a manner identified them with each other. Horse-racing is not pursued here, as with us, to produce a certain prodigious swiftness in a short given time; but to exercise the limbs of the travelling or courier-horse, to go over a considerable number of miles in one day, or more, at an unusual rate, without slackening his pace, or suffering by the exertion. The fleetness of a Persian horse in the chase, is equal to that of any country; but his exquisite management in the military sports of the gird, &c. cannot be equalled on any other field.

Persian Fruit.—The variegated floors of our rooms were nearly covered with heaps of the finest apples, pears, and every sort of melons, besides the most beautiful grapes I ever beheld, all piled up in high pyramids, and glowing with the rich colours and various bloom of fruit, whose delicious freshness was more grateful to the eye than a palace's most gorgeous furniture. The fragrance and beauty of flowers mingled with nature's sweet banquet round us; but, when we partook of its luxuries, our European palates found most of them too insensate for our colder tastes; the grapes in particular, though possessing many different flavours, were invariably too cloying for refreshment. The fruit of highest zest is a small red plum, in shape like our green-gage, with something of the same taste, but much more exquisite; and this was our favourite dessert. At this time of the year, the country around Isphahan teems with fruit of every description, allowing the lower orders to purchase a load of the common sort for a few pieces of copper money. In consequence of this plenty, and the fondness of the people for so light and cooling a food, it is rather devoured than eaten; and in such immoderate quantities, that the effects on their bowels carries off whole families, and even districts, as if swept by the plague.

Valley of Kermanshah.—The fertility of this extensive valley is truly beautiful; the present annual produce, in grain of various kinds, is scarcely to be credited. The abundance of every necessary of life in this vale may be imagined, when I mention that my own party consists of ten persons, twelve horses, with mules in proportion; and it does not cost me more than three reals per day, (about two shillings and sixpence,) to subsist the whole. Meat, butter, eggs, milk, bread, corn, straw, all were included in this trifling sum.

Mahmoud Ali Mirza.—The fact of the Shah having nominated Abbas Mirza to be his successor, rather than Mahmoud Ali Mirza, the elder brother, is well known. The reason assigned for the preference is simply the different circumstances of their birth; the mother of the declared heir having been one of the legal queens of the king, and also a daughter of the Kadjur or royal tribe; whereas the mother of the Prince of Kermanshah was only a concubine slave. But from what has already passed, we must see that the seymitar is likely to be called upon hereafter, to write in blood the will of Futeh Ali Shah. On the day for naming the successor, all the royal brothers, with the ministers and great khans, were present; and when the king presented Abbas Mirza to them as their sovereign, every soul bowed the head of submission, excepting Mahmoud Ali Mirza; and he told his Royal Father, that while he lived he would acknowledge no other sovereign than himself; then laying his hand on his sword, he added sternly, "After that, this shall decide who is to be king of Persia."

Pestilential Winds.—During forty days of July and August, the hot wind blows from the desert, and its effects are often destructive. It does not come in continued long currents, but in gusts at different intervals, each blast lasting several minutes, and passing along with the rapidity of lightning. No one dare stir from their houses while this invisible flame is sweeping over the face of the country. Previous to its approach, the atmosphere becomes thick and suffocating, and appearing particularly dense near the horizon, gives sufficient warning of the threatened mischief. When it has passed over, a sulphuric and indeed loathsome smell, like putridity, remains for a long time. The point on which occasions this smell must be deadly, for if a traveller, too far from shelter, meet the blast he falls immediately; and, in a few minutes his flesh becomes almost black, while both it and his bones at once arrive at so extreme a state of corruption, that the smallest movement of the body would separate the one from the other.

Ruins of Babylon.—In this my second visit to Birs Nimrood, while passing rapidly over the last tracts of the ruin-spread ground, my party suddenly halted, having descried two or three majestic lions taking the air upon the heights of the pyramid. While thus actually contemplating these savage tenants wandering amidst the towers of Babylon, I could not help reflecting on how faithfully the various prophecies had been fulfilled, which relate in the Scriptures to the utter fall of Babylon, and abandonment of the place; verifying in fact the very words of Isaiah,—"*Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and the houses shall be full of doleful creatures: owls shall dwell there, and dragons shall cry in the pleasant places.*"

Laughing.—"I never saw a Frenchman laugh. They smile, they grin, they shrug up their shoulders, they dance, they cry "*Ha!*" and "*Ciel!*" but they never give themselves up to boisterous unlimited laughter. They have always a rein upon their lungs, and their muscles are drilled to order. Their mirth does not savour of flesh and blood. I do not mean to contend for that pampered laugh which grows less and less, in proportion as it is high-fed—(so gin given to children stops their growth)—but for a good broad humorous English laugh, such as belongs to a farce or a fair. The Germans laugh sometimes, the Flemings often, the Irish always: the Spaniard's face is fused, and the Scotchman's thawed, into a laugh; but a Frenchman never laughs. They smile, indeed; but what then? Their smile is like their soupe maigre, thin; their merriment squeezed and strained: there is in it something of the acid of their sallads, something of the pungency of their sauces, but nothing substantial: it is neither solid nor ethereal,—but a thing between wind and water,—not of earth, nor heaven,—good nor bad; but villainously indifferent, and not to be admitted as mirth."—*London Magazine*.

The duty of getting drunk, from its relative connexion with the best interests of society, is a subject which merits the gravest consideration. Like the cider cellar, it is replete with bibulous interest, and comes thronging on our imagination with the most edifying reminiscences. It is a custom of the most venerable correctness, and was held in such esteem among the ancients, that *Deity* himself was supposed to preside over the bottle.

The old writers must have had "stout notions on the drinking score," for they relate, that when Jupiter wished to reward Hebe, the goddess of youth and beauty, he could think of no higher compliment than dubbing her cub-bearer to Olympüs. The greatest authors, both in ancient and modern times, have in like manner been the subtlest advocates of drinking. "We are told," says the historian of New York, "that the aboriginal Germans had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance; they first deliberated upon it when drunk, and afterwards reconsidered it when sober. The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike having two minds upon a subject, both determine and act upon it drunk; by which means a world of cold and tedious speculation is dispensed with."

The correctness of perpetual intoxication may be considered in a two-fold light; in a religious as well as in a moral sense. "Wine maketh glad the heart of man," is the biblical apophthegm from which an inference favourable to inebriety is drawn. This passage a modern divine has illustrated with his usual ability. "Wine," says he, "that is, one bottle, exhilarateth the heart of man, two bottles augment his merriment—and so on, till he reaches the summit of terrestrial felicity; from whence it is obvious that intoxication is consonant to religious enjoyment. Q. E. D."—For the edification of the unenlightened, this assertion may be further resolved into a rule-of-three sum. If one bottle (given its quality and vintage) makes a man glad, what ratio of pleasure will four bottles procure him? The solution, with the aid of a dozen of old Port and Cocker's Arithmetic, is obvious to the meanest capacity.

In a moral sense, drunkenness is equally correct; for it is well known that, in these days of sobriety and wickedness, the revenue is injured by an atheistical affectation of temperance. Water supplies the place of wine. They will dispense with turtle-soup next, I suppose; and then, as Alderman Fatsides told me, with tears in his eyes, the constitutional liberty of England is ruined. If then we are desirous of supporting the character of moral citizens (for the cause of our country is assuredly the cause of morality), let us get drunk with all due expedition, and restore the equilibrium of the revenue. Thus only can we expect the approbation of our own conscience; and when in the evening of our days we sit down to the pleasures of social life, with a rosy regiment of carbuncles glistening in their ruby uniforms on our nose, such excrescence will tell a blushing tale of our moral and patriotic deglutitions. Besides, let it never be forgotten that the pleasing idea of youth is connected with a carbuncled proboscis, for as buds designate the spring of the year, so by a corresponding analogy, a snout which flourishes with perpetual blossoms is equally typical of the spring of life: "Happy is the man that hath his nose full of them."

The art of drinking is furthermore imperative, inasmuch as it promotes the moral healthfulness of society. Without it, we are slaves to *ennui*; with it, superior intelligences. It is the mental prompter, that, standing behind our good qualities, spurs them to immediate action. The fumes, the vapoury influences, and all the thousand charms contained within the circumference of a bottle, may be traced to this cause. The fact is, that the generous fluid infused into our blood, drives it in quick circulation to the heart, where meeting with a host of virtues slumbering like porters at the India-house for want of employ, it rouses them from inactivity, sends them galloping through every fibre of the frame, and away they post, one and all to knock for admittance at the chambers of the intellect. The poor brain, stupified with the clamour and confusion, is thus put to a complete stand-still, which will account for the partial cessation of mind during the praise-worthy periods of inebriety.

The habitual drunkard is the most entertaining member of society. His face is an unvaried index of good-humour; for, immersed in pleasing trances, he has no time left to be wicked. His blood, like his wine-merchant's bill, rich with continued inflammations, courses nimbly through his veins. His paunch, fraught with the contents of a cellar, seems proudly conscious of its corpulent circumference, and his nose "wags with historical protuberances." On the other hand, reflect but an instant on the character of your professed water-drinker. He is a poor shrivelled wretch, "a man made after supper of a cheese-paring." His face is as thin as a hatchet, and so sharp, that if you run against it, ten to one it would cut you. There is no trusting the brute; he would swindle his own father for a piece of toast to his water. If he ever indulges in his potations, he does it with mean timidity—a half-starved glass of negus, perhaps—"that effeminate compromise between the wish for wine, and the propriety of water." What says Falstaff of such miscreants? "There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof, for *thin drink* doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness."

I have one remedy to propose. Let the Serpentine River be forthwith commuted into punch, St. James's Canal be manufactured into Welsh ale for the army and navy (those blessed bulwarks of the bottle) to tippie gratuitously. In the present depressed state too of agriculture, when every acre is of value, let the Lincolnshire fens be qualified with brandy, and my life on it they will speedily be drained. By these means alone can England again boast of her juicy aboriginals, and rear a hard-knuckled progeny of fists that may floor even her stoutest opponents.

PLEDGING.—The world *pledge* is, probably, derived from the French "*pleige*," a surety or gage. The expression of "I'll pledge you," is by most writers deduced from the time of the Danes ruling in England. It being said to have been common with those ferocious people to stab a native, in the act of drinking, with a knife or dagger; hereupon people would not drink in company, unless some one present would be their pledge, or surety, that they should receive no hurt whilst they were in their draught; and hence is thought to come the following expression from Shakespeare, in his *Timon of Athens*—

"----- If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on their throats."

The old manner of pledging each other, according to Strutt (an eminent Investigator of Antiquities of this kind) was, the person who was going to drink, asked any one of the company who sat near him, whether he would *pledge* him; on which he answering that he would, held up his knife or sword, to guard him whilst he drank. For, whilst a man is drinking, he is necessarily in an unguarded posture, exposed to the treacherous stroke of some hidden, or secret enemy. The same author, to corroborate what he advances, gives in the part of his works mentioning this custom, a print from an illuminated drawing of the time, in the middle of which is a figure, going to drink, addressing himself to his companion, who seems to tell him that he pledges him, holding up his knife in token of his readiness to assist and protect him. Some authors say the custom took rise from the murder of Edward the Martyr, who was barbarously stabbed in the back, on horseback, by an assassin, whilst drinking at Corfe Castle, the residence of Elfrida, the widow of Edgar.

HEALTHS.—This custom is as ancient as the time of the Greeks and Romans, who used at their meals to make libations, pour out, and even drink wine in honour of the Gods, as well as drinking to the healths of their benefactors and acquaintance. Besides which, the men of gallantry (as we learn from Martial) used to take off as many glasses to their respective mistresses as there were letters in the name of each. The *Tatler* (No. 24) gives a curious account of the origin of the word "*Toast*," as used in the drinking of healths. It states that it had its rise from an accident at Bath, in the reign of Charles II. It happened that on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the *liquor*, he would have the *toast*. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim (says the paper in question) gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquor, who has ever since been called a *Toast*. There are writers, however, who dispute this origin of the term, and assign it (used in this sense) a much more ancient one—an opinion apparently corroborated in the following lines of *Hudibras*, which was published before the period alluded to:

"Who would not rather suffer whipping,

Than swallow *toasts* of bits of ribbin."

And indeed the *Tatler's* anecdote seems likelier to have been a consequence, than the cause, of this singular use of the word.

SUPERNACULUM.—Grose has defined this odd word to signify good liquor, of which there is not a drop sufficient to wet one's nail. To drink *Supernaculum* was a custom, not only in England, but in several parts of Europe, of emptying the cup or glass, and then pouring the drop or two that remained at the bottom, upon the person's nail that drank it, to show that he was no flincher.

"TO BUZZONE"—Grose explains this as signifying to challenge a person, to pour out all the wine in the bottle into his glass, undertaking to drink it, should it prove more than the glass would hold. It is commonly said to one who hesitates to empty a bottle that is nearly out. Some assert it to be a college expression, and that it contains a threat, in the way of pleasantry, to black the persons face with a burnt cork, should he flinch or fail to empty the bottle. Possibly it may have been derived from the German *Buzzen*, "*Sordes auferre*," q. d. "Off with the lees, or bottom."

HOB NOB—This term is said by the author last quoted, in his "*Provincial Glossary*," to be a north country expression, and to mean sometimes "a venture, rashly." And the question, "*will you hob nob with me?*" he explains in his *Classical Dictionary* of the Vulgar Tongue, as being one formerly in fashion at polite tables, signifying a request or challenge to drink a glass of wine with the proposer. He says further that in the days of Queen Bess, when great chimnies were in fashion, there was at each corner of the hearth or grate, a small elevated projection, called the *hob*, and behind it a seat. In winter time, the hear was placed on the hob to warm, and the cold beer, or that not intended to be warmed, was set on a *small table*, reported to have been called a *nob*. So that the question, will you have *hob*, or *nob*? seems only to have meant will you have warm, or cold beer. i. e. Beer from the *hob*, or beer from the *nob*. This definition, however, is unsatisfactory to Mr. Ellis, who thinks Mr. Reed hints in a note of his on a passage in *Twelfth Night*, at a derivation likelier to be much nearer the truth. The passage alluded to, is where one of the characters, speaking of a duellist, says, "His incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulchre." May this not be explained, says the writer last-mentioned, in this sense "Do you chuse a glass of wine, or would you rather let it alone?"

A tall preacher said, scoffingly, to a short one, "When in the pulpit, you look like a collar of brawn in a dish." "And you (replied the other) like a pestle in a mortar!"

From an early hour in the morning, the entire road from Stephen's-green was literally blocked up with vehicles of all descriptions, and pedestrians of all ages and sizes, the latter of whom were at every step saluted with cries from the drivers of the former, of "Going to the Brook, Ma'am?"—"Room for two; your honour, and a dog in the well."

Dunleary flies, Black Rock jingles, Clontarf jaunting cars, and Donnybrook rowley powleys, were all in requisition; and many a wheel flew off in double quick time, transforming inside into outside passengers, and leaving them clean in the dirt. The drivers, however, made it a point to state, that there was nothing additional charged for a set down of this nature.

Throughout the entire day, the road presented many a scene of humour, and many a ludicrous incident, as worthy of the pencil as the pen; but to loiter on the road when we are making for the fair, would be out of all rule; we shall, therefore, endeavour to give a description, however faint, of this Irish Carnival.

Never before did the town of Donnybrook witness such an influx of visitors, nor was Pat, and his delighted family received on any former occasion with more pleasure. Every thing that could tempt the appetite was in the greatest abundance; every house became a hotel, and every tent displayed a profusion of luxuries of the most desirable kind. Here was good old Irish fare in the greatest plenty; and every table, and almost the floors of every house, groaned under the weight of rumps of beef, delicious bacon and cabbage, enormous legs of mutton, and various other articles of stomach furniture, which it would be impossible to enumerate. On these magazines, it is needless to say, that the most tremendous havoc was made.

The tents, which were as numerous and as respectable as on any former occasion, exhibited the usual variety of signs and emblems, many of them having appropriate mottoes.

The most of these, it must be admitted, were better designed than executed; we must, however, make an exception in favour of a real *ham* (a very good sign) which was stuck up at the top of a pole, in front of a tent, and which we conjecture will not get the *finishing touch* until the close of the Fair.

Amongst the amusements of the Fair, we have to notice an equestrian company, including three clowns, and one lady Columbine; Polito's Menagerie is also there. There is likewise a large booth erected for "a Wonderful Youth," who was born, it would seem, for the express purpose of astonishing old women and young children. We have heard, indeed, of a man who undertook to leap down his own throat; and that the way he managed it was by going feet foremost, practising not by slight of hand, but by slight of feet; however, we will not vouch for the accuracy of this report.

Sunday being what was termed the first promenade, or walking Sunday, at the Fair, it was, as usual, thronged to excess. Throwing at gingerbread (with a heavy stick) was much practised, and excited great merriment, particularly when the bark was knocked off the ankles of some looker-on, whose visage would generally lengthen in proportion as the laugh grew loud.

Merry-go rounds, constantly in motion, and whirling in a rapid vortex of danger and delight timid girls, and their fearless and happy admirers, whose arms then mostly encircled

"The all they ever wished to hold," as Lord Byron says, heightened considerably the interest of the scene.

The mirth of an Irish Fair is, however, independent of show-booths or vehicles for amusement. If Pat is bent on fun, his resources are within himself; dancing and courting, drinking and fighting, singing and laughing, these are his resources; "Every man for himself!" he exclaims, as he hits the nearest to him (no matter who) what he terms a *derry* in the ear: this, of course, is returned, and as the compliment goes round, the skirmish becomes general, and many are the *noses* and *hats* included in the list of *wounded* and *missing*; some of the owners of both being, as they term it, *kilt*.

The row is in general terminated by an amicable adjournment of the party (including all those who have received *divers knocks in sundry places*) to some friend's tent, where they drink to the continuance of a friendship so auspiciously commenced.

We have heard of a ludicrous accident which happened on Sunday to a gentleman, who wandered "unwittingly" in the rear of the tents, and who was for some time lost in a labyrinth of kitchens. In his endeavour to extricate himself, he happened, accidentally, or, as a bye-stander said, "promiscuously," to thrust his foot into a pot of broth, and was *ballyrugged* (Anglice, scolded), and *near being mauled* by the cook-wench, until a wag of a scullion pacified her, by telling her that the gentleman had only made *calves' foot* jelly of her broth. At night, when the fair was lit up, and dancing had commenced with spirit, the barometer of mirth appeared to be at the highest. Pipers, harpers, and fiddlers, "laboured in their vocation" most indefatigably, whilst lappy, thrice happy couples danced "right foreanent each other." All was fun and frolic, waggery and gaggery. Lively jigs were squeezed from under the elbows of the pipers, whilst those of the fiddlers were more busily employed at the animating planxty.—*Dublin Morning Post*.

If a blacksmith strikes his anvil with a hammer, action and re-action are equal, the anvil returning the hammer as forcibly as the hammer strikes the anvil. If the anvil be large enough, a man may place it on his breast, and suffer another person to strike it with all his force, without sustaining any injury, because the *vis inertia* in the anvil will resist the force of the blow; but if the anvil be too small, the blow will be fatal.

Bears were formerly treated with more severity than now. They are now treated as respectable performers, greeted on their entrance, and applauded at their exit. In the reign of Elizabeth, the practice of bear-baiting, and the fighting of other beasts, was carried to a great extent, as may be inferred from many black-letter advertisements in those times. The following may be taken as proofs of the truth of our remark.

"At the boarded house in Marybone-fields, on Monday, the 24th of this instant (July), will be a match fought between the wild and savage panther and twelve English dogs, for 300*l*. This match was made between an English gentleman and a foreigner; the latter was praising the boldness and fierceness of the panther, and said he would lay the above-named sum that he would beat any twelve dogs we had in England. The English gentleman laid the wager with him; the other has brought the panther; and, notwithstanding the boldness of the creature, he desires fair play for his money, and but one dog at a time. First gallery 2*s*. 6*d*.; second gallery 2*s*. No persons admitted on the stage, but those belonging to the dogs. The doors to be open at three o'clock, and the panther will make his appearance on the stage at five precisely.

"Note. Also a bear to be baited, and a mad green bull to be turned loose in the gaming place, with fireworks all over him, and a comet at his tail, and bull dogs after him; a dog to be drawn up with fireworks after him in the middle of the yard; and an ass to be baited upon the same stage."—*Weekly Journal*, July 22, 1721.

"At the particular request of several persons of distinction, the celebrated white sea bear, which has been seen and admired by the curious in most parts of England, will be baited at Mr. Broughton's Amphitheatre, this day, being the 29th instant. This creature is now supposed to be arrived at his utmost strength and perfection, so that he will afford extraordinary entertainment, and *behave* himself in such a manner as to fill those who are lovers of diversion of this kind with delight and astonishment. Any person who brings a dog will be admitted gratis."—*Daily Advertiser*, January 29, 1747.

"We hear there will be a large he tiger baited on Wednesday next at Mr. Broughton's Amphitheatre, in Oxford-road, being the first that was ever baited in England. He is the largest that was ever seen here, being eight feet in length. He is one of the fiercest and swiftest of savage beasts, and it is thought will afford good sport."

We cannot have a better idea of the amusements of the days of good Queen Bess, than from the following passage in one of Rolwand White's letters to Sir Robert Sydney:—"Her Majesty is very well, this day she appoints a Frenchman to do feats upon a rope in the Conduit-court; to morrow she hath commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape, to be baited in the tilt-yard. Upon Wednesday she will have solemn *dawncing*."—1600.

The following is a copy of an advertisement from a bear-garden, kept by Alleyn the performer:—

"To morrow being Thursdaie shall be seen at the Bear-garden on the Bankside, a greate match plaied by the gamesters of Essex, who hath challenged all comers whatsoever, to plaie five dogges at the single beare, for five pounds; and also to wearie a bull dead at the stake; and for their better content shall have pleasant sport with the horse and ape, and whipping of the blind bear."

Hentzner's Itinerary explains blind-bear whipping in the following manner:—"Whipping a blind bear is performed by five or six men standing circularly with whips, with which they flagellate his loins without any mercy, as he cannot escape from them by reasons of his chains." Such was the rage for the baiting of bears and other animals in those times, that persons were empowered to seize and take away such bears, bulls, and dogs, as were thought meet for the royal service. In the old records we find an engagement signed by certain persons of the town of Manchester, wherein they promise to send up yearly, "A masty dogge or bytche, to the bear garden, between Midsomer and Michaelmasse." Alleyn, the great keeper of the bear garden, in a petition addressed to James the First, complains of the loss which he had sustained in consequence of that Monarch's prohibition of public baitings on Sundays in the afternoon. In this curious petition, the writer mentions the loss of a "goodly beare of George Stone, who was killed before the King of Denmark." And also of "litte Besse of Bromley, who fought in one day, twenty double and single courses with the best dogs in the country."

A gentleman living in the Eastern part of Sussex, had occasion last week to procure a certificate of residence from the churchwardens of his parish. He accordingly called at the house of one of them, and was answered by a smart looking nursery maid, that her master was up on the hill coursing with his greyhounds. On the following morning our friend was likewise unsuccessful;—"Master has just rode over to meet the fox hounds. He is afterwards engaged to dine at the inn with some gentlemen of the hunt, and will not be home till late." The next day the reply was somewhat different;—"Master is gone to the downs upon a shooting party, with two or three friends from Lewes." "Shall I then call in the evening?" "Why, Sir, it won't be of any use, because master, missus, and the whole of the family are going to the play." Despairing of an interview with the master, our friend requested to speak with the farmer's wife. "Missus has drove out with young master in his tilbury." Well, well, let me then see the daughter." "Why, Sir, you can't; because Miss is very busy just now with her *moosic*." Gracious Powers! exclaimed our reflective friend, this then is what they call Agricultural Distress; and such is the state of *misery* to which those men are reduced, who have succeeded the homely race, of which *Farmer Ashfield* and his dame are now indeed the only representatives.

TRANSLATED FROM THE WRITINGS OF BALTASAR GARCIA, A SPANIARD, WHO LIVED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Be always in request."

The knowing man would rather have dependants than grateful people. To hold men in hope is effected by courtesy, but to trust to their gratitude, is simplicity: it is generally the case that where gratitude is required, it is forgotten; and where hope is excited, it is remembered. From the latter you make greater profit than the former. As soon as we have drank we turn our backs from the fountain; and when we have sucked the orange we throw it on the ground. When dependance ceases, communication also ceases, and esteem with it. Experience teaches this lesson, to manage your affairs so well, that your exertions may always be required.

"Learn the weaknesses of others."

To discover the foibles of persons, is a step towards managing their wishes, and of bringing them over to our own desires. There is more address required than solid knowledge in discovering the entrance into the minds of men. There is no wish without its exciting passion, and this is varied according to the different constitutions of mind. All mankind are idolaters, some of honour, others of interest, but the greater part of pleasure. The great art is to discover these idols, if the weaknesses of the individuals who adore them, be required. This is like having a key to the wills of men. The greater part of mankind are irregular in their habits, and it is necessary to know the character of him whom we wish to practise upon; but his pulse must be felt, and his ruling passion discovered, before this can be done; when it is accomplished, then we may be certain of gaining our premeditated ends.

"Cultivate and ornament the mind."

Man is born a barbarian; he is elevated above the condition of the brutes only by cultivation of mind. Socrates said that knowledge and ignorance were the principles of good and evil. Greece had a right to call the rest of the world barbarous, when the education of her sons was compared with that of other countries. There is nothing so gross as ignorance, and nothing which produces politeness like knowledge. But unless science itself is exercised with art, it may appear gross. The understanding may be very enlightened, but unless the will be regulated it will not please. There are some men seemingly naturally polished, their conceptions being so pleasing, or the manner of uttering them so agreeable. Others, on the contrary, are so unpleasant, all their actions, and sometimes even rich talents, being so disfigured by the awkwardness of their manner, that they become exceedingly disagreeable.

"Do not wait until the sun is set."

It is a prudential maxim to learn to leave things before they leave us. He is a wise man who can make a triumph from his own defeat; he may be said to imitate the sun, which occasionally is hidden by a dark cloud, and from this circumstance it is doubtful in the minds of the spectators whether he is really set or not. Do not remain until fortune has deserted you, for fear you may be buried all the remainder of your days. The good horseman sometimes throws his bridle upon his steed's neck, to prevent his rearing with him; when, if he had not done so, the animal might perhaps have fallen, and thereby the rider would have been subject to the raillery of the spectators.

"What is easy should be undertaken as though it was difficult: and what is really difficult as though it was easy."

The first should be done for fear of relaxation in having too great a confidence; and the second for fear of being overwhelmed with too much anxiety. Great undertakings especially, should be put into instant execution, if they have been maturely considered, for fear the anticipation of their difficulty should induce us to abandon them. Julius Cæsar said, that great designs ought to be instantly executed, lest the reflexion that they were dangerous should cool the first ardour of courage.

DRUNKENNESS.—Take especial care that thou delight not in wine, for there never was any man that came to honour or preferment that loved it; for it transformeth a man into a beast, decayeth health, poisoneth the breath, destroyeth natural heat, brings a man's stomach to an artificial heat, deformeth the face, rotteth the teeth, and, to conclude, maketh a man contemptible, soon old, and despised of all wise and worthy men—hated in thy servants, in thyself, and companions; for it is a bewitching and infectious vice; and remember my words, that it were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to it; for all other vanities and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of baseness; for the longer it possesses a man, the more will he delight in it, for it dulles the spirits and destroyeth the body, as ivy doth the old tree, or as the worm that engendereth in the kernel of the nut. Take heed therefore that such a careless canker pass not youth, nor such a beastly affection thy old age; for then shall all thy life be but as the life of a beast, and after thy death thou shalt only leave a shameful infamy to thy posterity, who shall study to forget that such a one was their father. Anacharsis saith, "The first draught serveth for health, the second for pleasure, the third for shame, the fourth for madness;" but in youth there is not so much as one draught permitted, for it putteth fire to fire, and wasteth the natural heat. And therefore, except thou desire to hasten thine end, take this for a general rule, that thou never add any artificial heat to thy body, by wine or spice, until thou find that Time hath decayed thy natural heat; and the sooner thou beginnest to help Nature, the sooner she will forsake thee, and trust altogether to art.—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE WRITINGS OF BALTASAR GARCIA, A SPANIARD, WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Continue not in folly."

Some persons by blunders and engagements, when they find they have been mistaken, believe their honour would suffer if their engagements were not completed. Their hearts accuse them of errors, and their tongues vindicate them. Neither an imprudent promise nor a foolish resolution is obligatory. A Spartan King being called upon to keep his word, said, "that if the thing was not just, he had never promised it;" meaning that he ought not to keep a promise if it led to injustice. The Emperor Charles the Fifth having signed an unjust privilege, desired it might again be brought to him; which having been done, he tore it to pieces, saying, "that he would much rather destroy his seal, than wound his conscience."

"On fit opportunities, and qualifications adapted to them."

Stormy seas make good sailors, and they who have been shipwrecked are better prepared to assist in preventing the destruction of a vessel. An engagement happily made, has been the means of advancing to very exalted situations many who might otherwise have for ever remained buried in the greatest obscurity. Macchiavelli has observed, in the 6th chapter of his "Prince," that had not opportunity been favourable, the valour of Cyrus, Romulus, and Theseus, would have been of little or no service. On the other hand, had they been wanting in valour, opportunity would have been lost. It was necessary that Romulus should have no habitation from his birth, in order that he might be stimulated to become the founder of Rome. It was also necessary, for the conquests of Cyrus, that he should find the Persians discontented with the Government of the Medes, and that the latter should have become effeminate by a long peace. Theseus could not have exhibited his skill and perseverance, had not the Athenians been dispersed. Let Fortune then, if she wishes to exalt a Prince, raise up enemies, in order to exercise his courage, and his industry; for this is a ladder by which he may climb to the highest degree of reputation and power.

"Avoid disputes."

Never come to an open rupture; for reputation always is injured by it. Every man is qualified to become an enemy, although he may not be qualified to become a friend. Few are in a situation to render us a service, but almost any one can injure us. Concealed enemies who are on the watch, take care to blow the fire, when they perceive a spark is kindled. Friends with whom we have quarrelled, make the worst enemies. The spectators of a dispute, speak of it as they think, and they think what they wish. They condemn both parties, either for a deficiency in foresight (if the dispute arise between friends) at the beginning of their acquaintance or a want of patience at the end; or at all events, a want of prudence.

"Be not too explicit."

The greater part of mankind do not esteem what they fully comprehend, neither do they admire what they understand. In order that things may be esteemed, they must be obtained with difficulty. It is very easy to pass for a skilful man, since it consists partly in not being understood. Show yourself more prudent and more intelligent with the person to whom you are speaking, than there is need of; but take care that it is not outrageously inconsistent. Although common sense is by clever men deemed of great weight, yet a certain tincture of the sublime is necessary if the world's applause is sought. The means of censuring is destroyed, if the whole mind is employed in conceiving. Many praise that which they do not comprehend, when asked an opinion concerning it, because they are inclined to pay deference to whatever is difficult to understand, and praise it, since they imagine it exalts themselves.

THE JEWS.—Say what you will about the Jews being cursed, they thrive wherever they come, and they are able to oblige the Prince of their country by lending him money. None of them beg; they keep together;—and as to their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.—*Seldon.*

TAME COLONY.—Capt. D. Carmichael, in a description of the island of Tristan d'Acunha, communicated to the Linnean Society, states that the animals found on this solitary spot were so tame, that it was necessary to clear a path through the birds which were reposing on the rocks, by kicking them aside. One species of seal did not move at all when struck or pelted, and at length some of the company amused themselves by mounting and riding them into the sea!

DRUNKENNESS.—In Dr. Reid's recent work on Nervous Affections, we find an Essay on Intemperance, which contains a forcible appeal to the reason and feeling of the drunkard. Dr. R. recommends sudden in preference to gradual weaning from strong drink; and enforces this recommendation by the following anecdote:—Webb, the once celebrated walker, who was remarkable for vigour both of body and mind, drank nothing but water. He was one day recommending his regiment to a friend who loved wine, and urged him, with great earnestness, to quit a course of luxury, by which his health and his intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared to be convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees!" exclaimed the other with indignation: "If you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servant to pull you out by degrees?"

TRANSLATED FROM THE WRITINGS OF BALTHASAR GARCIA, A SPANIARD, WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Husband your resources."

Every thing that is excellent has this misfortune attending it—by dint of usage it is generally abused: mankind seeking it with much earnestness, it becomes common, and thus it is despised, being considered vulgar, since it is no longer esteemed rare. What an extraordinary thing it is that through its excellence it should be ruined, and that general approbation should be changed into universal disgust! It is the fate of the most beautiful pictures, or richest tapestry to be inspected, and in consequence of so many persons viewing them, their defects are remarked and dilated upon, whence it follows they are pronounced as common pieces.—The most delicious food does not taste so savory the second time, and the third it almost offends. If, then, material nourishment is so wearisome by repetition, how will the food of the mind, the delicacies of the understanding, be affected?

A man who excels in knowledge, prudence, and probity, and who occasionally withdraws from society, will be solicited back with much earnestness, because his retreat will excite the pleasure of again beholding him. This species of management is salutary, and tells well in appearance, on which depends the duration of reputation. The same kind of manoeuvre is requisite with respect to beauty, for an ostentatious display of its powers, frequently exercised, will be soon punished by a diminution of esteem, and afterwards thorough contempt. How well did that famous mistress of Nero, Sabina Pappaea, know how to practice this art! One day she exhibited her forehead and eyes, and another her cheeks and mouth, not permitting the whole of her features to be seen at once, shading a part with her veil.* It is a difficult lesson to learn to be able to sell a great talent, at a dear price, without losing esteem. The following example will, in some measure, show it. An Indian, who had a large quantity of rich emeralds, showed one of them to a jeweller, who instantly bought it at a considerable price; this so delighted the Indian, that he drew out another from his bag, more beautiful, and offered it for sale also. The jeweller, however, offered him a less price than for the former: he then took out a third, still more beautiful, and he was bid still less. The Indian was greatly surprised to see that in proportion as he showed something more valuable, every time he was offered less. The cause assigned by the jeweller may teach us a lesson as well as the Indian. He told him "abundance even of precious things discredited themselves, seeing that as soon as rarity ceased, desire vanished."

"Let your capacity seem inexhaustible."

As nobody dare pass across a river on foot, until the ford is found, so a man is feared whose depth of capacity is hidden. He who discovers, becomes the master of him who is thoroughly understood. That man is never surprised who is always on his guard. Let your skill overbalance the curiosity of the man who endeavours to dive into your character. The first attempt is generally done by deep tricks. If we cannot be all-knowing, let us endeavour to appear so. Pittacus, of Mitylene, was right when he said "the half was more than the whole;" for one half being sham, and the other being hid, is better than the whole, when declared. You who aspire to be great, and are candidates for fame, remember this precept:—Let every body know you, but let nobody understand you fully.

* Tacitus; who further adds, "Primum per blandimenta et artes valescere, se forma Neronis captam simulans; mox acri jam principis amore ad superbiam vertens, si ultra unam alteramque noctem attineretur, nuptam esse se dictitans, nec posse matrimonium amittere, devinetam Othoni per genus vitæ, quod nemo adæquaret.—Ann. 13. The reason why we have not translated this will be obvious to the Latin scholar.

CURIOUS ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.—In an Arabic manuscript was found the following remarkable decision of a dispute:—Two Arabians sat down to dinner; one had five loaves, the other three. A stranger passing by, desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The proprietor of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected, and insisted for one half. The cause came on before Ali the Magistrate, who gave the following judgment:—"Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one. Query the justice of the sentence?—Answer. Ali's sentence was just; for, suppose the loaves to be divided each into three equal parts, making twenty-four parts in all the eight loaves, and each person to eat an equal or eighth part; therefore the stranger had seven parts of the person who contributed five loaves, or fifteen parts, and only one of him who contributed three loaves, which make nine parts!

CURIOUS CUSTOM AT DEATHS.—Aubrey, in some miscellanies of his, among the Lansdown MSS., at the British Museum, mentions a very curious custom at deaths, observed in a degree until his time (reign of Charles II.), which he describes under the name of *Sin Eaters*. "In the County of Hereford," says he, "was an old custome at Funeralls, to hire poor people, who were to take upon them the sinnes of the party deceased. One of theme (he was a long lean ugly lamentable raskal), I remember, lived in a cottage on Rosse highway. The manner was, that when the corpse was brought out of the house, and layed on the bier, a loafe of bread was brought out, and delivered to the *sinne eater* over the corpse, as also a mazar bowl, of maple, full of beere (which he was to drink up), and sixpence in money: in consideration he took upon him, *ipso facto*, all the sinnes of the defunct, and freed him or her from walking after they were dead." This custom, he supposes, had some allusion to the scape-goat under the Mosaiical law.

TRANSLATED FROM BALTHASAR GARCIA, A SPANISH WRITER, WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Do what thou hast to do without display."

Some persons make a mystery of whatever they undertake, and the most trifling thing they represent as a prodigy. All their affairs are the first in the world, and all their actions are exploits; their lives are continued miracles, and, in their estimation, deserve to be published by the trumpet of Fame. There is nothing common in them; every thing is extraordinary, whether it be valour, or knowledge, or good-fortune. Presumption always did pass for folly, but boasting is insupportable. The truly wise pique themselves more in being great than in seeming so; but vain boasters are satisfied with the appearance of greatness. This desire of appearance, so far from being a mark of sublimity, shows, on the contrary, that the minds which can resort to such a mode, are very superficial, and they meet with contempt where they anticipated esteem. When they imagine that their actions will be admired, they find themselves exposed to the ridicule and laughter of all their acquaintances. Self-love magnifies all objects, and there is not any affair which these boasters do not exalt; they make mountains of mole-hills, and a great dust with the smallest atoms. They pass themselves off as overwhelmed with business, and panting for labour and repose. They speak mysteriously, frequently use certain shrugs of the shoulders, or shakes of the head; they make great exclamations, and then suddenly stop short, in order to convey importance or surprise. Thus, they verify the proverb—"There is great cry and little wool." Great doers and great talkers are usually not allied; the more the first do, the less they mention it; they are satisfied with doing, and leave to others the publishing their acts. But the latter sell very dear what the former give away; they sound their own trumpets, and since they cannot have pens from fame they have pens of gold, which only are employed in tracing their exploits in dust.

"Tell not all thou knowest."

A heart without a secret is like an open letter. Where there is depth of intellect, secrets will be deeply buried; for where there is great space or large hollows, much matter may be easily thrown. Circumspection in what is said, may be denominated wisdom, and tribute is always paid to him who possesses it. It is said of Pope Alexander the Sixth and of the Duke de Valentino, his son, that the father never did what he said, and the son never said what he did.

"In prosperity prepare yourself for adversity."

In summer we have time to lay up provision for the winter. In prosperity we have friends in abundance,* and our path is smooth and pleasant. It is wise then to be provided for evil times, for there is need of all in adversity.† Thou wilt do well not to neglect thy friends, for a day may come when thou wilt be fortunate in having some, even those whom thou art heedless of now. Obscure men never have any friends, for in prosperity they know none, and in adversity no one knows them. Juan Ruffo, in his Apophthegms, says, the poor man is always in a strange country.

"Accommodate yourself to all sorts of men."

A wise man is a Porteus, with saints he is a saint, with the learned he is learned, with the serious he is serious, and with the cheerful he is gay. This is the means of gaining all hearts. Pry well into the depth of minds, and by a politic transformation, infuse yourself into the temper and character of each. This is a secret absolutely necessary for him to know, who depends upon others for support; however, it requires great insight into human nature to accomplish, and the individual who really has much knowledge and great experience, feels ashamed to resort to such measures.

* Donec eris felix, multos nuni rabis amicos.—Ovid.

† Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.

Origin of the word GENTLEMAN.—Originally it was written *Gentile-man*, and given as a distinguishing appellation, in the first stages of Christianity, to those persons who conformed to the Christian faith, but retained their Gentile customs, fashions, and amusements.

Origin of the word LADY.—Formerly, when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbours, with her own hands, once a week or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them the *Leff-day*, that is, in Saxon, the *bread-giver*. These two words were in time corrupted, and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it; yet it is from that hospitable custom that, to this day, the ladies in this kingdom alone serve the meat at their own table.

CURIOUS FACTS.—At the last meeting of the Sheffield Public Society, the following interesting facts were mentioned:—Gibbon, who in his celebrated history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has left an imperishable memorial of his enmity to the Gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of its rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very Gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine, not having had courage openly to assail it. Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve Apostles to build up. At this day, the press which he employed at Ferny, to print his blasphemies, is actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus the self-same engine, which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, is engaged in disseminating its truths. It is a remarkable circumstance, also, that the first provisional meeting for the reformation of an Auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh, was held in the very room in which Hume died.

FROM MR. JEFFERSON TO MR. ADAMS.

Monticello, June 1, 1822.

"It is very long, my dear Sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff that I write slowly and with pain; and, therefore, write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship to ask once in a while how we do? The papers tell us that General Starke is off at the age of 93. * * * still lives at about the same age, cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognises the members of his household. An intimate friend of his called on him not long since. It was difficult to make him recollect who he was; and, sitting one hour, he told him the same story four times over. Is this life?

With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps—pace the round
Eternal?—to beat and beat
The beaten track—to see what we have seen—
To taste the tasted—o'er our palates to decant
Another vintage?

"It is, at most, but the life of a cabbage, surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left, or are leaving us one by one, sight, hearing, memory, every avenue of pleasing sensation is closed, and atrophy, debility, and *mal aise* left in their places, when the friends of our youth are all gone, and a generation is risen round us whom we know not, is death an evil?

When one by one our ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn;
When man is left alone to mourn,
Oh, then, how sweet it is to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films slow gathering dim the sight;
When clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's kindest boon to die!

"I really think so. I have ever dreaded a doating old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so gone, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength, during the last winter, has given me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer, I enjoy its temperature, but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever. They say that Starke could walk about his room. I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily; but reading is my delight. I should wish never to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have of publishing one's letters without leave. Lord Mansfield declared it a breach of trust, and punishable at law. I think it should be a penitentiary felony; yet you will have seen that they have drawn me out into the arena of the newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to buckle on the armour of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

"To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eating one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake; whichever destroys the other, leaves a destroyer the less for the world. This pugnacious humour of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanism of the universe.—The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another; bears, bulls, rams, do the same; and a horse in his wild state, kills all the young males, until worn down with age and war some vigorous youth kills him. * * *

"I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the desolation by these maniacs of one part of the earth, is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office, and let us milk the cow, while the Russian holds her by the horns, and the Turk by the tail.—God bless you, and give you health, strength, good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having.

"THOS. JEFFERSON."

MR. ADAMS'S REPLY.

Montezillo, June 11, 1822.

"Dear Sir—Half an hour ago I received, and this moment have heard read, for the third or fourth time, the best letter that ever was written by an Octogenarian, dated June 1st.

"I have not sprained my wrist; but both my arms and hands are so overstrained that I cannot write a line. Poor Starke remembered nothing, and could talk of nothing but the Battle of Bennington.—is not quite so reduced. I cannot mount my horse, but can walk three miles over a rugged rocky mountain, and have done it within a month; yet I feel when sitting in my chair as if I could not rise out of it, and when risen as if I could not walk across the room: my sight is very dim, hearing pretty good, memory poor enough.

"I answer your question—is death an evil? It is not an evil. It is a blessing to the individual and the world; yet we ought not to wish for it till life becomes insupportable. We must wait the pleasure and convenience of the 'Great Teacher.' Winter is as terrible to me as to you. I am almost reduced in it to the life of a bear, or a torpid swallow. I cannot read, but my delight is to hear others read; and I tax all my friends most unmercifully and tyrannically against their consent.

"The ass has kicked in vain; all men say the dull animal has missed the mark.

The Globe is a theatre of war; its inhabitants are all heroes. The little eels in vinegar, and the animalculæ in pepper water, I believe are quarrelsome.—The bees are warlike like the Romans, Russians, Britons or Frenchmen. Ants, caterpillars, and canker worms, are the only tribes among whom I have not seen battles; and heaven itself, if we believe Hindoos, Jews, Christians, and Mahometans, has not always been at peace. We need not trouble ourselves about these things, nor fret ourselves because of evil doers; but safely trust, 'the Ruler with his skies.' Nor need we dread the approach of dotage; let it come if it must. — it

glory: the worst of the evil is, that our friends will suffer more by our imbecility than we ourselves.

"In wishing for your health and happiness, I am very selfish; for I hope for more letters: this is worth more than 500 dollars to me, for it has already given me and it will continue to give, more pleasure than a thousand. Mr. Jay, who is about your age, I am told, experiences more decay than you do."

KNOWN LITERARY WORKS OF BUONAPARTE.—

I. Letter of M. Bonaparte to M. Matteo Buttafuoco, Deputy from Corsica to the National Assembly, 1790.—This letter is signed "Bonaparte" and dated "from my Cabinet of Milleli, the 28th January, in the second year of Liberty"—i. e. 1790. It consists of 28 pages octavo, and is without either place of publication or printer's name. It has been ascertained, however, to have issued from the press of M. Fr. X. Joly, printer at Dôle, when Bonaparte was Lieutenant in the regiment of La Fère-Artillerie. He corrected the last proof sheets himself, and used to walk to Dôle for that purpose, setting out from Auxonne at 4 o'clock in the morning, and, after his literary labour, partaking of a very frugal breakfast with M. Joly, from whose house he walked back to his garrison by noon. The distance, to and fro, thus performed, is eight post leagues!—This letter to M. Buttafuoco is in effect a libel, written in an Italian-French style, against this Deputy of the Corsican Noblesse, who sat on the Right Side of the Constituent Assembly. It adverts to a Patriotic Society at Ajaccio, and contains a panegyric upon the author's compatriot Arena, whom, it is said, he caused to perish on the scaffold. Mr. Armanthion, of Dijon, has a copy *ex autoris dono* to a female of Auxonne.—II. The Supper of Beaumais. Avignon, Sahin Tournai, 1793. Octavo and anonymous. Reprinted at Paris 1821, with an Introduction

by Fred. Royou.—III. General and Complete Collection of the Letters, Proclamations, Speeches, Messages, &c. of Napoleon le Grand, Empereur, &c. classed and accompanied by Historical notes. 2 vols. 8vo.—IV. Inedited Correspondence, official and confidential, of Napoleon Bonaparte, &c. Paris, Panckoucke. 7 vols. 8vo.—V. Works of Napoleon Bonaparte. Paris, Panckoucke. Five volumes are published, and two or three more expected.

Works attributed to him.—1. The Notes in the Volume entitled "La Bataille d'Austerlitz," by the Austrian General Baron Stutterheim.—2. The Manuscript from St. Helena. Paris and London, 8vo. preceded by an advertisement signed G** [Now known not to have been Bonaparte's].—3. Manuscript of the Isle of Elba. Of the Bourbons in 1815. Published by the Count ***—4. Memoir illustrative of the History of France in 1815, with the plan of the Battle of Mont-Saint-Jean (Waterloo,) with the title differing a little, is also in circulation. The copy came from Mr. O'Meara to the printer; as he swore upon his trial for publishing it.—5. On the Education of Princes of the Blood of France. Dated St. Cloud, 27 July, 1812. The English translation is called "System of Education for the Infant King of Rome;" and the Manual is said to have been addressed to the Imperial Council of State under the personal inspection of Napoleon.—6. Bonaparte sometimes sent Notes to the Moniteur, on the translations from the English Journals which were submitted to him.

Inedited Works.—1. M. Panckoucke has announced an Essay sent by Bonaparte, when very young, for a prize given by the Academy at Besançon.—2. M. Joly (the Printer at Dôle) states, that Bonaparte in his youth also wrote a History of Corsica, which was to have been printed in 2 vols. 12mo. When in garrison at Auxonne, in 1790, he invited M. Joly to come and see him, and negotiate for the printing of the work.—M. Joly accordingly went. Bonaparte occupied in the *Pavillon* a chamber almost bare, the sum total of its furniture being a bad bed without curtains, a table set in the *embrasure* of a window, covered with books and papers, and two chairs. One of his brothers slept on a bad mattress in an adjoining apartment. They agreed upon the price for the impression, but Bonaparte was momentarily uncertain whether he should be marched from Auxonne or remain there: and, in fact, the order for his going to Toulon came within a few days after, and the work was never printed. M. Joly repeats an anecdote, that Bonaparte, having the charge of the Depot with the Ornaments of the Regimental Church (the Chaplaincy having been suppressed), observed to him, when shewing them, "If you have not heard mass, I can say it to you."—3. Bonaparte read to the *Institute* in January 1798, a "Report on a Polygraphical Instrument" for printing circulars with rapidity.—4. The *Hamburg Correspondent* of March last states, that Count Dzialinski has an interesting MS. of from 30 to 40 folio pages, verified to be Bonaparte's by Montholon, Monnier, and Bassano, containing many curious documents on the history of the times, from about the year 1790 to the commencement of the war in Italy. Parts relate to a plan for improving the Turkish Artillery, and more important Notes, &c. to the plan of Operations in the first Spanish Campaign, and to secret plans for settling the Austrian and French frontiers.—5. Lastly, The MSS. of his History and public Life, written at St. Helena, in possession of his Testamentary Executors, who have disavowed all the works which speculators have published in his name. These are now publishing by Colburn, and Bossange, in London.

POLITENESS.—When Sir William Johnson returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. "Perhaps so," said Sir William, "but I would not be out done in good manners by a negro."

A similar anecdote is related of Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli). When he ascended the papal chair, the ambassadors of the several states represented at his court, waited on him with their congratulations. When they were introduced and bowed, he returned the compliment by bowing also, on which the master of the ceremonies told his Highness that he should not have returned their salute. "O, I beg your pardon," said the good pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON

[From Evelyn's Memoirs.]

1666: Sept. 2.—This fatal night, about ten o'clock, began that deplorable fire near Fish-street, in London. Sept. 3. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife, and went to the bank-side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water side; all the houses from the bridges, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapsidedown to the three Cranes, were now consumed.—The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner!) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very dry season; I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill, (for it kindled backward against the wind as well as forward,) Tower-street, Fenchurch-st. Gracious-street, and so along to Bainsard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them; so as it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments and ornaments, leaping, after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle, such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration! All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven. The light seen above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame—the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames—the shrieking of women and children—the hurry of people—the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it; so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length, and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more! —Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling-street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes. The stones of St. Paul's flew like granadoes, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing in fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them: and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vain was the help of man.—Sept. 5. It crossed towards Whitehall. Oh the confusion there was then at the Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve, if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines: this some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St. Bartholomew near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it. Nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, not than the entrance of Smithfield north: but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair: it also broke out again in the Temple; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as with the former three days consumption the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space. The coal and wood wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c. did infinite mischief; so that the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the city, was looked on as a prophecy. The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle; some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels; many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty. In this calamitous condition I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.—Sept. 7. I went this morning on foot from

Whitehall as far as London-bridge, through the late Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, by St. Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feet was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly church St. Paul's now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most early pieces of ancient piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c. melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust!—The fountains dried up and ruined, whilst the very waters remained boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke; so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow. The people who now walked about the ruins appeared like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy: to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, &c. Sir Thos. Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces: also the Standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's Effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment; whilst the vast iron chains of the city streets, hinges, bars and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. I was not able to pass through many of the narrow streets, but kept the widest, the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed and my feet insufferably heated. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people, of all ranks and degrees, dispersed and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss, and though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief; which to me appeared a strangersight than any I had yet beheld. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarm begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not only landed, but even entering the city! There was in truth some days before great suspicion of those two nations joining; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the town. This report did so terrify, that on a sudden there was such an uproar and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole Court amazed, and they did, with infinite pains and great difficulty, reduce and oppose the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields again, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed and the affright abated, they now began to repair into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter.

IRISH LITERATURE.—A Letter from a Baronet in Ireland, to his friend in London, during the rebellion of 1798:—

"My Dear Sir,—Enjoying now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from those blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed or dispersed.

"We are in a pretty mess, can get nothing to eat, nor nothing to drink, except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed; and whilst I write this letter, I hold a sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on that every thing is at a stand.

"I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I only received it this morning; indeed hardly a Mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mail from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accidents, and, by good luck, there was nobody in the coach but two inside passengers, and they had nothing for the thieves to take.

"Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing hither under the French standard, but they had no colours, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them; we soon found our force much too little, and they were far too many for us to think of retreating; death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party was killed we began to be all alive. Fortunately the rebels had no guns but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them all escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog.—Their uniforms were all different colours, but mostly green.

"After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, and a parcel of empty bottles full of water; and a bundle of blank French commissions, filled up with fishermen's names.

"Troops are now placed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am, in haste,

"Your's truly. * * *

"P. S. If you do not receive this in course, it must have miscarried; therefore I beg you write immediately to let me know."

"CONVENIENT SPEED" and "FORTHWITH" in CHANCERY.—On Saturday an application was made to his Lordship to hear exceptions to the Master's Report with "convenient speed." The Lord Chancellor: "*Convenient speed* means after all other cases that claim consideration are disposed of. I have known an instance where money was ordered to be paid into Court *forthwith*, and that meant, in fact, at the end of 19 years!"

SNAKES.—It is not fabulous, but true, (says Mr Johnson in his "Field Sports of India,") that snakes sometimes take their prey by fascination. I once witnessed it in company with Captain Trench, of the Bengal Native Infantry. Sitting on a terrace near the house, we observed a small bird on a tree at a little distance, shaking his wings and trembling: we could not imagine the reason of it. In a few minutes we observed it fall from the tree, and ran to pick it up; to our great surprise we saw a large snake running off with it in his mouth: he got into his hole before we could procure any thing with which to destroy him.*** No person should walk over grass or through jungle in India without having boots on, or travel without having some volatile spirits with him. It strikes me that a clever mechanic might invent a machine upon the principle of a cupping-glass and syringe, that would draw the poison from the wound, which also might be serviceable for the bites of mad dogs.

The dread of the tiger in animals is curiously exemplified in a mode of breaking in bullocks to the yoke in Hindostan. The natives of India have a very strange method of breaking in their bullocks for ploughing. The cattle with which they plough the ground are in general small, yet they are strong enough for the purpose, the earth being only turned up a few inches deep. The larger cattle are selected for carriage, or for drawing hackeries [carts]. They are first yoked to an experienced bullock, and as most of them are of an obstinate restive disposition, they soon lie down. To make them rise, the men twist their tails, and if that does not succeed, a man throws a tiger's or leopard's skin over his head, and runs towards the bullock, which never fails of making him get up immediately. After three or four repetitions of this, they seldom or ever attempt to lie down. It has the same effect on bullocks which have never been in a country inhabited by tigers or leopards, and therefore they could never have seen a skin of the kind before.

BISHOPS.—An order arrived in a certain town to burn publicly a *mandement* of a certain French bishop. The preparations were all made for the solemn ceremony, when a little boy presented himself as the executioner. A counsellor of the Parliament, who presided on the occasion, demanded with surprise and indignation what this meant. "My father has sent me, replied the boy, because it is only a *mandement*; if it had been my lord the bishop, he would have come and burnt him himself."

THE CHACE.—A peasant having killed a wild boar in the vineyards on the estate of M. de Charrolais, was arrested and ordered to the galleys. The poor wretch, overwhelmed by the horrible sentence, threw himself at the feet of the enraged lord, and exclaimed, "An, my lord! have mercy on me, I beg your pardon; but I thought it was a man, or I would not have killed it." His excuse was admitted, and as he only intended to destroy one of his fellow-creatures he was pardoned and dismissed.—*Letters from Paris.—Literary Gaz.*

On a flat stone in the nave of Conway Church is the following inscription:—"Here lyeth the body of Nicholas Hookes, of Gonway, gent. who was the forty-first child of his father, Wm. Hookes, esq. by Alice his wife, and father of 27 children, who died the 20th day of March, 1637."

A SPECIMEN OF ANCIENT POETRY.—There is in the church of Campsall, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire, the following inscription:

"Let fal downe thy ne, and lift up thy hart,
Behold thy Maker on yond eros al to torn.
Remember his wondes that for the did smart,
Gotyn without syn, and on a Virgin born.
All his hed percid with a crown of Thorns.
Alas! man thy hart ought to brest in too:
Bewar of the dwyl when he blawis his horn,
And pray thy Gode angel cover the.

At Great Farringdon, Berks, in an old churchwarden's book of accounts, dated 1518, there is the form of then admitting churchwardens (as we suppose) into their office, in the following words, viz. "Cherchye Wardenys, thys shall be your charge, to be true to God and to the Cherche, for love nor favour off no man, wythe in thys Parreche to wtbold any Ryght to the Cherche, but to Resseve the Dettys to hyt belongthe or ellys to goo to the Devell."

FORCE.—It is a very common, but not a very correct supposition, that by an increase in the quantity of an agent, its beneficial effects are also increased.—When Omai, a native of Otaheite, was brought to England by Capt. Cook, he perceived that a horse went with more speed when he was whipped; and he concluded therefore, that by increasing the strokes, the horse would fly with the velocity of his arrow! Just so it is in criminal legislation. The legislator possesses the power, not of inflicting punishment, but of enacting that punishment shall be inflicted; and, like all men not accustomed to reflect on the sources of human action, they always suppose that by increasing the punishment, its beneficial effects must also be increased. They seem sometimes to be unmindful, that in legislation, as in other sciences, two and two do not always make four, but that the second number often operates as a negative quantity on the first.—*Montagu on the Punishment of Death.*

NEWSMAN EXTRAORDINARY.—One of the carriers of a New York paper, called the Advocate, having become indisposed, his son took his place; but not knowing the subscribers he was to supply, he took for his guide a dog which had usually attended his father. The animal trotted on, a head of the boy, and stopped at every door where the paper was used to be

The notes of a redbreast outvoiced the organ and the choir, at the church of Hexham, on Sunday last; there was something peculiarly affecting in the simple and natural song of thanksgiving, thus mingling with, and heard above the power of human harmony.—*Newcastle Courant.*

ROYAL PORTRAITS BY BONAPARTE.—The Emperor of Austria's good nature is well known, and makes him constantly the dupe of the designing: his son will be like him. The King of Prussia, as a private character, is an honourable, good, and worthy man; but in his political capacity he is naturally disposed to yield to necessity: he is always commanded by who-soever has power on his side, and seems about to strike. The Emperor of Russia is a man superior to either the Emperor of Austria or the King of Prussia. He possesses wit, grace, information; is fascinating, but he is not to be trusted; he is devoid of candour; he is cunning, false, and expert; he can go a great length. If I die here, he will be my real heir in Europe.

MARQUESS OF GRANBY.—The Marquess of Granby, who so distinguished himself in the wars of George the Second, having returned from Germany on urgent business, travelled with all expedition to London. On his arrival, he found the king was at Windsor, whither he proceeded in his travelling dress. On reaching the castle, and desiring to be instantly admitted to his majesty, a lord in waiting, neatly dressed, and perfumed very highly, lisped and simpered like a boarding-school miss, that he hoped the noble marquess did not mean to go into the royal presence in so improper a habit, adding, "pon my honour, my lord, you look more like a groom than a gentleman." "Stand aside you non-descript," said the general, "and let a soldier present himself to his sovereign; and if the king finds fault with me, why I shall turn fool, and dress like yourself."

MINISTERIAL RESENTMENT.—A poet of the name of Delah, attracted by the fame of Ograi Chan's munificence, undertook a journey on foot from the remotest part of Tartary, to the Prince's court in China, to implore his assistance to discharge a debt of five hundred balisches, which he was unable to pay. The generous Prince treated him with great kindness, and finding him a man of extraordinary merit, gave him a thousand balisches. His chief minister remonstrated against such an act of prodigality; and said, "the poet is unworthy of it, for he has presumed to write a satire against me, since his coming hither, because I was unwilling to allow him access with so impertinent a petition." "For which reason," said the Prince, "you shall present him with another thousand balisches, out of your own private purse, that he may go back and tell his countrymen, that there is a monarch in this part of the world, who will not permit the resentments of his minister to be the measure of his bounty."

QUAKERS.—Fox, the founder of Quakerism, was in the habit of attending public worship at the established church. When the preacher uttered sentiments of which he disapproved, he would most solemnly put on his broad-brimmed hat, and take it off again whenever a more welcome strain of doctrine occurred. If he had sat long with his hat on, and the ill-sounding propositions or fulminations continued, he would rise slowly, and silently walk out. Thus it appears that it was for purposes of habitual protest that the Quakers first learned to sit in places of worship with their hats on.

SILKS.—It was in the time of Henry II. of England, that the use of silk garments was first brought out of Greece into Italy, and then into other parts of Christendom.

LOVE.—Why is love like the small-pox? Because a man never has it a second time.

ANIMAL DIGESTION.—The digestive powers of some birds is astonishing. A large nut with its shell is easily ground to pieces in a turkey's gizzard; and the recipe for fattening turkeys, by giving them one or two in a day, is not so ridiculous as may at first appear. Four and twenty large nuts have been forced into a turkey's craw at once, where they were heard to rattle, upon filipping the neck on the outside; next morning they were all gone, having undergone the operation of grinding in the gizzard. Although digestion is performed by trituration in gizzards, yet it remains to be made appear that it is brought about by the same mechanism in membranous stomachs.

LORD ROSSLYN.—The difficulties of getting rid of Scotch or Irish pronunciation are considerable; but examples are not wanting to stimulate those who are in pursuit of this object. There is now in London a gentleman, in a high office of the law, who did not leave Scotland till after he had been some years advanced in manhood; and yet, by receiving instructions for a few months only, according to the plan laid down by Sheridan, sen. he has conquered all the difficulties attached to inveterate habits. I allude to Lord Rosslyn or Mr. Wedderburne, who was first Solicitor and then attorney general, and afterwards Lord High Chancellor. His speech, at present, is not to be distinguished from that of the most polished natives of England, in point of pronunciation and of intonation. The instance of Lord Alymoor, a lord of Sessions at Edinburgh, was yet more extraordinary, for only by conversing and reading with actors, and other Englishmen, without leaving Scotland he arrived at a perfect accuracy of pronunciation.

NAUTICAL BREEDING.—When the late Duke of York (brother to George III.) went on board Lord Howe's ship, as a midshipman, the different Captains in the fleet attended him, to pay their respects on the quarter deck. He seemed not to know what it was to be subordinate, or to feel the necessity of moderation in the display of that superiority which would naturally result from his high rank. He received them with some hauteur, which a sailor on the fore-castle observing, after expressing his astonishment at the Duke's keeping his hat on, he told one of his messmates, that "the thing was not in its sphere," adding, "It is no wonder that he should behave in such a manner, as he was never at sea."

Ellis, speaking of the Esquimaux, says, "their snow eyes, as they very properly call them, are a proof of their sagacity. They are little pieces of wood or ivory, properly formed to cover the organs of vision, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow, and they see through them very distinctly, and without the least inconvenience. This invention preserves them from snow blindness—a very dangerous and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light strongly reflected from the snow, especially in the spring, when the sun is considerably elevated above the horizon. The use of these eyes greatly strengthens the sight; and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that when they have a mind to view distant objects they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—*Gas from Pyroligneous Acid.*—It has lately been discovered, that when wood acid is made to pass through an iron tube heated to bright ignition; and the acid allowed to enter the tube by drops in quick succession, gas of very excellent quality is obtained. This fact was first observed by Mr. Leet, of this city, whilst pursuing some experiments on the purification of Pyroligneous, and is a discovery, admitting of considerable practical application.—*Chester Chronicle.*

TRANSLATORS.—A Dutch translator styles Brutus and Collatinus "Burgomasters of Rome."

BULL.—Mr. Mathews, in his entertaining Diary of an Invalid, mentioning some floating mills on the Garonne, observes, that notwithstanding the floods to which the river is subject, these mills stand their ground.

BLUSTERING CONSEQUENCE DISMAYED.—The late Lord Camelford, of duelling notoriety, entered one evening a coffee-house, in Conduit-street, meanly attired, as was his usual custom, and sat down to read the papers of the day. A dashing fellow, and as he thought himself a first rate blood, entered afterwards, and threw himself on the opposite side of the same box, and in a consequential tone bawled—"Waiter! bring me a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them in the next box." He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candles, and began to read. His Lordship then glanced a look of indignation and continued to decipher his paper. The waiter soon reappeared, and announced his having completed the gentleman's commands who immediately lounged round to his own box. Lord Camelford having finished his paragraph, called out in a mimic tone—"Waiter, bring me a pair of snuffers!" They were quickly brought, when his Lordship laid down his paper, walked round to the table in which the blood sat, and snuffed out both the candles, and retired to his seat.—Boiling with rage and fury, the indignant beau roared out—"Waiter, waiter! who is this fellow that dares to insult a gentleman? What is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, sir," returned the other in a tone of voice scarcely audible. The coxcomb, horror-stricken at his own impertinence, said trembling—"What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down his money and sneaked away, without stopping even to taste his Madeira.

The Mayor of Norwich and a party of friends, somewhat "flushed with the juice of the Tuscan grape," having gone to the theatre a few years ago, to witness the performance of the tragedy of *Richard III.*, they entered the house just as *Richard* exclaimed, "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" when one of the Gentlemen facetiously replied, "I have not a horse, but (clapping his hand upon the shoulder of the Chief Magistrate) here is a May'r, if that will do for you!" It is almost superfluous to add that this response had a powerful effect on the visible faculties of the audience.

THE ELEPHANT.—A gentleman from India assures us that he has seen elephants employed to pile wood, and which have, adding heap to heap, drawn back and placed themselves in a situation to see if they kept a perpendicular line, and preserved a just level in their work, and have then corrected any perceptible defect in one or the other. The same person has seen two elephants employed to roll barrels to a distance; one has kept them in motion, while the other has been prepared with a stone in his trunk to stop their progress at the required spot.—*American Paper.*

Anecdote of M. Alexandre, the celebrated Ventriloquist.—One day, Alexandre, whilst walking between Hamburgh and Altona, met on the road a Captain of a vessel, who, in the course of conversation, informed him that he had been at Paris and Bourdeaux, and that he had in this last town a very intimate friend. During their walk, the Captain spoke of Alexandre, with whose person he was not acquainted, as being one whose talent had been greatly admired. The two companions, on quitting the coffee-house which they had entered, now proceeded on their return. They had hardly gone a few paces before they heard a voice from the first floor of a house, which called the captain, and told him that his friend from Bourdeaux had arrived: the captain ran immediately into the house, and found, on the first floor, only an old woman, who was much surprised at his visit. He immediately returned to the street, when he heard his friend's voice from the second floor of an adjoining house; he hastily proceeded to the second story, and found nobody there. Much vexed, he returned with Alexandre; who, after continuing to deceive him with the voice of his friend coming from a distance, acknowledged that he was the author of the trick.

NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.—A short time since an innkeeper of this town, who, failing in business, absconded, leaving his house closely shut up, some arch wag put up the following lines on his door:—"The good man of the house is not at home, he is gone a long journey; he hath taken a bag of money with him, and will come home at the time appointed."—*Proverbs.*

Mr. Moor.—This Gentleman presiding once at a Tavern dinner, where some of the company were complaining that there was no game at the table, a gentleman present, alluding to the fascinating manners of Mr. Moor, who kept the "table in a roar," said, "Why, gentleman, what better game would you wish than *Moor Game*, of which I am sure you have abundance?"

Anecdote of Viotti, the celebrated performer on the violin.—The Queen of France (Marie Antoinette) wished Viotti to come to Versailles: the day was fixed for a concert: the whole court arrived, and the concert began. The first bars of the solo commenced, and the greatest attention was elicited, when, on a sudden, a cry was heard in the next chamber of "room for the Count D'Artois." In the midst of the tumult, Viotti put his violin under his arm and departed; leaving the Count to the great scandal of all the spectators.

An advertisement appeared in the *Courier* of Wednesday last, addressed to "Holy Orders," which has these words:—"A genuine collection of MS. sermons to be disposed of. They are classically written, and free from vulgarisms and Calvinistic notions, and have been preached with great approbation both in town and country.

"I wonder," says a woman of humour, "why my husband and I quarrel so often, for we agree uniformly in one point—he wishes to be *master* and so do I!"

In a sermon preached by Latimer, before Edward VI. March 8, 1549, he gives the following account of his family:—"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of *three or four pound by year* at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the King's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went unto Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles a piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did of the said farm; where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pound by year or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

KITE FLYING.—A favourite amusement of the great all over Hindoostan, at a particular season of the year, is the flying of paper kites. Mr. Broughton says that at this season, Sindhia, the Mahratta chieftain, might be seen every evening partaking of this princely diversion, attended by large bodies of cavalry employed to keep the ground. The kites have no tails, and bear some resemblance in shape to the ace of clubs. Matches are fought with them, and frequently for large sums, which he loses whose string is cut; and his kite is reckoned lawful plunder for the crowd assembled to see the sport. A composition of pounded glass, called munjun, is rubbed over the string to enable it to cut, and for this purpose all the empty bottles of the residency are put in requisition by Sindhia, who also goes to the expense of having kites and strings brought him from Delhi, which is celebrated for their manufacture.—Ridiculous as it may appear, no small degree of skill is requisite to manage one of these kites so as to gain a victory.

LUMINOUS INSECTS.—The luminous property of many insects form a notable part of their economy. The glow-worm and fire flies of Italy and the West Indies are known to every one, at least by reputation. In the glow-worm there is a receptacle of the luminous matter near the tail. The elater noctilucus carries its light in four places; two in the thorax, and two under the wings. Hence this creature is most brilliant when flying. The light is so bright as to serve, when very near, to read the smallest print. In St. Domingo, it is said, they were formerly used by the natives as candles, as they are in many places for nocturnal ornaments. There is a pleasant story related of Sir R. Dudley and Sir T. Cavendish having been terrified by these lights, which they mistook for those of a detachment of Spaniards, as the land crabs, from the noise of their march, were, on another occasion, mistaken for a body of cavalry!

The late Mr. John Hunter used to relate the following curious case of *hydrophobia*:—A gentleman, who received a severe bite from a dog, soon after fancied the animal was mad. He felt a horror at the sight of liquids, and was actually convulsed on attempting to swallow them. So uncontrollable were his prepossessions, that Mr. Hunter conceived he would have died, had not the dog which inflicted the wound been fortunately found and brought into his room in perfect health. This soon restored his mind to a state of tranquillity. The sight of water no longer affected him, and he quickly recovered.

VICISSITUDE OF FORTUNE.—A characteristic trait of this sometimes occurs in the case of ruffians of a more gigantic size. Duke John of Austria, grandson of Rudolph, from being near the seat of sovereign power the sceptre of state, after killing King Albert, was reduced to the necessity of asking for alms in the New Market at Vienna.—Regular history furnishes instances of Fortune's shifting government, to which good and evil are made equally subservient. The Counts of Hapsburgh, ancestors of the House of Austria, were originally stewards of the Abbe of Seckingen, and butlers to the Bishop of Basil.—*Ibid.*

In the reign of Richard II. the fare from Dover to Calais, for a single passenger, was settled at sixpence in the summer time and a shilling in the winter.

CORPORATE LEARNING.—The mayor of a country town, conceiving that the word *clause* was in the plural number, would oftentalk of a *claw* in an Act of Parliament.

In the quarterly number of the "*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*," for October, a few numbers of which have arrived in London, there is an "account of a man who lived ten years after having swallowed a number of clasp knives." The account is drawn up by Alexander Marcet, M.D. F.R.S. late physician to Guy's Hospital. As it is a remarkable case, we shall give an abstract of it. In June 1799, John Cummings, an American sailor, aged about 23, being with his ship on the coast of France, and having gone on shore with some of his ship-mates, about two miles from Havre-de-Grace, he and his party directed their course towards a tent which they saw in a field, with a crowd of people round it. They found within the tent a man, who was entertaining the audience by *pretending* to swallow clasp knives. They returned on board and spoke of what they had seen; when Cummins, who had been drinking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. He was challenged to do it. Thus pressed, and though, as he afterwards acknowledged, not particularly anxious to take the job in hand, he did not like to go against his word, and having a good supply of grog inwardly, he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to swallow it, it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of the knife, it was conveyed into his stomach. The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator—whether he could swallow more? His answer was—all the knives on board the ship; upon which *three* knives were immediately produced, which *were swallowed* in the same way as the former; and by this bold attempt of a drunken man (to use his own expressions) the company was well entertained for that night. The next day he passed one of the knives, which was not the one that he had swallowed first; and the day afterwards he passed two knives at once, one of them being that which he first swallowed. The other, according to his knowledge, remained in the stomach, but he never felt any inconvenience from it. After this extraordinary performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the next six years. In March 1805, being then at Boston, in America, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding, that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was thereupon produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of the evening he swallowed *five* more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow *eight* knives more, making in all *fourteen*! He, however, paid dearly for this frolic. He was seized with constant vomiting and pain in his stomach; but, as he related, between that time and the 28th of the following month, he got rid of the whole of his cargo. At Spithead, December 4, in the same year, he was challenged to repeat his feats, and "disdaining to be worse than his word," in the course of the evening he swallowed five knives. The ship's company, next morning, expressed a great desire to see him repeat the performance, and he complied with his usual readiness; and "by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance of good grog, he swallowed that day, as he distinctly recollects, *nine* clasp knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterwards assured by the spectators that he had swallowed four more; which, however, he declared he knew nothing about, being, no doubt, at this period of the business too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing. This, however, is the last performance recorded; it made a total of at least *thirty-five* knives swallowed at different times; and the last attempt ultimately put an end to his existence. On the following 6th of Dec. he became much indisposed; and after various applications, about three months afterwards, he felt, as he expressed himself, the knives, "dropping down his bowels." He continued dreadfully ill. In 1807, he was in Guy's Hospital, under Dr. Babington; and he there continued, intervals excepted, under Dr. B. and afterwards under Dr. Curry, till March 1809. After having gradually and miserably sunk under his suffering, he then died, in a state of extreme emaciation.

The account is followed by a letter from Surgeon Lana, who was on board the vessel where Cummings performed his last feat; and by Cummings' own Narrative, drawn up while in Guy's Hospital. Many knives, and fragments of knives left this extraordinary character in the course of 1807. Dr. Marcet's account does not state whether the body was opened.

POPE'S DIFFIDENCE.—"I never could speak in public," Pope once observed; "and I do not believe that, if it were a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together; though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the Bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain, easy point (how the Bishop spent his time while I was with him at Bromley), I made two or three blunders in it; and that notwithstanding the first row of Lords (which were all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance. Addison's diffidence in the House of Commons is well known; he having risen three times without being able to utter more than "I conceive, Mr. Speaker." An inferior Member observed, "But nothing has been brought forth."

MATRIMONIAL JOURNAL.—A gentleman lately took the following Meteorological Journal of his wife's temper:—*Monday*, rather cloudy; in the afternoon rainy. *Tuesday*, vapourish; brightened up a little at night. *Wednesday*, changeable, gloomy, inclined to rain. *Thursday*, high wind, and some peals of thunder. *Friday*, fair in the morning; variable till the afternoon cloudy all night.

Mr. Biot, after detailing the phenomena of the earthquake on 22d February last, concludes an interesting paper with these observations:—

In the infancy of chemistry and natural philosophy, it was imagined that earthquakes might be easily explained; in proportion as these sciences have become more correct and more profound, this confidence has decreased. But by a propensity for which the character of the human mind sufficiently accounts, all the new physical agents which have been successively discovered, such as electricity, magnetism, the inflammation of gases, the decomposition and recombination of water, have been maintained in theories as the causes of the great phenomena of nature. Now all these conjectures seem to be insufficient to explain convulsions so extensive, produced at the same time over such large portions of the earth, as those which take place during earthquakes. The most probable opinion, the only one which seems to us to reconcile, in a certain degree, the energy, the extent of these phenomena, and often their frightful correspondence in the most distant countries of the globe, would be to suppose, conformably to many other physical indications, that the solid surface on which we live is but of inconsiderable thickness in comparison with the semi-diameter of the terrestrial globe; is in some measure only a recent shell, covering a liquid nucleus, perhaps still in a state of ignition, in which great chemical or physical phenomena operating at intervals cause those agitations which are transmitted to us. The countries where the superficial crust is less thick or less strong, or more recently or more imperfectly consolidated, would, agreeably to this hypothesis, be those the most liable to be convulsed and broken by the violence of these internal explosions. Now if we compare together the experiments on the length of the pendulum, which have been made for some years past with great accuracy, from the north of Scotland to the south of Spain, we readily perceive that the intensity of gravitation decreases on this space, as we go from the Pole towards the Equator, more rapidly than it ought to do upon an ellipsoid, the concentric and similar strata of which should have equal densities at equal depths; and the deviation is especially sensible about the middle of France, where too there has been observed a striking irregularity in the length of the degrees of the earth. This local decrease of gravity in these countries should seem to indicate, with some probability, that the strata near the surface must be less dense there than elsewhere, and perhaps have in their interior immense cavities. This would account for the existence of the numerous volcanoes of which these strata show the traces, and explain why they are even now, at intervals, the foci of subterranean convulsions.

INTERIOR TEMPERATURE OF THE GLOBE.—Mr. Fox, in reply to Mr. Moyle, who had ascribed the elevated temperature of mines to the presence of workmen, states that at the mine of Treskerby, which is 840 feet deep, the temperature, two days after the departure of the workmen, was 75.2° of F. the same as during their presence. The water at the bottom of the mine, marked precisely the same degree. A thermometer, sunk seven inches into the ground, at the bottom of the deepest gallery of the mine of Dolcoath, at 230 fathoms (1380 feet) from the surface, has always marked, during eight months continuously, 75.5° F. In all this time the workmen were employed at a great distance from the place where the thermometer was stationed. We have no faith in these speculations, concerning the elevated temperature of the lowest strata of the earth's surface, and are inclined to adopt Mr. Moyle's explanation until in possession of much more decided evidence than any that Mr. Fox has adduced. —*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

ETYMOLOGY.—*Mary-le-bone, Mary-la-bonne, Marribon, Marrabone.*—By all these names a well-known parish in London is frequently called. They are all wrong. The parish church was undoubtedly dedicated to St. Mary, and called St. Mary-le-burn, from a burn, or brook, which runs from Primrose-hill under Berkeley-square and the Greenpark, into the Thames, near Pimlico. *Mary-la-bonne*, the modern polite pronunciation, is not French for "the good Mary," meaning the Virgin Mary, but rather for Mary the Governess; and as to *la-bonne-Marie*, the proper French order of the phrase, the title is not in the list of those which our Norman and Catholic ancestors were accustomed to bestow on the *Sainte Vierge, Mère de Dieu, Reine du Ciel, Reine des Anges*, &c. *Sainte Marie*, or Holy Mary, (and not Good Mary, nor Mary the Good,) is the language of the Roman Ritual.

CROWLE THE PUNSTER.—Once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the Judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know; but I am sure he was never just before." Of this wag, Lord Orford also tells the following anecdote:—that on being reprimanded, on his knees, by the Speaker of the Commons' House, as he rose from the ground, he wiped his knees, and said, "It was the dirtiest House he had ever been in."

CURIOUS OPERATION.—In the year 1749, a poor labouring man having by accident swallowed the feather of a large quill, which, when in the stomach, caused considerable pain, a surgeon resorted to the following curious experiment to relieve his patient from his troublesome companion:—he bored a pistol bullet through, in order to attach it more securely to a string. This he made him swallow, and, by rolling the man round several times one particular way, the thread twisted round the quill, and, on drawing it up, he

At the conclusion of the American revolution, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador, and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining together at Versailles, a toast from each was called for and agreed to.

The British Minister began with—

"George III.—who, like the Sun in his meridian, spreads a lustre throughout and enlightens the world."

The French Minister followed with—

"The illustrious Louis XVI.—who, like the Moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on, and influences the globe."

Our American Franklin then gave—

"George Washington, Commander of the American Army—who, like Joshua of old, commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

(From the *Calcutta Journal*, of Feb. 17.)

Early in January, a warrior died at Kennedy, and was burnt in a well about six feet deep—the same day his wife prior to his death told him she would go with him, and the same night dreamed her husband came to her when asleep, and lit her upon the shoulder, saying, "Are you asleep, are you coming?" Upon this she immediately rose and gave her child to her family, saying, "Take it, I shall have nothing more to do with it," and desired things might be prepared, as she was determined to burn herself at four o'clock in the afternoon; all the offers of money, and persuasions of her brother and family, were of no avail. The Rajah and Tassalder did all in their power to dissuade her from committing this rash act, but she replied—"Why trouble yourselves about me, or my life, as I have promised to burn myself where my husband has been burnt, and am determined to do it?" As it was utterly impossible to prohibit the poor girl making away with herself, she at a little after four o'clock left her dwelling, in company with her family, and proceeded to a tank near the village where her husband had been burnt, and after making the usual ceremonies, walked three times round the well. Her brother and other relations had hold of her hand, when she quitted their hold and plunged into the well and sat down, when, dreadful to relate, wood, oil, and ghee were thrown upon her by a few people. She was quite composed, and requested the people not to throw any more upon her, as she was with her husband; and in the course of a few minutes, she was consumed to ashes, without a groan or shriek. Not a tom tom was beat, nor did the natives shout, as generally is the case. All seemed horror-struck at what they had witnessed. On the forenoon of the day she was to burn herself, she bathed, put on clean linen, ate beetle, and held in her hand a small looking-glass, upon which she continually kept looking. The poor creature was only thirteen years of age, and had one child.

ANECDOTES.—Formerly Undergraduate Members at Oxford did not wear silk tassels in their caps. Before the statute of the University permitted their assumption, the Undergraduates of Balliol are said to have applied to the Master of that Society, Dr. Leigh, to be allowed the privilege only enjoyed by Bachelors of Arts. To this application Dr. Leigh replied, "Gentlemen, be in no hurry, you shall all wear them by degrees."

A REASON FOR EATING LAND CRABS.—In the "Life and Adventures of John Nichol, mariner," lately published, the author thus describes the ravages which the land-crabs make upon poor perishable mortality: "I could now see the land-crabs running through the graves of two or three whom I had left stout and full of health. In the West-Indies, the grave is dug no deeper than just to hold the body, the earth covering it only a few inches, and all is soon consumed by the land-crabs. The black fellows eat them. When I asked them why they eat these loathsome creatures, their answer was—"Why, they eat me!"

POPULATION.—The number of inhabitants of a country is to that of the families, as 1000 to 222½. By taking a mean also, it is found that in 25 families, there is one where there are six or more children. The proportion of males and females in a country, are as 18 to 19. It is found that there are marriages annually among 337 inhabitants, so that 112 inhabitants produce one marriage. The proportion of married men, or widowers, to married women, or widows, is nearly as 125 to 140, and the whole number of this class of society is to the whole of the inhabitants, as 265 to 631. Among 631 inhabitants, there are 118 married couples, 7 or 8 widowers, and 21 or 22 widows. 1,870 married couples give annually 357 children. The number of servants is to the whole number of inhabitants, as 136 to 1,535 nearly.

The Roan Trotting Match for 500 Sovereigns.—This match, upon which many hundreds were pending, took place on Thursday, over the mile and a half range, Ashburn Parish, Bedfordshire, before a numerous field of anxious sportsmen. The mare was bred in Lancashire, and the horse by Mr. B. Standish, and they were considered the fastest in England, under fifteen hands. The match was to trot against each other, and to start at the opposite ends—Each mile and a half was done as follows, with feather weight:—

The Horse ran	m.	sec.	The Mare ran	m.	sec.
First mile and a half in ..	5	50	First mile and a half in ..	5	42
Second	5	52	Second	5	50
Third	6	2	Third	6	12
Fourth	7	4	Fourth	8	4
Fifth	6	1	Fifth	5	32
Sixth	6	2	Sixth	5	40
Seventh	5	52	Seventh	8	2
Eighth	5	58			
Ninth	6	4	The mare was pulled up in the eighth round, as she could not keep in temper, although she showed best speed.		
Tenth	6	20			
	61	5			

In the City of London, which purchased the right of choosing its own Sheriffs from Henry I., before which they used to be appointed by the King, the swearing of the Sheriffs into office is attended with much ceremony. The mode of making the choice has been altered at different periods; formerly the elder Sheriff was nominated by the Lord Mayor, who drank to him by name, as Sheriff for the year ensuing, and this nomination was, by custom, confirmed by the commonalty; but the citizens succeeded in abrogating this practice, and for some time both Sheriffs were chosen by the Livery at large. Sir John Parsons, however, who was Lord Mayor in the year 1704, revived the ancient method of nomination, under the authority of a then recent Act of Common Council. The manner of appointing them at the present day is as follows:—

The Lord Mayor drinks to fourteen respectable citizens, two of whom are elected by the Livery on the following Midsummer day, and are obliged to serve under a penalty of 400*l.* (and 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* to the ministers of the city prisons), 100*l.* of which is to be given to him who first agrees to fill the office. On the election of the Sheriffs by the Livery, all the Aldermen who have not already served, are put up in rotation, according to seniority; notwithstanding which, the Livery have the privilege of choosing whom they think proper, whether of that Court or out of it, or of those persons who have been drunk to as eligible by the Lord Mayor. There is frequently considerable difficulty in getting persons willing to serve, many being contented to pay the fines rather than encounter the duties of the office; but when the choice is fixed, the new Sheriffs are first sworn in at Guildhall on the 28th of September, and two days afterwards in the Court of Exchequer, at Westminster-hall. The following particulars of what takes place in the Court of Exchequer, are extracted from the first volume of Brand's "Observations on Popular Antiquities," where they are given in a note written by Mr. Ellis, the editor of that work.

"The ceremony on this occasion, in the Court of Exchequer, which vulgar error supposed to be an unmeaning farce, is solemn and impressive; nor have the new Sheriffs the least connexion either with *chopping of sticks* or *counting of hobnails*. The tenants of a manor in Shropshire are directed to come forth to do their suit and service; on which the Senior Alderman below the Chair steps forward and chops a single stick, in token of its having been customary for the tenants of that manor to supply their Lord with fuel. The owners of a forge in the parish of St. Clement Danes (which formerly belonged to the City, and stood in the high road from the Temple to Westminster, but now no longer exists), are then called forth to do their suit and service; when an officer of the Court, in the presence of the senior Alderman, produces six horse-shoes and sixty-one hob-nails, which he counts over in form, before the Cursitor Baron, who, on this particular occasion, is the immediate representative of the Sovereign."

It appears, from Madox's *History of the Exchequer*, that the latter ceremony had origin in a grant made in 19th of Henry III. (anno 1235) to Walter le Bruin, a farrier, of a piece of ground in the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, "whereon to erect a forge; he rendering at the Exchequer annually, for the same, a quit rent of six horse shoes, with the nails thereunto belonging." This rent was twice paid in the reign of Edward I., "and is still rendered annually at the Exchequer, by the Mayor and Citizens of London, the said piece of ground having been granted to them some ages ago."

The two Sheriffs of London (which, by charter, is both a city and a county) act jointly as Sheriff of Middlesex, though their jurisdictions are, to a considerable extent, perfectly separate. Any citizen is eligible to the office, unless he swears himself not worth 15,000*l.*

AN UNLUCKY BULL.—An Irish Gentleman was in company with a beautiful young lady, to whom he was paying his addresses; when, on giving a shudder, she made use of the common expression, that "some one was walking over her grave." Pat, anxious for every opportunity of paying a compliment to his mistress, exclaimed, "*By the powers, Madam, but I wish I was the happy man!*"

ANECDOTE—FACT.—A very genteel looking young man was seen to enter a church in the time of service; he paused at the entrance; the congregation stared; he advanced a few steps, and deliberately surveying the whole assembly, commenced a slow march up the broad aisle: not a pew was opened; the audience were too busy for civility; he wheeled, and in the same manner performed a march, stepping as if to *Roslin Castle*, or the *Dead March in Saul*, and disappeared. A few moments after, he re-entered with a huge block upon his shoulders, as heavy as he could well stagger under. His countenance was immovable; again the good people stared, and half rose from their seats, with their books in their hands. At length, he placed the block in the very centre of the principal passage, and seated himself upon it. Then, for the first time, the reproach was felt. Every pew door in the Church was instantly flung open.—But no—the stranger was a gentleman; he came not there for disturbance; he moved not; smiled not; but preserved the utmost decorum until the service was concluded, when he shouldered his block, and to the same slow step, bore it away, and replaced it where he had found it.

A SINGULAR FIRM.—An Insurance Company at Cadiz once took the Virgin Mary into formal partnership, covenanting to set aside her profits for the enrichment of her shrine in that city. Not doubting that she would protect every vessel in which she had a manifest interest, they underwrote ships of all sorts, at such rates, that, in a few months, the infatuated partners were all declared bankrupts!

(FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.)

Mr. Nalos, a Frenchman, while in North Carolina, attempted to procure some rattle snakes, for the purpose of making out a collection. But some of the observations and experiments he made, induced him to believe the possibility of taming this poisonous reptile; he finally made the trial, and has succeeded in a manner which calculated to astonish every beholder. What is the process he employed, is unknown to us—he probably availed himself of the power, which a control over the appetite of the animal gives him—he dwells very much on the charms of music: while inflamed by hunger, and irritated by the application of hot iron, the creature is soothed and softened by a slow and plaintive strain.

Mr. N. has two rattle-snakes—the male, which is 4 feet 8 inches long, has 8 rattles to his tail, thus proving him to be 9 years old—he has had this snake four years. The female is much smaller, and has 5 rattles—she has been with him 33 months. So great is their docility, that he will take them up, after speaking a sort of jargon to them, and stroking down their backs, as if they were so many strings—he will make them crawl up his breast and face, caress and kiss him, coil round his neck, and while one of them is thus hanging around him, he will take up and exhibit the other. The perfect harmlessness of the reptile, and even attachment to his keeper is astonishing. Meanwhile Mr. N. is himself thoroughly at his ease—completely self-possessed, diverting the spectator with the exhibition of his snakes, or instructing them by his explanations. He says, he has no fears himself; for, independently of his command over the animal, he is satisfied he can cure the bite of it—of the remedy he makes no secret. Wash your mouth first with warm sweet oil, and then suck the wound—next, drink most copiously of the decoction of the snake-root, until it operates as a strong emetic.—This is the regimen he recommends, and which he believes to be infallible.

There is no deception practiced upon you. He opens the mouth of the snake, and shows you his fangs. They are in the upper jaw alone—two on each side, and have the faculty of renewing themselves, in case they are drawn out by a violent blow—the fang is within the mouth, bent, sharpened, and sheathed like the claw of a cat, and turned towards the throat—the orifice through which the poison is ejected is a small groove on the upper side of the fang, between its point and the upper curve—the poison bags lie at the roots of the fangs. But to remove all doubts of the poisonous qualities of these snakes being uninjured, Mr. N. proposes to have a public exhibition, when the snake will kill a young hare by a slight stroke, and then immediately devour him.

Perhaps no one has had so good an opportunity of studying the habits of the animal. His remarks will of course form a valuable addition to natural history. He is an intelligent man, and a memoir may be expected from him when he arrives in Europe. The male snake has just cast his skin, and the new one is most beautiful. The tail has a fine glossy black. He says, they renew their skins every two months; three times in the year, perhaps from October to April, they remain torpid, and this function is suspended. Most probably, it varies in different snakes with the quantities of food they can obtain. Mr. N. generally feeds his once a week.

They have also a rattle every year after the first. They scarcely ever shake it but when they are strongly excited, or to strike the attention of their prey. He contends that the use of their rattles is to draw upon themselves the eyes of their victim, which generally consists of the fleetest animals, as birds, squirrels, &c. As soon as the eyes meet, he says the process of charming commences. He believes in this faculty, for he has seen it exemplified in a garden by his own snakes; the victim will hop from bough to bough, and from rock to rock, overcome with apprehension, until approaching each other, the snake seizes him. He denies altogether, what some naturalists assert, the deleterious qualities of their breath—for he has often kissed them, and in blowing their breath upon him, he has found it uncommonly sweet.

Mr. N. has other snakes in his collection—as a wampum snake, beautifully streaked, and so called after the Indian ornament; it is a small species of the Boa Constrictor, which winds itself round its prey, and kills not by poison but by stricture—it even squeezes the rattle snake to death. He has also the common black snake, and the lead coloured American adder, of the description of the flat heads. He has all these under the same command, exhibiting almost the same docility as the rattle snakes. The spectacle is not dangerous, nor even disgusting, and is well worthy the attention of the curious.

GROANING AND CRYING.—A French surgeon lately published a long dissertation on the beneficial influence of groaning and crying on the nervous system. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; and that he has uniformly observed that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who imagine it is unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice and weakness as either to groan or to cry. He is always pleased by the crying and violent roaring of a patient during the time he is undergoing a severe surgical operation, because he is satisfied that he will thereby soothe his system as to prevent fever and ensure a favourable termination. From the benefit hysterical and other nervous patients derive from crying or groaning, he supposes that by these processes of nature the superabundant nervous power is exhausted, and the nervous system is in consequence rendered calm, and even the circulation of the blood greatly diminished. He relates a case of a man who, by means of crying and laughing, reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty to sixty in the course of two hours. That some patients, often have a great satisfaction in groaning, and that hysterical patients often experience great relief from crying, no person will deny. As to restless, hypochondriacal subjects, or those who are never happy but when they are under some course of medical or dietetic treatment, the French Surgeon assures them that they cannot do better than to groan all night and cry all day. By following this rule, and observing an abstemious diet, a person will effectually escape disease, and may prolong life to an incredible extent.—*American Paper.*

WAYS AND MEANS.—The following letter was lately received by TALMA, when he was on the point of quitting Paris on a professional visit to Bordeaux:—

“TO THE SON OF MELPOMENE.

“SIR,—I have only six francs, and am without resources. I hear that you are to honour this town with your furious presence, and that, at the very moment when I propose to put an end to my existence. I defer then my project, in admiration of your talents, with which I am acquainted only by your fame. I conjure you then to hasten your visit, that I may admire you and expire. Refuse not the last desires of your fellow-creature, who, being able to live but four days, has divided the sum which remains, as follows:—

Four days' nourishment	3 francs.
Pit	2f. 10 sous.
Poison	0 10 do.

Charles III. of Spain, a little before his death, boasted to a foreign Ambassador that he had killed with his own hand 529 wolves, and 5325 foxes! and this he was enabled to tell accurately, as he kept a diary of this important matter.

When the King of Naples (the greatest sportsman in Europe) was in Germany, about the year 1792, it was said in the German Papers, that in the different times he had been shooting in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he had killed 5 bears, 1,820 wild boars, 1,968 stags, 15 wolves, 354 foxes, 15,550 pheasants, 1,121 rabbits, 16,354 hares, 1,625 she goats, 1,625 roebucks, and 12,435 partridges.

The following is an account of the destruction of game in Bohemia by a hunting party, of which the Emperor Francis made one, in 1755. There were twenty-three persons in the party, three of whom were Ladies; the Princess Charlotte of Lorraine was one of them. The chase lasted eighteen days, and during that time they killed 47,950 head of game, and wild deer; of which 19 were stags, 77 roebucks, 10 foxes, 18,243 hares, 19,545 partridges, 9,499 pheasants, 114 larks, 335 quails, 454 other birds. The Emperor fired 9,798 shots, and the Princess Charlotte 9,010; in all, there were 116,209 shots fired.

But all we have stated comes short of the game establishment at Chantilli, the most extraordinary one in Europe, once belonging to the house of Conde. It included twenty-one miles of park, and forty-eight miles of forest. The horses, when the family were at that place, were above 500; the dogs 60 to 80 couple; the servants above 500; the stables the finest and best in Europe. We shall now present to the sporting and unsporting reader, for both will lift up their eyes, a list of game killed, year by year, through a series of thirty-two years—beginning with the year 1748, ending with the year 1779:—

LIST OF THE GAME.

54,878	24,029	57,209	19,933
37,160	27,013	42,902	27,164
58,712	26,405	31,620	50,429
39,892	38,055	25,994	50,859
52,470	50,812	18,479	25,813
39,895	40,234	18,050	50,666
32,470	26,267	26,371	13,504
16,186	25,953	19,771	17,506

Now let us give (of birds and beasts) their bill of mortality; that is, the numbers, in detail, of each specific description, registered as below, and detailed to have been killed at Chantilli, in the above-mentioned series of years. Hares 77,750, rabbits 587,470, partridges 117,574, red ditto 12,426, pheasants 86,193, quails 19,697, rattles (the mall quail) 449, woodcocks 2164, snipes 2856, ducks 1353, woodpeckers 317, lapwings 720, besicque (small birds like our wheatear) 67, curlews 32, oyes d'Egypt 3, oyes sauvage 14, bustards 2, larks 106, tudells 2, fox 1, crapeaux 8, thrushes 1313, guynard 4, stags 1712, hinds 1682, facons 519, does 1921, young does 135, roebucks 4669, young ditto 810, wild boars 1942, carcassins (young boars) 813. A magnificent list of animal slaughter carefully and systematically recorded as achievements. It has, however, been flatly asserted by a tourist, that at different times near 1000 men were condemned to the gallies! many hundred peasants, it was well known, fell, murdered by the keepers, literally hunted down and shot! and the bodies of the dead thrown into the next ditch, or hid under a little mould grubbed up in the park! Such were the abuses growing out of a passion for destroying the birds of the air and the beasts of the field called sporting. In these archives it is stated, with more than senatorial gravity, that “the pieces of game killed by S. A. R. Monseigneur Le Prince de Conde, were in numbre 65,524.” That “the nine pieces killed by the late Prince's grandson, the Duc D'Enghein, were all rabbits!” That “the pieces killed by Duc de Bourbon were these—pheasants 1451, hares 1207, partridges 1254, red ditto 145;” and by C. D'Artois, these—“pheasants 978, hares 870, partridges 1109, red ditto 115.” Such were the records kept by those possessed of a lordship or manor!

CURIOUS COMBAT.—A Liverpool friend of ours—as good a fellow as lives, and a bit of an antiquary into the bargain—was lately witness to something like a regular set-to betwixt two most unusual combatants—viz. a water-rat and a jack-daw. In his character of an antiquary our friend has a great passion for clambering among those venerable ruins upon which the Catholics once prided themselves so much, but which the Scotch as if in derision sometimes designate “auld waas.” Indeed so much is this his habit, then when he ventures abroad on a spring or summer morning, his footsteps are generally dogged by a whole troop of ragged callants, who conceive that he is bent on harrying their bird-nests when the honest man is only thinking of tracing the outline of some ancient abbey. Well, not to weary the reader with description, he had penetrated one morning to a beautiful peninsula in the Solway Frith, and there from the angle of a tower, at once grey with years and green with verdure, was looking out on the enchanting scene of wood and water, hill and dale, bay and promontory that stretched before him in beautiful perspective. While thus seated with the ocean almost at his feet, and the sea-mews skimming around him, he espied a solitary jack-daw which, unobtruded by the chatter and gambols of its companions, sat ruminating on an ivy twig with its eye steadily bent on the ground, as if suddenly seized with those philosophic notions which Cowper has ascribed to the species in his beautiful translation from Vincent Bourne. Struck with this circumstance our friend continued to eye the eccentric bird, when all of a sudden it pounced from its giddy perch upon a poor water-rat, which by its motions seemed bent on ascertaining whether amidst the rubbish of ages any thing could be discovered in its way. Thus assailed, the rat immediately stood on the defensive, and to say truth, made a sturdy shew of resistance; the daw, however, was by far too nimble for him, and easily eluded the eager efforts of tooth and claw, by hoisting himself a little way into his native element. Thus poised or hoisted he again pounced upon the enemy, and indicted by means of his bill at least one lusty wound before the poor quadruped could rally his forces. The contest accordingly continued for several minutes, till the rat finding he had rather the worst of it, endeavoured to burrow in a neighbouring cranny; but this Master Daw would by no means permit; and hopping betwixt the fugitive and the point of retreat, he reeved his little wings, and seemed to say “this far thou shalt go and no farther.” Baffled in this attempt, the rat again stood on the defensive; and after a short breathing time which the daw seemed willing enough to allow, the combat was renewed with additional vigour. In this way round succeeded round, to the great amusement of our informant, who affirms that it only wanted the presence of another bird and another quadruped, as seconds or bottle-holders, to render the scene worthy the patronage of those Knights of the fauzy, who travelled many long miles, and paid much good money to witness the dexterity of a dog in worrying vermin. At last the poor rat fairly gave in, and in a few minutes more lay dead at his antagonist's feet; on which the valorous bird, far from wishing to prey on his victim, immediately joined the black battalion above, some of whom had eyed his exploits from a distance without, once offering to interfere. Indeed, pitched battles both between animals of the same and of an opposite species are by no

It was only the other week that two cock sparrows fought bitterly in a tan-yard in this town, that the one not only vanquished

(FROM THE PERCY ANECDOTES, PART 36.)

A LORD AT HIS EASE.

A Marquis of Winchester, who lived in the reign of Charles the Second, used to dine at six or seven in the evening, and to continue the meal until the same hour in the morning; during which time he sometimes drank, sometimes listened to music, conversed, or smoked; while the rest of the company were not expected to follow his example, but had their free choice to go or come, sit or rise, sleep or eat, and drink. The dishes and bottles were never removed from table; when morning came, the Marquis would hunt or hawk, if the weather was fair; if not, he would dance, go to bed at eleven, and repose until evening, when he rose to begin the same round of debauch again.

LONDON TAVERNS.

"A tavern," says an old writer, "is a common consumption of the afternoon, and the murderer or maker away of a rainy day. To give you the total reckoning of it, it is the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, the stranger's welcome, the Inns of Court man's entertainment, the scholar's kindness, and the citizen's country. It is the study of sparkling wits, and a cup of canary their book."

A considerable change has taken place in the manners of the people in regard to taverns. Formerly they were the general place of resort for men of genius, rank, and fortune; and even Princes did not disdain to visit them. The Boar's Head was celebrated for having been the place where our Fifth Harry, when Prince of Wales, revelled with Falstaff, and all "the merry men of Eastcheap." It was at this tavern also, that Henry's brothers, the Princes Thomas and John, revelled a whole night in 1410, when their attendants got into an affray, which could not be appeased without the interference of the Mayor, Sheriff, and the principal citizens.

Of little less antiquity than the Boar's Head, is the White Hart in Bishopsgate-street, which some few years ago bore on its front the date of its erection in 1480.

In the time of Shakspeare, the places principally honoured by genius, were the Sun and Moon Tavern, in Apsersgate-street; the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, close to Temple-bar; and the famous one called the Mermaid, which was situated in Cornhill. There, as Beaumont tells us,

— "hath been shewn

Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past,—wit that might warrant
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, more wise."

Among other well-frequented taverns of the metropolis of former days, few were more renowned than the White Rose (the symbol of the York party), in Old Palace yard, Westminster, which stood near the chapel of our lady, behind the high altar of the Abbey Church.

The gloomy manners of puritanism gave a severe check to these temples of jollity; but the restoration of Charles again revived their popularity. The cavaliers and adherents of the Royal party, for joy of that event, were, for a time, incessantly drunk; and from a picture of their manners in Cowley's Comedy of the "Cutter of Coleman-street," it may be collected, that taverns were places of much more frequent resort than churches or conventicles. When the frenzy of the times was, however, abated, taverns, especially those in the City, became places for the transaction of almost all descriptions of business. There accounts were settled, conveyances executed; and there attorneys sat as at inns in the country on market days, to receive their clients. In that space near the Royal Exchange, which is encompassed by Lombard, Gracechurch, part of Bishopsgate, and Threadneedle-streets, the number of taverns exceeded twenty; and on the site of the Bank, there stood no less than four. At the Crown, which was one of them, it was not unusual, in the course of a single morning, to draw a butt of mountain (120 gallons) in gills.

How much taverns were frequented by the literati in the early part of the last century, the Spectator, the Tatler, and other British essayists, bear abundant evidence; and there is little doubt but many of these papers were produced at a tavern, or originated in the "wit combats" that frequently took place. Although Sir Richard Steele was extravagant in his uxoriousness, yet who has not admired that passage in one of his letters to his wife, written from a tavern, in which he assures her that he will be with her "within half a bottle of wine?"

The change that has taken place in respect to the company frequenting taverns, is supposed to be owing to the increased expense; but extravagant charges of tavern keepers in Queen Anne's time were not less deserving of complaint than they are now. The Duke of Ormond, who gave a dinner to a few friends at the Star and Garter, in Pall-mall, was charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eightpence, for four dishes and four, that is, first and second courses, without wine or dessert.

GROG.

Until the time of Admiral Vernon, the British sailors had their allowance of brandy or rum served out to them unmixed with water. This plan was found to be attended with inconvenience on some occasions; and the Admiral, therefore, ordered, that in the fleet he commanded, the spirit should be mixed with water before it was given to the men. This innovation, at first, gave great offence to the sailors, and rendered the Commander very unpopular. The Admiral, at that time, wore a grogram coat, and was nicknamed "Old Grog." This name was afterwards given to the mixed liquor he compelled them to take; and it has since universally obtained the name of grog.

OLD WINES.

The passion for old wine has been sometimes carried to a very ridiculous excess; for the "thick crust," the "bee's wing," and the several other criterions of the epicure, are but so many proofs of the decomposition and departure of some of the best qualities of the wine. Had the man that first filled the celebrated Heidelberg tun been placed as a sentinel, to see that no other wine was put into it, he would have found it much better at twenty-five or thirty years old, than at one hundred or one hundred and fifty, had he lived so long; and been permitted now and then to taste it.

At Bremen there is a wine cellar called the Store, where five hogsheads of Rhenish wine have been preserved since the year 1625. These five hogsheads cost 1200 francs. Had this sum been put out to compound interest, each hogshead would now be worth above a thousand millions of money; a bottle of this precious wine would cost 21,799,480 francs; and a single wine glass, 2,723,808 francs.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—We are told that the late Rev. Dr. Barry, of Wallingford, was buried in his gown and bands, with his hair powdered, and a nosegay in one hand and a book in the other.—*Windsor Express.*

(FROM THE SHEFFIELD IRIS.)

When and where the following conversation took place, it is not necessary to state,—indeed the interview might have happened on any day of the past year, in any part of the world, and the interrogator might have been any human being, at any period of life between nonage and dotage. The subject, however, is exceedingly interesting; and strange as the answers may appear, they will prove to be perfectly true, and all the acts of the mysterious personage who gives them are as natural,—indeed as common place,—as the events of every hour in the ordinary course of things. This will be perceived the moment the reader guesses his name, which we shall at present withhold, for as enigmas are in season, it may agreeably exercise the wits of our young friends to puzzle it out.

Who art Thou?—A traveller.

Whence dost Thou come?—From eternity.

Whither dost Thou go?—To eternity.

How old art Thou?—Thousands and thousands of years.

And dost Thou not wear out?—I have been young; I am now old, and yet I am as healthy, as strong, and as active as ever.

Is there no decay in thy constitution?—None; my life is an immortality with a beginning and an end.

That is a riddle:—Art thou not a mortal?—I am; but my being was perfect the moment I was born, and none of my faculties can fail till the moment I die; my existence is a span measured out of infinity.

How long wilt Thou live?—I know not the day of my death.

Shall I survive Thee?—Yes, and yet I shall slay thee.

How can that be?—When I die, thou wilt live again.

Where is thy dwelling?—No where and every where.

Is that possible?—So much so, that it were impossible to be otherwise.

Canst Thou explain that?—Perhaps not to thy satisfaction; but as I can be confined "no where," and am "every where," I must dwell as much in the one as the other of these abstractions.

Then Thou art always at rest?—Nay; I am always in motion.

No where and every where, yet always in motion, art Thou?—Even so; like the water-wheel on its axle, never changing its place, nor suspending its revolution.

Then there can be no progress in thy course?—There is perpetual progress; for though like the water-wheel I never change place, yet like the chariot-wheel I am always going forward.

That is a contradiction in terms; is it not?—It may be so to thee, but it is the law of my nature.

Troth! very much like human nature, of which contradiction is the essence; but tell me, what is thy nature?—What thine is not, and yet without it thine would never have been what it is.

Hast Thou a body?—No.

Art Thou a spirit?—I am not.

What art Thou then?—Tell me what the blue sky is, and I will tell thee what I am; as the arch of heaven to the eye, so am I to the mind—something which is nothing.

I shall not be wiser by pursuing this train of enquiry;—Thou hast said, that Thou art always going forward,—In what direction, may I ask?—From west to east with the earth, and from creation to doomsday with the race of man.

What is thy business?—Destruction and renovation.

Hast Thou house and land?—All the houses and lands under the sun are mine.

What dost Thou do with them?—I let them to tenants like thee.

On what terms?—Leases for life.

At what rent?—The breath of your nostrils.

Is that all we pay?—cheap enough as times go?—Dear enough, for it costs you your lives; I take it by instalments as fast as you receive it, though there is nothing that you resign so unwillingly; but I live on this continual waste of life, and shall never die while there is a man breathing on the earth.

Hast Thou a family?—O yes, a very large one.

Wife and children?—No wife, but many children.

Who are they?—All the dead, all the living, and all the unborn.

How dost Thou manage such a family?—The dead I draw after me, the living accompany me, and the unborn come to me at my call.

How dost Thou provide for such multitudes?—By all the produce of sea and land.

How dost Thou find employment for so many hands?—By all the work done in the four quarters of the globe.

Then am I one of thy progeny?—Thou art.

What hast Thou done for me?—Brought thee into being, fed thee, taught thee, borne thee, and borne with thee, till I am well nigh wearied.

And what do I owe Thee for such unerited goodness?—Thy future days.

How shall I give them to Thee?—By redeeming the past.

Thine is a strange history;—what will be the end of Thee?—The end of all things.

What is thy name?—A secret at present,—but Time will shew it.

The foregoing riddle (which, flippant as it is, may furnish the sentimental reader with some very pretty hints for moral musing) was hastily scribbled on Saturday last, as the prologue to a New Year's Address, to be written yesterday (Monday). The Editor having been prevented by indisposition from accomplishing his purpose, is sure that he need offer no other apology for the omission than this statement of the fact. There are invisible depths in the human mind, from which trains of ideas sometimes seem to emerge spontaneously, which crowd along the highway of hacknied thought in such gorgeous profusion, that an author has only to select and record the best as they pass before him. These, it may be presumed, are the inspirations of genius. When, however, all is blank, and dark, and desolate within, he may, by intense study and vehement excitement of factitious feeling, lay such potent spells upon his imagination, as will force it to disclose its most secret recesses, and throw forth its richest treasures, at his bidding. This, if not the art of magic, is the magic of art, whereby the slowness of voluntary emotion is often happily stimulated. But with a cold in his head, and eyes distilling rheum, no man is either a genius or a conjuror; he may "call spirits from the vasty deep," but the withering whisper for ever in his ear when he would attempt it, "Will they come when thou dost call?" so disheartens him, that he throws down his pen and folds his arms in despair. Thus circumstanced, the Editor of the *Iris* may drop the whole of his intended address except the words with which he would probably have concluded it, namely—a happy new year, and many returns of the season to all his friends and readers!

MAN OF WAR'S TACKLE.—The sails and cordage of a first-rate man of war require 180,000lb. of rough hemp for the ir construction; and it is said to average five acres of land to produce a ton of hemp: thus one of those monstrous towers of human ingenuity, that

"Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war

"To distant nations, or with sovereign sway

"Awes the divided world to peace and love,"

consumes a year's produce of 424 acres of land to furnish its necessary tackle.

Great Sporting Exploits.

In the year 1758 the Emperor Francis I. had a great shooting party on the estates of the Prince Colleredo, in Bohemia, which lasted eighteen days. The party consisted of three Princesses and twenty Noblemen, besides the Emperor and Prince. They killed, after firing 116,200 shots, 1710 stags; 3246 fawns and deer; 932 foxes; 13,243 hares; 29,565 partridges; 9409 pheasants; 746 larks; 1353 quails; 1967 woodcocks; 513 wild turkeys; 177 wild fowls, &c. &c.

At a hunting match given by Prince Esterhazy, the Regent of Hungary, on signing the treaty of peace with France, in a single day's sport there were killed 160 deer, 100 wild boars, 300 hares, and 80 foxes.

The King of Naples, in a sporting journey to Vienna, in 1793, through Austria, Bohemia, &c. killed 5 bears; 1820 boars; 1960 deer; 114 does; 1625 roebucks; 1112 rabbits; 13 wolves; 17 badgers; 16,354 hares; and 354 foxes. His Majesty had also the pleasure of doing a little in the bird way, by killing on the same expedition, 15,350 pheasants and 12,335 partridges.

Lord Kingston made a considerable bet that he would shoot forty brace of partridges, on the 1st Sept. on his Manor at Heydon. His Lordship shot 41½ brace before sunset.

The Duke of Rutland, in one day, in October 1815, when shooting in Cheveley Park, killed, in the course of five hours, 41 partridges, 19 pheasants, 43 hares, and 22 rabbits.

Remarkable Instances of Sagacity in Dogs.—An officer who was stationed some years since at Guernsey, had a favourite dog, which for many years had exhibited no marks of "sporting intelligence," or any thing "vermin," as the slang phrase is, in his nature or disposition. Being however, on a particular occasion encouraged to worry and hunt a cat, at the particular instigation of his master, he had become so fond of the amusement, that he was constantly engaged in the chase. His nightly resting-place was at the door of his master's barracks, which had egress by a staircase to the open street, and Trim would sally forth from thence when all was quiet, follow the game for his own solitary entertainment, and be found in the morning sleeping amidst a heap of the slain, which he had brought as trophies, to lay them at his master's feet. This became a fact so notorious, and the evil of so much magnitude, that a deputation of the principal inhabitants waited upon Capt. S. assured him that the existence of this useful race of animals would be thus destroyed, and solicited that he would restrain the licentious disposition to poaching at unseasonable hours, which had been so recently and so alarmingly exhibited by the industrious Corporal. Trim was told of his fault, shewn the victims of his sports, and threatened with severe castigation if he ever again trespassed on the rights of his neighbours; he took the first hint, and although allowed to be at large as usual, and to occupy his accustomed mat at his master's door, he never offended more; and ever after, if he chanced in company with any one to come unexpectedly in sight of what he had been taught to consider fair game, he would put up a petitioning look, as if to ask permission to indulge once more in his favourite recreation, but never did so without consent, and approbation and encouragement.

The following is a more curious fact. A gentleman from Scotland arrived at an inn in St. Alban's, on his way to the Metropolis; he had with him a favourite dog, which, being apprehensive of losing it in London, he left to the care of the landlord, promising to pay for the animal's board on his return in about a month, or less. During several days the dog was kept on a chain, to reconcile him to an intimacy with his new master; he was then left at liberty to range the public yard at large with others. There was one amongst his companions who chose to play the tyrant, and he frequently assaulted and beat poor Tray unmercifully. Tray submitted with admirable forbearance for some time, but his patience being exhausted, and oppression becoming daily more irksome, he quietly took his departure. After an absence of several days, he returned in company with a large Newfoundland dog, made up directly to his tyrannical assailant, and, so assisted, very nearly beat him to death. The stranger then retired, and was seen no more, and Tray remained unmolested until the return of his master. The landlord naturally mentioned a circumstance which was the subject of general conversation, and the gentleman heard it with much astonishment, because convinced that the dog had absolutely journeyed into Scotland to relate his ill treatment, and to bespeak the good offices of the friend who had been the companion of his journey back, and his assistant in punishing the aggressor. It proved to have been so; for, on arriving at his home in Highlands, and inquiring into particulars, he found, as he expected, that much surprise, and some uneasiness, had been excited by the return of Tray alone; by the two dogs, after meeting, going off together; and by the Newfoundland, after an absence of several days, coming back again, foot sore, and nearly starved.

Moorish Conceit.—The Moors consider Spain as a country to which they still have a right to aspire; and many families in Morocco and Tetuan, as was affirmed to me by a gentleman who had resided in the country for many years, to this day preserve the key of the houses of their ancestors in Castile, Aragon, Leon, &c. and hope to be able one day to use them again.

The Lord Mayor's Bill of Fare.—The following is the bill of fare of the feast given on Saturday by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs to the Citizens, as arranged and provided by Mr. Bleadon, of the London Tavern. From its contents strangers may form some distinct conception of what is meant by a City feast, and by City eating. The provision is provided on a scale of the capacities of 1300 guests, for that is the number of those who signified their intention of dining with his Lordship on Saturday afternoon:—

Imprints.—3000 pounds of real turtle, which will fill upwards of 200 tureens—200 dishes of game, hares, pheasants, partridges, &c. &c. and some of the finest and rarest species—84 fowls—30 peacocks—30 turkeys—24 sirloins of beef—24 stewed rumps of beef—48 hams—60 tongues—48 large pigeon pies—36 large raised pies—48 fish of the finest species—28 ragouts—128 jellies, creams, &c. &c.—60 large fruit pies—36 large marrow puddings—50 sallads—48 large dishes of curious cookery, each of which would take a chapter to describe—100 full-grown pine apples—200 pounds of the finest grapes—250 ice creams; and pears, apples, olives, cakes, and dried fruit of the finest and rarest description. The wines are of all kinds, from humble Port to imperial Tokay. 12,000 knives and forks, and 6000 plates, are expected to be employed upon the occasion.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Interesting to Country Gentlemen.

A Gentleman having witnessed with regret Country Gentlemen, of the utmost respectability, reduced in their country houses to the dullness of a domestic circle, and thereby frequently induced to attempt suicide in the fall of the year—or what is still more melancholy, driven to invite to their tables those ancient and well-known families of the Tags, the Rags, and the Bobtails; and having observed the facility with which the public is supplied with job horses from London, and books from circulating libraries, has opened an office in London, for the purpose of furnishing Country Houses with a regular succession of Guests, on the most moderate terms. An annual subscriber of 30 guineas will be supplied with four guests a week, to be changed at the will of the Country Gentleman. An annual subscriber of 15 guineas will be supplied with two guests, to be changed once a fortnight. Non-subscribers within 25 miles of London may be furnished with guests by the day or week, on being answerable for breakages on the road. The Advertiser's catalogue contains an elegant assortment of 617 guests, among whom may be found three Irish Peers, seven Scotch ditto, thirteen Poor Baronets, six Yellow Admirals, nineteen Major-Generals on half-pay, who narrate the entire Spanish war; seventeen Dowagers, 314 Old Maids on annuities, Deaf and Dumb People, Sportsmen, and Gentlemen who describe Paris and Fonthill, may be had at half-price. They can all play at cards, and generally with success if partners; and they have no objection to play in a morning, if during rain. The guests to be fed by the country gentlemen, as in the case of jobs; and claret to be produced, if Scotch or Irish Peers are required. If any guest be disapproved of, the Advertiser desires the country gentleman subscriber will mark "Bore" against his name in the catalogue, or chalk it on his back when he leaves the house, and his place shall be supplied by return of the coach.

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS.—Servants in the sixteenth century were held in a greater degree of subjection than they are in the present; as will appear by the following very curious list of penalties kept, by the ancestors of an English Baronet, 1565-6, for the purpose of regulating the respective duties of the household servants:—

That no servant be absent from prayer, at morning or evening, without a lawful excuse, to be alleged within one day after, upon pain to forfeit for every time 2d.

That none swear any oath, upon pain for every one 1d.

That no man leave any door open that he findeth shut, without there be cause, upon pain for every time 1d.

That none of the men be in bed from Our Lady-day (to Michaelmas, after 6 of the clock in the morning; nor out of his bed, after 10 of the clock at night; nor from Michaelmas till Our Lady-day, in bed after 7 in the morning, nor out after 9 at night, without reasonable cause, on pain of 2d.

That no man's bed be unmade, nor fire or candle box unclean, after 8 of the clock in the morning, on pain of 1d.

That no man commit any nuisance within either of the courts upon pain of every time it shall be proved 1d.

That no man teach any of the children an dishonest speech, on pain of 4d.

That no man wait at the table without a trencher in his hand except it be upon some good cause, on pain of 1d.

That no man appointed to wait at my table be absent at meal, without reasonable cause, on pain of 1d.

If any man break a glass, he shall answer the price thereof out of his wages; and if it be not known who broke it, the butler shall pay for it, on pain of 12d.

The table must be covered half an hour before 11 at dinner, and 6 at supper, or before, on pain of 2d.

That meat be ready at 11 or before at dinner, and 6 or before, at supper, on pain of 6d.

That none be absent, without leave or good cause, the whole day, or any part of it, on pain of 4d.

That no man strike his fellow on pain of loss of service; nor revile or threaten, or provoke one another to strike, on pain of 12d.

That no man come to the kitchen without reasonable cause on pain of 1d. and the cook likewise to forfeit 1d.

That none toy with the maids, on pain of 4d.

That no man wear foul shirt on Sunday, nor broken hose or shoes, or doublett without buttons, on pain of 1d.

That when any stranger goeth hence, the chamber be dressed up again within 4 hours after, on pain of 1d.

That the hall be made clean every day, by eight in the winter, and 7 in the summer, on pain of him that should do it 1d.

That the court-gate be shut each meal, and not opened during dinner and supper, without just cause, on pain the porter to forfeit for every time 1d.

That all stairs in the house, and other rooms that need shall require, be made clean on Friday after dinner, on pain of forfeiture of every one whom it shall belong unto 3d.

All which sums shall be duly paid each quarter-day out of their wages, and bestowed on the poor.

Mode of Punishing an Alderman.—In *Strype's Stow*, is the following extract from the ancient City Records:

"Nicholas Wayfford, an Alderman, having neglected to line his cloak, which he ought to use in the procession—therefore it is adjudged by the Court, that the Lord Mayor and Aldermen shall attend breakfast with him. This penalty is awarded on him as a punishment for his covetousness."

Anecdotes of a North Country Clergyman.—A clergyman of the name of Mathison was minister of Patteesdale, in Westmoreland, sixty years, and died lately at the age of ninety. During the early part of his life, his benefice brought him only £12 a year; it was afterwards increased to £18, which it never exceeded. On this income he married, brought up four children, and lived comfortably with his neighbours; educated a son at the university, and left upwards of £1000 behind him. With that singular simplicity, and inattention to forms, which characterize a country life, he himself read the burial service over his mother; he married his father to a second wife, and afterwards buried him; he published his own banners of marriage with a woman whom he had formerly christened; and

After the taking of Preveza, Ali ordered one hundred and sixty Greeks, who had been taken in arms and had implored a capitulation, to be brought before him. They were successively dragged out slowly by the hair, one by one, from the hold of a vessel into which they had been forced the night before. In vain did they raise their suppliant hands; he only answered their cries for mercy by giving the signal at which the still imploring lips were made to bite the dust. At the fall of each unfortunate victim the bystanders raised a shout of exultation, and immediately stripped the body! Towards the close of this bloody tragedy, the arm of the executioner, a negro, became nerveless, his knees shook, and whether from fatigue or suffocation produced by the overpowering effluvia of human blood, he fell upon the bodies of his still reeking victims, and expired in the presence of Ali.

The grand seraglio which he had erected at Tepelini was in 1818 destroyed in the night by fire. In this moment of terror, which was increased by a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, the women endeavoured to escape from the harem; but were driven back by the eunuchs' their guards, who would rather they should perish by the flames than be exposed to the looks of the profane; so inveterate are Mahometan prejudices. In this cruel extremity, they broke through the windows, and thus escaped. So great was the terror of his officers at the rage into which they knew the intelligence would throw him, that they announced the misfortune as having been caused by lightning. Ali immediately conceived the project of rebuilding this edifice without its costing him a penny. He proceeded thus: he caused it to be generally reported throughout all his dominions, that the anger of Heaven had fallen upon him, and that Ali had no longer in the place of his birth an asylum in which he could lay his head. In his distress he invited those who were most faithful among his vassals to come to his assistance, and he named the day on which he would receive their offerings. The day having arrived, Tepelini was filled with an immense crowd, assembled from all parts of Albania, each anxious, for his personal safety, to be the foremost in presenting his reputed voluntary contribution. At the outer door of the burnt seraglio, Ali appeared seated on an old man, his legs crossed, and his head uncovered, holding the red Albanian bonnet destined to receive the extorted alms of his subjects. Many of his adherents, who were too poor for him to expect any thing from them, had secretly been furnished with considerable sums, which they brought as a voluntary gift; an example of zeal which every Bey or Primate was emulous to follow. Did the offering fall short of Ali's expectations, he was seen to compare it with that of those who, he said, had deprived themselves even of the necessities of life, to give him a proof of their devotion and attachment. "Take," said he, "take back your money; keep it for your own wants; what advantage can such a trifle be to Ali, the victim of celestial wrath?" This was sufficient—the presents were doubled, nay, tripled at these words; and by this well acted farce Ali obtained a sum much more considerable than was required for rebuilding his magnificent seraglio.

MOURNING.—A French writer gives a neat summary of the different observances among mankind relative to mourning and funeral ceremonies. All the world, he says, is acquainted with the magnificence of the Roman obsequies and funeral games. The Greeks also burnt the corpses of distinguished individuals, with funeral feasts, and the lamentation of hired weepers, though they generally displayed a less sumptuous grief and a better-regulated piety. The Persians buried the bodies of the dead; the Scythians ate them; the Indians enveloped them, for preservation's sake, in a sort of lacquer; the Egyptians embalmed and dried them, exhibited them on festival days, placed them at table amongst their guests, guarded them as their most precious possessions, and lent and borrowed money upon these strange pledges. In our time, the custom of dancing at funerals is only practised in India and among some savage nations; but funeral entertainments still prevail in many European countries. Among others, the ceremony is solemn and silent, which nevertheless does not interfere with the wish that all may be forgotten as speedily as possible. We observe more ostentatious rites for persons of consequence: their carriages follow them to the grave, and sometimes their horse is paraded, which, having been made to fast, seems to partake of the affliction of the occasion. The Orientals, from whom we borrow this custom, went further:—they made the horses in the funeral processions weep, by blowing a particular powder up their nostrils!

In Italy, the mourning was formerly white for women and brown for men; in China it is white; in Turkey, Syria, and Armenia, it is blue; in Egypt yellow; in Ethiopia grey. Each of these colours had originally its mystical signification. White is the emblem of purity; celestial blue indicates the space where the soul ranges after death; yellow, or the tinge of dead leaves, exhibits death as the end of human hope, and man falling like the leaf of Autumn; grey presents the colour of the earth, our common mother; and black, the funeral costume now adopted throughout Europe, is an allusion to the eternal night.

In England, the King never wears black: he is clothed in purple, as mourning. Till the reign of Charles VIII. white was the funeral garb in France. The Emperor Leopold, who died in 1705, used to suffer his beard to grow in disorder during the whole period of mourning: in this he imitated the Jews. The dowager Empresses never left off weeds, and their apartments were hung with black till their death.

The Chancellor of France is the only person in the kingdom who never wears mourning. The brothers, nephews, and consins of Popes never wear it: the happiness of having a Pope in the family is too great to allow them to be afflicted even by his death.

But the most remarkable of all these usages is perhaps that of the people of those ancient nations who dressed themselves as women when they lost their relations, in order, it is said, that the ridicule attached to their vestments might make them ashamed of their grief.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Anecdote.—A man who boasted that he knew how to employ his time to the best advantage, told a friend that he never walked out without a book in his hand. "Well!" replied the other, "that is the best way to read without advantage, and walk without pleasure."

"The contrast between Charles the Vth's conduct,* and that of Pope Paul the IVth, at this juncture, was so obvious, that it struck even the most careless observers; nor was the comparison which they made to the advantage of Paul. The former, a conqueror, born to reign, long accustomed to the splendour which accompanies supreme power, and to those busy and interesting scenes in which an active ambition had engaged him, quitted the world at a period of life not far advanced, that he might close the evening of his days in tranquillity, and secure some interval for sober thought and serious recollection. The latter, a priest, who had passed the early part of his life in the shade of the schools, and in the study of the speculative sciences; who was seemingly so detached from the world that he had shut himself up for many years in the solitude of a cloister, and who was not raised to the Papal throne till he had reached the extremity of old age; discovered at once all the impetuosity of youthful ambition, and formed extensive schemes; in order to accomplish which, he scrupled not to scatter the seeds of discord, and to kindle the flames of war in every corner of Europe. But Paul, regardless of the opinions or censures of mankind, held on his own course with his wonted arrogance and violence."—*Robertson's Charles the Vth.*

* It was not piety or humility that drove Charles V. into a monastery; but the gout which rendered him incapable of transacting business: he took Torriano, an ingenious mechanic, into the convent with him, and employed most of his leisure hours in making and inventing machines. I wonder if any of them survived his religious and political machinery.

BENARES, the ancient seat of Brahminical learning.—The very first aspect of Benares is fine; and, when you come opposite to one of its central ghauts, very striking. It extends about four miles along the northern bank of the river, which makes here a bold sweeping curve. Its buildings, which are crowded, built of stone or brick, and uniquely lofty; its large ghauts, with long and handsome flights of steps; here and there, the sculptured pyramidal tops of small pagodas; one mosque, with its gilded dome glittering in the sun-beam, and two proud and towering minars, rising one above another, form a grand and imposing coup d'œil. The city is only to be visited on horseback, or in a palanquin, from the extreme narrowness of the streets. In the heart of this strange city, you are borne through a labyrinth of lanes, with houses of six or seven stories high on each side, communicating with each other above, in some places by small bridges thrown across the streets. These houses are of stone or brick; and many of them are painted either in plain colours or stripes, or with representations of the Hindoo deities. Every bazaar or street containing shops, you find a little, and but a little, wider than the others. Shops here stand in distinct and separate streets, according to their goods and trades. In one, all are embroiderers in muslin, which they work here in gold and silver most beautifully; in another, silk merchants; in another, are displayed shawls; in some, shops filled only with slippers; in one, jewel-merchants; in the next, mere lapidaries. Several contiguous streets are filled entirely with the workmen in brass, who make the small brazen idols; also the various urns, dishes, vessels, lamps, which the Hindoos require either for domestic or sacred purposes. These shops make a very bright and shewy display; and, from the ancient forms, various sizes, and patterns of their vessels, attract your attention strongly. You meet numbers of the naked officiating Brahmins indeed, but you also see here a distinct class of wealthy Brahmins, most richly dressed in fine muslin turbans, vests of the most beautiful silks, and valuable shawls. Their conveyances out of the city are the open native palanquins, with crimson canopies; or hackrees, sometimes very handsome, and drawn by two shewy horses, with long flowing manes.

The women in Benares (for many of high cast fetch all their own water) are beautifully formed, wear garments of the richest dyes, and walk most gracefully. But these are minor features;—innumerable Hindoo youth, of high cast, are sent hither for education. They have not colleges or schools, but reside six or seven in each Brahmin's or Pundit's house, and pursue the studies which he enjoins. There are eight thousand houses in Benares, belonging to Brahmins: what number may receive students I know not, perhaps not more than one thousand.—*Sketches of India.*

The Tomb of Achar.—As I drew near I could not take my eyes from its dome, white with such cold calm lustre as sheds the pure unobscured top of a snow-crowned mountain. I could not pause at the magnificent gateway; I could not loiter as I paced up the garden; till, from near a basin in the centre, where fountains murmur and play, the view of a lofty and polished dome of marble, and of the graceful and elegant detached minars of the same beautiful material, Parian in whiteness, rising above a thick bed of dark foliage, formed by the intervening trees, arrested my step, and fixed for several minutes my admiring gaze. I thence moved

slowly forward, ascended the terraced area on which the building stands, and walked, wherever I trod, on marble. The front of this splendid mausoleum, adorned with borderings of flowers, and headed by inscriptions from the Koran, the former executed with due attention to colouring and form, both of leaf and flower, entirely inlaid with stones more or less precious, and the latter composed of Arabic characters cut with freedom and boldness out of the blackest marble, and then closely and beautifully let into the white, perfectly astonishes you. But, when led within the dome, where stand two small sarcophagi covered with the most delicate mosaic, and surrounded by walls of mosaic to correspond, without a leaf, a flower, or a petal wanting: when you see cornelians, agates, blood-stones, opals, pebbles, and marbles of all colours wrought into the finest mosaic, and producing an effect at once rich, chaste, and so perfectly natural, that the easier art of the painter seems mocked, you are silent. They tell you, and they tell you truly, that it is the most superb mausoleum in the world. Pride must have been ingenious in devising a work so costly, and the artist must have laboured with delighted wonder, as the precious materials for this sumptuous edifice were displayed in rich abundance before him. Perhaps there never was exhibited in any work of the same size such a regardless disdain of the expense which might be incurred. The whole, whether seen inside or out, looks as if the scaffolding had not long been cleared away, and it was just fresh from the hands of the architect. The delicacy may be in some degree guessed, by those who had never seen it, from the expression of Zophani, an Italian painter, who, after gazing long upon it with fixed admiration, said, that it wanted nothing but a glass case of sufficient magnitude to cover and protect it.—*Ibid.*

PROMPTER.—Downes, who held this situation forty-two years in Sir William D'Avenant's company, at Lincoln's-inn-fields and Dorset-gardens, styles himself "book-keeper and prompter." The former of which titles is said not to have meant one who kept accounts, but the person who was intrusted with, and held a book of the play, in order to furnish the performers with written parts, and to prompt them when necessary. In the *Spanish Tragedy*; or, *Hieronimo is Mad again*, a play is introduced, as in *Hamlet*, and this is spoken relative to it:—

"Here, brother, you shall be the book keeper,
This is the argument of that they shew."

Old Plays, 1780, vol. iii. p. 224.

Ben Jonson, in his introduction to *Cynthia's Revels*, calls this retainer to the stage the *Book-holder*.

FEMALE CHARACTERS.—It is well known that in the time of Shakspeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented by boys or young men. However strange this may appear to those who have been accustomed to see the women's parts performed by females, it should be remembered that in the infancy of the English stage, whole plays were performed by the boys of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, as is now the case occasionally at Westminster and other great schools, and one boy (S. Pay), who died in his thirteenth year, was so admirable an actor of *old men*, that Ben Jonson, in his elegant epitaph on him, says the Fates thought him one, and therefore cut his thread of life—

"Yeeres he number'd scarce thirteen, when Fates
turn'd cruel,

Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he been the stage's jewell;
And did act (what we now mourn) old men so duely,
As sooth, the *Parce* thought him one, he play'd so
truely.

So, by error, to his fate they all consented;
But viewing him since, (alas, too late)! they have re-
pented,

And have sought, (to give new birth) in bathes to steepe
him;

But, being much too good for earth, Heav'n vows to keep
him."

This celebrated child performed originally in *Jonson's Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster*, in the years 1600 and 1601.

Before the civil war of Charles I., boys continued to be trained to act women's characters; during the suspension of the theatres, they had outlived and outgrown the proper age and size for female personification; the introduction therefore of women on the stage (its greatest beauty and ornament) seems to have resulted from necessity. In "A Prologue to the King," in Jordan's *Royal Arbor*, p. 12. is the following passage:—

"For doubting we should never play agen,
We have play'd all our women into men,
That are of such large size for flesh and bones,
They'l rather taken be for Amazons
Than tender maids."

And in the Prologue for Desdemona—this:

"Our women are defective, and so siz'd
You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd,
For, to speak truth, men act that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incompilant;
When you call Desdemona—Enter Giant!"

Sir William D'Avenant, in imitation of the foreign theatres, first introduced females in the scene, and Mrs. Betterton is said to have been the first woman that appeared on the English stage. Andrew Pennywicke played the part of *Matilda*, in a tragedy of Davenport's, in 1655, and Kynaston acted several female parts after the Restoration. The *Parson's Wedding*, by Thomas Killegrew—and which met with the most general approbation,—it is remarkable, was acted by women only.

The anecdote of King Charles the Second waiting till the herolne of a play was shaved, is well known.

THEATRES.—Prynne, in his *Histio-Mastrix*, reckons up nineteen playhouses in London, about the year 1630, and Rymer, no less than twenty-three. These, however, included inns and other casual places for stage representation. The public theatres, properly so called, consisted in the reign of Charles I. of six—viz. the Black Friars' company; the Red Bull, in St. John's-street, Clerkenwell; another in Salisbury-court, Fleet-street; another at the Globe, Bankside; and the sixth at the Cockpit, in Drury-lane; and a little before, the Theatre, or Curtain, at Holiwell, by Shoreditch; the Fortune, Golden-lane, and the Swan, the Rose, and the Hope, Bankside. Of these, the Globe was burnt down in 1613; and the Fortune shared a similar fate in 1617. The Cockpit, or playhouse in Drury-lane, was, in 1623, pulled down by the mob, and all the apparel torn to pieces; and by the fall of the playhouse in Black Friars, according to Camden's *Annals* of James I., 81 persons of quality were killed.

SHAKSPEARE.—In the list (specifying fifteen plays) acted at the original opening of Drury-lane Theatre after the Restoration, there are seven of Beaumont and Fletcher's named; three of Ben Jonson's; and only three of Shakspeare's; and, in a subsequent list of other plays performed at the same theatre during the remainder of the first season, and which contains the names and casts of twenty-one plays, there is only one of Shakspeare's mentioned; so little was this great author known and followed at that time.

ACTORS.—The following is Downes' account of the performers who succeeded the company of Charles the Second's time, or what may be called the school before Garrick.

Mr. WILKS.—Proper and comely in person; of graceful port, mien, and air; void of affectation; his elevations and cadences just, congruent to elocution, especially in genteel comedy; not inferior in tragedy. The emission of his words free, easy, and natural, attracting attentive silence in his audience (I mean the judicious), except where there are unnatural rants; as,

"And kick the gods, like footballs, as I fly!"
Which, as the poet Durfey has it,

"Put the voice to such obstreperous stretch,
As a smith's bellows' lungs only can reach."

Mr. CYBER (Cibber), a gentleman of his time, has arrived to an exceeding perfection in hitting justly the humour of starch't beau or fop; as the *Lord Foppington*, *Sir Fopling*, and *Courtly*; equalling in the last the late eminent Mr. Montfort; nor much inferior in tragedy, had nature given him lungs strenuous to his finished judgment.

Mr. ESCOURT—He has the humour (nature enduing him with an easy, free, unaffected mode of elocution) in comedy always to lecticate his audience, especially quality (witness *Serjeant Kite*.) He's not excellent only in that, but a superlative mimic.

Mr. BOOTH.—A gentleman of liberal education, of form venust; of mellifluous pronunciation, having proper gesticulations, which are graceful attendants of true elocution; of his time a most complete tragedian.—*Note.* Booth was at this time kept under by the jealousy of Wilks, who, with a high hand, put Mills, a very inferior actor, over his head.

Mr. JOHNSON.—He's skilful in the art of painting, which is a great adjunct, very promotive to the art of true elocution, which is always requireable in him that bears the name of an actor; he has the happiness to gain applause from Court and city; witness *Morose*, *Corbaccio*, *Mr. Hot-head*, and several others. He is a true copy of Mr. Underhill, whom Sir Wm. D'Avenant judged, forty years ago, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, the truest comedian in the company.—

The painting alluded to as a qualification in this actor, is probably to be understood of painting the face, and marking it with black lines to imitate the wrinkles of old age, a custom formerly carried to excess on the stage, though now a good deal disused. Some actors in their use of this, though themselves actually older than the characters they were to represent, were so lavish, marking their faces with black lines of Indian ink to such a degree, that they appeared as if looking through a mask of wire. Mr. Garrick's skill in the necessary preparation of his face for the aged and venerable *Lear* and *Lusignan*, is said to have been as remarkable as his performance of those characters was admirable.]

Mr. DOGGET.—On the stage he's very aspectaband, wearing farce in his face, his thoughts deliberately framing his utterance congruous to his looks; he is the only comic original now extant; witness *Ben*, *Solon*, *Nick*, in the *Jew of Venice*, &c.

Mr. PINKETHMAN.—He's the darling of *Fortunatus*—he has gained more in theatres and fairs in twelve years, than those who have tugged at the oar of acting these fifty. (*)

Next Mr. Mills, Mr. Powell, Mr. Bullock; the two first excel in tragedy, the other in comedy.

These performers, and some of their contemporaries, are thus noticed in an illiberal tract of the time, called "A Comparison between the two Stages," &c.—

"R. Ay, but Powell?

"C. Is an idle fellow, that neither minds his business nor lives quietly in any community.

"R. And Mrs. Bracegirdle—

"C. Is a haughty, conceited woman, that has got more money by dissembling her lewdness than others by professing it.

"R. But prithee look o' this side; there's Cibber, a poet, and a fine actor.

"C. And one that's always repining at the success of others, and upon the stage makes all his fellow-actors uneasy.

"R. But Pinkethman, the flower of—

"C. Bartholomew Fair, and the idol of the rabble—a fellow that overdoes every thing, and spoils many a part with his own stuff.

"R. Then there's the noble Ben's namesake—

"C. Is or might be a good comedian, but he has the vice of all others—he's too fond of his own merit.

"R. Oh, but Bullock—

"C. Is the best comedian that has trod the stage since Noakes and Lee (Leigh), and a fellow that has a very humble opinion of himself.

"R. Then there's Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Oldfield, †Mrs. Verbruggen—

"C. The last is a miracle; but the others mere rubbish, that ought to be swept off the stage with the filth and dust."

I must not omit praises due to Mr. Betterton, the first and now only remains of the old stock of Sir W. D'Avenant, in Lincoln's Inn-fields. He, like an old spreading oak, now stands fixt, environed round with brave, young, growing, flourishing plants. There needs nothing more to speak his fame than the following parts:—*Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, *The Mad Lover*, *Richard the Third*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Timon of Athens*, *Othello*, *Oedipus*, *Jaffier*, *King Henry the Eighth*, and *Sir John Falstaff*. So true is Mr. Dryden's praise of him—

"He, like the setting sun, still shoots a glimmering ray,
Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay."

[The precise praise here bestowed on Betterton (with this slight account of whom our author finishes his theatrical biography) was, no doubt, well merited, and is, indeed, confirmed by the approbation of the first critics; and whether he or Garrick was more excellent in the performance of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, &c., cannot now be ascertained. Those who remember the latter, however, speak confidently as to his superior excellence in a greater variety of characters—the most sublime, terrible, or pathetic in tragedy; the most humorous, vacant, or vivacious in comedy; the arduous medium between both, of which his chief d'œuvre, *Kitely*, was a perfect instance; the most abject and ridiculous of farce; the hero, the lunatic, the villain, the lover, the rake, the fop, the drunkard, the valet, the clown, the idiot, the hoary monarch, or playful school-boys, all were to him as himself, and he to his audience as

(*) Pinkethman died in 1725, or thereabouts; he was not unlike Shuter, it is said, in his manner, and took similar liberties with the audience, who pardoned them for the sake of his general power of pleasing, as they afterwards did honest Ned.

Motto—"Si tu scis, mellor ego."

ADVERTISEMENT.—Mr. Cibber is guilty of omissions, that he hath not given us any description of the several personages' beauties or faults—faults (I say) of the several actors, &c. for

Nemo sine crimine vivit.

Or, as the late Duke of Buckingham says of characters, that to show a man not defective,

—were to draw
A faultless monster that the world ne'er saw.

MR. BETTERTON,

Although a superlative good actor), laboured under ill figure, being clumsily made, having a great head, a short thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, and had fat short arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach. His left hand frequently lodged in his breast, between his coat and waistcoat, while with his right he prepared his speech. His actions were few, but just. He had little eyes, and a broad face, a little pock-fretten, a corpulent body, and thick legs, with large feet. He was better to meet than to follow; for his aspect was serious, venerable, and majestic; in his latter time a little paralytic. His voice was low and grumbling, yet he could tune it by an artful *climax*, which enforced universal attention, even from the *fops* and *orange girls*. He was incapable of dancing, even in a country-dance; as was Mrs. Barry: but their good qualities were more than equal to their deficiencies. While Mrs. Bracegirdle sung very agreeably in the *Loves of Mars and Venus*, and danced in country-dance as well as Mr. Wilks, though not with so much art and foppery, but like a well-bred gentlewoman. Mr. Betterton was the most extensive actor, from *Alexander to Sir John Falstaff*; but in that last character he wanted the waggery of Estcourt, the drollery of Harper, and salaciousness of Jack Evans. But then Estcourt was too tripping; Harper had too much of the Bartholomew Fair; and Evans misplaced his humour. Thus you see what flaws are in bright diamonds: and I have often wished that Mr. Betterton would have resigned the part of *Hamlet* to some young actor (who might have personated, though not have acted, it better); for when he threw himself at *Ophelia's* feet, he appeared a little too grave for a young student, lately come from the University of Wittenberg; and his repartees seemed rather as apothegms from a sage philosopher, than the sporting flashes of a young *Hamlet*; and no one else could have pleased the town, he was so rooted in their opinion. His younger cotemporary (Betterton, 63; Powell, 40 years old), Powell, attempted several of Betterton's parts as *Alexander*, *Jaffier*, &c.; but lost his credit; as in *Alexander* he maintained not the dignity of a king, but out-heroded Herod; and in his poisoned mad scene out-raved all probability; while Betterton kept his passion under, and shewed it most (as fumes smoke most when stifled.) Betterton, from the time he was dressed to the end of the play, kept his mind in the same temperament and adaptness as the present character required. If I was to write of him all day, I should still remember matter in his behalf, and before I part with him, offer this facetious story of him and a country tenant of his.—(This story appeared in the "HERALD" of the 27th of November last, and may be found at the bottom of the fifth column of the first page.)

To end with this Phoenix of the stage, I must say of him, as *Hamlet* does of his father: "He was a man, take him for all in all, I cannot look upon his like again."

MRS. BARRY and MRS. BRACEGIRDLE.

Betterton's favourite, Mrs. Barry, claims the next in estimation. They were both never better pleased than in playing together. Mrs. Barry outshined Mrs. Bracegirdle in the character of *Zara* in the *Mourning Bride*, although Mr. Congreve designed *Almeria* for that favourite. And yet this creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw the other way, and, at times, composing her face, as if sitting to have her picture drawn. Mrs. Barry was middle-sized, had darkish hair, light eyes, dark eye-brows, and was indifferently plump; her face somewhat preceded her action, as the latter did her words, her face ever expressing the passions; not like the actresses of late times, who are afraid of putting their faces out of the form of non-meaning, lest they should crack the cerum, white-wax, or other cosmetic, trowelled on. Mrs. Barry had a manner of drawing out her words, which became her, but not Mrs. Braidshaw and Mrs. Porter, her successors. To hear her speak the following speech in her *Orphan*, was a charm:—

I'm never so well pleased as when I hear thee speak,
And listen to the music of thy voice.

And again—

Who's he that speaks with a voice so sweet,
As the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain,
When all his little flock are gathering round him?

* Of Tony Aston it may not prove uninteresting to narrate the little that is known. He was the son of a gentleman, who had formerly been Master of the Plea Office, in the King's Bench. He was bred an attorney, but, possessing some humour, turned actor, and performed in all the London boards; being, however, of a "flighty disposition," he did not long remain on either. He undertook, with the assistance of his wife and son, an entertainment called "The Medley," at all the principal towns in England; and pretending an exclusive right to every place he entered, is said to have been very dexterous in laying under contribution such companies as dared to interfere with this assumed prerogative. In 1735, whilst the Bill for regulating the stage was pending, he petitioned the Commons to be heard against it, and was permitted to deliver a ludicrous speech on the occasion, which was afterwards published; besides which, and the accompanying sketches, he was the author of a now forgotten comedy, yclept "Love in a Hurry," 1709.

† To a copy of this extremely rare tract, the late Mr. Isaac Reed, the commentator (than whose testimony of its rarity or value there can be none better) has prefixed the following Memoranda:

"1769.—This pamphlet contains several circumstances concerning the performers of the last century, which are nowhere else to be found. It seems never to have been published."

"Easter Monday, 1795.—Though I have now possessed this pamphlet 25 years, it is remarkable that I never have seen another copy of it. I. R."

Neither she, nor any of the actors of those times had any tone in their speaking (too much lately in use.) In tragedy she was solemn and august; in free comedy, alert, easy, and genteel—pleasant in her face and action; filling the stage with variety of gesture. She was woman to Lady Skelton of Norfolk (my godmother), when Lord Rochester took her on the stage; where, for some time they could make nothing of her. She could neither sing, nor dance; no, not in a country dance.

Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, that Diana of the stage, hath many places contending for her birth. The most received opinion is, that she was the daughter of a coachman, coachmaker, or letter-out of coaches, in the town of Northampton; but I am inclinable to my father's opinion (who had a great value for her reported virtue) that she was a distant relation, and came of Staffordshire, from about Walsal or Wolverhampton. She had many assailants on her virtue, as Lord Lovelace, Mr. Congreve; the last of which had her company most; but she was very shy of Lord Lovelace's company, as being an engaging man, who drest well; and as every day his servant came to her to ask how she did, she always returned her answer in the most obeisant words and behaviour, "That she was indifferent well, she humbly thanked his Lordship." She was of a lovely height, with dark brown hair and eyebrows, black sparkling eye, and a fresh blusky complexion; and, whenever she exerted herself, had an involuntary flushing in her breast, neck, and face, having continually a cheerful aspect, and a fine even set of teeth: never making an *exit*, but that she left the audience in an imitation of her pleasant countenance. Genteel comedy was her chief essay, and that too when in men's clothes, in which she far surmounted all the actresses of that or this age. Yet she had a defect scarcely perceptible, viz. her right shoulder a little protended, which, when in man's clothes was covered by a long or camp peruke. She was finely shaped, and had very handsome legs and feet, and her gait or walk was free, manlike, and modest, when in breeches. Her virtue had its reward, both in applause and *specie*; for it so happened that as the Dukes of Dorset and Devonshire, Lord Halifax, and other Nobles, over a bottle, were all extolling Mrs. Bracegirdle's virtuous behaviour, "Come," says Lord Halifax, "you all commend her virtue, &c. but why do we not present this incomparable woman with something worthy of her acceptance?" His Lordship deposited 200 guineas, which the rest made up 800, and sent to her with encomiums on her virtue. She was, when on the stage, diurnally charitable, going often into Clare-market, and giving money to the poor unemployed basket-women, inasmuch that she could not pass that neighbourhood without the thankful declamations of people of all degrees; so that if any person had affronted her, they would have been in danger of being killed directly; and yet this good woman was an actress! She has been off the stage these twenty-six years or more; was alive July 20, 1747, for I saw her in the Strand, London, then with the remains of charming Bracegirdle.

SANDFORD, CAVE UNDERHILL, AND DOGGET.

Mr. Sandford, although not usually deemed an actor of the first rank, yet the characters allotted to him were such, that none besides, then or since, overtopped; for his figure, which was diminutive and mean (being round-shouldered, meagre-faced, spindle-shanked, splay-footed, with a sour countenance and long lean arms), rendered him a proper person to discharge *Iago*, *Foresight*, and *Ma'hugny* in the *Villain*. But he failed in succeeding in a fine description of a triumphant cavalcade, in *Alonzo*, in the *Mourning Bride*, because his figure was despicable, (although his energy was, by his voice and action, enforced with great soundness of art and justice). This person acted strongly with his face—and (as King Charles said) was the best *Villain* in the world. He proceeded from the Sandfords of Sandford, that lies between Whitchurch and Newport, in Shropshire. He would not be a sharer with Mr. Betterton, Mrs. Barry, &c. as a sharer in the revolt from Drury-lane to Littleco's Inn-fields; but said, this is my agreement—To Samuel Sandford, gentleman, threescore shillings a week. Pho! pho! said Mr. Betterton, three pounds a week. No, no, said Sandford;—To Samuel Sandford, gentleman, threescore shillings a week. For which Cave Underhill, who was three-quarter sharer, would often jeer Sandford, saying Samuel Sandford, *Gent. my man*. Go, you sot, said Sandford. To which t'other ever replied, Samuel Sandford, *my man* Samuel.

Cave Underhill, though not the best actor in course of precedency; was more admired by the actors than the audience; there being then no rivals in his dry, heavy, downright way in low comedy. His few parts were, the first grave-digger in *Hamlet*; *Sancho Pancha*, in the first part of *Don Quixote*; *Ned Blunt*, in the *Rover*; *Iacomo* in the *Libertine*, and the *Host* in the *Villain*; all which were dry, heavy characters, except in *Iacomo*; in which, when he aimed at any archness, he fell into downright insignificance. He was about fifty years of age the latter end of King William's reign, about six feet high, long and broad faced, and something more corpulent than his author; his face was very like the *Homo Sylvestris*, or *Chimpanza*; for his nose was flattish and short, and his upper lip very long and thick, with a wide mouth and short chin, a churlish voice, and awkward action (leaping often up with both legs at a time, when he conceived any thing waggish, and afterwards hugging himself at the thought). He could not enter into any serious character, much more tragedy; and was the most confined actor I ever saw, and could scarce be brought to speak a short Latin speech in *Don Quixote*, when Sancho is made to say, *Sit bonus Populus, bonus ero Gubernator*; which he pronounced thus—"Bones and ears goble nature."

He was obliged to Mr. Betterton for thrusting him into the character of *Merryman*, in his *Wanton Wife*, or *Amorous Widow*, but West-heart Cave was too much of a dull man. His chief achievement was in *Lolpoop*, in the *Squire*

(Continued)

of *Alsatia*; where it was almost impossible for him to deviate from himself. But he did great injustice to *Sir Sampson Legend*, in *Love for Love*; unless it had been true that the knight had been bred a hog-driver. In short, Underhill was far from being a good actor, as appeared by the late Ben Johnson's assuming his part of *Iacomo*; the grave-digger in *Hamlet*; and *Judge Gripus* in *Amphytrion*. I know Mr. Underhill was much cried up in his time; but I am so stupid as not to know why.

Mr. Dogget, indeed, cannot reasonably be so censured, for whoever decied him must inevitably have laughed much whenever he saw him act. Mr. Dogget was but little regarded till he chopped on the character of *Solon*, in the *Marriage-hater matched*; and from that he vegetated fast in the parts of *Fondlewife*, in the *Old Bachelor*; *Cohgnii*, in the *Villain*; *Hob*, in the *Country Wake*; and *Ben the Sailor*, in *Love for Love*. But on a time he suffered himself to be exposed, by attempting the serious character of *Phorbas* in *Ædipus*, than which nothing could be more ridiculous; for when he came to the words—"But, oh! I wish Phorbas had perished in that very moment"—the audience conceived that it was spoke like *Hob* in his dying speech. They burst out into a loud laughter, which sunk Tom Dogget's progress in tragedy from that time.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

But the Laureat had a better opinion of himself, for, a few nights afterwards, Colley, at the old theatre, attempted the same character, but was hissed, his voice sounding like *Lord Foppington's*.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

Mr. Dogget was a little, lively, spract man, about the stature of Mr. L——, sen., bookseller in B—h, but better built. His behaviour modest, cheerful, and complaisant. He sung in company very agreeably, and in public very comically. He danced the Cheshire round full as well as the famed Captain George, but with much more nature and nimbleness. I have had the pleasure of his conversation for one year, when I travelled with him in his strolling company, and found him a man of very good sense, but illiterate, for he wrote me word thus—"Sir, I will give you a *hole* (instead of a *whole*) share." He dressed neat, and something fine—in a plain cloth coat and a brocaded waistcoat. But he is so recent, having been so often at Bath—*satis est*. He gave his yearly water-badge out of a warm principle, being a staunch Revolution-Whig. I cannot part with this nonpareil without saying that he was the most faithful, pleasant actor that ever was—for he never deceived his audience; because, while they gazed at him, he was working up the joke, which broke out suddenly in involuntary acclamations and laughter. Whereas our modern actors are fumbling the dull minutes, keeping the gaping pit in suspense of something delightful a-coming—

Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

He was the best face-player and gesticulator, and a thorough master of the several dialects, except the Scot's (for he never was in Scotland), but was, for all that, a most excellent *Sawney*. Whoever would see him pictured may view his picture, in the character of *Sawney*, at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk. While I travelled with him, each sharer kept his horse, and was every where respected as a gentleman.

JOE HAINES

Is more remarkable for the witty, though wicked, pranks he played, and for his prologues and epilogues, than for his acting. He was at first a dancer. After he had made his tour of France, he narrowly escaped being seized and sent to the Bastille, for personating an English Peer, and running 3,000 livres in debt in Paris; but happily landing at Dover, he went to London, where, in Bartholomew Fair, he set up a droll booth, and acted a new droll, called, "The Whore of Babylon, the Devil, and the Pope." This was in the first year of King James II., when Joe was sent for, and roundly admonished by Judge Pollixfen, for it. Joe replied, "That he did it in respect for his Holiness, for, whereas many ignorant people believed the Pope to be a *beast*, he showed him to be fine comely gentleman, as he was; not with seven heads and ten horns, as the Scotch parsons describe him." However, this affair spoiled Joe's expiring credit; for, next morning a couple of bailiffs seized him in an action for 20l as the Bishop of Ely was passing by in his coach. Quoth Joe to the bailiffs, "Gentlemen, here's my cousin, the Bishop of Ely going into his house; let me but speak to him and he'll pay the debt and charges." The bailiffs thought they might venture that, as they were within three or four yards of him. So, up goes Joe to the coach, pulling off his hat, and get close to it. The Bishop ordered the coach to stop, while Joe (close to his ear), said softly, "My Lord, here are two poor men who have such great scruples of conscience that I fear they'll hang themselves." "Very well," said the Bishop, so, calling to the two bailiffs, he said, "You two men come to me to-morrow morning, and I'll satisfy you." The men bowed, and went away. Joe, hugging himself with his fallacious device, went also his way. In the morning, the bailiffs (expecting the debt and charges) repaired to the Bishop's, where, being introduced:—"Well," said the Bishop, "what are your scruples of conscience?" "Scruples," said the bailiffs; "we have no scruples, we are bailiffs, my Lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for 20l. Your Lordship promised to satisfy us to day, and we hope your Lordship will be as good as your word." The Bishop, reflecting that his honour and name would be exposed, if he complied not, paid the debt and charges.

In the long vacation, when harlots, poets, and players are all poor, Joe walking in Cross-street by Hatton-garden, sees a fine venison pasty come out of Glossop's (a pastry-cook's) shop, which a boy carried to a gentleman's house thereby. Joe watched it, and seeing a gentleman knock at the door, he goes to him and asked him if he had

"Yes," said the gentleman. The door is opened. In goes the gentleman after him to the dining-room. Chairs were set for the party. The master of the house took Joe for the gentleman's friend, whom he had invited to dinner; which being over, the gentleman departed. Joe sat still. Says the master of the house to Joe, "Sir, I thought you would have gone with your friend!" "My friend!" said Joe, "alas! I never saw him before in my life." "No, Sir!" replied the other, "pray, Sir, then how came you to dinner here?" "Sir," said Joe, "I saw a venison-pasty carried in here; and by this means have dined very heartily of it. My name is Joe Haines," said he; "I belong to the theatre." "Oh! Mr. Haines," continued the gentleman, "you are very welcome; you are a man of wit. Come, bring t'other bottle," which being finished, Joe with good manners departed, and purposely left his cane behind him, which he designed to be an introduction to another dinner there; for, next day, when they were going to dinner, Joe knocked briskly at the door to call for his cane, when the gentleman of the house was telling a friend of his the trick he played the day before. "Pray call Mr. Haines in." "So, Mr. Haines," said he, "sit down and partake of another dinner." "To tell you the truth," said Joe, "I left my cane yesterday on purpose," at which they all laughed. Now Joe (although while greedily eating) was very attentive to a discourse of humanity, begun and continued by the stranger gentleman, wherein he advanced that every man's duty was to assist another, whether with advice, money, clothes, food, or whatever else. This sort of principle suited Joe's end, as by the sequel will appear. The company broke up, Joe and the gentleman walked away (Joe sighing as he went along). The gentleman said to him, "What do you sigh for?" "Dear Sir," (quoth he), "I fear my landlord will this day seize my goods for only one quarter's rent due last week." "How much is the money?" said the gentleman. "Fifty shillings," said Joe, "and the patentees owe me ten pounds, which will be paid next week." "Come," said the gentleman, "I'll lend thee fifty shillings on your note, to pay me faithfully in three weeks," which Joe, with many promises and imprecations, signed. But Joe thereafter had his eyes looking out before him, and whenever he saw the gentleman, would carefully avoid him; which the gentleman one day perceived, and going across Smithfield, met Joe full in the face, and in the middle of the rounds stopped him. Taking him by the collar, "Sirrah," said he, "pray pay me now, you impudent cheating dog, or I'll beat you into a jelly."—Joe fell down on his knees, making a dismal outcry, which drew a mob about them, who inquired into the occasion, which was told them: and they, upon hearing it, said to the gentleman, "that the poor man could not pay it if he had it not."

Dr. Wolcot, better known by the name of Peter Pindar, from the prodigious sale of his early pieces, became a desirable object of bookselling speculation, and about the year 1795 Robinson, Golding, and Walker, entered into a treaty to grant him an annuity for his published works, and on certain conditions for his unpublished ones. While this was pending, Peter had an attack of asthma, which he did not conceal or palliate, but at meetings of the parties his asthma always interrupted the business. A fatal result was of course anticipated, and, instead of a sum of money, an annuity of 250l. per annum was preferred. Soon after the bond was signed, Peter called on Walker, the manager for the parties, who, surveying him with a scrutinizing eye, asked him how he did. "Much better, thank you," said Peter, "I have taken measure of my asthma; the fellow is troublesome, but I know his strength, and am his master." "Oh!" said Walker gravely, and turned into an adjoining room, where Mrs. Walker, a prudent woman, had been listening to the conversation. Peter, aware of the feeling, paid a keen attention to the husband and wife, and heard the latter exclaim, "There now, didn't I tell you he wouldn't die? fool that you've been! I knew he wouldn't die." Peter enjoyed the joke, and outlived all the parties, receiving the annuity for twenty-four years, during which various efforts were improperly used to frustrate his claims.

"London," 9th January, 1823.

My dear Girl,—Being particularly anxious of "insuring you for life," from the conviction that a "Life Association" between us will not only be the best "policy" on my part, but of "general benefit" to us both. I take this opportunity of proposing a "Union." It will be needless here to express the admiration I have long conceived for you; I have ever looked upon you as the "Star," whose genial influence was to lead me to happiness—as a "Rock," upon which my hopes of felicity are founded. As the "Sun," you are the centre of my system, around which all my affections revolve. You are the "Beacon," whose auspicious light shall warn me from all the dangers of life. "Hand-in-Hand" with you, I would leave with pleasure the happy precincts of "Albion" for any quarter of the "Globe;" I would watch over your happiness with the same care the "Pelican" regards her unfledged young. Encouraged by your smiles, I could bear the burdens of life with the strength of "Atlas," and rise from the labours of love with the renewed vigour of the "Phoenix."

I have had some "Amicable" conversation with your "Guardian," who, though a "Provident" man, has promised me his "good offices," and has given me leave to "Hope" that my views will be met on "Equitable" terms.

Waiting your reply to my "proposal,"

To Miss ——— I remain, &c. &c.

THE LADY'S REPLY.

Sir—I confess there is a great deal of "Fire and Life" in your addresses to me—but I have really discovered so much "Assurance" in your manner of addressing me, that I must beg leave to decline your "proposal."

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

PISA.

The air of Pisa is soft and balmy to the last degree. Mr. Forsythe thinks it too moist, and countenance is given to his opinion by the lowness and flatness of the place, which lies in a plain full of springs and rivers, between the Apennines and the sea. The inhabitants also have a proverb,—*isa pesa a chi posa*,—which may be translated,

Pisa sits ill

On those who sit still.

To me the air seemed as dry as it is soft; and most people will feel oppressed every where, if they do not take exercise. The lower rooms of the houses are reckoned however too damp in winter, at least on the Lungarno; though the winter season is counted delicious, and the Grand Duke always comes here to spend two months of it. The noon-day sun in summer-time is formidable, resembling more the intense heat struck from burning metal, than any thing we can conceive of it in England. But a sea-breeze often blows of an evening, when the inhabitants take their exercise. A look upon the Lungarno at noon-day is curious. A blue sky is overhead—dazzling stone underneath—the yellow Arno gliding along, generally with nothing upon it, sometimes a lazy sail; the houses on the opposite side, sleeping with their green blinds down; and nobody passing but a few labourers, women, or countrywomen in their veils and handkerchiefs, hastening with bare feet, but never too fast to forget a certain air of strut and stateliness. Dante, in one of his love poems, praises his mistress for walking like a peacock, nay even like a crane, *strait above herself*:—

Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone,
Diritta sopra se, coma una grua.

Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; strait
Above herself, like to the lady crane.

This is the common walk of Italian women, rich and poor. The step of Madame Vestris on the stage resembles it. To an English eye at first it seems wanting in a certain modesty and moral grace; but you see what the grave poet has to say for it, and it is not associated in an Italian mind with any such deficiency: that it has a beauty of its own is certain.

Solitary as Pisa may look at noon-day, it is only by comparison with what you find in very populous cities. Its desolate aspect is much exaggerated. The people, for the most part, sit in shade at their doors in the hottest weather, so that it cannot look so solitary as many parts of London at the same time of the year; and though it is true that grass grows in some of the streets, it is only in the remotest. The streets, for the most part, are kept very neat and clean, excepting the poorest alleys, a benefit arising not only from the fine pavement which is every where to be found, but from the wise use to which criminals are put. The punishment of death is not kept up in Tuscany. Robbers, and even murderers, are made to atone for the ill they have done by the good work of sweeping and keeping clean. A great murderer on the English stage used formerly to have a regular suit of brick-dust. In Tuscany, or at least in Pisa, robbers are dressed in a red livery, and murderers in a yellow. A stranger looks with a feeling more grave than curiosity at these saffron-coloured mysteries, quietly doing their duty in the open streets, and not seeming to avoid observation. But they look just like other men. They are neither too healthy by temperance and exercise to exhibit a conscience, or think they make up very well by their labour for so trifling an ebullition of animal spirits. And they have good deal to say for themselves, considering their labour in chains and for life.

The inhabitants of Pisa in general are not reckoned a favourable specimen of Tuscan looks. You are sure to meet some faces in any large assembly, but the common run is certainly bad enough. They are hard, prematurely aged, and what expression there is, is worldly. Some of them have no expression whatever, but are as destitute of speculation and feeling as masks. The bad Italian face and the good Italian face are the extremes of insensibility and the reverse. But it is rare that the eyes are not fine, and the females have a profusion of good hair. Lady Morgan has justly remarked the promising countenances of Italian children, compared with what they turn out to be as they grow older; and adds with equal justice, that it is an evident affair of government and education. You doubly pity the corruptions of a people, who besides their natural genius, preserve in the very midst of their sophistication a frankness distinct from it, and an entire freedom from affectation. An Italian annoys you neither with his pride like an Englishman, nor with his vanity like a Frenchman. He is quiet and natural, self-possessed without wrapping himself up in a corner, and ready for cheerfulness without grimace. His frankness sometimes takes the air of a simplicity, at once singularly misplaced and touching. A young man who exhibited a taste for all good and generous sentiments, and who, according to the representation of his friends, was a very worthy as well as ingenious person, did not scruple to tell me one day, as a matter of course, that he made a point of getting acquainted with the rich families, purely to be invited to their houses and partake of their good things. Many an Englishman would undoubtedly do this; but he would hardly be so frank about it to a stranger, or would an Englishman of the same tastes in other respects be easily found to act so. But it is the old story of following a multitude to do evil," and is no doubt accounted a mere matter of necessity and good sense.

The Pisans claim the merit of speaking as pure Italian, if not purer, as any people in Tuscany; and there is a claim among the poorer orders in this part of Italy, which has been too hastily credited by foreigners, of speaking a language quite as pure as the educated classes. It is certainly true, whatever may be claimed for their Tuscan as ancient or popular Tuscan. The Pisans in general also seem

to have corrupted their pronunciation, and the Florentines too, if report is to be believed. They use a soft aspirate instead of the C, as if their language was not genteel and tender enough already. *Casa* is *hasa*,—*cuoco* (a cook) *hoho*,—*locando*, *lohando*,—*cocomero*, *hohomero*,—and even *crazic* (a sort of coin) *hrazie*. But they speak well out, trolling the words clearly over the tongue. There seems a good deal of talent for music among them, which does not know how to make its way. You never hear the poorest melody, but somebody strikes in with what he can muster up of a harmony. Boys go about of an evening, and parties sit at their doors, singing popular airs, and hanging as long as possible on the last chord. It is not an uncommon thing for gentlemen to play their guitars as they go along to a party. I heard one evening a voice singing past a window, that would not have disgraced an opera; and I once walked behind a common post-boy, who in default of having another to help him to a harmony, contrived to make chords of all his notes, by rapidly sounding the second and treble one after the other. The whole people are bitten with a newsong, and hardly sing any thing else till the next: there were two epidemic airs of this kind, when I was there, which had been imported from Florence, and which the inhabitants sung from morning till night, though they were nothing remarkable.

I must not omit a great curiosity which is in the neighbourhood of Pisa, towards the sea;—namely, the existence of a race of camels, which was brought from the East during the crusades. I have not seen them out of the city, though the novelty of the sight in Europe, the sand of the sea-shore, and the vessels that sometimes combine with the landscape in the distance, are said to give it a look singularly Asiatic. They are used for agricultural purposes, and may be sometimes met within the walls. The forest between Pisa and another part of the sea-shore, is extensive and woody.

Pisa is a tranquil, an imposing, and even now a beautiful and stately city. It looks like the residence of a University: many parts of it seem made up of Colleges; and we feel as if we ought to "walk gowned." It possesses the Campo Santo, rich above earthly treasure; its river is the river of Tuscan poetry, and furnished Michael Angelo with the subject of his cartoon; and it disputes with Florence the birth of Galileo. Here at all events he studied and he taught: here his mind was born, and another great impulse given to the progress of philosophy and liberal opinion.

SIR.—The following curious laws and customs relating to *Bachelors* in ancient days, may be amusing to the framers of the new Marriage Act. And mankind, in modern days, have as much trouble to get married, as bachelors had in ancient times to remain single.

Among the Spartans, bachelors were not treated with the same respect as other citizens. They were not allowed to be present at the exercises, in which the girls engaged half-naked: the Magistrates might also in the midst of winter, command them to strip off their clothes, and go round the forum singing sarcastic verses on themselves, in which they acknowledged that their disobedience to the laws merited the chastisement they suffered. Amongst the Romans celibacy was greatly discouraged; the censors frequently imposed a fine upon bachelors. By the laws of Lycurgus they were branded with infamy, excluded from all offices under the State, and even from the shows and public sports: At certain feasts they were forced to appear to be exposed to the public derision, and led naked round the market-place. At one of their feasts the women led them in this condition to the altars, where they obliged them to make an *amende honorable* to nature, accompanied with a number of blows, and lashes with a rod at discretion. The *Papian-Popæan* Law was enacted by the Consuls M. Papius Mutilus and Q. Popæus Secundus. This law obliged all men to marry at a certain age; established great exemptions and privileges in favour of those that had children; and laid heavy fines on all, who after a certain age, remained single. It was also called the Julian Law, because it had been published by the order of Augustus, who was of the Julian family. The severity of this law was mitigated by Tiberius. Halicarnassus mentions an old constitution, by which all persons of full age were obliged to marry. But the most arbitrary law was made under the reign of Augustus, by which bachelors were made incapable of legacies of inheritance by will, unless from their near relations. In England, taxes have been occasionally levied on bachelors. William III. imposed a tax on them of 12l. 10s. for a duke after 25 years of age, and 1s. for a common person. In modern days mankind have been more lenient towards bachelors, who are now looked upon as necessary to administer to the wants of those of the marriage state, whose offspring sometimes press upon their comforts. And an old bachelor uncle is of great use in these times, especially when the old adage of "Nunky pays all," is put in full play. The old proverbs say, that "marriage and hanging go by destiny." "Bachelors grin, but married men laugh till their hearts ache;" and "It's hard to wive and thrive both in a year."

A gentleman, residing in Brighton, has in his possession a considerable number of *London Gazettes*, of a very early date; in one of which, dated April 8, 1678, is the following advertisement:—"All persons are desired to take notice, that there is settled a safe and constant conveyance of letters and packets by post, three times in every week, upon the usual post days, to and from the City of London, and the towns hereafter mentioned in the Counties of Surrey and Sussex, viz.—Epsom, Leatherhead, Dorking, Gifford, Farnham, Godalming, Haslemere, Midhurst, Petworth, Horsham, Arundel, Staying, Shoreham, Brighton, Lewes, and Eastbourne; so that a correspondence may be had between all or any of the said places, and no money is required till the letters are delivered, and then only such rates as are established by Act of Parliament."

JANUARY.—"Cain, a Mystery," published by Lord Byron: preface states his lordship's difficulty in making Lucifer talk like a clergyman. A country vicar proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical Court, for swearing that he had a horse that would gallop to hell: not equally difficult, therefore, to make a clergyman talk like Lucifer. Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, still acting at the Adelphi Theatre, teaching the rising male generation "that great moral lesson," how to patter slang, mill a lamp-lighter, or box a charley. A great outcry from Mr. Loveday, who had placed his three daughters for education in a French convent, all the academies in England being full, and who expressed his surprise, on the Boulevard de Parnasse, that one of them should have turned Catholic. His subsequent appeal to the Chamber of Deputies, unequalled by any production since Macpherson's Ossian. Mr. Southey published a reply to Lord Byron, wherein he assaulted that eccentric nobleman with "whip and a branding iron:" the cause alleged to be the following paragraph in an opposition newspaper, under the head of "Births:" "At his bookseller's, Mr. Robt. Southey, of a still-born Vision of Judgment." The offence lenient: poetical parturitions ought to be commemorated. Country gentlemen "combining and confederating" like so many defendants in a suit in Chancery.

FEBRUARY.—Cobbett patted on the back by some country gentlemen, as much as to say, "Bite the fund-holders." Olive, Princess of Cumberland, ejected from her lodgings on Ludgate-hill. God save the King proved to be the private property of James the First.—Insurgent meeting of White Boys at Doneraile, where the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burnt, except their coats, which we have occasion for." Carlyle's Temple of Janus closed. Orator Hunt's wife permitted to visit him at Ilchester, on bringing her marriage-certificate in her pocket. Vaccine Inoculation Report: small pox on the increase, owing to careless vaccination, and the Reverend Rowland Hill admonished to grasp the pulpit cushion and lay down the lancet. Mozart's modulation much shaken by Rossini's rattle. Injunction dissolved in Murray v. Benbow: Cain a mystery no longer. One John Tye executed at the Old Bailey for uttering forged notes, and one Simon Shake applauded at Covent-garden for a similar offence. Grand chorus of "High Prices" sung by the country gentlemen at York. The Rev. H. H. Milman produced the Martyr of Antioch, and the wife of a labouring man, at Enfield Chase, produced three male infants: the latter are doing well.—Cobbett proved to have changed his opinion of Sir F. Burdett. A still and a quantity of whiskey carried off by a revenue party at Derry. No child killed by a Paddington coach.

MARCH.—King of Spain lectured by the Cortes. He promises to do so no more. A fire broke out on the premises of a bookseller in Paternoster-row, and overbroiled some beefsteaks at Dolly's Chophouse. Mr. Hume's "total of the whole" much discussed: Cobbett sends him his new grammar. Symptoms of downfall in the Navy 5 per cents. A collection of penny-wisdom at the Paul's Head, Cateaton-street, to reimburse Carlyle for his pound-foolishness in Fleet-street. Death of Coutts the banker: his will opened in Stratton-street: only 900,000*l.* bequeathed to his poor widow: divers dandies observed to glance a look upward to the drawing-room window in their progress towards the Park.—Two silver cups voted to Mr. Kean by the inhabitants of New York, and a lighter laden with coals despatched at the same time to Newcastle. Lafitte, the Paris banker, much amazed by an application from the Executors of one Napoleon Bonaparte. Navy 5 per cents. slain by Mr. Vansittart, and a joint postmaster cut in two by Lord Normanby. Agricultural meeting at the Mermaid, Hackney: toleration of opinion recommended, and Sir J. Gibbons hooted down for acting under the recommendation. Mr. Wyatt charged with attempting to cram a marble monument of George the Third down the throat of the public: John Bull has a capacious swallow, and the artist was tempted to put it to the proof. Murder of Mrs. Donatt by persons unknown, much talked of, and murder of Sir Archy Macsarcasm by Kean, not talked of at all. *Coup de grace* to the Navy 5 per cents. given by Mr. Henry Hase: many Jews who attended the funeral seen the next day upon the Royal Exchange with beards half an inch long.—Only twelve persons poisoned during the month from mistaking oxalic acid for epsom salts.

APRIL.—Easter week: all the city at Brighton, to the great annoyance of people of fashion, who went there to avoid them: poney-chaises and the Rev. Dr. Pearson. English in Paris estimated at 20,184: marshalled by the Prefect in four divisions, viz. the idle, the sick, the needy, and the disaffected. Appeal to the Court of Cassation: Prefect's decree affirmed. Nineteen labourers out of work at Stockbury ordered by overseers to play at marbles from nine in the morning to seven in the evening. Preparations in Hyde Park for the reception of the Achilles of Phidias, on his elopement from the Quirinal Hill at Rome. Planet Venus at the same time visible to the naked eye. City Recorder elected *quandiu se bene gesserit*. New Tread mill erected at Brixton prison, and business at Union hall consequently on the decline: prisoners in Newgate comforted by Mrs. Fry, and business at the Old Bailey consequently on the increase. Literary Fund Committee called upon to interdict Mr. Fitzgerald from spouting at their ensuing anniversary: event doubtful according to Cobbett, who holds that when a man is smitten with the sound of his own voice, nothing short of a sledge-hammer applied to his head will silence him. A countryman at Clomary, County of Donegal, discovered a bottle, and, to his infinite chagrin, in lieu of whiskey, found it to contain a mere memorandum relative to the Arctic Expedition. Mr. Owen of Lanark's proposal to clothe all the poor in one uniform, and no religion. Monsieur Paull vaulted from the Academy of Music in Paris, and descended on one foot in the Haymarket. Mr. Kean played Osmyn, in the Castle Spectre, and nearly "made a ghost" of his theatric reputation. Nobody killed by drawing the trigger of a loaded fowling-piece, not knowing it to be charged.

ing: cultural report: patience and water-gruel recommended to country gentlemen. The Lord Chancellor gave judgment on the Doge of Venice, who had, in the mean time, wedded the Waters of Oblivion. One hundred acres of land, in Venezuela, sold by Bolivar at a penny an acre: Mr. Birkbeck outbidden. Marriage Act Amendment Bill much canvassed: clause proposed by Lord Erskine, contract determinable every seven years on six month's previous notice. Anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund: Chairman's hammer not a sledge one: Mr. Fitzgerald's consequent recitation. Mr. Horatio Orton's dog snatched a hasty repast from the calf of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins's leg. No women run over in Oxford-street, in consequence of crossing the coachway without looking to the right or to the left.

JUNE.—Sparring-match at St. Stephen's between Mr. Pascoe Grenfell and the Bank of England.—Exhibition at Somerset-House: irruption of one shilling critics: many a "man unknown" from being designated in the Catalogue "portrait of a gentleman." Hercules in the hall looked gloomy, in apparent envy of the more airy elevation of his naked friend in Hyde Park. Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, after being for the ninety-ninth time consigned to the woodman's axe.—Dinner at the Horns, Kensington; Sir Robert Wilson in the Chair: all general reflections consequently avoided. Wanstead House advertised for sale. All the world on the Whitechapel road: Epping-forest strewn with gigs, unharnessed hacknies, and remnants of cold veal and pigeon pye. Sale of the Fortune's of Nigel checked by that of Robins's Catalogue. Little Waddington elevated from a blanket in Newgate, and discounts in Threadneedle-street depressed to 4 per cent. Mrs. Olivia Serres swore an affidavit with a documentary appendix in the Prerogative, Court Doctor's Commons. Don Antonio Francisco Zea arrived in London from the Republic of Colombia: Spanish bonds at a consequent premium, and the Royal Exchange swarmed with foreign brokers. Seven shopkeepers on Ludgate-hill, who had recently taken advantage of the Insolvent Act, were poisoned by drinking seven glasses of noyeau double the usual strength. End of Trinity term, attended by a great diminution of black coats and white buckles in the purlieus of Chancery-lane.

JULY.—Clara Fisher, at the Lyceum, played Crack, a drunken cobbler in the Turnpike Gate: "train up a child in the way it should go." Tread-mill adopted in Cold Bath Fields prison. Achilles mounted in Hyde Park: several beaches made in the wall, but not one pair for the statue. Death of John Emery the Comedian. Only one man horsewhipped by Barry O'Meara, and he the wrong one.

AUGUST.—Appearance of Miss Paton in the Marriage of Figaro: critics for once unanimous.—Census of London population: one million souls, exclusive of one female infant sworn by Hannah White to Ex-sheriff Parkins. English players at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris: open with Othello: a wise selection, considering the objection of the French to slaughter on a stage: Moor of Venice damned, and Desdemona hit by a penny piecer. The King embarked at Greenwich for Scotland: not a Caledonian visible during his absence, even at the India House; all being, or affecting to be, at the Levee at Holyrood House. "Carle, now the King's come:" highly interesting to those who understand it. Lord Portsmouth, frightened at the advent of Majesty, abruptly quitted Edinburgh. Viscount-Newry, aided by his live servants, rowed from Oxford to London in eighteen hours: not a single scull in the boat. Fonthill Abbey on sale, and Wanstead house no more remembered: Salisbury plain covered with women eager to gain admission: run of the piece stopped by Farquhar's "Stratagem."

SEPTEMBER.—Return of the King to London. Great demand for fowling-pieces at Mortimer's in Fleet street: not a cockney, from Savage-gardens to Skinner street, that did not talk of bagging his three brace.—The Lutine Frigate with 200,000*l.* on board: vessel meant to be weighed by a projector at Lloyd's, but consequences weighed at Amsterdam, and the scheme interdicted. New Marriage Act threatens to annihilate that ceremony. Death of Sir William Herschel, and discovery of a new comet without a tail.

OCTOBER.—Alterations in the interior of Drury lane Theatre—opening address of G. Colman: abolition of stage doors: great shifting of actors from one house to the other: stars changed to comets. Congress at Verona. The French ministers presented their compliments to Sir Robert Wilson, and requested the favour of his absence from France. His appeal to his constituents, who will probably order the decree to be rescinded. Turkey and Greece: letter from Paris telling the British public all about it. Columbian bonds at a high premium, and the holders lords of Peru and Potosi. Appearance of "The Liberal" from the south: so called by the godfather of the Serpentine River, who gave it that name because it was neither serpentine nor a river. Stoppage of Mr. Bowring at Calais, and his removal to Boulogne: his eulogy as a Russian anthologist. Death of Mrs. Garrick at Hampton. Mermaid exhibited in St. James's-street: said by some to have died of the stitch: and by others to have been produced by Mrs. Salmon in Monkey Island. Marriage Act still much criticised, notwithstanding which seven bachelors were married in one day, at the parish church of St. Andrew's, Holborn.

NOVEMBER.—Commencement of Michaelmas Term: attorneys brandishing their pens: plaintiffs and defendants loitering about Oliver's coffee-house. Reported abduction of Lord Byron to South America: death of Mr. Zea: consequent tumble of Columbian bonds down a precipice of twenty-five per cent. Lords, in reversion, of Potosi and Peru left sprawling in the mire, and many dozens of dry champagne advertised for sale considerably under prime cost. Liberation of Orator Hunt: his procession through London, and radical dinner at the Shepherd and Shepherdess. About the same time Mount Vesuvius began to grumble: and in both cases "repeated shocks and internal howlings were heard from the mountain." Congress continued sitting at Verona with closed doors and plugged keyholes: much conjecture consequently afloat. The British ambassador's letter-bag was tied up, and much

pistolary grumbling consequently confined to the gizzards of the English exiles at Paris. Lord Portsmouth horsewhipped by his lady, to verify the dictum of Orator Hunt, that all the fair sex are reformers. A million bushels of human bones were landed at Hull from the fields of Dresden and Waterloo: human bones best adapted to fertilize land, whence we derive the word *man-ure*. Galignani's messenger gave an account of a parting dinner given to Anacreon Moore by the English in Paris. His speech on the occasion was not so well-timed as well-spoken: it implied that there was nothing like England after all: a strange observation in the hearing of those who prefer France before all.—Miss F. H. Kelly made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre in the character of Juliet: the whole town has been gazing at her. The average November quantity of men and women put a period to their existence: the former, as usual, for money, the latter for love.

DECEMBER.—Great demand for post-horses at Verona, in consequence of the abrupt dissolution of the Congress. Lord John Russell's new tragedy, two editions in one week: and an Episcopal visitation sermon too weak for one edition. Strange monsters imported by Polito, consisting of an intellectual dandy, a civil radical, and an actor without a grievance. Proposals published for a Sub-way Company, to repair London gas and water-pipes without breaking up the pavement: much patronised by Bond-street fashionables, who were naturally desirous of taking a subterranean walk toward the city, to borrow money, and by so doing to avoid a rencontre with those with whom they had already undergone that ceremony. Kean and Young in Othello; "The Douglas and Percy in arms." Dance of actors from both theatres: foot it and hey "contrary sides." Mr. Liston and Miss Stephens still only under-lined. "The cry is still they come." Diabolical attempt to poison a whole family at breakfast, in Lombard-street, by putting Paine's Age of Reason under the tea-pot: providentially none of the family could read. Growing civility of sweeps, dustmen, and patrols: plainly denoting that the era of Christmas-boxes are at hand. Grave papas, usually seen about without an accompaniment, were met dragging along children in couples, and occasionally stopping to peep into toy-shop windows: striplings of sixteen walking half ashamed arm-in-arm with maiden aunts from whom the family has expectations. Magnificent prospectuses from divers new Utopian Magazines. A great issuing of orders to tailors on the 31st of December, for apparel to be sent home the week following, and this to evade re-appearing in the present year's bill. Awful events, which too plainly denote that that Annus Mirabilis, the year 1822, is hastening to the "tomb of all the Capulets!"

THE PLEASURES OF A NEWSPAPER.

Every man, when he awakes in the morning, finds that the reflections suggested by the preceding day have been, if not wholly obliterated, at least suspended by sleep; that new topics of conversation are wanting, and that surprise is on the tip-toe for new calls; he is unwilling to recur to the business of the preceding day, because it has been exhausted; or ashamed to recollect it, because it has disappointed him. A family thus met together would drink the cup of Lethe, and eat the toast of taciturnity, were they not happily relieved from tedium of thought and immobility of tongue by the entrance of a newspaper.

It is possible, indeed, that the weather might furnish a brief subject of debate, but the wind must blow a hurricane, and the rain descend in torrents, to be worth more than a moment's conversation. When the newspaper appears, however, all Europe is united to refresh the languid memory, to quicken the dull thoughts, and to give expedition to the communicative tongue. No publication surely was ever so fertile in sources of reflection to the humbler, though more noisy business of talking. First, a long list of extensive amusements presents itself, fraught with every tempting inducement. Here it is important to observe how a play is cast, what great performers are concerned, and what farce or entertainment is to follow; if a concert or opera, what pieces are to be performed, and whether the divine Catalani bears a part. From amusements there is a transition to works of charity, to subscriptions of names and sums of money for benevolent purposes;—whether the arrangement here be judicious, or whether these ought not to precede amusements, I shall not stop to inquire.—Attentively observed, newspapers will be found very correct pictures of the times, and very faithful records of the transfer of property, whether by sale or fraud.

I hinted that the arrangement was apparently confused. We see hocks and pills, estates and lap-dogs, perfumery and charity sermons, crowded together by one of those accidents by which we may suppose Chaos would be produced. Here a disconsolate widow advertises that she carries on the business as usual, for the benefit of her orphan family, and there a lady of quality offers five guineas for the recovery of her lap-dog, which answers to the name of Chloe. A person wants to borrow 5000*l.* on undeniable security; and a stable-keeper offers to sell a horse for 100 guineas on his word. Servants want places, in which "wages are no object;" a writer wants an apprentice, where only 100 guineas of premium is asked, and none given. Mr. B—— lost his pocket-book in coming out of the play-house; and Mrs. —— has eloped from her husband, who will pay no debts of her contracting, "as witness his (x) mark." But of all persons "that on earth do dwell," the sick find the greatest relief in newspapers. Why it is that disease should prevail, in spite of the "infallible medicines" that are in a manner thrust down the throats of the sick, is astonishing. Do we not find that some cases a single box of pills will effect a cure; and in others, that the patient will be relieved by the smell only? Will not these medicines "keep good in all climates?" It is notorious that they perform their cures "without loss of time or hindrance of business." Why, then, do we hear of the sick and the dying? Why are not our hospitals turned into alms-houses, for decayed physicians and apothecaries who have no business?

Nor is the information respecting the preservation of the health less important than the cure of disease. If we turn our eyes to the sales of houses and estates, we shall find that they are situated in countries remarkable for the salubrity of the air, the fertility of the soil, and

the purity of the water, charmingly sheltered, richly wooded, hill and dale, meadow and grove, where the east wind is not permitted to chill, or the thunder to roll. These, if true, are chiefly calculated for persons who can afford to pay rather extravagantly for the preservation of health; but this can be no object with those who know that health is the greatest of all blessings, and that in this way it may be handed down to the latest posterity.

Now when all these subjects are introduced to the breakfast table, what a copious source of conversation for the rest of the day, especially if any of these should create a desire to be a bidder or a purchaser! What hopes, what fears, what consultations! But this is not necessary to the pleasure which a newspaper affords.—A man may give a very able account of an estate, without the least desire of purchasing it; and the whole family may dispute on the merit of an entertainment, which not one of the party means to partake of. It is possible to compassionate the distress of an orphan family, without contributing sixpence to their relief; and even to read the cures performed by a "famous sirup," without desiring to taste a drop of it. Conversation and action are different things, and if a newspaper furnishes the former, it is doing much.

Posterity can only know, that all the letters of the alphabet, from A. B. to X. Y. Z. have been eminent for their benevolence in accommodating distressed persons with sums of money "lying at their bankers, from five hundred to twenty thousand pounds," and thus I close my meditations on the advertisements. I might mention more indeed; but, as the poet says,—

"Here oft appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, olympic dews,
Sermons and borough feasts, and favorite airs,
Etherial journies, submarine exploits;
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders—wondering for his bread!"

But yet, all these would probably fail of their effect, were they the only contents of a newspaper. There are thousands who are indifferent to a change of situation—who are confined to business, and cannot leave it—who are gormandizing a breakfast, and loathe medicine—who are blooming, and want no washes—who are cheerful, and want no amusement—who are charitable, and want no puffs, or quackery, to prompt their benevolence; yet, with all that, the rest of a newspaper supplies that dear and exquisite food—NEWS. This part of a paper, although I have considered it last, is generally consulted first; and what can equal the glad some inquisitiveness that appears in the eye, when it gently rolls over the columns of a fresh newspaper? Such is the variety of this department, and such the attachment of every man to his favourite pursuit, that a tolerable guess may be formed of what a man is, by attending to what he first reads in a paper. The sturdy politician, indeed, is a general reader—he can find out a political allusion in every paragraph; but others confine themselves to their favourite articles, for as Shenstone says, "The ill-natured man looks to the bankrupts—the tradesman to the price of bread—the stock-jobber to the lie of the day—the old maid to marriages—the prodigal son to deaths—the monopolist to the hopes of a wet harvest—and the boarding-school misses to every thing relating to Gretna Green;" and there is a pretty numerous class, to whom bonfires, murders, and picking of pockets, afford a considerable gratification in the detail.

A newspaper being thus perused by every man according to his taste, the wheels of conversation are again set going, and the dullest has something to say, or some remark to make, on what he has read.

To appreciate their value, therefore, we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. I turn with horror from the frightful idea! I deprecate such a shock to the circulation of table talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said, by foreigners, to operate on the nerves of Englishmen; and after such a suspension of news, I am afraid the papers would contain nothing but accounts of sudden deaths which had happened in the interval, with the deliberate opinion of the coroner's jury—*Died for want of intelligence.*

HIGH STYLE IN NEW YORK.—It is not long ago, since the plain unostentatious citizens of New York, were, for the first time surprised by the spectacle in their streets, of a party of fashionables driving about in a coach and six, equally in defiance of republican usages and monarchical prerogative.

Pleased with the folly, a set of young gentlemen connected with one of the seminaries of science, resolved that they would not be outdone by the votaries of wealth and pleasure. They accordingly fitted out a coach and eight, and dashed away in still greater style, through the city. Nothing it was supposed could exceed the splendour of this display; but, alas! all our joys are fleeting and transitory. A few days after, a select corps of carmen made their appearance in the most fashionable part of the town, driving a new cart, to which were harnessed no less than sixteen horses tandem!—Thirteen of the owners rode each man his horse in the capacity of postillion; every man was dressed in a clean white frock, and had his hair powdered; one was mounted on an elevated seat, who drove three in hand, and two rode in the most graceful and dignified manner upon the cart. When they had done promenading, the party retired to a tavern, and spent the evening in a manner suitable to the burlesque, yet moral purpose of their day's amusement. The chairman (unless the journals of the day belie him) delivered a very admirable address, on the dangers of extravagance in dress and equipage to a state; all the toasts were so many lessons on moderation and frugality; each able to take care of the faithful steed which had contributed so essentially to the exploit of the day. By this happy intervention of the power of ridicule, a stop was at once put to a sort of emulation among the sprigs of fashion, which in a country governed by so few rules of precedency, might have wandered into the most absurd extremes. The young scholars who had figured away in the coach and eight, were among the first to acknowledge the justness of the reproof; and one of them has in an ode, very appropriately entitled, *Carmen triumphe*, handed down to posterity

the services rendered to New York by the Sixteen in Hand Club.

"The well-bred man."

Gallant erudition is the provision of a polite man. The knowledge of what is daily passing, the anecdotes of the time, the way to make things agreeable, the *bons mots* of the day, are indispensable requisites to form the fashionable man. Sometimes a sign, a look, or a gesture, makes a deeper impression than all the lessons of a master. The art of conversing has been more serviceable to many, than the knowledge of the seven liberal arts. Hercules triumphed more from his discretion, than from his valour. The stream of eloquence flowing from his lips, produced more applause than the feats performed by his redoubtable hand. With his club he exterminated monsters, with his tongue he enchanted polished minds. There are men gifted with certain qualities who are every where received with pleasure, and even sought after with avidity. This is a science, *sui generis*; it is neither learnt by books, nor in the schools, but in the theatre of good taste, and above all in the amphitheatre called Discretion.—The first and most material part of this erudition is an universal knowledge of every thing passing in the world—a routine of every thing fashionable; information respecting the finest actions of Princes, of rare events, of the wonders of nature, with the extraordinary circumstances of fortune. This science registers the good thoughts transcribed in books, curious narrations in novels, judicious remarks in reasonings, and the salt of satires. The greatest ornament in a gentleman is a thorough acquaintance with events, a perfect knowledge of the principal personages of that real tragedy performing in the world. He writes upon his tablet whatever is extraordinary in the character or conduct of a Prince, whatever is singular in an eminent man, whatever is vulgar in one, and affected in another. By means of this moral analysis, he judges accurately of things, and calculates with precision and truth. Above all, he collects witty remarks, all gallantries, whether heroic or whimsical, the axioms of wise men, the keen remarks of critics, and the laughable sayings or actions of buffoons. These produce that powerful artillery which conquers the taste of all men.

ANECDOTES OF THE SOUTH-SEA BUBBLE.—The following Anecdotes have been frequently in print; but their republication now may be of service to the *neck or nothing* frequenters of 'Change-Alley:—

A Gentleman, aged sixty, after providing for his sons and daughters, and securing for himself, as he thought, an income of 1000*l.* a year South-Sea Stock, retired with his wife to Bath, bought a house there, intending to settle for the remainder of his life. The stock was at 1000*l.* when he left London. He received news that it had fallen to 900*l.*; he became alarmed, left Bath with an intent to sell out, but before he had reached London, then a four days' journey, it had fallen to 250*l.* This was too low, he kept it for better times, and lost all.

Two maiden sisters, who were original proprietors of stock, when it had attained the price of 970*l.* were advised to sell out, took the advice, sold out their stock, amounting to 90,000*l.* and bought Navy Bills, which were then at 25 per cent. discount, and in two years after were paid by Government at par, thus having not only the luck to sell out South-Sea Stock, when within 30*l.* of the highest price, but also to make a profit of 25*l.* per cent. on their Navy Bills.

The Duke of Chandos's stock was at one time worth 300,000*l.*; he asked the Duke of Newcastle what he should do; sell, said Newcastle; no, said the other, I want 500,000*l.* Why then, said the Duke of Newcastle, sell 100,000*l.* and take your chance for the rest; no, was the answer. He kept all, and lost every farthing.

Sir Gregory Page Turner was a minor; his stock was worth 200,000*l.*; one of his guardians was for selling, the other for keeping. An umpire was called in, who, fortunately for the young man, decided in favour of selling. The sale was effected, and two days after the *bubble burst*. Sir Gregory, on coming of age, out of this money built the splendid mansion on Blackheath, and at his death, left to his nephew, the late Sir Gregory, a fortune of 10,000*l.* a year.

Gay, the Poet, had 1,000*l.* stock given him by the elder Craggs; he purchased some more; the rapid rise put him in possession at one time of 20,000*l.* He consulted his friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, who advised him to sell out. No, that would be throwing away good luck.—Well, then, said the Doctor, sell out as much as will secure you 100*l.* a year, and that will always get you a clean shirt and a guinea. Gay neglected this advice, and lost every farthing. This had such an effect on the Poet's spirits, that notwithstanding the subsequent success of his Beggar's Opera, it brought on a bilious disorder, which in the end killed him.

An old Quaker, when the stock was at the highest, employed a broker, named Lopez, to sell out for him. Lopez did so; but when the money was to have been paid, stock had fallen, and the purchaser was off. Sell again, friend Lopez, said the Quaker. He did so. Stock continued to fall, and the purchaser again disappeared. Sell once more, friend Lopez, said his employer, at any price, but this time be sure of thy man. Lopez sold the third time, and succeeded. The fall in the two days was 50 per cent. out of 100,000*l.* stock. The Quaker saved 50,000*l.*, and Lopez, who lived many years afterwards, was always known on 'Change by the name of "Sell them again, friend Lopez."

These are a few instances out of the many thousands of the vagaries occasioned by the South-Sea Speculations of 1720. The South American Speculators of 1822 seem to have built their expectations on a foundation little less deceptive than did their predecessors.

"Be prepared to act as circumstances may require."

To know one's fortune and powers before embarking in an enterprise, is more necessary than a knowledge of one's constitution. If that man is guilty of folly who consults Hippocrates for the first time, with respect to his health, when he has attained his fortieth year, he is still more foolish who commences at that period to learn how to live, by studying in the school of Seneca. It is a great point the knowing how to govern fortune, either in patiently waiting its humour (and it requires to be attentively watched), or in seizing it the moment it appears; for there is a flux and reflux in it, and it is impossible to keep it steadily fixed in one point.(1) Let him who has frequently found fortune favourable to his wishes, press onward at the happy moment; inasmuch as she is not unlike a courtesan, who resigns herself to bold men in preference to more modest ones; and let him who is unlucky withdraw, in order that he may not be mortified with being twice ill-treated by a fortunate competitor. Otho, after having lost the battle of Bedrac, not wishing to risk a second, said to the Pretorian cohorts, who had conjured him to do so, "that he had sufficiently tried his powers against fortune, and that he did not esteem his own life so much as hazarding a second time the lives of many brave men, who were truly an ornament to the empire."(2)

"Weigh things according to their value."

Fools perish because they do not think; and since they reflect not, they neither perceive the profit nor the loss. Some persons make a great noise about what is of trifling consequence, and value lightly what is really important.

There are things about which too much reflection can hardly be used, but all are not equally so. The wise man digs where there is depth, and he still continues to think where there is something yet undiscovered; by this means his reflection carries him even to the extent of his apprehension.

"Do not affect to be employed in extraordinary or chimerical things."

This affectation draws down contempt. Caprice, however, has formed several sects or parties, but the intelligent man keeps aloof from them. There are tastes, it must be admitted, that do not admire what others love. Every thing which is singular pleases them. It is true this conduct makes them known, but it rather subjects them to ridicule than esteem. They who make a profession of being wise, should be very guarded against affecting to be so, lest they draw ridicule upon their profession itself.

"Dispute not with one who has nothing to lose."

It is like fighting with unequal powers, when one person enters the list without the slightest embarrassment. He who has lost every sense of shame has nothing more to lose nor to manage. Reputation, which is of inestimable value, ought never to be exposed to great risks: after having cost many years in acquiring, it may be lost in one moment. Tacitus observes that Veranius, who had always lived like a man of honour and of courage, effaced all the glory of his life by a foolish vanity which he put at the end of his will.(3) The consideration of having a great deal to lose holds a man prudent. The moment he reflects upon his reputation he recollects how dangerous the loss of it would prove. This reflection spurs a man to be exceedingly cautious. The younger Pliny observes, "he is more ashamed of losing his reputation, than of acquiring it." That man will never regain by a victory what he loses in exposing himself to the probability of being conquered.(4)

"Learn to esteem others."

There is no one who is not superior to others in something. That man who is clever finds some one more clever than himself. To be able to collect what is good from every individual is a very useful knowledge. The wise man esteems every body, because he knows what is good in them; but the foolish man esteems no one, inasmuch as he is ignorant of what is really good, and consequently incapable of a judicious choice.

(1) This idea has been beautifully described by Shakspeare, in Act iv. of Julius Cæsar:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows."

(2) Hunc animum, hanc virtutem vestram ultra periculis obicere, nimis grande vitæ meæ pretium puto. Experti invicem sumus, ego ac for. una. An ego tot egregios exercitus sterni iussus, et Rep. eripi patiar?—Tac. Hist. 2.

(3) Magna dum vixit severitatis fama, sapientis testamenti verbis ambitionis manifestus. Quippe addidit subjecturum Neroni Provinciam fuisse, si biennio proximo vixisset.—Ann. 14.

(4) This may fairly be disputed. Who would say that Nelson lost his fame at Copenhagen, or Wellington at Waterloo; because the former boldly advanced with his few ships, contrary to the orders of his Commanding Officer, into great peril; and the latter because he was not fully prepared to expect Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo.

NINE PINS.—The late Earl of Lonsdale was so extensive a proprietor and patron of boroughs, that he returned nine Members every Parliament, who were facetiously called Lord Lonsdale's nine pins. One of the Members thus designated, having made a very extravagant speech in the House of Commons, was answered by Mr. Burke in a vein of the happiest sarcasm, which elicited from the House loud and continued cheers. Mr. Fox entering the House just as Mr. Burke was sitting down, inquired of Sheridan what the House was cheering? "O, nothing of consequence," replied Sheridan, "only Burke has knocked down one of Lord Lonsdale's nine pins!"

A CURIOUS MODE OF CURING INSANITY.—*Copenhagen, Oct. 19.*—A day labourer at Soderkoping, in a fit of passion, struck his step-daughter with an axe. The blow was not mortal, but the girl fell into a state of insensibility. When she recovered, after some time had elapsed, it appeared that her understanding was restored!

ON READING.

Mankind, says Bruyere, ought to employ their youth in study and labour, as the republic itself required their information and industry.

Reading is not only the principle of knowledge, but also the most useful of amusements. When the mind has banished trifles from its presence, reading is a powerful resource against vexations which may attack it. This may appear a curious proposition, nevertheless it is a true one; whoever has experienced the iniquity of the world—of corrupt hearts—of base minds—perfidious friends—capricious, sour, and crabbed tempers—the foppery, or follies of humanity—feels how great is the advantage in knowing the secret of retiring from the world, and justly appreciates the mortifications he escapes when in his closet devoted to literature.

My young readers begin early in life to form your minds: study principles well before you pass to ornaments; however, aspire to that point of perfection which is attainable, and above all, avoid every thing which is defective.

ON MAN.

Every man is a republic in miniature; and although very limited in its parts, yet very difficult to govern. Each individual is a little world, having being like the elements, life like the brutes, and reason like the angels; it seems as though all were happily united in him. He can traverse the vast universe, comprehend the present, past, and future: in him are the principles of life and death, light and darkness; in him, also, are united the most contrary elements and most incompatible qualities.

ON ELOQUENCE.

True eloquence springs from good sense. The greater part of mankind only have a glimpse of things, and then figures and ornaments are introduced in order to convey something like an acquaintance with the subjects. The end of eloquence is to enchant the sense, to govern the passions, to delight the understanding, and to command the will; or, in a word, to exercise upon mankind a tyrannic power, without committing violence. The necessary qualifications for forming an orator are, just pronunciation, action which shall strike the eye, a proper choice of the figures of speech, a discriminate disposition of sentences, powerful touches to win the heart, and a subject to secure the attention of an auditory.

The gift of speaking is by no means universal. There are very clever men, who are only good speakers, others who are only good writers, and but very few who are both. Some men have obtained the merit of being accurate thinkers, but from some defect in enunciation have rarely been able to express their conceptions, and have never acquired the talent of good writing.

Clearness, energy, and precision, are essential qualities of eloquence; neither a quick repartee, nor even correct reasoning, would prove the speaker to be eloquent: brilliant replies in conversation or writing exhibit wit rather than eloquence.

In all subjects of speaking there is a kind of eloquence peculiar to each. A sermon, the opening of a court, an academic discourse, in short every public oration, requires something peculiar, or adapted to it. However, eloquence is not limited to great subjects, it may be displayed in a simple narration, or an historic sketch, or even in light conversation; but these last require nice discrimination in the use of language formed on simplicity; whilst in the former great and noble ornaments and strong figures may be used.

BORROWING NEWSPAPERS.—From the complaints in the newspapers, it would seem that this unhandsome practice is becoming every day more prevalent. There are few little vexations in life more annoying than to have "Mrs. Troublesome's compliments" close upon the heels of the newscarrrier on Saturday morning, with a request that "Mr. Sensible would favour her with *The Mirror*." A request so small cannot be refused without giving offence; and the consequence is, that many persons who take papers are obliged to defer reading them until their neighbours have all satisfied their curiosity; for Mrs. Troublesome has no sooner done with the paper, than Mr. Meddlesome stands ready to intercept it on its way home, and thus it goes the rounds of the neighbourhood. It may appear a selfish principle "never to borrow or lend," but it would, if enforced, be an advantageous one to us poor printers.

LONG YARNS.—This is a phrase generally used by seamen to denote a species of marvellous stories, with which they delight to wile away the dreary "mid-watch" and to astonish the wondering minds of such *green horns* or land lubbers as may happen to be on board. Amongst these nautical night tales, the most astonishing is that called "The Merry Dunn of Dover!" This was a vessel of such extraordinary magnitude, that she has been known to be receiving a cargo of coals at her bow port in Sunderland harbour, and discharging them at the same time out of her stern port into the coal lighters below London Bridge. Such was the height of her masts, that a little boy being sent aloft to clear the pendant, he was so long ascending and descending, that when he returned on deck, he was become so old as to be *grey headed*. Working out of the Downs, this amazing ship was of such a length, that in tacking, her flying jib-boom knocked down Calais steeple, at the very instant that the tale of her ensign swept a flock of sheep off the summit of Dover Cliff. The following is an enumeration of the different sails set upon her main mast, beginning at the lowest, viz.—Mainsail, topsail, top-gallant sail, royal, sky scraper, moon raker, cloud-disturber, heaven poker, angel poker, and jolly jumper.

CHARACTER OF A PRISON.

"A prison is a graue to bury men alive, and a place wherein a man for halfe a yeares experience may learne more law, than hee can at Westminster for an hundred pound.

"It is a Microcosmus, a little world of woe, it is a map of misery, it is a place that will learne a young man more villany, if he be apt to take it, in one halfe yeare, then he can learne at twenty dicing-houses, bowling-allies, brothell-houses or ordinaries; and an old man more policie then if he had been pupil to Machiavel.

"It is a place that hath more diseases predominant in it, then the Pest-house in the plague-time.

"It is a little commonwealth although little wealth be common there; it is a desert, where desert lyes hoodwinckt, it is a famous citie whercin are all trades, for here lies the Alchymist that can rather make ex auro non aurum, then ex non auro aurum.

"It is as Innes of Court; for herein Lawyers inhabit, that haue crochets to free other men, yet all their quirks and quiddities cannot enfranchise themselves.

"It is your Bankrupt's banquetting-house, where he sits feasting with the sweet meates borrowed from other men's tables, hauing a voluntary disposition never to repay them againe.

"It is a purgatory which doth afflict a man with more miseries then euer he reaped pleasures.

"It is an exile which doth banish a man from all contentments, whercin his actions doe so terrifie him, that it makes a man grow desperat.

"To conclude, what is it not? In a word, it is the very idea of all misery and torments; it conuerts joy into sorrow, riches into pouertie, and ease into discontentments."

CHARACTER OF A CREDITOR.

"A creditor hath two paire of hands, one of flesh and blood, and that nature gaue him; another of iron, and that the law giues him: but the one is more predominant then the other, for mercy guides the one, and mammon the other. But if hee once consider what hee goeth about to doe, and that it is the image of God whom hee laboureth to deface and oppresse with miseries and calamities; then the softnesse of the one doth so operate, that it meets with the hardnes of the other, which neuer comes to passe, but when Grace and Mercy kisse Law and Justice.

"Thou takest with one clap of a varlet's hand, from the courtier his honour, from the lawyer his tongue, from the merchant the seas, from the citizen his credit, from the scholler his preferment, from the husbandman the earth it selfe, and from all men, (as much as thou maist,) the brightness and warmth of the sunne of heauen. In a word, if nothing will make thy stony heart relent, thou in being cruell to thy debtor art worse then the hang-man; hee before he strikes begs pardon, thou takest a pride to condemne where thou maist saue."

ANECDOTE.—Porson was once travelling in a stage-coach, when a young Oxonian, quite fresh from College, was amusing the Ladies with a variety of talk, and, amongst other things, with a quotation, as he said, from Sophocles. —A Greek quotation, and in a coach too! roused our slumbering Professor from a kind of dog-sleep, in a snug corner of the vehicle. Shaking his ears and rubbing his eyes, I think, young Gentleman, said he, you favoured us just now with a quotation from Sophocles; I did not happen to recollect it there. "Oh, Sir," replied our tyro, "the quotation is word for word as I have repeated it, and in Sophocles too; but I suspect, Sir, it is some time since you were at College." The Professor, applying his hand to his great coat, and taking out a small pocket edition of Sophocles, coolly asked him if he would be kind enough to show him the passage in question in that little book. After rummaging the pages some time, he replied, "Upon second thoughts, I now recollect that the passage is in Euripides." —"Then, perhaps, Sir," said the Professor, putting his hand again into his pocket, and handing him a similar edition of Euripides, "you will be so good as to find it for me in that little book." The young Oxonian returned again to his task, but with no further success, muttering however to himself, "Curse me if ever I quote Greek again in a coach." The tittering of the Ladies informed him that he had got into a hobble. At last, "Bless me, Sir," said he, "how dull I am! I recollect now, yes, yes, I perfectly remember, that the passage is in Æschylus." The inexorable Professor returned again to his inexhaustible pocket, and was in the act of handing him an Æschylus, when our astonished Freshman vociferated, "Stop the coach—hollo! coachman! let me out, I say, instantly—let me out; there's a fellow here who has got the whole Bodleian Library in his pocket;—let me out, I say, let me out!—he must be a Porson, or the Devil!"

FUNERAL SERMONS.—Speaking of the frequency of these formerly, and their present disuse, a late writer says—"Even such a character as the infamous Mother *Creswell*, the procuress, in the reign of Charles II, must have her Funeral Sermon. She, according to Granger, desired by will to liave a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have 10*l.*, but upon the express condition that he only spoke well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found, who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of morality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded by saying—"By the will of the deceased, it is expected I should mention her, and say nothing but what is *well* of her. All I shall say of her, therefore, is this:—she was born well, she lived well, and she died well, for she was born with the name of *Creswell*, she lived in *Clerkenwell*, and she died in *Bridewell*."

The Egyptian women are bowed down by the fetters of slavery, condemned to servitude, and have not the least influence in public affairs. Their empire is confined within the walls of the Haram, and the circle of their lives extends not beyond their own family and domestic duties. The main object is to educate their children. Their most fervent wish is a numerous offspring, as public respect and the love of their husbands are annexed to fruitfulness. Mothers in general suckle their children, according to the laws of nature, as well as that of Mahomet. Every domestic concern, indeed, is the department of the women. They superintend the household affairs, and prepare their own food and that of their husbands. The women, according to the custom of the East, do not associate with the men, not even at table, where the union of the sexes produce mirth and wit, and renders the fare more sweet. When any of the great are disposed to dine with one of their wives, she has due notice of it, prepares the apartment, perfumes it with precious essences, procures the most delicate viands, and receives her lord with the utmost attention and respect. Among the common people the women usually stand or sit in one corner of the room, while the husband dines; often hold the basin for him to wash, and serve him at table. Though thus employed, the Egyptian women have much leisure, which they employ among their slaves, embroidering sashes, making veils, tracing designs to decorate their sofas, and spinning. Once or twice a week they are permitted to go to the bath, and receive female relations and friends. To bewail the dead is a duty they are permitted to perform. The Egyptian women receive each other's visits very affectionately, and display upon these occasions both elegance and hospitality. When a visitor is in the Haram, the husband must not enter it—it is the asylum of hospitality, which cannot be violated. The Turkish women go guarded by their eunuchs upon the water, and enjoy the charming prospects upon the banks of the Nile. In this manner the Egyptian women in general pass their lives. Their duties are to educate their children, superintend the concerns of their household, and live retired with their family. Their pleasures are to visit, give entertainments, go upon the water, and go to the baths. To these may be added their attentions to the *Almai*, a class of females we shall now describe. These women obtain the title of *Almai*, or Learned, from being more carefully educated than others of their sex. To be admitted into their class, the requisites are, a fine voice, eloquence, and a genius for poetry. They have a fund of songs and tales, are present at all festivals, and the chief ornament of banquets. Having sung in a raised orchestra during the feast, they descend and form dances, which in no respect resemble ours, but are a kind of pantomimes, displaying the incidents of life—love is their usual subject. Their actions and countenances are very significant, but they tend to convey obscene ideas.—The minds of these women are cultivated, their conversation agreeable, their language pure, and their poetry attractive. They are admitted into all Harams to instruct the women in those accomplishments that are most pleasing. In fine, their manner and deportment are so captivating, that the Turks, dull as they are, and adverse to the arts, pass whole nights in attending to their performances.

POSTHUMOUS TRAVELS.—Professor ENGEL being once at a dinner party, where the conversation turned upon Captain Cook and his celebrated voyages round the world, an ignorant person, in order to contribute his mite towards social intercourse, asked him, "Pray was Cook killed in his first voyage?"—"I believe he was," replied ENGEL, "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered upon the second!"

SPIRIT OF TRADE IN AMERICA.—The *Georgetown Metropolitan* states, that an advertisement lately appeared in that district, headed "a pew in St. John's Church in exchange for a horse."—The *Savannah Museum* has the following, which we think a match for it:—

"To the Pious.—A splendid copy of the *Holy Bible* will be raffled for at the Meeting-House this morning—the godly are invited to take chances."

CALCUTTA, JULY 31.

A gentleman, high in the civil service, has communicated to us the following interesting account of a *Suttee*, which he witnessed on the 1st ult. at Barrapore:—

On the evening preceding that day a report was conveyed to him that a *Suttee* was about to take place within a few hundred yards of his residence at the station of Barrapore, and that the ceremony would commence immediately, and horror-struck as he felt at the thought of witnessing such a scene, he yet felt it a point of duty to repair to the spot. He was accompanied thither by his assistant, by the assistant surgeon of the station, and by another medical gentleman who happened to be there on a visit.

Their first efforts were to endeavour to ascertain whether it was a perfectly voluntary act on the part of the female, and at one time he thought he had succeeded in dissuading her from the sacrifice; but subsequently, either other sentiments or other advice prevailed, and she determined to go through the horrid ceremony.

The *Shaster*, which sanctions burning, enjoins the "*Jullet Cheeta Arohun*," that is the victim mounting and throwing herself upon the funeral pile when it has burst out into flames. This feature of the ceremony, and a remarkable one it is (from its offering a momentary excitement to shake the strongest resolutions of human nature,) was wholly dispensed with in the case of this *Suttee*; the victim was laid down by the side of her deceased husband, and if she was not bound by her clothing with the deceased, yet they were so wrapped about her and the deceased that it would have been difficult for her to disentangle herself from them. Upon her was then laid logs of wood, some of them of a size and weight, such as one man could barely carry. A minute or two elapsed in this portion of the ceremony when the pile was set fire to, and immediately after a large green bamboo was placed across and held down by two men on either side, so that it rendered any effort on the part of the victim to escape unavailing. Scarcely had the funeral pile been lighted when she made a most violent effort to escape from the flames, but the nature and construction of the pile rendered any immediate effort to release her from the flames, with the chance of escaping with her life, quite impracticable.

Had he noticed the bamboo at the moment it was placed across the pile, or had he been aware of the informalities that were taking place, he says he should, at all hazards, have put a stop to the ceremony; but never having seen a *Suttee* before, and ignorant until then of the particular forms to be observed therein, he was fearful of too great a degree of interference on his part.

THE SILENT SPEAKER.—As the brother of the proud Duke of Somerset, who then filled the Chair in the House of Commons, was returning from Bath, his carriage was interrupted on the road by the negligence and audacity of a west-country waggoner.—Indignant at the insult, he jumped out of his carriage and began to lay about him with his gold-headed cane upon the head of the waggoner, who, in his turn, soon plied his long whale-bone whip so sharply, that his Honour was glad to retreat, exclaiming—"Villain! do you know who I am?"—"Noa," replied the west-country flogger, "Who beest, after all?"—"Why, sirrah, I'm the Speaker!"—"Then why didn't thee speak before?"

ASTROLOGY.—The Caliph Abu Jaaffar Almanzor sent for a man who was celebrated as an Astrologer, and ordered him to take his horoscope. After accurate calculations, the Sage told the Caliph that all pretenders to his throne would die before him. The Astrologer was dismissed without a present. Another was introduced, who, after the usual ceremonies of casting a nativity, declared that he would outlive all who could have any pretension to the Caliphant. This man was handsomely rewarded. The meaning of each prophecy was the same, the terms different. The former Astrologer had mentioned death; the latter had softened his speech by another and pleasanter expression.

The air of China is according to the situation of the places. Towards the North it is sharp, in the middle mild, and in the South hot. As the low lands are rendered fertile by innumerable canals, the higher grounds are cultivated by the indefatigable labour of the people; so that the liberal hand of a bountiful Providence, as well as visible efforts of human exertion, are every where to be traced. They have levelled hills with infinite labour. The surface of others they have increased by flattening them at the summit. They have divided a great number into separate ridges, regularly secured with stone walls, and the surface of these terraces are sown with divers kinds of grain, and watered by machines curiously adapted to the purpose. Some of the hills are cut in the most fanciful shapes, so as to resemble at a distance a variety of animal figures, as elephants, camels, leopards, boars, tigers, &c. Those, by way of eminence, called the Hills of Five Horses' Heads, have great affinity to their appellation, and may be deemed a stupendous production, both as to nature and art; nor are they only expert at levelling natural hills, but equally adroit in raising artificial mounts; so that every cultivated part is thereby secured from colds, heats, blasts, or droughts, in the most effectual manner. From this concise view of the natural fertility of the soil, and ingenuity as well as industry of the people, the reader must be led to infer the production of a superabundant supply, not only of the necessities, but delicacies of life, and also the opulence, health, populousness, and pleasantries of country. Thus situated and thus cultivated, it might afford an admirable design for the pencil of the ingenious artist, as the agreeable variety of its landscapes surpasses imagination fully to conceive. Such is the variegated prospect of its verdant lawns, bending blades, delightful groves, sequestered bowers, wonderful canals, winding streams, trees covered with delicious fruits, together with cascades, turrets, &c. that the eye cannot behold it without rapture, and entertaining the idea of a perfect Elysium.

The only Mountains of China are those which separate it from Tartary, which are steep, craggy, and almost inaccessible.

YANKEE CLOWN.—In one of the Courts of Judicature in Massachusetts, some 16 or 20 years ago, an uncouth young fellow of the age of 18 was introduced into court as a witness for the plaintiff—upon which the defendant arose and objected to his being admitted as a witness “for (said he) he does not know enough to understand the nature of an oath; therefore ought not to be allowed his evidence in this court—and to convince you gentlemen, that this is the case, I will ask him a few questions.” He then turned to the young fellow and said “who made you?” To whom the fellow awkwardly replied, “I don't know; I *spose 'twas Moses?*” “His answer, gentlemen, I think, is sufficient to convince you, that what I have said respecting him is true, without any further evidence;” and sat down again. The young fellow by this time began to scratch his head, and feel somewhat chagrined that he should be thus taken off, and begged leave of the court to ask the gentleman who had just interrogated him, a few questions—“who made you sir?”—To carry the joke still further upon the awkward lad, he replies, “I don't know *'spose 'twas Aaron.*” “Well, (says the fellow,) we read in the good Book, that Aaron made a *Calf* but I *didn't know the d—d fool had got here.*”

CLERICAL BON MOT.—The Rev. head of one of our most celebrated seminaries of classical instruction, was, a few days since, solicited by two young female relatives, who were on a visit to him, to let them give a ball. The Doctor resisted so long that one of them at length lost all patience, and threatened, like another Cowslip, “to pull his wig.” Finding even this menace ineffectual, she actually proceeded, in a playful manner, to put her threat into execution. The Divine perceiving that some portion of the powder had been removed by this process from his caxon to his shoulders, shook his head laughingly, as he adjusted his “bird's nest,” exclaiming—“Aye, aye, young ladies; as much powder as you please, but *no Ball.*”

Attached to one of the provincial churches of Verona is a library of great antiquity, called the *Biblioteca Capitolare*, which every man professing a taste for classical literature never fails to visit. This library was founded in the ninth century, and is enriched with choice collections by Archdeacon Pacificus, as his epitaph records. It was so much neglected that ages passed without a single visit having been paid to it; and there was only a traditionary account of its existence when Maffei, whose name holds a conspicuous place in the literature of his country, came forward with zeal enough to rescue it from oblivion, and research enough to illustrate its contents. By the learned labours of this celebrated man, not less than 543 *codices*, or manuscript books, have been brought to light, most of them differing from each other in age, form, and character of the title-page. They are chiefly of Greek and Latin, and the subjects are various. With respect to their antiquity, two of them comprise a period from the fourth to the fifth century, two from the fifth to the sixth, twenty-four from the sixth to the tenth, and above fifty from the tenth to the twelfth. They are, for the most part, in a state of excellent preservation, and they all carry with them convincing evidences of their remote origin. Among them are found manuscripts of the sacred Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, the Canons, the Councils, and history, both sacred and profane. In the year 1797, three Commissioners, appointed for the purpose by the French Republic (namely, Bertholet, Renaud, and Appiani), despoiled this rare collection of 24 ancient books and 7 of the more recent manuscripts. They were, however, recovered after the second capitulation of Paris, and they now occupy their former places on the venerable shelves from which they had been taken by lawless hands. A chamber was added to the library in the year 1794, for the purpose of receiving the valuable collection of books and manuscripts which an erudite dignitary of the Church, named Dionisius, had in his possession, and conferred upon the public. In the library of this learned ecclesiastic there are many curious editions of Dante; and the attention of the visitor is called to a marginal note in the *Divina Comedia*, which is from the pen of Brother Stephen, a Florentine Monk, and serves as a memorial of his industry. The following is a literal copy of it:—“*Ego frater Stephanus quondam Francisci de Florentia, ordinis Prædicatorum sacre theologiæ humilis Professor, scripsi hunc librum et glosavi anno Domini MCCCXVIII., in castro civitatis Bononiensis.*” This brief notice of the *Biblioteca Capitolare*, may not be uninteresting to such of our readers as can appreciate literary relics rendered peculiarly precious by the dust of remote antiquity.

MIRACLES.—Sir Gregory the Great and his monks, and who will doubt him, that a little monk got into such a habit of working miracles that, at length, the prior forbid him to exercise his supernatural talent. The monk conformed to the order; but one day seeing an honest bricklayer falling from the roof of a house, he hesitated between the monastical obedience and charity, in saving the poor man's life; and only ordering him to *remain in the air*, he ran to acquaint the prior with the case. The friar gave him absolution for the sin of beginning a miracle without his leave, and allowed him to go through with it, but *never to do the like again!*

A MEDICAL OPINION.—An unfortunate man, who had never drank water enough to warrant the disease, was reduced to such a state by dropsy, that a consultation of the physicians was held upon his case. They agreed that tapping was necessary, and the poor patient was invited to submit to the operation, which he seemed inclined to do in spite of the entreaties of his son, a boy of seven years old—“Oh, father, father, do not let them tap you (cried the urchin, in an agony of tears)—do any thing, but do not let them tap you!” “Why, my dear? (said the afflicted parent) it will do me good, and I shall live long in health to make you happy.” “No father, no, you will not: there never was any thing tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week.”

A very seasonable work with this title has just been published. It is not only amusing to the young, for whose benefit it professes to be principally designed, but is interesting to the philosophical and antiquarian inquirer, as showing the intimate connexion between the popular stories in all their leading topics amongst almost all nations. A very striking resemblance is perceptible between the old English and old German tales: even *Tom Thumb*, who has generally been considered a native of Britain, turns out to be as familiar to the inhabitants of Germany and Scandinavia as in England and Wales.

The tales are of three sorts—some dialogues of birds and beasts, in the manner of *Æsop* and *Pilpay*; some moral extravaganzas in the style of the biographers of "*Tom Thumb*," and other worthies of that stamp; some romances in the manner of the "*Provençal Tales*" and the "*Contes des Fees*." The translation is uncommonly happy: it has all the freedom and freshness of an original.

The work is embellished with twelve humorous sketches by Cruickshank, who is a worthy successor to Gilray. He has an astonishing variety of fancy, with great power of expression. His drawings are far too good to be classed with the ordinary run of caricatures. We select one tale as a specimen:—

HANS IN LUCK.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, "Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages." And the master said, "You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome." Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse. "Ah!" said Hans aloud, "what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how." The horseman heard this, and said, "Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?" "Ah!" said he, "I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can't hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly." "What do you say to changing?" said the horseman; "I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver." "With all my heart," said Hans: "but I tell you one thing,—you'll have a weary task to drag it along." The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, "When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry 'Jip.'"

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried "Jip." Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the road side; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopt it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I'm off now once for all: I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese, every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!" "Well," said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse." "Done!" said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that), I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk: what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer: then he drove his cow towards his mother's village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by, driving a pig in a wheelbarrow, "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "There, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it, it would at any rate make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, "to please you, I'll change, and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him: he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what was o'clock; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening: "Feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave, and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend; your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do, will be to throw you into the horse-pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I, take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something into the bargain," said the countryman; "however, I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. "After all," thought he, "I have the best of the bargain: first there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!"

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing

O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,

Work light and live well, all the world is my home;

Who so blythe, so merry as I?

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never put his hand in his pocket without finding money in it: but where do you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it." "And where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be made." "Ver true: but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other; "you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear: would not ask more than the value of your goose for it: will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans; "I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? There's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart: his eye sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, "I must have been born in a lucky hour; every thing that I want or wish for comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since day-break; he was hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water, and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plumb into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked Heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I!" cried he: "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles, till he reached his mother's house.

Voltaire, when in England, was invited to dine with Lady Wortley Montague. Not being acquainted with the habits of the country, he came some hours before dinner time. The Lady apologized for being obliged to pay some visits, but left books to amuse him till her return. When the party ended, and she had occasion to go to her *scrutoir*, she had reason to believe that it had been opened during her absence, and that all her letters had been read. On inquiring, she found that nobody had entered the room, and the Voltaire had remained there all the time. This story was related by the late Dr. Mozsey, of Chelsea College, who probably received it from the Lady herself.

The following is a literal copy of a medical certificate:—"To the Overseers of gadleygreen this his to sertefy that Thomas Bowers his not Qualified for eney employment his Comeplent his Consumption. J. F.—Surgeon Bridge-street Stayley Bridge."

About a year and a half ago I was informed of a singular passion of revenge in a horse, which an ostler had particular offended. The horse had several times motioned to kick the man, but he had always avoided the blow. At the same time the animal was very gentle with other persons. At length one day, when he happened to be loose, after being dressed by some other person, seeing the ostler at a little distance, he suddenly trotted towards him. The ostler, aware of the horse's enmity, turned and ran. With a view of escaping, he leaped up a flight of six or seven steps, and continued his course up a narrow lane. The horse actually followed up the steps, and was so near gaining upon his enemy, that the poor ostler was obliged to take refuge on the top of an out-house, towards which the horse twice or thrice reared himself up, as if he wished to reach the fellow even there.—*Norwich Magazine*.

Oliver Cromwell, when sitting for his picture, said to the artist, "I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

Lord Rochester observed of Shadwell, the Poet Laureate, who had high conversational powers, "that if he had burned all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have had more wit and humour than any other poet."

The names of several of our trades are now become obscure as to the reason of their appellation, by means of the *synecdoche*, or the putting the whole for a part, for what were former general names of trade, are at this day appropriated to particular branches. Thus a stationer is now one that sells paper, pens, &c. but formerly meant any one that kept a station or shop. A mercer now one that sells silks and stuffs; but formerly was any merchant. A grocer is one that sells tea, sugar, &c. but formerly implied a large dealer.

During the war in 1376, between the Pope and Hanover, some troops, headed by Robert, Cardinal of Genoa, afterwards besieged a place where Rodolphus Varan de Camerino had stationed himself, in order to defend the place and prevent a sedition. Rodolphus had harassed the Cardinal by frequent sorties and skirmishes. At length the Cardinal sent a message to the General, to demand a reason why he did not come out and give battle. "My reason not coming out," replied Camerino, "is, that my Lord Cardinal is not come in."

An old resurrection man, it is said, had the singular good luck to pounce upon the field of Waterloo, like another vulture, and to bring away as many teeth as sold to the dentists for 20,000

The late Mr. Ross, in modern days, was the most popular representative of *Essex*, and kept the piece alive. A whimsical incident occurred on one night of his performance. Ross married the celebrated Fanny Murray, the chief Cyprian Beauty of her time. She happened, during the play, to be behind the scenes, and observing her husband toying with Dolly Twist, an admired dancer, ran to him and scratched his face with so much violence that the rival dancers ran copiously down it; and, as Ross could not re-appear before the audience in such a condition, an apology was made for him on the plea of sudden illness.—*Sun*.

(From an entertaining article in the *London Magazine*.)
Le Jour de l'An, as the French emphatically call it—the day of a year—the day of all others—is a holiday indeed. The Parisians pay no honours to the old year; it has performed its office, resigned its place; it is past, gone, dead, defunct; all the harm or the good it could do is done; and there is an end of it. But what a merry welcome is given to its successor! Perhaps this is somewhat owing to national character; the French soon forget an old acquaintance, and readily become familiar with a new one. The very appearance of New Year's Day is sufficient to distinguish it; and any one acquainted with Parisian manners, dropping from the clouds down upon the Boulevards, would at once exclaim, "Parbleu! c'est le Jour de l'An!"

It is unlike the *Carnival*, which is distinguished by its maskings and its buffooneries; at every turn you meet a tall lanky punch, or an unwieldy Harlequin, with his hands in his breeches pockets; and each loads of grotesque disguises rattle through the streets. It is unlike the *Saint Louis*, which is the holiday of the rabble, when all the scum of Paris is in motion, when bread, and sausages, and wine, are distributed gratis, and all the theatres are thrown open at noon day.

It is unlike the *Fete Dieu*, which is the holiday of the religious, the pretenders to religion; when solemn processions move along the streets, and the air is perfumed with incense and sweet herbs.

It is unlike *Longchamps*, the period devoted to the worship of fashion, the goddess who exercises unbounded sway over all ranks and classes in Paris. It is then she issues her mandates, and dictates the mode in which it is her will to be worshipped for the season to come. It is the holiday of the fop and the *petite maitresse*; it is the harvest of the tailor and the *marchande des modes*; from the prince to the porter, from the duchess down to the *paissarde*, every one who has a reputation to maintain in the fashionable world—and no has not?—must sport something new on the occasion. A carriage, a pelisse, a new set of harness, liveries, a gown, a hat, a ribbon, each according to their station. It is the period of universal extension. Not a little daughter of a little *bourgeois*, whose severe economies throughout the preceding winter have enabled her to procure a new muslin gown for *Longchamps*, but fancies, as she strolls along from the *Pantheon* to *St. Martin* to the *Champs Elysees*, that she is the paramount object of attention. "Dieu! comme ma robe a fait de l'effet a *Longchamps*!" The countess thinks the mode of her new liveries; the dandy of his cabriolet; the opera girl her carriage, just presented to her by some booby *milord*, who, duped, jilted, laughed at, ridiculed, and caricatured, for his misadventured liberality. My landlord had bought a new umbrella. One day I begged him to lend it to me. It was impossible; for he had not bought it to have it rained upon—at least till after he had shown it at *Longchamps*. And then the jealousies, the quarrels, the heart-burnings, this important season excites! Previously to the last *Longchamps*, Madame St. Leon, in pure openness of heart, showed her bonnet she intended to wear to her intimate friend Madame Desrochers. Will it be credited! Madame Desrochers went immediately to the *marchande des modes* who made it, and ordered one precisely similar, in which she appeared at *Longchamps* an hour earlier than her friend. Madame St. Leon justly stigmatized this conduct as a piece of unheard-of treachery—*une trahison inouie*! But what follows is scarcely in human nature—it is so improbable, yet so true, that it might form the subject of a melodrama. Madame Liaune, and Madame St. Victor were bound together by the strongest bonds of friendship and affection—they were sisters rather than friends—their hopes, their fears, their wishes, their sorrows, their pleasures, were in common—their confidence was mutual—they often swore they had no secrets from each other; and, in fact, this was almost true. As might be expected, at the approach of *Longchamps*, they consulted together about the dresses they should wear; and, as might be expected, it was settled that, as on former occasions, their dresses should be exactly alike. The chief point agreed upon was, that their gowns should be made with four *ruches*, or flounces. My pen almost rejects its office. Madame St. Victor appeared in a gown with six *ruches*! Every one admitted that Madame St. Victor's conduct was *de la derriere pensee*. The infamy of Madame St. Victor's conduct is, perhaps, somewhat redeemed by the circumstance of her dear friend's having secretly ordered five *ruches* to her gown, of which fact Madame St. Victor was fortunately informed in time to advance upon the en-voies of her treacherous friend.

In former times, Queens did not disdain to mingle in this combat of vanity and display. The unfortunate Marie Antoinette once, ordered a mistress of the Comte d'Artois, to be turned out of the *Champs Elysees*, for presuming to appear, in an equipage, which eclipsed the splendour of her own. Now, the struggle is abandoned to opera girls, fourth-rate actresses, kept mistresses, and the *petite bourgeoisie*. The real fashion either goes on foot to behold the scene, in a carriage *sans pretension*. But the *Jour de l'An* is every body's holiday, the holiday of all ages, ranks, and conditions. Relations, friends, acquaintance, visit each other, kiss, and exchange sugar-plums. For weeks previous to all the makers and venders of fancy articles, from diamond necklaces and tiaras, down to sweetmeat boxes, are busily employed in the preparation of *Etreennes*—New Year's presents. But the staple commodity of French commerce, at this period, is sugar-plums. At certain times of the year are the shops of the *marchands de bon-bons*, in modern Athens (as the Parisians call Paris), amply stocked, and constant is the demand for their luscious contents; but now the suburbs *magnifies* in the Rue Vivienne, the splendid *boutiques* on the boulevards, the magnificent *depots* in the Palais-Royal, are rich in sweets beyond even that sugary conception, a child's paradise, and they are literally crowded from morning till night by persons of all ages, men, women, and children. Vast and various is the invention of the *fabricants* of this important necessity of life; and sugar is turned into tasteful imitations of carrots, cupids, ends of candle, pies, sausages, soap, bead-necklaces—all that is nice or nasty in nature and art. Ounce weights are thrown aside, and nothing under half a pound is to be seen on the groaning counters; the wearied purchasers forget to number by units, and fly to scores, hundreds, and thousands. But brilliant as are the exhibitions of sugar-work in its gay quarter of the town, they must yield for quantity to the astounding masses of the *Rue des Lombards*. That is the place resorted to by great purchasers, by such as require, not pounds, but hundred weights for distribution. There reside all the mighty commanders, the venders at first hand; and sugar-plum makers are as numerous in the Parisian Lombard-street, as are the traffickers in *accusés* of a more substantial character in its namesake in London. The day has scarcely dawned, and all is life, bustle, and movement. The visiting lists are prepared, the presents arranged, the vehicles are placed in due order of delivery. Vehicles of all descriptions are already crossing and jostling in every part of the city. For aye they are who, unless with a *culeche* or a *cabriolet* of their own, have succeeded in engaging one for the day at six times its ordinary cost.

On New Year's Day, the Paris fraternity are allowed the enjoyment of what seems to be their birth-right—rudeness and extortion; rather their exercise of it is tolerated. There, on yonder deserted road, are collected eighteen or twenty people who have been waiting the greater part of the morning, the possibility of the arrival of an hired vehicle. At length—for wonders never cease—a cabriolet approaches. It is surrounded, besieged, assaulted, stormed. It is literally put up to auction to be let to the highest bidder. That poor servant of the public, its driver, now finds that the public is his, and his very humble and beseeching servant too. "Eh, bien, voyons, combien me donnez-vous?" "Pif give you—," says one taking out his watch. "Au diable, l'imbecile! he wants a cabriolet!" *A l'heure* on New Year's day—to drive him to Pontoise, perhaps. (A place celebrated for its calves.) "And you there, *grand nigaud*, with your watch in your hand! *A bis les montres*, or I'll listen to none of you. *A la course, a la course!*" And you, *ma petite demoiselle*, what is it you offer? How! three francs! *Allez est gentille, la petite, avec les trois francs! Allons tout ga m'ennuie!* I'll go take a drive in the Bois de Boulogne for my own pleasure." At length he consents to take a little *sqat negociant* at five times the usual fare, exclaiming, as he drives off, "Ma foi, j'ai trop bon cœur—je me l'ai-se attendre."

That is Mademoiselle —, of the Theatre Francais. Her first visit is to Monsieur —, editor of the — journal. Three days ago she received a hint that he had prepared a thundering article against her intended performance of *Celinde*, which she is to act for the first time on Monday next. The chased silver-gilt *sonpiere*, at her side is a new year's present for Monsieur le Redacteur. The article will not appear. Her performance will be cited as a *model de grace, d'intelligence, et d'esprit*.

That?—Hush! turn away, or he will call us out for merely looking at him. 'Tis Z—, the celebrated duellist. Yesterday he wounded General de B—, the day before he killed M. de C—, and he has an affair in hand for to-morrow. To-day he goes about distributing sugar-plums, as in duty bound, for *c'est un homme tres aimable*.

I don't know either of the two gentlemen who are kissing both sides of each other's faces, bowing and exchanging little paper packets. The very old man passing close to them, in a single-breasted faded silk coat, the colour of which once was apple blossom, is the younger brother of the Comte de —. He is on his way to pay his annual visit to Mademoiselle —, who was his mistress some years before the breaking out of the Revolution. He stops to purchase a bouquet composed of violets and roses—Violets and roses on New Year's Day!—his accustomed present. His visit is not one of affection—scarcely of friendship—*c'est une affaire d'habitude*.

I am of your opinion, that Mademoiselle Battechat, the operadancer, is extraordinarily ugly, and of opinion with every one else, that she is a fool. She is handsome enough, however, in the estimation of our countryman, Sir X—Y— (who is *colonizing* in Paris), because she dances, and has just sense enough to dupe him—very little is sufficient, Heaven knows! He is now on his way to her with a splendid *Cachemire* and a few *roupeaux*. "Vraiment, les Anglais sont charmants." The poor simpleton believes she means it, and spouts something in unintelligible French in reply: at which Mademoiselle's brother swears a big oath, that "Monsieur l'Anglais a de l'esprit comme quatre." Sir X—Y— invites him to dinner: but the Captain "makes it a rule to dine with his sister on New Year's Day." O! if some of our poor simple countrymen could but see behind the curtain — but 'tis their affair, not mine.

In that cabriolet is an actress who wants to come out at the Comte Opera. What could have put it into her head that Monsieur L—, who has a voice potential in the Theatrical Senate, has just occasion for a breakfast-service in Sevres-porcelain! Behind is a hackney-coach full of little *figurantes*, who have clubbed together for the expense of it. They are going to *criter* the ballet-master. One does not like to dance in the rear where nobody can see her; another is anxious to dance *seule*; a third, the daughter of my washerwoman, is sure she could act *Nina*, if they would but let her try: a fourth wants the place of *ouvrense de loges* for her *manan*, who sells roasted chestnuts at yonder corner. They offer their sugar-plums, but, alas! they lack the gilding. Never despair, young ladies. Emigration is not yet at an end; economy is the order of the day in England, and Paris is the place for economizing in. Next year, perhaps, you too may be provided with eloquent *douceurs* to soften the hearts of the rulers of your dancing destinies.

So, then, it may be asked, is all this visiting, and kissing, and present-making, and sugar-plumizing, to be set down, either to the account of sheer interest, or to that of heartless form? Partly to the one, perhaps, partly to the other, and some part of it to a kinder principle than either. But, be it as it may, motives of interest receive a decent covering from the occasion; these heartless forms serve to keep society together; and, without philosophizing the matter, let it be set down that, of all the days in the year, none is so perfect a holiday as New Year's Day in Paris.

Tavernier mentions having a diamond on which was engraved the arms of Charles I. The Sophy of Persia and his court were extremely surprised at the art of engraving so hard a jewel; but, says Tavernier, I did not dare to own to whom it belonged, remembering what had formerly happened to the Chevalier de Reville, on the subject of that King. Reville having told the Sophy that he had commanded a company of guards in the service of Charles, and being asked why he came into Persia, replied, that it was to dissipate the chagrin he felt on his master being put to death, and that since that time he could not endure to live in Christendom. The Sophy fell into a rage, and asked Reville, how it was possible, if he was captain of the King's guards, that he and all his men should not have shed the last drop of their blood in defence of their Prince? Reville was thrown into prison, and remained there twenty-two days, and escaped at last by the intercession of some of the Sophy's household.

Colley Cibber visited the Duke of Wharton, at Windchendon, in Buckinghamshire, and taking an airing with his Grace, the carriage could hardly be dragged along through the heavy clay. "It has been said," observed the poet, "that your Grace ran through your estate; but I defy you to run through this."

When the Parliament, in 1645, began to sell the King's pictures at York-house, they passed the following votes:—"Ordered, That all such pictures and statues at York-house, as are without any superstition, shall be forthwith sold, for the benefit of Ireland and the North.—Ordered, That all such pictures there, as have the representation of the second person in Trinity upon them, shall be forthwith burned.—Ordered, That all such pictures there, as have the representation of the Virgin Mary upon them, shall be forthwith burned."—About the same period, one Bleese was hired, for half-a-crown a day, to break the painted glass windows of the church of Croydon. The man probably took care not to be too expeditious in the work of destruction.

The Prince of Conde, in a council of war before the battle of Rocroi, speaking of the advantages of possessing that place, the Marshal de Gassion replied, "But if we lose it, what will become of us?" "I do not consider that," answered the Prince, "as I shall die before that happens."

At a recent "choice" dinner of the Corporation of a certain loyal borough, which shall be nameless, the ceremony of saying grace devolved upon the Mayor. After casting his eyes down both sides of the table, his Worship proceeded to execute his task as follows:—"There are no clergymen present—Thank God!"—*Ipswich Chronicle*.

MR. DIBDIN, in his *Tour in France and Germany*, gives the following shocking statement:

"About three weeks only before our arrival, a duel was fought between a young French law-student and a young Englishman; the latter, the son of a naval captain. I will mention no names; and so far not wound the feelings of the friends of the parties concerned. But this duel, my friend, has been the 'duel of duels,' on the score of desperation and of a fixed purpose to murder. It is literally without precedent, and I trust will never be considered as one. You must know, then, that Caen, in spite of all the 'Bouleversemens' of the Revolution, has maintained its ancient reputation of possessing a very large seminary, or college for students at law. These students amount to nearly 600 in number. Most young gentlemen under 20 years of age are at times riotous, or frolicsome, or foolish. Generally speaking, however, the students conduct themselves with propriety; but there had been a law-suit between a French and English suitor, and the Judge pronounced sentence in favour of our countryman. The hall was crowded with spectators, and among them were a plentiful number of law-students. As they were retiring, one young Frenchman either made frightful faces or contemptuous gestures, in a very fixed and insulting manner, at a young Englishman, the son of this naval captain. Our countryman had no means or power of noticing or resenting the insult, as the aggressor was surrounded by his companions. It so happened that it was fair-time at Caen, and in the evening of the same day our countryman recognised, in the crowd at the fair, the physiognomy of the young man who had insulted him in the hall of justice. He approached him, and gave him to understand that his rude behaviour should be noticed at a proper time and in a proper place: whereupon the Frenchman came up to him, shook him violently by the arm, and told him to 'fix his distance on the ensuing morning.' Now the habit of duelling is very common among these law students, but they measure 25 paces, fire, and of course—miss—and then fancy themselves great heroes, and there is an end of the affair! Not so upon the present occasion. 'Fifteen paces, if you please,' said the student sarcastically, with a conviction of the backwardness of his opponent to meet him. 'Five, rather!' exclaimed the provoked antagonist—"I will fight you at five paces!" And it was agreed that they should so meet and fight on the morrow, at five paces only asunder. Each party was under 20: but I believe the English youth had scarcely attained his 19th year. What I am about to relate will cause your flesh to creep. It was determined by the seconds, as one must necessarily fall, from firing at so short a distance, that only one pistol should be loaded with ball, the other having nothing but powder; and that, as the Frenchman had been challenged, he was to have the first choice of the pistols. They parted: the seconds prepared the pistols according to agreement—and the fatal morning came. The combatants appeared, without one jot of abatement of spirit or of cool courage. The pistols lay upon the grass before them; one loaded only with powder, and the other with powder and ball. The Frenchman advanced; took up a pistol, weighed and balanced it most carefully in his hand, and then—laid it down. He seized the other pistol, and cocking it, fixed himself upon the spot whence he was to fire. The English youth was necessarily compelled to take the abandoned pistol. Five paces were then measured: and on the signal being given, they both fired—and the Frenchman fell—dead upon the spot! He had in fact taken up and laid down the very pistol which was loaded with the fatal ball, in the supposition of its being of too light a weight; and even seemed to compliment himself upon his supposed sagacity upon the occasion. But to proceed. The ball went through his heart, as I understood. The second of the deceased, upon seeing his friend a reeking corpse at his feet, became mad and outrageous, and was for fighting the survivor immediately! Upon which the lad of mettle and courage replied, that he would not fight a man without a second—"But go," said he, (drawing his watch coolly out of his fob,) 'I will give you twenty minutes to come back again with your second.' He waited with his watch in his hand, and by the dead body of his antagonist, for the return of the Frenchman; but on the expiration of the time, his own second conjured him to consult his safety and depart, for that from henceforth his life was in jeopardy. He left the ground, obtained his passport, and quitted the town instantly; but he had scarcely lost sight of the field of action a dozen minutes, ere a multitude of students came, determined to avenge the death of their countryman by that of his destroyer! The dead body of the duellist was then placed upon a bier; and his funeral was afterwards attended by several hundreds of his companions, who, armed with muskets and swords, threatened destruction to the civil and military authorities if they presumed to interfere; for the Mayor had, in fact, prohibited the funeral rites to be performed within consecrated ground."

Anecdote of the late Dr. John Moore, archbishop of Canterbury.—In the former part of his Grace's life he was the curate of Brackley, in Northamptonshire, in which at that time resided a plumber of the name of Watts, who having a comfortable independence, kept an open table every market-day for the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy. Amongst his guests on such occasions was Mr. Moore; but ceasing to be frequent in his visits, Mr. Watts inquired the cause: the reply was, "Mr. Watt's, I am at this time 10*l.* in your debt, which I am unable to pay, and I feel a little delicacy in intruding on your hospitable table." Mr. Watts begged he would not give it a thought, but come as usual; adding, that he had 20*l.* more at his (Mr. Moore's) service." In the course of their lives, Mr. Watts fell into decay, and the poor Curate became Archbishop of Canterbury. In this elevated rank he did not forget his humble friend, but made his latter days comfortable, and after his death settled an annuity on his widow, who died in May last, at the advanced age of 97, up to which time the annuity was regularly paid by his Grace's family.

SIR,—These are the last words I shall ever have an opportunity of addressing to you; my doom, alas! is fixed. I am waiting in the condemned coop, the *coup de grace* of my illustrious master's chicken-butcher. Probably you anticipate the cause of my death: Sunday is the feast of St. Michael, my blood is required in the mysterious celebration of the ceremonies observed in all well-regulated families on that anniversary. This very day twelve-months my excellent and amiable mother, and my respectable father, perished on the same account. At this critical juncture, I pick a quill from one of my wings to assure you of that resignation to my fate, which I truly feel:—that it is not unalloyed, Mr. Bull, I must, however, confess. Those who know our family know that we are Patriots, that we have souls; and I cannot quit the world without regretting my future destiny. Brought up, Sir, as I have been; educated upon the English system in the farm-yard of a foreign Prince; fattened as I have been at the public expense; I did expect (as all Patriots say they do) that the sacrifice of my life might have been of some utility to the country;—but, alas! no: pampered, fed, stuffed as it were by anticipation. What is my doom? Am I to be yielded as a tribute to the nation, whence I have derived my weight and flavour? Am I to gratify the palate of the illustrious Prince, my nominal patron? No; I am to be sold and eaten by some base venal hind in this neighbourhood, who, in these times of wretchedness, cannot dine on Michaelmas-day without me. What my sensations are at the treatment I have met with you may, perhaps, comprehend. Will you believe it, Sir, I have never seen the illustrious personage in whose service I have wasted my days. I have never beheld the amiable Prince to whom, for many reasons, I am warmly attached; first, because I am a goose; secondly, because, thanks to the generosity of the nation, I am his Royal Highness's goose; and, thirdly, because I am a goose of high feeding, honour, and, above all, of gratitude. What a consolation it would have been to have seen his Royal countenance!—what a disgrace to my family to quit the world without having attained to such a favour.

If you were a goose, Mr. Editor, how would you bear with indignities like those I have suffered? Sir, the Herald's College could prove, and would prove, if they were sufficiently well paid for it, that I am lineally descended from the noble bird who saved the Roman Capitol; and it is in consequence a common observation amongst the poulterer's at Kingston, that "there are Capitol geese at Claremont;" which classical saying of that erudite body has been garbled into the more vulgar observation, that "there are capital geese at Prince Leopold's;" inferring thereby that part of his Royal Highness's capital consists of geese! These things disturb me. I have contributed to the funds of my master, I am about to lay down my life for his advantage, and I repeat, he has never seen me. There are thousands of geese, I am ready to grant, labouring under the same disadvantage, and thousands of human beings too, but to them the disappointment is not of the same nature as to us: none but geese would contribute to support an absentee as we do: and yet, supporting him, none but a goose would care about ever seeing him again. I must cease—the poulterer's cart and my end approach. I have heard, that the only modification of my sentence which I ventured to request—the change of strangling into decapitation is refused me; his Royal Highness's ministers here, declaring, that I cannot be sent off the premises without a bill. It matters little, Mr. Bull, but, I must say, it is not what I expected. Publish my letter, that my Prince may see how he is beloved and respected, and by whom; he has been at Rome—but never thought of me or mine: perhaps he never heard of the story which connects us with that once mighty city. Adieu. One of my sisters has already suffered: would I were a swan, I would sing my own elegy—they come nearer—they have seized my pens—I can only give—what we occasionally have here—a great quack, and subscribe myself,

Your affectionate pander, BILLY.

Force of Habit.—Mr. Curwen, in some observations on the force of habit, says, "The most extraordinary instance I ever witnessed, was about 40 years ago, on a visit to the Isle of Man. On stopping at the Calf of Man, a small islet on its south western extremity, I found that the warren's cot, the only human abode on the islet, was kept by his sister. For several months in the year, these two persons were completely isolated! and never heard the sound of a third human voice, unless when the raging storm conveyed the unavailing cries of the shipwrecked mariner. To support such an existence seemed to require, in a rational being, nerves of supernatural strength, or the influence of habit from the earliest period of life. Curious to ascertain how she could endure so desolate a life, and such complete banishment from all human intercourse, I inquired if she was not very miserable? if she had always been accustomed to dwell in that dreary abode? To the first, I was answered in the negative; to the last, my surprise was converted into perfect astonishment, when I understood that, in the outset of her life, she had passed 26 years in St. James's-street."

Nautical Anecdote.—A sailor, at the battle of Trafalgar, who was actively employed at one of the guns on the quarter-deck of the *Britannia*, had his leg shot off a little below the knee, and observing an officer, who was ordering him to be conveyed to the cock-pit, said—"That's but a shilling touch, your Honour; an inch higher, and I should have my eighteen-pence for it!" alluding to the scale of pensions allowed for wounds, which, of course, increases according to their severity. The same resolute fellow, as they were lifting him on a brother tar's shoulders, said to one of his friends, "I say, Bob, take a look for my leg, and give me the silver buckle out of my shoe—I'll do as much for you another time!"

Alonzo IV. of Portugal.—Alonzo IV., surnamed the Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed all his attention. His confidants and favourites encouraged and allured him to it. His time was spent in the forest of Cintra, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence, at last, being necessary at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity of a young sportsman, and, with great familiarity and gaiety, entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month, spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up: "Courts and camps," said he, "were allotted to kings, not woods and deserts. Even the affairs of private men suffer, when recreation is preferred to business; but when the whims of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase; exploits which are intelligible only to grooms and falconers. If your Majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not!"—The King starting with rage, interrupted, "if not, what then?" "If not," resumed the nobleman in a firm tone of voice, "they will look for another and a better king." Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, hastened out of the room. In a little while, however, he returned, calm and reconciled; and, turning to the nobleman who had so dauntlessly admonished him, with a magnanimity not often to be met with, especially in absolute monarchs, exclaimed, "I perceive the truth of what you say. He that will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day, you have nothing more to do with Alonzo the Sportsman, but with Alonzo the King of Portugal."

Principal Baillie.—Robt. Baillie, D.D., principal of the University of Glasgow, was sent to London in 1640, by the Covenanted Lords of Scotland, to draw up the accusation against Archbishop Laud, for the innovations he had obtruded upon the Church of Scotland. He was professor of Divinity for Scotland, and died in 1662. Just before his death, he was visited by the newly-made Archbishop of Glasgow; to whom he said, "I will not call you My Lord, Mr. Andrew. King Charles would have made me one of these lords, but I do not find in the New Testament that Christ has any lords in his house."

George I.—When some one reminded this monarch, how happy he was to be King of England and Elector of Hanover, at the same time; he very nobly replied, "I am prouder of being able to say, that I have two such subjects as Newton and Leibnitz in my dominions, than to say I reign over the countries that contain them."

Political Characteristics.—Towards the end of the last Session of Parliament, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Hume were engaged in conversation at the bar of the House. A distinguished Member of the Opposition pointed them out to Mr. Smith, Member for Lincoln, and remarked that they furnished at that moment an excellent subject for a caricature. "O yes," replied the Member for Lincoln, "there you see Penny-wise and Pound-foolish."

Anecdote of the late Princess Charlotte.—Not long before the melancholy event of her Royal Highness's demise, an artist of eminence was at her request employed in painting a full-length portrait of her husband, Prince Leopold, in his robes of the Order of the Garter, and for this purpose was then residing at Claremont. When the work had advanced to a state of considerable forwardness, and seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties, the Princess suddenly conceived a dislike to one part of the figure, and took rather a singular mode of communicating it to the artist. Our readers have all probably noticed the large mass of drapery round a Knight of the Order of the Garter when fully robed, and how much this circumstance, together with the extravagant rosettes worn at the knee as well as on the foot upon such occasions, tends to diminish the apparent size of the leg, and to injure its real shape. In order, perhaps, to obviate this inconvenient effect, the artist in the present instance took the common and allowable liberty of giving his Royal Highness somewhat different limbs on the canvass from those he had received from nature. The Princess Charlotte perceived and disapproved of the difference, but did not mention it to any one at the moment. The next morning, however, she rose rather earlier than usual, and wrapping herself in a morning dress, proceeded in her slippers to the room where the picture was on the easel, when taking up the first brush which came in her way, she in two or three minutes effectually removed every trace of the Prince's legs. The astonished painter arrived just as the erasure was completed, and with fear and trembling inquired of her Royal Highness the cause of what he beheld. The Princess, good humouredly, but with her characteristic elevation of sentiment, replied, "she disliked flattery in any shape; and moreover, as she admired her Lord and Prince, such as he really was, above all other men, no representation of his Royal Highness could meet with her approbation, if it differed from the original." The artist, of course, bowed assent, and eventually succeeded in finishing the picture according to nature, and agreeably to her Royal Highness's wishes!

Chinese Women.—The idolaters of beauty, the Chinese, are for ever at the feet of the beings whom they persecute. When any of their wives are indisposed, they fasten a silken thread round her wrist, the cord of which is given to the physician, and it is only by the motion which the pulsation communicates to it, that he is allowed to judge of the state of his patient. This precaution of jealousy is almost unique in its kind.

Degrees of Precedence in Georgia.—In Georgia, a tract of country partly subject to the Turks and partly to the Persians, a merchant is less respected than a mechanic, and a mechanic less than a husbandman; but one of the most respectable employments in Georgia is that of a public executioner: the profession is deemed honourable, and the professors all rich. If any man can trace a hangman amongst his ancestors, he is extremely proud of it, and never fails to mention it with exultation; at the same time observing, that nothing is so noble as executing justice, and that the safety of the state depends upon the extermination of criminals.

A gentleman, who a few years ago resided some time at Grand Cairo, has described the punishment of bakers and butchers in that city. That which was inflicted on bakers whose bread was deficient in weight, was extremely severe: for the first offence, the overseer of the bakers (who is the examiner and only person who tries them) immediately orders the delinquent to be bastinadoed; for the second offence he is more severely punished in the same manner; and for the third, without any other process than the above-mentioned officer's order, he is put into his own oven when hot, where he is suffered to perish; which punishment, the gentleman adds, he saw executed! The punishment for butchers who are detected in selling meat either too long kept or deficient in weight, is no less extraordinary, though not so cruel. A butcher, in the neighbourhood where the relater of these facts resided, was detected by the examining officer of being guilty of selling bad meat, and (as in the baker's case, without any other form of trial than the order of the officer,) he was immediately nailed by one of his ears to the post of his own door, his nose pierced, and one end of a wire about six inches long fastened to it, at the other end of which a piece of his bad meat was fixed. In this situation he was kept for nearly four hours.

Short Words!—In 1661, a book of natural history was published, at Oxford, by Robert Lovell, under this comprehensive title, PANZOOLIGICOMINERALOGIA; and the author signed himself, in Greek characters, PHILOTHEOLOGIASTRONOMOS!

Martial Music of Russia.—A singular species of Music delights the Russian ear, and at some distance produces a grand effect, even to strangers. Forty tubes, each producing only one note, are committed to the management of as many performers. The leader of the band beats time with his foot, if in a chamber; and in the open air a small drum is employed to regulate the intervals of sound. No written music is used; but practice has produced such precision in the band, that with the tubes or horns, fine modulations are executed. Reverberated by the air, in a situation sufficiently remote, one could imagine an accomplished orchestra discoursed sweet music. The emperor's band consists of 300 horns. The regiment of guards has also a fine set of performers on those primitive instruments, and in calm summer nights, during which a soft and uniform twilight prevails, a sail upon the Neva, accompanied by another boat with a band of horns, is an exquisite luxury for the auditory nerves.

Madame de Stael.—This celebrated lady, on visiting the metropolis of Great-Britain, had scarcely alighted from her post-chaise, when she asked the waiter to show her "the tomb of Richardson." "Richardson! Richardson!" thought the waiter; "it cannot be Richardson, the tavern-keeper, in Covent-garden, for he is alive and bustling about his business; it must be Richardson, Goodluck, & Co. No doubt the elder partner has died, and this lady has some claims upon his assets." To Cornhill therefore our sentimental traveller was directed. Not a moment was lost. She drives off, alights from her hackney-coach, pushes by the clerks in the front shop, and addressing a grave-looking man in black, perched up in a kind of pulpit, asks with a faltering voice for "the tomb of Richardson." "The tomb of Richardson, Madam! Mr. Richardson was never in better health; he has at this moment set off for his country seat." "You misapprehend me: I mean the divine Richardson." "Oh, a clergyman! I know no person of the name." "No, Sir, not a clergyman, but the Richardson of Clarissa." "Really, we know no gentleman of the name who keeps a lady." At length a reference to the bookseller on the other side of the street set the fair enthusiast right. She hurries off to St. Clement Danes, in the Strand; roused a kindred spirit of enthusiasm in the sexton by a talismanic application of 5s.; follows his lantern (for it was now dark) with a palpitating heart—scraped the mud and mould of years off a flat stone, close to the parish pump; reads the long-sought name—drops on her knees to kiss the hallowed marble, and on her rising up and surveying her wet and draggled garments, finds too late that the tomb of Richardson is the grave of sentiment.

**EXTRAORDINARY CHARNEL-HOUSE,
AT ROTHWELL, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**

Amongst the many curiosities with which this country abounds, none, perhaps, claims a higher precedence, or merits more the scrutinizing research of an antiquarian philosophy, than the charnel-house under Rothwell church. It appears that about 150 years ago, this curious receptacle of mouldering mortality was accidentally discovered, when the appalling sight of many hundred human bones presented itself, piled up in immense heaps, but with every appearance of order and regularity.—According to the estimated calculation, it would seem that not less than 10,000 persons are deposited in this vault; but at what period they were placed there, remains a mystery not easily solved. Various have been the conjectures relating to it; from its contiguity to the celebrated field at Naseby, many have supposed them to be fallen warriors at that memorable epoch. But their antiquity is evidently much higher than that period; although, from the mutilated appearance of many of the skull bones, it would seem that death had dealt his arrows amongst them rather prematurely. There have been philosophers who have contended, that the race of mankind have degenerated from their pristine stature, through the effeminating effects of luxury; and from the magnitude of some of these bones, the conjecture would appear plausible, as it is an unquestionable fact, that there are bones in this vault of a very unusual size. It has been remarked, as a circumstance very singular, that these bones consist entirely of the skulls and the upper and lower extremities, there not being either ribs or vertebræ discoverable. Their general appearance (except at the entrance, which since their discovery has been most subject to the decomposing qualities of the atmosphere) is that of a perfectly equal state of preservation, and would really lead to the supposition, that they were removed and deposited in this place at the same period. The curious who visit this mysterious receptacle of departed mortality will feel interested and gratified, if the horrifying spectacle of what all mankind are heirs to can afford gratification.

DARING INTREPIDITY AND ADDRESS OF COLONEL WHITE.—Just before the commencement of the siege of Savannah, in 1779, an enterprise was achieved by *six Americans*, remarkable for the address and daring intrepidity with which it was planned and executed. Captain French, of the British army, with about one hundred men had taken post on the Ogeechee river, where were also forty sailors on board of five British vessels, four of which were armed, the largest mounting fourteen guns. Colonel John White, of the Georgia line, with Captain Elholm and four other persons, one of whom was the Colonel's servant, after kindling at night a number of fires, exhibiting the parade of a large encampment, and using other stratagems, peremptorily summoned the British commander to surrender. Captain French, in order to save his men from being cut to pieces by a force which he supposed to be superior to his own, surrendered (1st of October) without the smallest resistance. Colonel White having thus far succeeded, pretended he must keep back his troops, lest their animosity, already stifled by great exertions, should break out, and indiscriminate slaughter take place in defiance of his authority; and therefore he would commit his prisoners to three guides, who would conduct them safely to good quarters. This humane attention of White was thankfully received. He immediately ordered three of his attendants to proceed with the prisoners, who moved off with celerity, anxious to get away, lest the fury of White's corps, believed to be at hand, might break out, desirous as he was to restrain it. White, with the two men detained by him, repaired, as he announced to his guides and prisoners, to his troops for the purpose of proceeding in the rear. He then employed himself in collecting the militia of the neighbourhood, with whom he overtook his guides and prisoners. This affair, says General H. Lee in his memoirs, approaches too near the marvellous to have been admitted by him, had it not been uniformly credited, and never contradicted.—*Columbian Observer.*

EXTRAORDINARY SPORT in AMERICA.

A few weeks since, a farmer who lived on the lake shore, in the western part of America, observing a bear crossing the bay, was anxious to kill him. He ran to his skiff, and without reflecting that he had no weapon but his paddle, worked his way to the bear, which immediately sprang into the skiff, and, to the great terror and consternation of the farmer, deliberately sat down on the bow. The farmer, after some reflection, determined to carry him back, and attempted to turn the boat; but the bear made an advance to prevent him, and the boat, driven by the wind, having gained its first position, the bear again took his seat on the bow. The farmer, made a second and third attempt with the same result; and perceiving that when the boat went the way the bear was swimming, he was quiet, he very prudently determined to reach the land in that direction. He accordingly went on, and when within a few feet of the shore, the bear leaped out, to the great joy of his ferryman.

On the 9th September, Jacob B. Vanater went to the Great Elk Lick, on the south branch of the Sinnemahoning, with his two dogs, Wolf and Spring, to watch for elk. Watching till dark, he then retired a short distance, and lay down for the night, his dogs by his side. About midnight, his dogs made a sudden leap, which awaked him, and about six yards from his head, engaged some animal, which, by his voice, he found to be a panther. The fire was nearly out, and he could see neither dogs nor panther. Fearing to go among them, he threw some remaining firebrands, thinking to frighten the panther away, but this for a time had no effect; at length, however, the animal retreated, fighting the dogs, for a distance of about eight rods, where they had a severe combat, which lasted about a minute, when the noise of the dog Wolf and the panther ceased. Supposing that the panther had killed his dog, he stood by the fire, which began to kindle up a little, with his rifle cocked, expecting to be attacked himself. Spring soon came to him, seemingly with good tidings. Soon after Wolf came, and seemed to urge him to the field of battle. He procured some dry bark, made a light, and accompanied them to the spot, where, to his great joy, he found the panther lifeless. The panther was nine feet in length. The dogs, though badly wounded, are likely to recover.—(*American Paper.*)

A BLACK CAT, OR SAILOR'S SUPERSTITION.—Captain Stewart, who was cut off in the very bloom of his distinguished faculties and professional talents, when cruising off the Italian coast, had passed several days without seeing a ship; he learnt that the men ascribed this inauspicious circumstance to the Captain's having taken a black cat on board from the last port they had touched at. He immediately called the men aft, and asked them if it really was so; they without hesitation confirmed the report—"overboard with the black cat!"—"That," exclaimed an old seaman, "is worse still; she must be landed." "Then lower away the jolly boat," said the Captain. The cat was safely landed with much formality on an island in sight; and, as a coincidence of circumstances brought it about, that same night they took the best prize which they had captured in the Mediterranean.

MATELOTTE OF EELS.—Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. Note:—Several gentlemen have accused me of *cruelly* (astonishing!) for recommending in my work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt ones are much healthier; but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin.—*Vide the French Cook, by Louis Eustache Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. p. 224.*

This territory, we believe, is not very familiarly known; to anticipate, therefore, the inquiry which will hence naturally be made as to the locality and circumstances of the new colony, we have collected the following particulars respecting its situation and capabilities:—

Poyais is bounded by Nicaragua and the Bay of Honduras on the one side; by Mosquitia and Guatemala, famed for its valuable production of indigo, on the other. The country is mountainous and healthy, and is described to be the “best poor man’s country in the world.” The town of Poyais is situated on the Black River, about forty miles distant from the coast, and is of considerable extent. The river is navigable about 100 miles. Some Americans have lately become settlers, and the English church at San Joseph, on the coast, which was built in 1737, when General Hodson was superintendant and commander-in-chief, is still standing. When he left that country, British settlers and their followers, to the amount of 1100, remained behind, and have since inter-married with the natives, all of whom on the coast speak our language, and are very friendly to the English. The Black River is represented as exhibiting a scene of activity, the aborigines bringing down various commodities, and among the rest, gold dust, indigo, and gums. They take in exchange, hardware, linen, and cotton goods; and there can be little doubt that, on its internal resources being better known, it will be a valuable addition to British commerce. We learn that some settlers of respectable rank from this country are already on their way thither, and that a ship is about to leave the Thames with others of every description; another ship of 400 tons burden, completely laden, will shortly be despatched from the North with 400 additional settlers. The imports to the coast of Mosquitia, of which Poyais is a part, from Jamaica and St. Thomas, have never been less than 450,000 dollars annually. In the ships going out are sawing-engines, and every implement for the cutting of lumber, and all kinds of timber suitable to the exports to the West Indies and to Europe. A Poyais factory is likewise on the point of being established from Hamburgh, and several German families are purchasing land for the purpose of settling there.”

ANECDOTE OF DR. SMOLLETT.—A lad apprenticed to a surgeon in Glasgow, and with whom he had been engaged in frolic on a winter’s evening, was receiving a severe reprimand from his master for quitting the shop; and having alleged in his excuse that he had been hit by a snow-ball, and had gone out in pursuit of the person who had thrown it, was listening to the taunts of his master on the improbability of such a story. “How long,” said the son of Æsculapius, with the confident air of one fearless of contradiction, “might I stand here, and such a thing not happen to me?” when Smollett, who stood behind the pillar of the shop-door, and heard what passed, snatched up a snow-ball, and quickly delivered his playmate from the dilemma in which this question had placed him, by an answer equally prompt and conclusive.

DRAWING INFERENCES.—Two clerical gentlemen having called on a reverend brother in the country at rather an early hour in the morning, found the Minister in bed, so were ordered into the garden to look about them till his Reverence could get himself in a condition to receive them. Finding John the Minister’s man, busy at work, one of them entered into a familiar conversation with this “lesser prop of the Church,” and amongst other things inquired, “Weel, John, how long ha’e ye been with the Minister?” “Indeed,” quo’ John, “I have been twa score years, Sir.” “Aye, twa score years! then ye’ll be able to preach yonsel by this time, John?” “Na, na, Sir,” replied honest John, “I canna preach, but I dinna think but I could draw a few inferences.” “Weel, John,” continued his interrogator, “what inference would ye draw frae that portion o’ Scripture which says ‘the ass snuffeth up the east wind?’” “If I were to draw ony,” replied the Minister’s man shaking his head slowly and significantly, “it would be, that he would snuff lang at it ere he would get fat on’t.”

The names of *Whig* and *Tory* were first adopted as mutual reproaches between the two rival parties of contending politicians in the reign of Charles II.; the nation having been previously distinguished by the denomination of *petitioners* and *abhorers*, from the one party standing up for the right of petition, and the other expressing the “deepest abhorrence” against all those who aimed at disturbing the public peace. The Long Parliament was then about closing its session of *seventeen* years!—The Whigs were so denominated from a cant name given to the sour Scotch conventiclers; *whig* being milk turned sour. The Tories were denominated from the Irish banditti so called, whose usual manner of bidding people deliver, was by the Irish word *toree*; give me—*Monthly Magazine*.

KEW GARDENS.

Soon after his accession, the late King employed Sir William Chambers, Knight of the Polar Star, to lay out and improve Kew Gardens, for the residence of his mother. The ground, in its natural style, was flat and uninteresting; to treat such a subject in an ornamental manner was a task of difficulty. Sir William Chambers undertook it; and, as the Chinese taste in horticulture deservedly ranks high, he proposed to adopt that manner. In 1763 the ingenious Swede published an account of these, in a superb work, including plans, elevations, sections, and perspective views. He therein assigns his reasons, interweaving some incidental circumstances, why a taste so peculiar had been preferred. The garden he describes as not very large, and the situation as by no means advantageous; the ground is low, and loses half its interest from its commanding no prospect. Originally, the whole was one continued dead flat; the soil was in general barren, and without either underwood or water. These and other obstacles did not escape the perspicacious eye of this artist. To do any thing even tolerable was not easy; but princely munificence and able direction, the force of genius combined with the scientific part of art, triumphed over natural impediments; and, after much drudgery, converted a desert into an Eden. If the comparison may be allowed, the soul and body of Chinese and English horticulture seem amicably joined together, and harmonizing. The King frequently superintended here, as well as at Windsor, and at the New Palace in the vicinity of Kew.—*Monthly Magazine*.

ANECDOTE.—The Lady of the fifth Earl of Bedford, and mother of the celebrated Lord Russell, was highly accomplished in mind and person. She was remarkable for the strictest purity of conduct and delicacy of sentiment, although she was the daughter of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, by the dissolute Countess of Essex. But the guilt of her parents, and the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, had been industriously concealed from her; and all she knew was their conjugal infelicity and separation. She came one day into her Lord’s study, her mind oppressed and weakened by the death of Lord Russell, when the Earl was suddenly called away, and left her alone. Her eye was quickly caught by a thin folio, which was lettered, “Tryal of the Earl and Countess of Somerset.”—She took it down, and, turning over the leaves, was struck to the heart by the guilt and conviction of her parents. She fell back, and was found dead in that posture, with the book lying open before her.—(London Museum.)

OLD ADAGE.—The following poetical adage has been frequently quoted to illustrate the absurdity of mighty preparations which end in nothing—

“The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Went up the hill, and then—went down again.”

France, in the latter days of Henry the Great, had enjoyed a peace of more than twenty years duration, when this monarch, entertaining some great design, the nature of which had never been divulged, levied an army of forty thousand men, which he equipped for action at great expense. He was, however, soon assassinated by the fanatic hand of Ravillac, and this military force having been subsequently disbanded, without performing a single exploit, gave rise to the above satirical couplet.

The prices of this important article of consumption, were regulated by statute, as early as the reigns of Henry III. and Henry I., which enacted that they should rise or fall with the price of corn. The scale of prices may be seen in Strype's Stowe.

In 1468 (8 Edward IV.), according to an assize then made, it was ordained—That if the brewer bought the quarter of malt for *two shillings*, he was to sell a gallon of the best ale for a *halfpenny*, and was to make 48 gallons of a quarter of malt. If the quarter of malt was three shillings, the gallon was to be three farthings; if four shillings the quarter, one penny the gallon; "and so on of the shilling the farthing." To prevent frauds both as to quality and quantity, no brewer was to sell ale till the ale-taster had tasted it; and he was to have "mesurys assized and asselid." A breach of these ordinances subjected the brewer, for the first and second offences, to fines, and for the third, to the punishment, "first of the lockyng hole, and after to the pillory."

The great breweries, or "*bere houses*," as they are called in the map of London, in *Civitas Orbem*, &c., stood on the Thames side, below St. Catherine's, though they afterwards extended from thence westwards, as far as to Milford Stairs, and were, as well as the beer they brewed, under the controul of the officers of the Crown. Henry VII., in 1492, licensed one John Merchant, a Fleming, to export fifty tons of ale called beer; and according to Maitland, in the same reign, Geoffrey Gate, probably one of these officers, "spoiled the brewhouses at St. Catherine's twice, either for sending too much abroad unlicensed, or for brewing it too weak for their home customers." The demand for this article from foreign parts, increased to a high degree in the reign of Elizabeth, particularly about the year 1580, but the exportation of it was often prohibited by Royal proclamation, as a cause, in times of scarcity, of enhancing the price of corn. "Yet even upon prohibition," Stowe tells us, "special licenses were granted by the Lord Treasurer. Thus he allowed one Lyster, in the month of November, to brew and transport 500 tons of beer, for the Queen's use; and in the same month, another ship was laden with 350 barrels of beer to Embden; and in the same month again, a ship of Amsterdam laden 300 barrels more; and in the same month, four ships of Embden were laden with 800 barrels more, which shews in what request our English beer was then abroad."

In 1585 the quantity of beer, *strong and small*, brewed in London, in one year, by the twenty-six brewers in the city, suburbs, and Westminster ("whereof the one-half were strangers, the other English"), was thus calculated:—Most of them brewed, in general, six times a week, and twenty quarters at a time, which yielded, in small beer, at least 100 barrels, and 60 in strong. One with another, they brewed 420 barrels weekly a-piece, which amounted to 2,496 barrels yearly; so that the whole number of brewers brewed, at that rate, 648,960 barrels. The quantities sent abroad near the same time, were estimated in a similar manner—viz. "That there were twenty great brewhouses, or more, situate on the Thames side, from Milford-stairs, in Fleet-street, to below St. Catherine's, which brewed yearly the quantity of seven or eight brewings of sweet beer, or strong beer, that passed to Hoad, Embden, the Low Countries, Calais, Dieppe, and thereabouts: and account but 600 brewings, at 44 barrels the brewing, it makes 26,000 barrels; which, at seven to a tun, make 3,771 tuns." The contrast in modern times is amazing. In one year, from Midsummer, 1786, to Midsummer, 1787, the number of barrels of strong beer alone, brewed in London, was, according to Mr. Pennant, 1,176,856: of these Whitbread's house (which then stood first, brewed 150,280 barrels; Calvert's (Felix), 131,043 barrels; and Thrale's (now Barclay and Perkins), 105,559 barrels; and the duty on the malt for the preceding year, was one million and a half of money. The sight of a great London Brewhouse, the same author observes, presents a magnificence unspeakable. The vessels evince the extent of the trade: *Mex's* brewery could show; he says, twenty tuns, containing in all, 35,000 barrels; one alone held 4,500 barrels. The quantity of beer or porter, now brewed annually, has considerably more than doubled.

Vessels of beer and ale, were not gauged by Statute before the 23d of Henry VIII. Defects were punishable upon presentment of Juries, by the Magistrates. The price of a quarter of wheat was then 6s. 8d.; the quarter of malt, 4s. or 5s.; and a quarter of oates cost 2s. 8d. The price of a cwt. of the best hops, was 6s. or 6s. 8d. Beer sold for—

The last for	{	Barrels, at 9s.	{	and the barrel of the best
		Kilderkins, at 5s.		beer, or ale, sold then for
				3s. 8d. or 4s. The 1½d.
				beer for 3s.

In the beginning of the same reign (1512), the remaining stock of malt liquor in the cellar of one of the noblemen of the court, is valued as follows:—

"Of Ale, vij gallons, after ij d. the gallon, xiiij d.

Of Beire, xiiij hogisheds *dimid* conteyninge D. iiij score,

xvj gallons, after *obol' quadr'* the gallon, xliiij s. vjd."

[N. B. Malt was then 4s. a quarter, and hops 13s. 4d. the cwt. It was probably a scarce season for the latter article.]

Ale and beer at this time, and long afterwards, were the common beverage for breakfast, and were generally accompanied by dried or salted fish, and meat. A quart of beer is the quantity ordered to be brought to my Lord of Northumberland's table, every morning at breakfast in the reign of Henry VII. and a pottle, to each person of his household. The common people are also spoken of, somewhat later, as consuming great quantities of beer, double and single (i. e. strong and small) "This they do not," says a contemporary writer, drink out of glasses, but from earthen pots with silver handles and covers, and this even in houses of persons of middling fortune; for, as to the poor, the covers of their pots are only pewter, and in some places, such as villages, their pots for beer are only made of wood."

Our ancestors were not unacquainted with some of the modern methods of adulterating this article. In the reign of Elizabeth, the brewers were complained of for brewing towards the close of the year, with bad, or what was called weavie malt, being the bottom and sweepings of their granaries, to make room to bring in new corn. It was also reported that they put in darnel, rosin, lime, and chalk, and such like, "to make," says Stowe, "the drinkers thirsty, that they might drink the more; and that for cheapness, when hops were dear, they put into their drink broom, bay-berries, jvy-berries, and such like things."

(FROM THE NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL.)—On Monday last an Inquest was held at East Retford, before J. Mee, Esq. Coroner, on view of the body of Mr. Thomas Gascoigne, who was, on that day, found dead in his own house, lying with his face on the floor and his feet in bed. The Jury brought in a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God"—Mr. Gascoigne was a truly parsimonious and eccentric character, and it may with propriety be said, no person ever existed who had a more decided claim to the appellation of miser. He was a native of Derby, and was born on the 24th of June, 1738, being the same month and year as that in which his late Majesty was born. At an early period of his life, Mr. Gascoigne's parents removed from Derby to Ordsall, a village near Retford. When arrived at a proper age, he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker of Retford, who was a burgess of that place, and at the close of his apprenticeship Mr. G. was consequently entitled to the privilege of a freeman, and at his death he was the oldest burgess upon the list. Some time after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he obtained a situation in the Excise, and was appointed to fulfil the duties of his office at Derby, which he did to the satisfaction of his superior officers, as also those whom it was his duty to survey, till an accident obliged him to retire on a pension when about the age of 40. About this time an uncle of Mr. G.'s died, who left him the owner of several houses, situate in Derby, one of which is the Crown Inn: he now returned to Retford, and again followed his vocation as a shoemaker, which he continued to do till within the last ten years. During the whole of his long life he was never known to employ a doctor, and was generally his own tonsor, except upon particular occasions, such as the dinners of the freemen, which were about twice a year, and which he regularly attended, when he repaired to the hair-dresser's to be finished, having himself previously applied the scissors and razor, and taken off the greatest part, purposely with a view to save expense. He regularly went once a year to Derby to receive his rents, on which occasion he put on his best coat and boots, and cocked hat, each of which have now been in use more than forty years. It was his practice always to walk, carrying with him a pair of old saddle bags, hung over his shoulders, containing provisions necessary for his whole journey. On his way thither, as also on his return, he generally reposed during the night on Nottingham Forest, thinking himself and his property more safe there than sleeping in a public house, and being too penurious to pay for a bed, or call at an inn for refreshment. His saddle-bags, on these occasions were not only used for the purpose of carrying the provisions necessary for his journey, but were also a subservient receptacle for potatoes, and every other eatable which might chance to fall in his way, and which he did not fail to carry home with him. During his absence on one of his tours to Derby, about five years since, his house was broken open and robbed of bills and cash to the amount of 500*l.* which was but a small sum compared with what was secreted in the house, and that escaped the scrutinizing search of the robbers. His punctuality as a paymaster for his rent, and that which necessity compelled him to purchase, was very strict, as was also his accuracy as a book-keeper; for, at the time of the robbery, he had carefully booked the number of every note, the name of the person who signed and entered them, and the date: he likewise kept an account of his expenditure, many weeks in which appeared to be only a penny and two-pence, as he chiefly subsisted on what he picked up in the streets, particularly on market days, by which means he became well known to all who frequented the market, as he always wore a long coat, which, with his stockings, could not be said to contain a particle of the original, they being so patched and darned with worsted. A ton of coals would serve him seven years, in the use of which he was very sparing and economical; for in making his fire he first put a few sticks and coals, then a tier of stones, next a few more coals, and at top another tier of stones, which, in time, became red hot; but it was only to bake his bread that he made a fire, at which times he also roasted potatoes sufficient to serve him till he again baked. His house was indeed a miserable abode, and had more the appearance of a receptacle of filth, than the residence of a human being; it was indeed unfit for "mortal ken," the walls not having been white-washed, or the floor washed for more than twenty-years. In one corner lay a heap of stones for his fire, in another hundreds of pieces of leather, such as old soles, which he had gathered for the purpose of mending his own. Many other instances of his parsimonious disposition might be named, but they would occupy too much of our space. The principal part of his furniture consisted of an old clock, a table, bed, and several old chairs, all of which had been the property of his father: none of them appeared to have been cleaned for a number of years, or even removed from their situation, being covered and surrounded with dust, to a great thickness. Mr. Gascoigne lived and died a bachelor; the full amount of his property is not known, but supposed to be some thousands, the whole of which will belong to his two nephews. Mr. G.'s patched coat, an ancient saddle which he used when in the Excise, and several other antiquities of the same description, it is said, would make a valuable addition to the curiosities in the British Museum. In an electioneering squib, printed in 1802, are the following lines, which show the state of the

coat at that time, and of a truth he has continued to wear it ever since:—
"Had I been this fam'd poet, I'd have wrote

The following brief notice of the life and conduct of this great impostor is taken from a scarce book, attributed to the Abbe De Boufflers, the first edition of which was published at Amsterdam, in 1761. It is intended by him to exhibit the passion of ambition, united with a heart that has no feelings of veneration for truths of the most sacred kind; and, in order to attain the pinnacle of its wishes, will countenance a false representation of Religion, even to the dying hour. The narration is as follows:—

“Mahomet was the son of a Pagan and a Jewess, both of whom had sprung from the very dregs of the people; their poverty prevented them supplying him with an education. His childhood was, consequently, neglected, and the only things he, in all probability, acquired (the fruits of wretchedness) were abstemiousness, and vigour of body. The daily wants to which the poor are subject, ordinarily, leave but little time for reflection; consequently, there is not much food for the passions; notwithstanding every thing in active minds serves as a stimulant to inflame the feelings. A fortunate circumstance placed Mahomet in a rich Arabian merchant's house, and, he dying, Mahomet married his widow. By this marriage he suddenly became possessor of immense wealth, which his master had left.

“The seeds of ambition with which he had been born sprang up in his heart, on obtaining this unexpected fortune. At first he only proposed to aggrandize himself; but the spirit of conquest having seized him, he was chiefly anxious to fulfil this desire; however, they both seemed to be worthy his pursuit, and he studied every way to accomplish his ends. Treason, perfidy, murders, sacrilege, and robbery of every description, excited in him no remorse. He viewed them only like a greedy conqueror. He trampled upon justice and humanity, regarding them only as the offspring of weak and timid minds, which not being capable of great or elevated undertakings, are sensible to pity only because they feel how they themselves need support. He put himself at the head of a band of robbers, by whose aid he ravaged Arabia; the expectation of booty increased his banditti, and daily his dominion enlarged; his success spread terror around, and very soon he became master of an immense extent of country. But arms alone were not sufficient for the preservation of his power, over a people whom he had subdued through fear. He felt the necessity of adding imposture to tyranny, in order to strengthen his empire, and he suggested a system of religion that assured to him the blind obedience of the people whom he had conquered. The few principles he had imbibed when under the influence of his parents, ought to have raised some remorse when he was contemplating the impious part he was about to play; but when ambition is carried to its highest pitch, every object is sacrificed to this unbridled passion, and even the most sacred things are abused, when it is believed they may prove instrumental to aggrandizement.”

“To accomplish his purpose, he employed an heretical Jacobite—a true Nestorian Monk, and a Jew, to assist him in writing his Koran, a most extraordinary composition, full of absurd and sublime ideas, mixed together without order or method. By this disorder and irregularity, he flattered himself the divinity of his mission would be established. The prophetic enthusiasm—the obscurity of his writings—their want of connection—the miracles with which this extraordinary compilation abounds, produced astonishment in the vulgar, and contributed to excite belief in the imposition, and presently to a firm reliance that the impostor himself was a Prophet sent from the Most High to declare to man the true worship he owed the Deity. The co-operators in this imposture might have exposed it, and ruined all the hopes of this aspiring man, and destroyed the very foundations of this monstrous building, had he not soon sacrificed them to his impious ambition; in order to have no witness of his infernal plot, he had all those who were confidants in his projects, cruelly massacred. Thus freed from any inquietudes on that head, he gave full play to every kind of excess. His power daily increased; he employed arms, eloquence, and artifice, for the purpose of extending his empire; and he carried his imposition so far as to pretend that an angel dictated to him the oracles of the ALL POWERFUL under the semblance of a dove, he having a bird of this kind generally upon his shoulder. The epilepsy to which he was subject, contributed to increase the belief in his pretended mission. He easily persuaded a credulous and ignorant people—struck, as they were, with astonishment and admiration at the pretended prodigies which he wrought before their eyes—that, at the sight of the angel Gabriel, he fell into ecstasies which occasioned those convulsions, while, in truth, they proceeded from the disease. This ingenious deception was itself productive of most of his disciples; and he carried it on to the very last. Perceiving his end approaching, he dictated the last chapter of Alcoran as though he were inspired by God, and when about dying he said “he was going to repose in the arms of the ETERNAL.”

“The dogmas of religion which Mahomet established gave him an absolute power over the people, and had they not rendered to him a blind obedience, they would have considered themselves guilty of a heavy crime. The profound ignorance in which he kept them contributed much to make them subservient to his wishes. Hence arose that arbitrary and despotic power which has produced to Mahomet and his successors the riches, the lives, and honour of their subjects—or, rather, their slaves—springing merely from the will or caprice of the Sovereign. The people, entirely given up to the pleasures of the senses, and plunged in voluptuousness, have no other delight than in these enervating gratifications. Even death itself is not painful to contemplate, since they anticipate the possession of celestial beauties hereafter, if they are obedient to the laws of their legis-

lator. This flattering expectation, united with a firm belief in predestination, gives to them a degree of boldness which no other nation possesses, and almost makes them unconquerable. Every thing tended to favour the imposition, and Mahomet neglected no means to secure a belief in his doctrines, and to render his power unlimited.”

“Let us stop a moment and contemplate coolly the prodigious effects of a passion of which the human race are the unfortunate victims. It is not contented with staining the earth with blood, but it corrupts the heart and annihilates virtue. Through it men are degraded and servilely cringe to the power of an unjust usurper, who, violating all the rights of nature, leaves to the wretches whom he has subjugated no other choice than that of death or slavery. Death!—Death is nothing! for it often frees us from the injustice of the wicked or from calumny, or the faithlessness of those who are dear to us, or the loss of those whom we love, or from the afflictions and infirmities of old age, or it takes from us the misery of vegetating under an enfeebled body, merely having some faint sparks of feeling, which excite sufficient pain to show how great is the loss of strength: but to deprive us of liberty is taking from us the greatest blessing which nature has bestowed! What an intolerable tyranny is that which compels us to renounce virtue, in order that our lives may be spared, or to make smoother the path we tread! Slavery being against nature, every rational creature who feels himself under its influence, ought to exert all his powers, to strain every nerve, to place himself again in the order which the Creator designed him to fill. Should he not boldly break the bonds, or throw off the yoke which have been placed upon him, he is in all probability becomes corrupt, in endeavouring to court the favour of the conqueror who has subdued him. He must of necessity contract a thousand vices, if he be desirous of pleasing a contemptible being, whose chief merit is power, and who has gained an empire over men, only because he is more vicious than themselves. He must flatter his passions, make smooth the way to crime, offer incense to his foibles, by these means he becomes as ambitious and tyrannical as his master, and ultimately one of the vilest of mankind.

“To ravage provinces and countries, to destroy with the edge of the sword innocent victims, is then a crime of trifling magnitude, compared with that of taking from men the dignity of their character as human-beings, degrading their minds, prostituting their talents, and, finally, establishing the empire of vice upon the ruins of virtue.

“It is very seldom that illustrious devastators are deficient in courage and intrepidity when danger menaces them, or that they are wanting in firmness when reverses of fortune assail them; these in themselves are estimable qualifications when ennobled by principle, but they only serve to increase the criminality of him who degrades them by the purposes he employs.

Mahomet, it cannot be disputed, possessed these qualities in a very eminent degree; for without them he certainly never could have attained to the height of power he ultimately reached, although he had only to fight against and persuade a race of people who were so deeply buried in ignorance and superstition.

* This word, in its present acceptation, could not then have existed.

In Holland, that beehive of industry, every available source of service is made use of, so that dogs, and even goats are not suffered to pick the bone or eat the bread of idleness. Most of the little wares and merchandizes, vegetables, turf, and particularly fish, are drawn by the former, who are properly harnessed for the occasion to little carts, and according as the carts vary in size and are laden, the dogs are put to in proportion, so that sometimes there are six dogs harnessed to a cart, three a-breast, whilst the goats are yoked to infantine waggons and curricles, to air and exercise little children. It is really astonishing to see the weight these animals will draw; nothing can exceed their docility; and for their labour, the Hollander, who is remarkable for his humanity to the dumb creation, feeds them well, and lodges them in his own house very comfortably. Owing to the great care paid to their dogs, the canine madness seldom appears among them; on Sundays they are permitted to refresh and enjoy themselves, and never show any disposition to escape from their lot.

Notwithstanding the boasted improvements of modern times, we are still behind our ancestors in the expedition of conveying intelligence. Two hundred and forty years ago the packet, or mail, was conveyed from London to Berwick in shorter time than it is now, as appears from the following extract:—

“Orders sett downe and allowed by the Lords of his Majesty's Privie Counsell, and appointed to be put in print, for the postes between London and the borders of Scotland.” At Westminster the 14th of January, 1583—“The packet maie be carried in Somer between London and Barwicke in 42 hours, and in Winter 50”—MS. Cotton Library, vol. 467, Vispas c. xiv. p. 112, Blat. 4 B.—*Tyne Mercury*.

Street doors at an early period among the Greeks were made to open outwards, which is proved from those passages in the comic dramas where it is mentioned that those who went out knocked loudly on the inside of the doors first, to give warning to such as passed by or stood before them lest the door in opening should dash against them. In Rome, from its earliest establishment, the contrary practice was adopted, for when Marcus Valerius, the brother of Publicola, had a house built for him at the public expense, the street door was exclusively made to open outwards, to show by such an honourable distinction, that he was always ready to receive any proposal for the public service.

Of all the sentiments that we are capable of inspiring, that of esteem is the most flattering. It is neither the effect of enthusiasm nor blindness; that individual who is the object of it need not return it, nor even is it necessary to be grateful for it. The sentiment which always accompanies respect sometimes serves as a base on which another more tender is built; but it is very far from being the case with regard to esteem, since we do not always love those whom we really esteem.

In the world esteem and friendship are frequently confounded, and they are often regarded as synonymous terms; because one cannot truly love without having esteem also for the beloved object, it is believed that esteem always indicates attachment. It cannot be denied that esteem resembles friendship in a great number of its effects: confidence, the sacrifice of will, the abandonment of interest, the waiving an opinion,—these are powerful witnesses of deference and submission, and are certain proofs that esteem is carried to a very high point; but they may all exist even without friendship. The self-love of him who is its object may be flattered, but he may, without being ungrateful, not be moved; the superiority of his information, and the stability of his virtue, naturally enough excite esteem: it is a sort of tacit acknowledgment that is given, but it is far from being an overwhelming partiality—a pouring out of the soul; for the heart may remain cold amid all the force of esteem.

A few days before that famous battle which decided the fate of Persia, and placed a new master on its throne, Alexander very imprudently bathed in a river, and was suddenly seized with dreadful shiverings; he fainted away, and seemed to be on the point of death. The attentive cares of his domestics soon restored him from the fit, but yet his life was considered in considerable danger. Philip, his physician, proposed to administer a potion to him that was calculated to restore him to health, and to place him again in a situation that he might pursue his conquests. Just at the moment he was about taking the draught, he had a letter put into his hands, written by his favourite Parmenio, which warned him to beware, for the potion was poisoned; that Darius had gained over Philip by presents and promises of honours, and that he had basely put poison into the medicine. Alexander, without betraying the slightest emotion, desired that his physician should be commanded into his presence. As soon as he appeared, he took the cup in one hand, and with the other gave him the letter; he then raised the chalice to his lips and swallowed its contents. The reading of Parmenio's letter produced no other effect on Philip than showing a thorough contempt for his accusers, and the sudden cure of Alexander was a convincing proof of the physician's fidelity.* This sublime action of the Conqueror of the World is one of the most memorable proofs of esteem which history has recorded. His confidence had no bounds; the knowledge of his physician's virtue annihilated distrust; he sacrificed every idea of suspicion, and abandoned the care of his life, and his glory—still more dear than existence, to his faithful Philip.

* Quintus Curtius, lib. 2.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—*To Paupers only.*—New mendicity emporium, Hammel Square, St. Thomas's, Oxford: where are constantly kept ready for sale or hire, by the hour, day, or week, the greatest variety of wretchedly ragged garments for either sex ever before offered, well suited for heggars of every description; and, if the proprietor may be allowed to indulge in a pun, they will be found to beggar all description for filth and misery. In this elegant and extensive repository will be found crutches of all sorts and sizes for sham cripples; well-trained dogs for leading clear-sighted blind persons; trumpery for May-day sweeps, and bunter's Garlands; bells and fittings for morris-dancers; furnished baskets for begging merchants in every line; and, to soften the hard hearts of the rich in frosty weather, hard-hearted cabbages with black streamers ready stuck on pitchforks, for poor frozen-out gardeners; laboriously patched articles for tidy beggars; pads for females wishing to appear pregnant; and the greatest stock of deformed and half-starved children, with shrill voices, ever before submitted; which will be let out singly, or in large parcels, on most liberal terms.

"N. B. Broken victuals and orts bought, sold, or exchanged, by commission; and a mumpers' hot ordinary every evening at eight o'clock, and a cock and hen club on Monday Nights.

"A separate room kept for skinning dead cats and dogs. —Sham fits and distortions of every sort taught, gratis."

CROSS DIALOGUE.—A writer in the *New Monthly Magazine* gives the following pleasant illustration of a cross dialogue:—"Talking of incongruities puts me in mind of the steam boat, and of a conversation between two parties, one conversing of their children, the other settling the ingredients of a wedding dinner, whose joint colloquies, as I sat between them, fell upon my ear in the following detached sentences. "Thank Heaven! my Sally is blessed—with a calf's head and a pig's face." "Well, if I should have another baby I shall have it immediately—skinned and cut in thin slices." I love to see little Tommy well dressed—in the fish-kettle, over a charcoal fire." "To behold the little dears dancing before one—in the frying-pan." "And to hear their innocent tongues—bubble and squeak."—My eldest girl is accomplished—with plenty of sauce." I always see the young folks put to bed myself—and smothered in onions." "And if they have been very good children, I invariably order—the heart to be stuffed and roasted, the gizzard to be peppered and deviled, and the sole to be fried."

If there be a kind of friendship that owes its origin to custom and convenience, doubtless it is that which children cherish towards each other. I believe, indeed, that in childhood sentiment has no other foundation, and the question is, whether it deserves the name of friendship? For myself, I most candidly confess that it does not. Children are susceptible of almost every passion; they spring up in their minds sooner or later, accordingly as they are formed, or as they announce a decided character: in observing them with care, we easily perceive they have antipathies and affections. It is not sufficient, then, that children living together should of necessity love each other; it is absolutely necessary that they should please one another. But in infancy, what motive is there to excite a partiality for one more than another, among companions; especially when the one who is rejected is equally pleasing in exterior, or it may be, very similar in appearance? Gratitude, merit, virtue, knowledge of character, has nothing to do with the choice; therefore there must be a kind of instinct which impels the feelings to the one object rather than the other—a kind of attraction, or feeling, which is perhaps more pure than any that we admire. The friendship of children may not be durable, but most assuredly it is true; and truth is one of the principal characteristics of sensé. The simplicity of infancy is at variance with falsehood; and candour reigns triumphant, because there has been no communication with the world to teach hypocrisy. Children only know pleasure, they have not even the idea of pure happiness, because they have not reflexion; they are engaged only with the present—the future, however near it may be, is always too distant for their feeble organs. When an object pleases them, they do not foresee that it may be injurious; they behold only what it is, without ever thinking what it may become. In a word, they enjoy all the advantages of friendship, without ever fearing they will have an end. Happy period of life, when the delight of friendship is never mingled with bitterness—when our sentiments and sensations are so united, that we enjoy all the charms of which friendship is susceptible! If length of years render us more capable of knowing whom we love, or of more justly appreciating the value of the blessing, they deprive us of that happy simplicity which attracts us to the object that produces pleasure; and without this attraction, so rare, friendship is only a name that our passions take, for the purpose of either deceiving others or ourselves.

THE MAIDEN'S LEAP.—A daughter of the first Earl of Gowrie was courted by a young gentleman, much her inferior in rank and fortune. Her family, though they gave no encouragement to the match, permitted him to visit them at their castle of Ruthven, in Perthshire; and on such occasions, the chamber assigned him was in a tower, near another tower, in which the young lady slept. On one of his visits, the young lady, before the doors were shut, got into her lover's apartment; but some one of the family having discovered it, told her mother, who, cutting off, as she thought, all possibility of retreat, hastened to surprise them; the young lady, however, hearing the well known steps of her mother hobbling up stairs, ran to the leads, and took a desperate leap of nine feet four inches, over a chasm sixty feet from the ground, alighted on the battlements of the other tower, whence descending into her own chamber, she crept into bed. Her mother having in vain sought her in her lover's chamber, came into her room, where finding her seemingly asleep, she apologized for her unjust suspicion. The young lady eloped the following night, and was married. The chasm between the towers is still shown under the appellation of "The Maiden's Leap."

FACT.—A gentleman, who fills every situation necessary to constitute him "the head of the village," and who had taken some pains to instruct the rustic inhabitants in the proper signs of respect due to him, being lately on a horse somewhat given to *shy*, and observing a lad walking before him, called out, "Boy, don't take off your hat;" the youth, turning his head, very innocently answered, "I worn't a going, Sir!"

CORRUPTIONS OF LANGUAGE.—Etymologists would be strangely puzzled to account for many of the corruptions of speech among the vulgar—who, for instance, would suspect that *Dyer's Cordial* was so called from *Diascordium*? And what can we make of *Hoxycroxy*? Be it known, good reader, that this is the provincial name of a common plaster, more learnedly styled by old apothecaries *Oxyroceum*. There is a fish, called, in the West of England, *Long Oyster*; why, we should never guess from its appearance, for it has not the slightest resemblance to an Oyster; but the French name of this fish is *Langouste*, which solves the difficulty at once. Then again, *Lutestring*! Who ever heard of silk made of the *strings* of a *lute*? The French gave a certain kind of silk the name of *lustre*, from its brilliancy; and our John Bull mercers (not so learned in French formerly as now) metamorphosed it into *Lutestring*!

Rational Amusement.—A tradesman of a respectable market town in Cheshire, is said to spend his evenings of the week in the following *improving and profitable* style:—On Monday evening he attends a *drinking club*—on Tuesday, an *oyster club*—on Wednesday, a *sausage club*—on Thursday, a *debating club*—on Friday, a *tripe club*—and on Saturday, a *beef-stake club*.—The Sabbath, as a day of rest he religiously observes, by *lying in bed* the greatest part of it. Indeed, after a man has been so well *clubbed* during the week, no wonder he should be *knocked down* on a Sunday.

TRANSLATED FROM BALTASAR GARCIA, A SPANISH WRITER, WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"Have firmness to the end."

When the lion is dead, even hares are not afraid of insulting him. Brave men never hear themselves ridiculed. If we resist not the first time, the second is still less resisted, and so on, worse and worse. The Spartans had a law which imposed a fine upon a citizen who had suffered several injuries without resenting them. A difficulty which might have been surmounted at the beginning becomes greater in the end. The vigour of the mind surpasses that of the body; and it is as necessary to be ready for use as the sword when occasion prompts. Many persons have had eminent qualities, but having failed of courage, were compelled to bury themselves in obscurity, and have been judged by the world to be dead. Nature has not formed the bee idly, giving it honey and the sting; thus in human beings have been given nerves and bones. Let then the mind have softness mingled with firmness. It is said of Peter, Count of Savoy, being presented before the Emperor Otho, in order to receive his investiture, was covered with gold embroidered garments, studded with precious stones on his right side, while his left side was hid by shining armour. The Emperor, surprised at beholding him so whimsically clad, inquired of him why he had thus appeared? "I have thus clothed myself," he answered, "to show your Majesty that I am willing by one side to pay my duty to you, and by the other to exhibit my readiness to defend myself against those who would wish to take away from me what I have acquired by arms."

FRENCH HANDBILL.—"Cofea des Provenceaux, Rue Saint Thomas-du-Louvre, No. 36; Paris.—Cofea and eating-house. The proprietor of this new establishment wish to inform the gentlemen they will find every article of consumption at a very moderate price, and under price to auther houses.—Tea with bread and butter 1 franc; Tea with creme 15 sol; Tea alswe 12 sol; Cop of Chocolate and bread 9 sol; Half cop of Chocolate 6 sol; Cop of Coffea with creme and bread 8 sol; Half Cop of Coffea 5 sol; Glas of Brandy Cognac 3 sol; French Liquor 6 sol; Liquor of Wine 10 sol; All sorts of refreshments or groosbery orgeat, and Limonade the half bottle 10 sol; Bavaroise 8 sol; Bowl of rice milk or broth 10 sol; Half bowle sawe 5 sol; Punich, of rum or kirschewasser the bowl 4 franc; Bottle of beer 3 franc; Glas of water, and sucra 6 sol; Cherry brandy by the glas 5 sol; Preserved abpricots 6 sol; Pruens brandy 5 sol. Ther is a good Billiards room and room for smoking or the first floor ther is a gawe of pool."

A SAILOR'S DEFINITION OF DRUNKENNESS.—"Why, Tom, you're drunk," said an officer to a sailor, staggering across the quarter deck. "No, Sir, I'm sober, only had three half pints of rum between two of us all day, besides a few handsfull of beer." "Why, Tom, when do you call yourself tipsy?" "When I cannot walk straight upon a plank, your honour." "Then, of course, when you cannot walk straight upon a plank you must be drunk." "No, Master, never drunk when I can hold on a rope." "Then, in God's name, when do you call yourself drunk?" "When I lay on my back, and catch at the sky, swearing it is the main top, painted blue."

PROFANE SWEARING.—Among the vices which fashion has too great a share in encouraging, none is of worse example, or less excusable, than that of profane swearing, or the practice of interlarding one's conversation on all occasions, even the most trifling, with appeals to the Deity. A General Officer, who is a living and illustrious example of the perfect compatibility of the most gentlemanly manners, with the strictest purity of language, but who was in early life much addicted to this fashionable sin, dates his reformation, from a memorable reproof which he accidentally received when a young man, from an eccentric Scottish Clergyman, settled in the North of England. While stationed with his regiment in Newcastle, he had the misfortune, one evening, to get involved in a street brawl with some persons of the lower order, and the dispute, as is too usual in such cases, was carried on with an abundance of audacious oaths on both sides. The Clergyman alluded to, passing by at the moment, and being much shocked at the imprecations which assailed his ears, stepped into the midst of the crowd, and, with his cane nplifted, thus gravely addressed one of the principal leaders of the rabble:—"Oh, John, John, what's this now I hear? You, only a poor collier body, and swearing like any Lord in a' the land! Oh! John, hae ye nae fear what will become o' you? It may do very well for this braw Gentleman here," pointing to Lieut. —, "to hang and swear as he pleases; but, John, its no for you, or the like o' you, to take in vain the name o' Him by whom you live and have your being." Then turning to the Lieutenant, he continued, "Ye'll excuse the poor man, Sir, for swearing; he's an ignorant body, and kens nae better." Lieut. — slunk away, covered with confusion, and unable to make any answer; but the next day he made it his business to see the worthy Parson, and thanked him in the sincerest manner for his well-timed admonition, which had, as he assured him, and as the result was shown, cured him for ever of a most hateful vice.

EXQUISITE HUMANITY.—"The true lover of an oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favourite, and will never abandon it to the merry of a bungling operator, but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously, that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodgings, till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death." —(Cook's Oracle.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE WRITINGS OF BALTHASAR GARCIA, A SPANIARD, WHO FLOURISHED IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"On choice."

A good choice arises from judicious taste and sound sense. Study and wit are not sufficient for passing happily through life. There is no merit in the possession of a thing, unless choice shall have been exercised to obtain it. Many have minds fertile and quick, powerful judgments, and much knowledge acquired from studious application, nevertheless they are at a loss, when they are called upon, to make a choice. Not to choose is to take blindfold what is offered by chance or necessity. Let him who has not the art of choosing, either seek the council of another, or follow some example; for, in order to proceed with safety, one of these modes must be adopted.

"On Resolution."

Irresolution is worse than indifferent execution. Water is not so soon spoiled when it runs, as when it becomes stagnant. "Cosa fatto capo ha," says the Florentine proverb, that is—a thing done is better than one to do. Machiavelli observes, "Ninna cosa nuoce tanto al tempo, quanto il tempo"—nothing is so hurtful to time as time. There are men so irresolute, that unless they be compelled by others to exertion, they will do nothing. This want of resolution does not arise so often from want of judgment, for persons who are thus circumstanced frequently are very quick and clear in their conceptions; but it seems to spring from a constitutional slowness, or backwardness in exertion. On the other hand, you find men who are never embarrassed, they seem born for great exploits, inasmuch as the vivacity of their conceptions, and the stability of their judgments, facilitate whatever they undertake; no matter what falls into their hands, it is accomplished. A man of this description has time to think of another world, after having set an example in this.

"On Good Humour."

A grain of pleasantry seasons conversation. Great men enjoy humour like other people, but they always give preference to wisdom. Some have drawn themselves from embarrassing affairs by their good humour; for there are things which naturally excite a smile, even when the individual is sure to be a sufferer from it.

"Be cautious in your undertakings."

Folly always enters at random, for all fools are inconsiderate. Ignorance, which at first prevents them from taking due care of what is proper, afterwards deprives them of the knowledge of the faults that are existant. But wisdom always enters with much precaution; her harbingers are reflection and discernment; these try the fords and clear the ways, that she may advance with safety. Discretion will condemn temerity, when on the brink of the precipice, although good fortune occasionally follow. It is fitting to walk with caution when we are apprehensive of danger in the foot-path. The province of judgment is to essay, and that of prudence to follow. There are many great rocks and dangerous quicksands to pass in our voyage through life; it behoves us then to be watchful, and continually "heaving the lead."

"Learn to conform to the humours of those with whom you have to live."

We are accustomed to the sight of disagreeable faces, and why can we not be also familarized with bad tempers? There are crabbed minds that could not exist without giving vent to their ill-nature. Prudence then will accustom itself to bear with them, in the same manner as with ugliness in the countenance.

"Have dealings with men who are careful to fulfil their duties."

We may either be engaged by them, or with them; duty is their best check, even should a difference arise, for they always are governed by it; besides, it is much better to combat with good men, than to triumph over bad ones. There is no safety in treating with wicked people, since they never feel the obligation of doing what is just and proper, consequently there cannot be any true friendship with them: however great their regard may seem, it is nothing but base alloy, because they are deficient in principles of honour. Avoid that man who possesses not honour, for the throne of good faith is wanting in him. Whoever esteems not honour, esteems not virtue.

A FIGHTING PARSON AT THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.—A jolly soul of a parson, on board one of the leading ships at the Nile, persisted in walking the quarter-deck after the battle commenced: he was admonished by the captain to retire down to the cockpit as a place of safety—he disregarded the admonition, and continued to witness the awful scene; but being in the way of the guns, the captain peremptorily ordered him to go below—he obeyed, and muttered "if I can't fight, I can do something else." Presently after he appeared on the main-deck, with a huge bottle of grog under his arm, which he liberally served out to the fatigued tars, exclaiming frequently, "if my profession forbids me from fighting, it does not prevent me from supporting those whose duty it is to do so."—*Magic Lantern.*

A PRINCE.—When the Prince of — had gone through his course of education, a favourite servant of his Highness was asked in what part of education the Prince most excelled? "In horsemanship (replied the domestic), for his horses never flattered him."

DISINTERESTED LOVE.—A young lady telling an old gentleman that she was in love with his estate, "take it, madam," said he, "and then you will possess two-thirds of me; for my mind you have already, and my whole being consists but of mind, body, and estate." "O! then," rejoined the juvenile fair, "it would be very unreasonable, Sir, to rob you of all three: pray keep your body for yourself."

"The Past is all by death possess'd,
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids us live To-day." FENTON.

To-day is like a child's pocket-money, which he never thinks of keeping in his pocket. Considering it bestowed upon us for the sole purpose of being expended as fast as possible in dainties, toys, and knick-knacks, we should reproach ourselves for meanness of spirit were we to hoard it up, or appropriate it to any object of serious utility. It is the only part of life of which we are sure; yet we treat it as if it were the sole portion of existence beyond our control. We make sage reflections upon the past, and wise resolutions for the future, but no one ever forms an important determination for to-day. Whatever is urgent must be reserved for to-morrow; the present hour is a digression, an episode that belongs not to the main business of life; we may cut it out altogether, and the plot will not be the less complete. Every sundial on the church-wall thrusts out his guerdon, as if he would enforce his dictum at the point of the bayonet, or drive wisdom down our throats; to inform us that eternity hangs from the present moment; but we revolt from the schooling of this iron ferula. Who would be made wise by compulsion, and what ignorance is poltroon enough to surrender at discretion? Moral lessons may be too pertinaciously obtruded; we may be reminded till we forget to listen, or we may retain the words and not the sentiment, learning our task by rote, rather than by head or heart. This is the fault of modern education, which teaches the sound rather than the sense of things. Children taken from the nursery and pinned down to Latin and Greek, are instructed to name an object in three or four different languages, not to analyse its nature—a process which may often make them learned, but rarely wise; for as knowledge is not confined to names, a great linguist may be a great fool. It is an equal mistake to give children mental food which they cannot digest, and dangle aphorisms before their eyes from sun dials and church sides, which they learn so early to repeat, that they are sure never to feel their influence. What he who runs may read, nobody will stop to consider, which is probably the reason why this didactic hand-writing on the wall has ever proved an unavailing warning. Besides, there are many of maturer age who above all things dislike an apophthegm, which, preventing the complacent exercise of their own faculties, deprives them of the merit of discovery; while there are others so paradoxically inclined, that they will admit any thing rather than a truism, and can never be brought to see that which is self evident. Hartleys in morals, they deny matter-of-fact as sturdily as he did physical matter.

In spite, however, of its being a truism, it must be admitted that to-day is a portion of our existence. Granted, exclaims the idler, but, after all what is a single day? A question which is peevishly repeated three hundred and sixty-five times in a year, when we commence a new score of similar interrogatories, so that we might as well say at once "what is a single life?" Short as the interval may be, and however indolently we may have passed it, to-day has not been altogether unimportant. Perched upon our goodly vehicle the Earth, we have swung through space at a tolerably brisk rate in the performance of our annual rotation around the sun;—so many miles of life's journey have at all events brought us so much nearer to its end; they are struck off from our account; we shall never travel over them again. With every tick of our watch in that brief space of time, some hundreds or thousands have started from the great antenatal infinite to light and life; while as many have returned into the darkness of the invisible world. And we ourselves, though we sometimes exclaim, like the Emperor Titus, that we have lost a day, may be well assured that to-day has not lost sight of us. The footsteps of time may not be heard when he treads upon roses, but his progress is not the less certain; we need not shake his hour-glass to make the sands of life flow faster; they keep perpetually diminishing; night and day, asleep or awake, grain by grain, our existence drib-

bles away. We call those happy moments when Time flies most rapidly, forgetting that he is the only winged personage who cannot fly backwards, and that his speed is but hurrying us to the grave. The hours, his comiers and outriders, are at this instant hovering around us, busy as the Sylphs and Gnomes of the Rosicrucians, though we be not sensible of their ministry. Yet, now that I strictly watch my sensations, methinks I feel one busy imp faintly tracing the outline of the abhorred crow's foot at the corner of my eye, which future urchins will gradually stamp in ineffaceable lines. Another is craftily indenting a wrinkle by the mouth, to be hereafter chiseled into a deep furrow; a third plucks out a single hair, the precursory theft to final baldness; a fourth is boring his gimlet through my most potential masticator,—fatal prelude to toothach and extraction! a fifth malignant, grinning spitefully in the consciousness of his superior powers of annoyance, is distilling the first drop of his bleaching liquid upon my whiskers; while a sixth yellow-faced tormentor, the master-devil of the whole pandemonium, has leaped clean down my throat, and is at this moment, with a ladle of melted-butter in one hand and the drumstick of a goose in the other, concocting the ingredients of a bilious attack. Our face is a chronometer, revealing our age with a fearful punctuality. The hour-hand leaves its impress with every rotation; nay the minute-hand makes its mark, though it may not write legibly. Smiles and laughter turn up the ends of the lines and indentations, as melancholy drags them down, turning our sixes into nines, and so putting us forward fifty per cent. Can we desire a better argument for merriment?

Alas! these are not the worst pranks of the horal legion, some of whose more subtle members fly from one chamber of the brain to another, muddying the current of clear thought, dulling the imagination, and undermining the memory.—One hoaxter in particular is ever prompting me to repeat the same joke which I have recounted to the same people twenty times before, and then bursts out a laughing because nobody else does. And lo! even now sits one of these mischievous sprites upon the top of my pen, mocking and mowing, and perforating the quill, that so the spirit of the goose from whose wing it was plucked may flow down to the nib. Hence, senlising tribe! avaunt, ye piecemeal-destroyers! Which of ye thus flatters at mine ear? Ah! your reproach is too true. I recall my words: pursue your tasks, most dainty dilapidators, for your successors will set to work with a still more unsparing hand.

To-day has a triple claim to our consideration, for, besides its present appeal, it has been the future, and will be the past. He is wise, says an ancient philosopher, who lives to-day; he is wiser still, exclaims his commentator, who lived yesterday. But what is the best mode of life for the attainment of happiness? This question has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. Pyrrho, denying the existence of any beatitude, maintained that life and death were alike, and when asked why he did not seek the latter, since the former was so little attractive, replied, "Because they are both indifferent to me." Croesus placed the chief good in riches; Periander of Corinth in honour; Socrates in knowledge; Plato in idea; Orpheus in beauty; Milo the Crotonian in bodily strength; Thales the Milesian in the union of prudence and knowledge; Pittacus in benevolence; Aristotle in the practice and operation of virtue; and Epicurus affirms that happiness is the chief good, and virtue the only happiness. Confirming this last theory by the sanctions of religion, we shall probably make the nearest approaches to perfect enjoyment which our nature will admit; and it may be laid down as an universal maxim, that no mind is so constituted as to be capable of unalloyed happiness while it can reproach itself with any crime towards man, however secret and undiscovered, since it must be always conscious of having offended a superior power from which nothing is hidden.

The To-day of England, nationally considered, cannot be reckoned happy. It is too bustling, laborious, and excessive. In France pleasure is almost the only business; in England business is almost the only pleasure, and this is pushed to an extremity that surrounds it with hazard and anxiety. By devoting all its energies and faculties,

physical and intellectual, to this one subject, for a series of years, the nation has attained an eminence so fearfully beyond its natural claims and position, that nothing but a continuance of convulsive efforts, even in the midst of distress and exhaustion, can enable it to uphold the rank it has assumed. Hence every thing is artificial, and in all directions we contemplate tension, excitement, fever. Her navy exceeds that of the collected world—so does her debt, a co-existence that cannot be very durable. Her establishments of all sorts are proportioned to what she owes rather than to what she has; her grandeur can only be equalled by her embarrassments. In one colony she has sixty millions of subjects; while a great proportion of her native population are paupers, and in her sister-island famine has lately stalked hand in hand with rebellion. Nor have her intellectual developements been less extraordinary, for she possesses a constellation of living luminaries, who, pouring forth their streams of light with a profusion as unparalleled as their intensity, at this moment irradiate and supply all Europe. Splendid talents have excited public admiration; and procured unprecedented remuneration; while fame and riches have reacted upon and stimulated latent genius; until the existing literature of the country presents a universality of diffusion, an unbounded copiousness of production, and a magnificence of encouragement hitherto totally unknown in the history of the world. No social system was ever pushed to such an energetic extremity, or afforded so curious and glorious a spectacle; but it has not sufficient repose for enjoyment: happiness loves to dwell amid more tranquil elements. Its tendency has been painfully illustrated by the recent fate of some of its leading members. Unable or unwilling to relax in their career, they have devoted mind and body to this restless principle of advancement; and have toiled and prospered, and become enslaved and enriched, and achieved misery and fame, until nature was exhausted in the strife, and their own hands relieved them from the burden of existence at the precise moment when they had attained every object of their ambition, and appeared to the world to stand upon the summit of human happiness. How long is this fearful tension upon all the nerves and sinews of the country to endure? What is to be the result of this overworking of the national machine? A certain Frenchman implored death to spare him till he saw the end of the French Revolution, so curious was he to witness its termination. An Englishman might well petition to be absolved from the omnivorous strife, until he ascertained what would be the finale of the present ecstasy of his country.

Those individuals who seek happiness will withdraw themselves from this whirl and vortex of excitement. They will not aggravate the diseased enlargement of the public heart, and share the painful intensity of its pulsations, by residing in the capital. There is no holy calm, no sabbath of the soul, no cessation of strife in that vast arena of the passions, where life is a ceaseless struggle of money-getting and money-spending; a contest of avarice and luxury; a delirium of the senses or of the mind. If we desire peace and repose, let us look out upon the variegated earth, ever new and ever beautiful—upon the azure dome of Heaven hung around with painted clouds—upon the wide waters, dancing and glittering in the sun, or lying in the stillness of their crystal sleep. Let us listen to the music of the sky, when the houghs are singing to the wind, and the birds are serenading one another; or surrender ourselves to that more pleasing sensation, when the serenity of Nature's silence imparts a congenial balm and tranquillity to the heart. Gazing upon the face of Nature, we shall encounter no human passions, no distrust, no jealousy, no intermission of friendship or attraction; even her frowns are beautiful, and we need not fear that death shall tear her from us. We look upon an immortal countenance. A morning thus dedicated is an act of the purest piety; it is offering to the Deity a heart made happy by the contemplation of his works; and if I can prevail upon a single reader to detach himself for a time from crowds and enthrallments, and betake himself to the sunny meadows or the green twilight of the woods, I shall felicitate myself on not having quite unprofitably employed the morning of—"To-day."

In the year 1666, there came to England a man who pretended to be the Wandering Jew. The Duchess of Mazarine, who was then in London, wrote the following account of him to her sister, the Duchess of Bouillon, at Paris:—

"He says he was an officer of the Sanhedrim at the time that Pilate condemned Christ, and remembers every particular relating to the Apostles: that he struck our Saviour at the time of his coming out of the judgment hall, and was therefore condemned to live till his second coming; that he had travelled into every corner of the world, and pretends to cure diseases by a touch.—He speaks several languages, and gives such a just account of past ages, that people do not know what to think of him. The two Universities sent several doctors to examine him, who, with all their skill, were not able to discover the least contradiction in his discourse. One very learned man spoke to him in Arabic, and he answered in the same tongue, telling him that there was scarcely a single history in the world that was true.—The same Gentleman asked him what he thought of Mahomet? He answered, 'that he knew him very well; that he was a man of good understanding, but subject to mistakes as well as other men, particularly in denying that Jesus Christ was crucified; for I saw him,' says he, 'nailed to the cross with my own eyes. I was likewise present at the burning of Rome by Nero.' He said likewise, that he saw Saladin returning from his conquests in the Levant, and told several particulars relating to Soliman the Magnificent. He affirmed also, that he had seen Tamerlane and Bajazet, and gave an ample relation of the wars in the Holy Land. The common people give out that he works miracles, but the wiser sort look upon him as an impostor."

George I. told the Duchess of Kendal, that if he could he would appear to her after his death. Soon after that event, a large bird flew into her window. She believed it was the King's soul, and took the utmost care of it. George II. was not less credulous; he believed in vampyres. George I. besides the Duchess of Kendal, had several other mistresses, particularly one, whom he brought over and created Countess of Darlington; by whom he was father of Charlotte, Viscountess Howe, though she was not publicly avowed. In the last year or two of his life he had another mistress, Anne Brett, daughter, by her second husband, of Colonel Brett, of the famous divorced Countess of Macclesfield, mother of Savage the poet.—*Lord Oxford's Memoirs.*

Cromwell is thus described by his confidential physician, George Bate:—"A perfect master of all the arts of simulation, and of dissimulation; who, turning up the whites of his eyes, and seeking the Lord with pious gestures, will weep, and pray, and cant most devoutly, till an opportunity offers of dealing his dupe a knock-down blow under the short ribs."

A printer's widow in Germany, while a new edition of the Bible was printing at her office, one night took an opportunity of going into the office, and made an alteration in the sentence of subjection to her husband, pronounced upon Eve in Genesis iii. 16. She took out the two first letters of the word *Herr* (Lord), and substituted *Na* in their place; thus altering the sentence from "and he shall be thy *Lord*" (*Herr*) to "and he shall be thy *Na*" (*Narr*). It is said her life paid for this folly, and that some secreted copies of this edition have been bought up at enormous price.

The great Prince of Conde was very expert in a certain kind of physiognomy which indicated the peculiar habits, motions, and postures of familiar life and mechanical employments. He would sometimes lay wagers with his friends, that he would guess, upon the Pont Neuf, what trade persons were of that passed by, from their walk and air.

The first couple of cats which were carried to Cnyaba, sold for a pound of gold. There was a plague of rats in the settlement, and they were purchased as a speculation, which proved an excellent one. Their first kittens produced 30 *qitavas* each; the next generation were worth 20; the price gradually fell, as the inhabitants became stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures. Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded for it with 600 *pesos*.

FIELD-SPORTS FOR DECEMBER.

(FROM THE LAST NUMBER OF THE "ANNALS OF SPORTING.")

We are now, as it were, in the sporting meridian; and, although the earlier part of the shooting season was, generally, as unfavourable as we recollect, the month of November has been remarkably fine; and, while it has afforded the most grateful facilities to the husbandman, it has been equally propitious to the sportsman.

Since the commencement of what may be called the hunting season, (that is, since the corn has been carried home,) the weather, on the whole, has been favourable for this amusement; though a number of bad scenting days have occurred, either from the harshness or the humidity of the atmosphere, which appear alike injurious to scent. This, however, is a subject by no means well understood. The following is the opinion of Somerville on the subject:—

The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then, here and there,
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows,
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Through the open pores, and, with the ambient air
Entangling, mix: as fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently-purling brook,
There by the incumbent atmosphere compress'd.
The panting chase grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long streaming trail behind, which, by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarefied
By the meridian sun's intenser heat:
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.

* * * * * Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes.

FOX HUNTING is now general throughout the kingdom; and the most remarkable chases are regularly detailed, under the head of "Sporting Occurrences," in our successive numbers. These remarks are also applicable to Hare-hunting.

COURSING is equally general with hunting. Hares, however, seldom run well till a more advanced period, or, at least, till the severity of the winter has rendered them somewhat lighter, by reducing the succulency, as well as the abundance of their food.

GROUSE-SHOOTING, which this year has been much worse than usual, ends on the 10th of December. These birds, owing to the wetness of the season, became wild at a very early period; and, perhaps, fewer were bagged than for many years before.

PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING still continues; but these birds are so difficult of approach, (except, perhaps, in places where they have been very little disturbed), that few more will be brought to the bag. The lateness of the harvest and the succeeding wet weather prevented that destruction of partridges which usually takes place; and if, on the commencement of the season, there was scarcely an average number, there are more than usual left; therefore, should the next breeding season prove favourable, future abundance may be confidently anticipated.

PHEASANT-SHOOTING may be regarded as in its zenith; and, as these beautiful birds generally rise before the sportsman from some bush or cover, so they are easy of approach.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING, which naturally enough associates itself, in the imagination at least, with the idea of winter, commences as soon as these birds make their appearance, and continues as long as they are to be found. Woodcocks were seen very early in October, which was supposed to indicate an early, as well as a severe winter, particularly when this general idea was strengthened by the arrival of fieldfares sooner than usual, and other indications, which added considerably to such presumptive authority. During the latter end of October and the beginning of November, flocks of wild geese were observed in different parts, and a gentleman of Doncaster has in his possession two birds seldom to be seen in this country, male and female, called the Great Northern Diver.

Woodcocks are considered to be in the greatest abundance in the early part of November; but this circumstance depends much upon situation; and, if they are found on the coast in most plenty at the period just mentioned, the same rule will be found to obtain a week or two later, perhaps, in the more inland parts; though in the inland counties, notwithstanding the fineness and extent of the covers, they are seldom, if ever, very numerous.

Snipes have been found in tolerable plenty, principally on the stubbles; and as the general wetness of the season rendered grouse and partridges more than usually shy, so, also, has the openness of the weather produced a similar effect on these less important objects of the sportsman.

ANGLING for jack, pike, chub, and roach, still continues to afford the fisherman a few hours amusement and profit, if a favourable opportunity offers for him to exercise his skill, which seldom occurs this month, because the waters are generally either flooded too thick or frozen up. Barbel, carp, and gudgeon, are now retired to deep holes, or under shelving banks, for warmth, &c. which are their usual winter quarters. The eels are, also, now buried in numbers together in deep sandy holes or in rotten weeds, and there remain in a torpid state till spring. And—

The fields their verdure now resign,
The bleating flocks and lowing kine
Give o'er their former play;
The feather'd tribe forget the notes,
Which joyful strain'd their vocal throats
To chaunt the matin lay."

LUDICROUS MODE OF ADVERTISING.—At a fair held at Enniscorthy, on the 15th of November last, the day proving excessively wet, the Portrieve of said town having a desire to postpone the fair, till the following day, ordered the Towncrier to go about the streets and outlets, who, with ringing his ponderous hand bell, rousing the attention of the inhabitants, published the following words:—

"Notice to the Public of Town and Country,—Take Notice that this day is postponed till to-morrow—By order of the Portrieve.—God save the King."

THE OLD BOOK-CASE.—An old and rich clergyman, who had long been the incumbent of a valuable rectory in the vale of Evesham, in Worcestershire, dying in 1784, his household furniture was sold by auction. The curate, who had performed the whole duty of the living for a salary that was very inadequate to the maintenance of his family, purchased an old oaken book-case. When he had got it home, and was tenantry with loose scraps of paper and old sermons, those drawers which had formerly been the depository of accumulating wealth, he found a drawer which he could not return to its place; in ascertaining the cause, he discovered two bags of gold, of 200 guineas each. Such a sum would have made the curate happy for life; for it would have purchased an annuity of double the amount of his salary; but the good man considered it not his own, and instantly went back to the Parsonage, and returned it to the administrators, who were contented with expressing their surprise at so unexpected a proof of integrity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NATIVE OF PERTHSHIRE.

(FROM A NEW YORK PAPER.)

The Baillie Nicol Jarvie, too, was a real personage, and his name is correctly preserved to him. The narrator of the foregoing, has now in his possession in this city, the identical, huge leather purse Bob used to wear in his girdle, and from which, we can even now almost fancy we can see the stern outlaw, in one exigence and another, dispensing his solid thousands, (from his exactions on the wealthy wicked,) to aid his friends, and cheer the oppressed; to rescue from the toils of villainy a Francis Osbaldiston, and a Diana Vernon, and a Frank Osbaldiston.

"Bessey Bell and Mary Gray, they were two bonnie lassies, They digg'd a bower on yon burn's side and thatched it o'er wi' rushes."

The mournful and untimely fate of these sweet blossoms and innocence and beauty, whose loveliness is so well depicted in the admired old song of which the foregoing are the two first verses, is not probably known to many. During the mortal plague, which raged in Scotland about the middle of the 15th century, these "two bonnie lassies," in a mingled spirit, perhaps of romance and prudent caution, retired to a pleasant "burn'side," on the estate of Lord —, in Perthshire, where they built them a little house of the shrubs and bushes that waved in sweet luxuriance around them; and providing for a supply of such comforts of nature as they should direct, designed to remain in their happy seclusion till the terrors of the pestilence were overpast. But how vain are all the cautions and preventives of human foresight, against the appointments of Heaven.

A lover of one of the fair friends, impelled by affection, made a visit to their asylum, and bore with him the mortal infection somehow unconsciously contracted in his clothing. The dear object of his soul's regard, fell the first victim. The companion of her retirement, shortly followed; and the same moss-grown grave which wraps their common clay, is still pointed out to the passing traveller, and is still hallowed by a thousand tender sentiments. A sprig of the moss was plucked and preserved, by the same narrator on his last visit to the home of his father's, near the consecrated spot.

MACBETH.—From the prostrated ruins of this Castle of this bold usurper, situated about 50 miles from Edinburgh, the same gentleman also preserved a fragment. M'Duff's Castle still remains in the vicinity a few miles from it, but not so much dilapidated as that of Macbeth, having been formerly dismantled and demolished. A walking cane, cut from "Birnam Wood," may also be in the same gentleman's cabinet.

ANECDOTE OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR.—Lord

Eldon tells with pleasure the difficulties with which, in his early days, he was surrounded, and over which he triumphed. We give an account of his early success, as he related it himself at table to a friend:—"Yes," says the Lord Chancellor, "and I borrowed thirty pounds to go to the northern circuit, but I got no briefs. And, Sir, I borrowed another thirty, but met with no return. After some time at this game I had determined to borrow no more; when I was prevailed on by a friend to try again, and did so. At York I had a junior brief, and Davenport, then a leading counsel of the circuit, was to state the case to the jury. The cause was called on in the morning, and Davenport was engaged in the Crown Court;" "I," says the Chancellor "begged the Judge to postpone it;" but he replied, "You must lead, Mr. Scott." And I did so: it was an action for an assault: two Yorkshire ladies had quarrelled at cards; a scuffle ensued; and one of them was turned off her chair on the ground: this was the nature of the assault. "It happened," proceeds the Chancellor, "that I set the Court in a roar of laughter, and succeeded for my client: retainers began to flow in, and the prospect brightened. On proceeding to Carlisle, a fortunate circumstance occurred. I had retired early to bed the night before the assizes, when I was aroused by a knock at my door; on getting up, I found Mr. —, the solicitor, with a large brief in his hand: he observed that a cause was coming on in the morning, and the leading counsel were all too much engaged to read so large a brief: "You must take it, Mr. Scott;" I hesitated, as Davenport and others had declined it, and expressed my doubt of being able to accomplish the task. He pressed me, and by the little light, as the attorney put the brief (it was a thick brief) into my hand, I saw written on it, "Mr. Scott, twenty guineas." This was not to be refused, and I said, "Well, I'll promise to read your brief, and state its substance." "That's all we want," replied the solicitor: so I dressed myself and read it: the next day I succeeded in the cause, and never wanted briefs again."—*Brighton Gazette.*

THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.—As inconsistent as the Duke of Marlborough's character may appear to you (observed Pope, according to Spence's Anecdotes recently brought to light), yet may it be accounted for, if you gauge his actions by his reigning passion, which was the love of money. He endeavoured at the same time to be well both at Hanover and at St. Germain; this surprised you a good deal when I first told you of it, but the plain statement of it was only this:—that he wanted to secure the vast riches he had amassed together, whichever should succeed. He was calm in the heat of battle; and when he was so near being taken prisoner, in his first campaign in Flanders, he was quite unmoved. It is true he was like to lose his life, in the one, and his liberty in the other; but there was none of his money at stake in either. This mean passion of that great man operated very strongly in him in the very beginning of his life, and continued to the very end of it. One day as he was looking over some papers in his scrutoire with Lord Cadogan, he opened one of the drawers, took out a green purse, and turned some broad pieces out of it, and after viewing them for some time with a satisfaction that appeared very visible in his face, "Cadogan (says he) observe these pieces well; they deserve to be observed. There are just forty of them: 'tis the very first sum I ever got in my life, and I have kept it always unbroken from that very time to this day." This shows (continues Pope), how early and how strong this passion must have been upon him.

ANECDOTE.—Signor —, an English singer, who had been making the tour of Italy to improve his musical tactics, was at Reggio, in Calabria, and anxious to proceed to Vienna by the shortest route, where he was engaged to sing before the Emperor. He embarked without passports in an open boat, bound to Ancona, a capital town on the Adriatic Gulph; but was seized near Cape Otranto by a Venetian galley, and thrown into prison, where he managed to have a letter delivered into Lord Byron's hands, who very soon had him released. He sang at the nobility's concerts, and became a general favourite. He was also a navigable gentleman, very partial to swimming, and gave a singular proof of his expertness in that exercise. At a moonlight meeting on the shore, he sang to amuse many of the chief nobility without receiving any recompence; and was wearied out with encores, when the Duke de Montcassio insisted upon his repeating a song; he remonstrated in vain, and they pressed upon him till he stood on the last of the Virgin's steps leading to the water. They thought he was now safe; but, to their utter astonishment, he made a low bow, and taking to the water like a spaniel, swam across the square, amidst thunders of applause. Except

The citizens of London were formerly permitted to hunt and hawk in certain districts: and one of the clauses in the royal charter granted to them by Henry the First, says that they "may have chases, and hunt as well and as fully as their ancestors have had; that is to say, in the Chiltre, in Middlesex and Surrey." Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Henry the Second, says, that the Londoners delight themselves with hawks and hounds, for they have the liberty of hunting in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, all Chilton, and in Kent, to the waters of Grey, which extends the limits far beyond the words of the charter. These exercises were not much followed by the citizens at the close of the sixteenth century. "Not," says Stowe, "for want of taste for the amusement, but for want of leisure to pursue it." Strype, however, so late as the reign of George the First, mentions among the modern amusements of the Londoners "Riding on horseback, and hunting with my Lord Mayor's hounds, when the common hunt goes out."

This common hunt of the citizens, the only relic of which is in the Easter hunt at Epping, is thus ridiculed in an old ballad in D'Urfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy*, called *The London Customs*; which shews that of old, as now, cockney sporting was not held in the highest estimation.

Next once a year into Essex they go;
To see them pass along. O 'tis a most pretty shew;
Through Cheapside and Fenchurch-street, and so to Abgate pump.
Each man with 's spurs in horse's sides, and his back-sword 'cross his ramp.

My Lord he takes his staff in hand, to beat the bushes o'er;
Must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before:

A creature baunceth from a bush, which made them all to laugh;
My Lord, he cried, 'a hare! a hare!' but it proved an Essex calf!

And when they had done their sport, they came to London, where they dwell.

Their faces all so torn and scratch'd, their wives scarce knew them well;

But 'twas a very great mercy so many scap'd alive,
For of twenty saddles carried out, they brought again but five."

Percy Anecdotes.

GARRICK.—The following is a copy of a letter from this great actor to a gentleman named Sturz:—

"I never liked *Dido*, though it bears a good character upon the French stage. There are good lines, and some little pathos. I am assisted by Shakspeare, and I hope you are very near spoiled too. Now, from your dissection of French actors, Madame Clairon has very thing that art and good understanding, with natural spirit, can give her—but the heart has none of those instantaneous feelings—that life-blood, that keen sensibility, that electrical fire, which bursts once from genius, and shoots through the veins, marrow, bones and all, of every spectator. She is so conscious of what she can do, that she never has the feelings of the instant come upon her unexpectedly; but I pronounce that the greatest strokes of genius have been unknown to the actor himself; the circumstance, the warmth of the scene has sprung the name as it were, as much to his own surprise, as to that of the audience. Thus I make a difference between great genius and a good actor; the first will realize the feelings of his character, and be transported beyond himself; while the other, with great powers and sense, gives great pleasure, but he never—
—pectus inaniter angit

Irritat, mulect, falsis terroribus implet.
Your idea of the French character most exactly agrees with mine; their politesse has reduced their characters to such a sameness; their humours are so curbed by habit, that when you have seen half a dozen French men and women, you have seen the whole. In England every man is a distinct being, and requires a distinct study to investigate him; it is from this great variety that our comedies are less uniform than the French, and our characters more strong and dramatic. Since you left us I have played the character of a young (he for shame) jealous amoureux, in the comedy of *The Wonder*, and it has been followed in the most extraordinary manner. Should you ever return to us before I drop my fool's coat, I will treat you with the best in my power, for I have indeed shown you nothing."

THE PUFF-INGENIOUS.—The following paragraph from the *Bristol Journal* is a curious specimen of the art of puffing:—

FONTHILL ABBEY.—The mermaid, which was a few years ago said to have been caught in Ireland, caused an immense number of people to flock from all parts to see it, when, in fact, it was merely the witty saying of an Irishman, who had found his wife alive after having been drowned upwards of six weeks. The sale at Fonthill Abbey has caused a disappointment, we may say unprecedented by anything else, unless it has been exceeded by the New Marriage Act, which is truly a general disappointment;—but can any one say they have been disappointed, when they have visited the Assembly Rooms? No! The Battle of Waterloo only disappointed Buonaparte, and the representation consequently becomes a rich treat to its visitors, which continue to be as numerous as ever."

FEMALE DRESS.—In 1709, a lady's dress is thus described in an advertisement to recover one that was lost: "A black silk petticoat, with a red and white calico border: cherry coloured stays, trimmed with blue and silver; a red and dove-coloured damask gown, flowered with large trees; a yellow satin apron, trimmed with white Persian; muslin head cloths, with crowsfoot edging; double ruffles, with fine edging; a black silk furbelowed scarf, and a spotted hood." In 1711, a lady's riding dress is advertised for sale, in the *Spectator*, of blue camblet, well lined with silver; being a coat, waistcoat, petticoat, hat and feathers. And another advertisement in 1712, mentions an *Isabella* coloured *Kincob* gown, flowered with green and gold; and a dark coloured cloth gown and petticoat, with two silver trices; a purple and gold atlas gown, a scarlet and gold atlas petticoat, edged with silver; a wrought under petticoat, edged with gold; a black velvet petticoat; allegah petticoat, striped with green, gold, and white; a blue and silver silk gown and petticoat; a blue and gold atlas gown and petticoat, and clogs, lined with silver. A Mrs. Beale, at the same period, advertises her loss of a green silk knit waistcoat, with gold and silver flowers all over it, and about fourteen yards of gold and silver thick lace on it; with a petticoat of rich strong flowered satin, red and white, all in great flowers or leaves, and scarlet flowers with black specks broadened in, raised high, like velvet or shag.

The ladies wore hooped petticoats, scarlet cloaks, and masks, when walking. The hoops were fair game for the wits, and they spared them not:—

"An elderly lady, whose bulky squat figure,
By hoop, and white demask, was rendered's much bigger,
Without hood, and bare neck'd, to the Park did repair,
To shew her new cloaths, and to take the fresh air:
Her shape, her attire, rais'd a shout and loud laughter;
Away waddles madam, the mob hurries after.
Quoth a wag, thus observing the noisy crowd follow,
As she came with a hoop, she's gown off with a hollow!"

The following advertisements are copied from an American Paper:—

ADIEU!

But, when time has divested thee of those gaudy trappings with which, at my expense, thou hast decorated thyself; and restored thee to that threadbare state from which mistaken confidence rescued you—then may reflection, like the gnawings of that worm which "never dies," render thy existence doubly irksome by contrasting wretchedness and want with opulence and ease. All persons are forbid trusting my wife Eliza, on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

BOSTWICK HURD.

Huntington, October 2, 1822.

TO MR. BOSTWICK HURD.

Scarcely another man, and I am sure no woman could be found, of mind sufficiently comprehensive, of thought sufficiently dignified, and of sensibility sufficiently tender, nice, and delicate, to reach the sublimity and "pompous inanity" of your public notice of me. Your depth of intellect, the effulgence of your ideas, the brilliance, radiance, and splendor of their combinations, the sweet suavity and decorum of your style, the diarrhoea of your words, the exuberance and display of your fancy, the glowing effervescence of your imagination, are indeed surpassing, wonderful and interesting. Panegyric is fulsome, "but praise is comely," and is a tributary meed justly due to merit. With all this good opinion of you, I think no earthly being could be found who, as you have done, would address an innocent woman, unless the "dark and benighted corners of his soul" were inspired by pestiferous whispers of some fiend-like messenger from the regions of malice, within the breasts of whose inhabitants festering, rankle hate and spite, and every baneful and deleterious passion, and where their "worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched," most or all which you say is, to "pray that irksome reflection" may arrest me; to imprecate evils and curses on a woman chargeable by you with no sort of crime: no, not with even the semblance of wrong, except the unfortunate and much regretted, and sincerely repented criminality of giving her young and tender hand, matrimonially; to the paw of a barbarian of nearly twice her years, and of participating in his immense "opulence." For this I own I have no apology, but that indiscretion, not unfrequently found in females with the experience only of years less than sixteen; the urgency of friends, and the prevalent intercession and solicitation of Mr. Hurd's great native talents, aided by superior cultivation, and cursed with an unconquerable perseverance. You "pray," after I shall have worn out my present apparel, at the expense of your "opulence," a sum indeed vast and cumbersome, the aggregate of six or eight hundred dollars, for which you have, for aught I know, been obliged to sell the numerous acres, or expansive pittance of your patrimonial estates, that "reflection like a never dying worm" may render my existence "irksome." That heart which wishes another evil, without surmise of the least impropriety of conduct, or the smallest indiscretion, must be black indeed. —Moreover, if you will settle accounts, and honestly pay for washing, knitting, sewing, spinning, and mother for weaving, there will be a sufficient balance to buy me at least one suit more of rich, fine, variegated and beautiful calico at 12 1-2 to 18 cents per yard, which will tally with the "brilliant decorations" you name at the expense of your "opulent" treasury.

Go, miscreant, go!

Dost bid "Adieu!" thou silly Elf!

Echo replies, same to yourself.

A sweet farewell, a long "Adieu!"

Poor Bostwick Hurd, I bid to you;

But wish thee well, whate'er thy course is,

Be blessings thine, but never curses.

Who would live with a man without any brains, whose thick hollow skull on a rap, would ring like an empty gill cup, if his coat, vest, and pantaloons were lined with all the Bank bills of all the banks in Christendom, and his coffers stored with all the gold coin, dollars, dimes and cents in all their vaults? Notwithstanding your cruel imprecations of curses causeless upon me, without the challenge of the least thing incorrect on my part, from the respect I have to decency, and the claims of unfortunate matrimony, with my Christian name, though with infinite regret and mortification I associate yours, and subscribe myself,

ELIZA HURD.

Huntington, Dec. 5,

"MR. THOMAS HOBBS TO HIS FRIEND THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE.

"MY NOBLE LORD, "Paris, Jan. 10, 1649.

"I have long owed your Lordship for a letter, which I received at Tours; but, that place affording no news, I delayed answering is till I arrived here. For your question, 'Why a man remembers of his own face, which he often sees in a glass, than the face of a friend that he has not seen for a great time?'—My opinion is general, is that a man remembers best those faces whereof he has had the greatest impressions; and that the impressions are the greater for the oftener seeing them, and the longer staying upon the sight of them. Now, you know, men look upon their own faces but for short fits; but upon their friend's faces, long time together, whilst they discourse together: so that a man may receive a greater impression from his friend's face in a day, than from his own in a year; and, according to this impression, the image will be fresher in his mind. Besides, the sight of ones friend's face two hours together, is of greater force to impress the image of it, than the same quantity of time by intermissions. For the intermissions do easily deface that which is but lightly imprinted. In general, I think, that, That lasteth longer in the memory, which hath been stronglier received by the sense.

"For the news. The King has been compelled by the Frondeurs to quit his capital, at the very time when the treaty of Munster renders his power respectable over all Europe. He withdrew to St. German's, the 6th inst. at night; and on the 7th, the Prince of Condé, accompanied by the Duke d'Orleans, formed the blockade of Paris. Alas! my worthy Lord, how little is my situation improved;—I quitted England, tired of its troubles; and here find myself as badly off as I was when in mine own country! I remain my Noble Lord."

Your Lordship's most faythfull and most humble servant,

"THOMAS HOBBS."

It is well known that Hobbes was much pleased with the following Epitaph, which was made for him a considerable time before his death:—"This is the Philosopher's stone."

Some years since a country lad who was employed by the Rev. Mr. Hall, the late Archdeacon of Dorset, to go to the Post-Office for his letters, addressed the Postmaster thus: "Zur, hav ye got any letters vor measter?" The Postmaster replied in the affirmative, and began to calculate the postage of the letters; upon which the boy said, "I hope, zur, you will let I hav'em so cheap as you can, vor measter do aleways pay ready money vor'em."—*Salisbury Paper.*

The following are extracts from these publications:—
RETURN OF THE EMPEROR TO THE ELYSEE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Tuesday, June 20th, 1815.—Heard of the Emperor's return to the Elysee Palace: placed myself in immediate attendance there.

Napoleon had just lost a great battle. The Emperor, still covered with dust from the field of Waterloo, was on the point of hurrying into the midst of them (Chamber of Representatives), there to expose our dangers and resources, and to declare that his personal interests should never be a barrier to the happiness of France, thence to quit Paris immediately. It is said that several persons dissuaded him from this step, by leading him to apprehend an approaching ferment amongst the deputies.

THE ABDICATION.

21st.—The best intentioned and most influential members of the national representation have been tampered with all last evening and all night by certain persons, who, if their word is to be taken, produce authentic documents and demi-official papers guaranteeing the safety of France, by the mere abdication of the Emperor, as they pretend.

This opinion had become so strong this morning, that it seemed irresistible: the president of the assembly, the first men in the state, and the Emperor's particular friends, come to supplicate that he will save France by abdicating. Though by no means convinced, yet the Emperor answers with magnanimity:—he abdicates!

The documents and state papers, which have produced such a powerful sensation, and brought about the grand event of this day, are said to be official communications of MM. Fouché and Metternich, in which the latter guarantees Napoleon II. and the regency, in case of the abdication of the Emperor. These communications must have been long carried on unknown to Napoleon. M. Fouché must have a furious partiality for clandestine operations. It is well known that his first disgrace, which took place several years ago, arose from his having opened some negotiations with England of his own accord, without the Emperor's knowledge: he has in fact always shown the greatest obliquity in affairs of moment.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT PRESENTED TO THE EMPEROR.

23d and 24th.—The acclamations and interest without, continued at the Elysee. I presented the members of the Provisional Government to the Emperor, who, in dismissing them, directed the Duke Decres to see them out. The Emperor's brothers, Joseph, Lucien, and Jerome, were introduced frequently through the day, and conversed with him for some time.

As usual, there was a great multitude of people collected round the palace in the evening: their numbers were constantly increasing. Their acclamations and the interest shown for the Emperor created considerable uneasiness amongst the different factions. The fermentation of the capital now became so great, that Napoleon determined to depart on the following day.

THE MINISTER OF MARINE COMES TO MALMAISON.

27th.—I went to Paris for a short time with the Minister of Marine, who came to Malmaison, on business respecting the frigates destined for the Emperor. He read me the instructions drawn out for the commanders, said his Majesty depended on my zeal, and intended taking me with him; adding that he would take care of my family during my absence.

Napoleon II. is proclaimed by the Legislature.

The agitation and uncertainty hourly increased in the capital, for the enemy was at the gates. On reaching Malmaison, we saw the bridge of Chatou in flames: guards were posted round the palace, and it became prudent to remain within the park walls. I went into the Emperor's room, and described how Paris had appeared to me; stating the general opinion that Fouché openly betrayed the national cause; and that the hopes of all patriots were, that his Majesty would this very night join the army, who loudly called for him. The Emperor listened to me with an air of deep thought, but made no reply, and I withdrew soon after.

NAPOLEON QUILTS MALMAISON.

Meanwhile time pressed. When on the point of setting out, the Emperor sent a message to the Provisional Government by General Becker, offering to place himself at the head of the army, merely in the rank of a citizen; adding, that after having repulsed Blücher, he would continue his route. On the refusal of this offer, we left Malmaison; the Emperor and a part of his suite taking the road to Rochefort by Tours.

5th—7th.—At Rochefort, the Emperor no longer wore a military dress. He lived at the prefecture: numbers were constantly grouped round the house; and acclamation continued to be frequently repeated. The Emperor appeared two or three times at the balcony. Numerous proposals were made to him, both by Generals who came in person, and others who sent emissaries.

On our leaving the *Bellerophon* in the morning to visit the *Superb*, the Emperor stopped short in front of the guard drawn up on the quarter-deck to salute him. He made them perform several movements, giving the word of command himself. Having desired them to charge bayonets, and perceiving this motion was not performed altogether in the French manner, he advanced into the midst of the soldiers, put the weapons aside with his hands, and seized a musket from one of the rear rank, with which he went through the exercise himself according to our method. A sudden movement and change of countenance amongst the officers and others who were present sufficiently expressed their astonishment at seeing the Emperor thus carelessly place himself amidst English bayonets, some of which came in contact with his person. This circumstance produced a most striking effect. On returning from the *Superb*, we were indirectly questioned on the subject, and asked whether the Emperor had ever acted in the same way with his own soldiers? while the greatest surprise was expressed at his confidence. Not one amongst the officers had formed any idea of Sovereigns who could thus explain and execute their own commands: it was therefore easy to perceive they had no just conception of the personage now before them, notwithstanding his having been so marked an object of attention and curiosity for about 20 years.

I was again sent for by the Emperor, who, after alluding to different subjects, began to speak of St. Helena, asking me what sort of a place it could be? whether it was possible to exist there? and similar questions. "But," said he, "after all, am I quite sure of going there? Is a man dependent on others when he wishes that his dependence should cease?" We continued to walk to and fro in the cabin; he seemed calm, though affected, and somewhat absent.

"My friend," continued the Emperor, "I have sometimes an idea of quitting you, and this would not be very difficult; it is only necessary to create a little mental excitement, and I shall soon have escaped. All will be over, and you can then tranquilly rejoin your families. This is the more easy, since my internal principles do not oppose any bar to it;—I am one of those who conceive that the pains of the other world were only imagined as a counterpoise to those inadequate allurements which are offered to us there. God can never have willed such a contradiction to his infinite goodness, especially for an act of this kind; and what is it, after all, but wishing to return to him a little sooner?"

I remonstrated warmly against such notions. Poets and philosophers had said that it was a spectacle worthy of the Divinity to see men struggling with fortune. What might not the mere change of a ministry, death of a prince, that of a confidant, the slightest burst of passion, or the most trifling dispute, bring about?

"Some of these suggestions have their weight," said the Emperor, "but what can we do in that desolate place?" "Sire," I replied, "we will live on the past; there is enough of it to satisfy us. Do not enjoy the life of Cæsar and that of Alexander. We shall possess still more—you will re-peruse yourself, Sire!" "Be it so!" rejoined Napoleon; "we will write our memoirs. Yes, we must be employed; for occupation is the scythe of time. After all, a man ought to fulfil his destinies; this is my grand doctrine: let mine also be accomplished." Re-assuming from this instant an air of ease and even gaiety, he passed on to subjects totally unconnected with our situation.

While walking in the stern-gallery with the Emperor, at the usual hour, he drew from under his waistcoat, still conversing on a totally different subject, a species of girdle, which he handed to me, saying, "Take care of that for me:" without interrupting him, I placed it under my own waistcoat. The Emperor told me, soon after, that it contained a diamond necklace, worth two hundred thousand francs which Queen Hortensia forced him to accept on his leaving Malmaison.

After our arrival at St. Helena, I frequently spoke of returning the necklace, but never received any reply. Having mentioned the subject again when we were at Longwood, Napoleon drily asked, "Does it annoy you?" "No, Sire," was my answer; "Keep it then," said he. From wearing the girdle so long, the necklace became, as it were, identified with my person; and I thought so little about it, that it was not till some days after my being torn from Longwood, and by the merest accident, that it recurred to my memory. Before quitting the island, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that the necklace had reached the hands of the Emperor.

I need scarcely observe, that the English are accustomed to remain a long time at table after the dessert, drinking and conversing: the Emperor, already tired by the tedious dinner, could never have endured this custom, and he rose, therefore, from the first day, immediately after coffee had been handed round, and went out on deck, followed by the Grand Marshal and myself. This disconcerted the Admiral, who took occasion to express his surprise to his officers; but Madame Bertrand, whose maternal language is English, warmly replied, "Do not forget, Admiral, that your guest is a man who has governed a large portion of the world, and that Kings once contended for the honour of being admitted to his table." "Very true," rejoined the Admiral; and this officer, who possesses good sense, a becoming pliability of manners, and sometimes much elegance, did his utmost from that moment to accommodate the Emperor in his habits. He shortened the time of sitting at table, ordering coffee for Napoleon, and those who accompanied him, even before the rest of the company had finished their dinner.

After the preliminary remarks on the weather, the ship's progress, and the winds, Napoleon used to start a subject of conversation, or revive that of the preceding or some other former day; and when he had taken eight or nine turns, the whole length of the deck, he would seat himself on the second gun from the gangway, on the larboard side. The midshipmen soon observed this habitual predilection, so that the cannon was thenceforth called the Emperor's gun.

The King of France, said Napoleon, wrote a letter, which was conveyed to him by Le Brun, who had it from the Abbe de Montesquiou, the secret agent of the Prince at Paris. This letter, which was written in a very laboured style, contained the following paragraph:—"You delay long to restore me my throne. It is to be feared that you may allow favourable moments to escape. You cannot complete the happiness of France without me, nor can I serve France without you. Hasten, then, and specify yourself the places which you would wish your friends to possess."

To this letter the First Consul replied—"I have your Royal Highness's letter; I have always felt deep interest in your misfortunes and those of your family. You must not think of appearing in France: you could not do so without passing over a hundred thousand dead bodies. I shall, however, be always eager to do every thing that may tend to alleviate your fate, or enable you to forget your misfortunes."

The overtures made by the Count d'Artois possessed still more elegance and address. He commissioned, as the bearer of them, the Duchess de Guiche, a lady whose fascinating manners and personal graces were calculated to assist her in the important negotiation. She easily got access to Madame Buonaparte, with whom all the individuals of the old Court came easily in contact. She breakfasted with her at Malmaison; and the conversation turning on London, the emigrants, and the French Princes, Madame de Guiche mentioned that, as she happened a few days before to be at the house of the Count d'Artois, she had heard some person ask the Prince what he intended to do for the First Consul, in the event of his restoring the Bourbons; and that the Prince had replied:—"I would immediately make him Constable of the kingdom, and every thing else he might choose. But even that would not be enough: we would raise on the Carrousel a lofty and magnificent column, surmounted with a statue of Buonaparte crowning the Bourbons."

As soon as the first Consul entered, which he did very shortly after breakfast, Josephine eagerly repeated to him the circumstance which the Duchess had related. "And did you not reply," said her husband, "that the corpse of the first Consul would have been made the pedestal of the column?" The charming Duchess was still present; the beauties of her countenance, her eyes, and her words, were directed to the success of her commission. She said she was so delighted, she did not know how she should ever be able sufficiently to acknowledge the favour which Madame Buonaparte had procured her, of seeing and hearing so distinguished a man—so great a hero. It was all in vain: the Duchess de Guiche received orders that very night to quit Paris. The charms of the emissary were too well calculated to alarm Josephine, to induce her to say any thing very urgent in her favour, and next day the Duchess was on her way to the frontier.

It is, however, absolutely false that Napoleon, on his part, at a subsequent period, made overtures or propositions to the Princes touching the cession of their rights, or their renunciation of the crown; though such statements have been made in some pompous declarations, profusely circulated through Europe.

A religious party was fomenting civil discord in the State, by secretly circulating bulls and letters from the Pope. They were shown to a Councillor of State appointed to superintend religious worship; and who, if he did not himself circulate them, at least neither prevented nor denounced their circulation. This was discovered, and the Emperor suddenly challenged him with the fact in open Council—"What could have been your motive, Sir?" said he: "were you influenced by your religious principles? If so, why are you here? I use no control over the conscience of any man. Did I force you to become my Councillor of State? On the contrary, you solicited the post as a high favour. You are the youngest member of the Council, and perhaps the only one who has not some personal claim to that honour; you had nothing to recommend you but the inheritance of your father's services. You took a personal oath to me; how could your religious feelings permit you openly to violate that oath, as you have just now done? Speak, however; you are here in confidence; your colleagues shall be your judges. Your crime is a great one, Sir. A conspiracy for the commission of a violent act is stopped as soon as we seize the arm that holds the poniard: but a conspiracy to influence the public mind has no end; it is like a train of gunpowder. Perhaps, at this very moment, whole towns are thrown into commotion through your fault!" The Councillor, quite confused, said nothing in reply: the first appeal was sufficient to establish the fact.

the members of the Council, to the majority of whom this event was quite unexpected, were struck with astonishment, and observed profound silence. "Why," continued the Emperor, "did you not, according to the obligation imposed by your oath, discover to me the criminal and his plots? Am I not at all times accessible to every one of you?" "Sire," said the Councillor, at length venturing to reply, "he was my cousin." "Your crime is then the greater, Sir," replied the Emperor sharply: "your kinsman could only have been placed in office at your solicitation: from that moment all the responsibility devolved on you. When I look upon a man as entirely devoted to me, as your situation ought to render you, all who are connected with him, and all for whom he becomes responsible, from that time require no watching. These are my maxims." The accused member still remained silent, and the Emperor continued: "The duties which a Councillor of State owes to me are immense. You, Sir, have violated those duties, and you hold the office no longer. Begone, let me never see you here again!" The disgraced Councillor, as he was withdrawing, passed very near the Emperor: the latter looked at him and said, "I am sincerely grieved at this, Sir, for the services of your father are still fresh in my memory." When he was gone, the Emperor added, "I hope such a scene as this may never be renewed; it has done me too much harm. I am not distrustful, but may become so! I have allowed myself to be surrounded by every party; I have placed near my person even emigrants and soldiers of the army of Conde: and though it was wished to induce them to assassinate me, yet, to do them justice, they have continued faithful. Since I have held the reins of government, this is the first individual employed about me by whom I have been betrayed." And then, turning towards M. Loure, who took notes of the debates of the Council of State, he said, write down *betrayed*—do you hear!"

In one of our nightly walks, the Emperor told me that he had in the course of his life been much attached to two women of very different characters. The one was the votary of art and the graces; the other was all innocence and simple nature: and each, he observed, had a very high degree of merit.

The first, in no moment of her life ever assumed a position or attitude that was not pleasing or captivating; it was impossible to take her by surprise, or make her feel the least inconvenience. She employed every resource of art to heighten natural attractions; but with such ingenuity as to render every trace of allurement imperceptible. The other, on the contrary, never suspected that any thing was to be gained by innocent artifice. The one was always somewhat short of the truth of nature; the other was altogether frank and open, and was a stranger to subterfuge. The first never asked her husband for any thing, but she was in debt to every one; the second freely asked whenever she wanted, which, however, very seldom happened; and she never thought of receiving any thing without immediately paying for it. Both were amiable and gentle in disposition, and strongly attached to their husbands. But it must already have been guessed who they are; and those who have ever seen them will not fail to recognise the two Empresses.

The Emperor declared that he had uniformly experienced from both the greatest equality of temper and most implicit obedience.

The marriage of Maria Louisa was consummated at Fontainebleau, immediately after her arrival. The Emperor, setting aside all the etiquette that had previously been arranged, went to meet her, and in disguise got into her carriage. She was agreeably surprised when she discovered him. She had always been given to understand that Berthier, who had married her by proxy at Vienna, in person and age exactly resembled the Emperor; she, however, signified that she observed a very pleasing difference between them.

Maria Louisa's marriage, said the Emperor, was proposed and concluded under the same forms and conditions as that of Marie-Antoinette, whose contract was adopted as a model. After the repudiation of Josephine, negotiations were entered into with the Emperor of Russia for the purpose of soliciting the hand of one of his sisters; the difficulties rested merely in the settling of certain points relative to religion. Prince Eugene, conversing with M. de Schwarzenberg, learned that the Emperor of Austria would not object to a union between Napoleon and his daughter; and this information was communicated to the Emperor. A council was convoked to decide whether an alliance with Russia and Austria would be most advantageous. Eugene and Talleyrand were for the Austrian alliance, and Cambaceres against it.

The majority were in favour of an Archduchess. Eugene was appointed to make the official overture, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs was empowered to sign it that very day, if an opportunity could present itself; which proved to be the case.

Russia took umbrage at this; she thought herself trifled with, though without just ground. Nothing of an obligatory nature had transpired; both parties remained perfectly free. Political interests predominated over every thing.

The Empress conceived the tenderest affection for the Duchess de Montebello. This lady had at one time a chance of being Queen of Spain. Ferdinand VII. when at Valencey, requested the Emperor's permission to marry Mademoiselle de Tascher, cousin-german of Josephine; he even proposed to marry the young lady, in her own name, after the example of the Prince of Baden, who married Mademoiselle de Beauharnais. The Emperor, who already contemplated the separation of Josephine, refused his consent to the match, not wishing by this connexion to add to the difficulties that already stood in the way of his divorce. Ferdinand then solicited the hand of the Duchess de Montebello, or of any other French lady whom the Emperor might think proper to adopt.

The following anecdote will afford a correct idea of the manner in which Madame de Montesquiou managed the King of Rome. The apartments of the young Prince were on the ground floor, and looked out on the court of the Tuileries. At almost every hour in the day, numbers of people were looking in at the window, in the hope of seeing him. One day when he was in a violent fit of passion, and rebelling furiously against the authority of Madame de Montesquiou, she immediately ordered all the shutters to be closed. The child, surprised at the sudden darkness, asked Maman Quion, as he used to call her, what all meant? "I love you too well," she replied, "not to hide your anger from the crowd in the court-yard. You, perhaps, will one day be called to govern all those people, and what would they say they saw you in such a fit of rage? Do you think they would ever obey you, if they knew you to be so wicked?" Upon which the child asked her pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger.

Maria-Louisa confessed to the Emperor, that when her marriage with him was first proposed, she could not help feeling a kind of terror, owing to the accounts she had heard of Napoleon from the individuals of her family. When she mentioned these reports to her uncles, the Archdukes, who were very urgent for the marriage, they replied—"That was all very true, while he was our enemy; but the case is altered now."

"To afford an idea of the sympathy and good will with which the different members of the Austrian family were taught to regard me," said the Emperor, "it is sufficient to mention that one of the young Archdukes frequently burned his dolls, which he called *roasting Napoleon*. He afterwards declared he would not roast me any more, for he loved me very much, because I had given his sister Louisa plenty of money to buy him playthings."

Since my return to Europe, I have had an opportunity of ascertaining the sentiments entertained by the House of Austria towards Napoleon. In Germany, a person of distinction informed me, that having had a private audience of the Emperor Francis, during his tour in Italy in 1816, the conversation turned on Napoleon. Francis

spoke of him in the most respectful terms. One might also have supposed, said my informant, that he still regarded him as the ruler of France, and that he was ignorant of his captivity at St. Helena. He never alluded to him by any other title than the Emperor Napoleon.

I learned from the same individual that the Archduke John, when in Italy, visited a rotunda, on the ceiling of which was painted a celebrated action, of which Napoleon was the hero. As he raised his head to look at the painting, his hat fell off, and one of his attendants stooped to pick it up. "Let it be," said he; "it is thus that I should contemplate the man who is there portrayed."

The Empress Maria-Louisa complained, that when she quitted France M. de Talleyrand reserved to himself the honour of demanding from her the restitution of the crown jewels, and ascertaining whether they had been restored with the most scrupulous exactness.

In 1814, during the disasters of France, many tempting and brilliant proposals were made to Prince Eugene. An Austrian General offered him the crown of Italy, in the name of the allies, on condition of his joining them. This offer afterwards came from a still higher source, and was several times repeated. During the reign of the Emperor, there had been some idea of raising the Prince to a throne; and those of Portugal, Naples, and Poland, were thought of.

On the distribution of states in 1814, the Emperor Alexander, who frequently visited the Empress Josephine at Malmaison, signified a wish to procure for her son the sovereignty of Genoa. Eugene, however, declined this proposition, at the instigation of the ruling diplomatist, who falsely flattered him with the hope of something better.

At the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander, who honoured Prince Eugene with particular marks of favour, insisted that he should be made the sovereign of at least 300,000 subjects. He testified the sincerest friendship for him, and they were every day seen walking about together arm in arm. The landing at Cannes put a period, if not to the sentiment at least to the manifestation of it; and changed the political interests of the Emperor of Russia.

After the fall of Napoleon, Alexander on several occasions manifested a marked and decided dislike to him. In 1815 he was the promoter of the second crusade against Napoleon: he directed every hostile measure with the utmost degree of malice, and seemed to make it almost a personal affair; alleging as the cause of his aversion that he had been deceived and trifled with.

The fatality attending the military movements was such, that the Allies entered Paris without the concurrence of the Austrian Cabinet. Alexander's famous declaration against Napoleon Buonaparte and his family was also made without the Austrian Power being consulted; and the Count d'Artois only entered France by contriving to slip in secretly in spite of the orders at the Austrian head-quarters, where he had been refused passports.

It appears that Austria, on the retreat from Moscow, exerted sincere efforts in London for negotiating a peace with Napoleon; but the influence of the Russian Cabinet was all-powerful in London, and no proposals for peace were listened to. The armistice of Dresden then arrived, and Austria declared herself favourable to war.

During this interval the Austrian Minister in London could never obtain a hearing. He however remained for a considerable time in the English capital, and left it only when the Allies had reached the heart of France, and when Lord Castlereagh felt a momentary foreboding that the heroic success of Napoleon might render negotiations indispensable.

If this Minister had not previously been sent to London, he would have been destined for Paris; and there, probably, his influence might have brought about a turn of negotiations different from those which arose during his absence between the Tuileries and Vienna.

In the height of the crisis he found himself detained in England as if by force. In his impatience to reach the grand centre of negotiations, he quitted his post and proceeded to Holland, braving the fury of the tempest. No sooner had he arrived on the theatre of events, than he fell into the hands of Napoleon at St. Dizier; but the fate of France was then decided, though the fact was not yet known at the French head-quarters. Alexander was entering Paris.

The Austrian Minister in London exerted every endeavour to procure a passport to enable him to join his Sovereign by passing through Calais and Paris, but in vain. This circumstance, whether accidental or premeditated, was another fatality: but for this disappointment the Austrian Minister would have reached Paris before the Allies—would have joined Maria Louisa—would have defeated the last projects of M. de Talleyrand, and would have altogether produced new combinations.

Opinion was divided in the Austrian Cabinet. One party was for the union with France; the other was for the alliance with Russia. Intrigue or chance decided in favour of Russia, and Austria was thus merely led on.

15th.—Immediately after dinner the Emperor walked in his favourite path. He had his coffee carried down to him in the garden, and he drank it as he walked about. The conversation turned on love. I must have made some very fine and sentimental remarks on this important subject; for the Emperor laughed at what he styled my prattle, and said that he understood none of my romantic verbiage. Then, speaking with an air of levity, he wished to make me believe that he was better acquainted with sensations than sentiments. I made free to remark, that he was trying to be thought worse than he was described to be in the authentic but very secret accounts that were circulated about the palace. "And what was said of me?" resumed he, with an air of gaiety. "Sire," I replied, "it is understood, that when in the summit of your power, you suffered yourself to be enslaved by the chains of love; that you became a hero of romance. In short, that you conceived an attachment for a lady in humble circumstances; that you wrote her above a dozen love-letters; and that her power over you prevailed so far as to compel you to disguise yourself, and to visit her secretly and alone, and at her own residence in the heart of Paris." "And how came this to be known?" said he, smiling; which of course amounted to an admission of the fact. "And it was doubtless added," continued he, "that this was the most imprudent act of my whole life; for had my mistress proved treacherous, what might not have been my fate—alone and disguised, in the circumstances in which I was placed, amidst the snares with which I was surrounded? But what more is said of me?" "Sire, it is affirmed that your Majesty's posterity is not confined to the King of Rome. The secret chronicle states that he has two elder brothers; one, the offspring of a fair foreigner, whom you loved in a distant country; the other, the fruit of a connexion nearer at hand, in the bosom of your own capital. It was asserted that both had been conveyed to Malmaison, before our departure; the one brought by his mother, the other introduced by his tutor; and they were described to be the living portraits of their father."

It is said, that a codicil in the Emperor's will, which, however, must remain secret, completely confirms the above conjectures.

Berthier accompanied the Emperor in his carriage during his campaigns. As they drove along, the Emperor would examine the order-book and the report of the positions, whence he formed his resolutions, adopted his plans, and arranged the necessary movements. Berthier noted down his directions, and at the first station they came to, or during the first moments allotted to rest, whether by night or by day, he made out, in his turn, all the orders and individual details with admirable regularity, precision, and despatch. This was a kind of duty at which he showed himself always ready and indefatigable. "This was the special merit of Berthier," said the Emperor: "it was most valuable to me; no other talent could have made up for the want of it."

I have known the Emperor to be engaged in the Council of State for eight or nine hours successively, and afterwards rise with his ideas as clear as when he sat down. I have seen him, at St. Helena, peruse books for ten or twelve hours in succession, on the most abstruse subjects, without appearing in the least fatigued. He has suffered, unmoved, the greatest shocks that ever man experienced. On his return from Moscow or Leipsic, after he had communicated the disastrous event in the Council of State, he said—"It has been reported in Paris, that this misfortune turned my hair gray; but you see it is not so, (pointing to his head), and I hope I shall be able to support many other reverses."

The Emperor eats very irregularly, but generally very little. He often says that a man may hurt himself by eating too much, but never by eating too little. He will remain four and twenty hours without eating, only to get an appetite for the ensuing day. But if he eats little, he drinks still less. A single glass of Madeira or Champagne is sufficient to restore his strength, and to produce cheerfulness of spirits. He sleeps very little and very irregularly, generally rising at day-break to read or write, and afterwards lying down to sleep again.

The Emperor has no faith in medicine, and never takes any. He had adopted a peculiar mode of treatment for himself. Whenever he found himself unwell, his plan was to run into an extreme, the opposite of what happened to be his habit at the time. This he calls restoring the equilibrium of nature. If, for instance, he had been inactive for a length of time, he would suddenly ride about sixty miles, or hunt for a whole day. If, on the contrary, he had been harassed by great fatigues, he would resign himself to a state of absolute rest for 24 hours. These unexpected shocks infallibly brought about an internal crisis, and instantly produced the desired effect; this remedy, he observed, never failed.

The Emperor's lymphatic system is deranged, and his blood circulates with difficulty. Nature, he said, had endowed him with two important advantages: the one was, the power of sleeping whenever he needed repose, at any hour, and in any place: another was, that he was incapable of committing any injurious excess either in eating or drinking. "If," said he, "I go the least beyond my mark, my stomach instantly revolts." He is subject to nausea from very slight causes; a mere tickling cough is sufficient to produce that effect on him.

The infernal machine was mentioned in its turn. This diabolical invention, which gave rise to so many conjectures, and led to the death of so many victims, was the work of the Royalists, who obtained the first idea of it from the Jacobins.

The Emperor stated, that a hundred furious Jacobins, the real authors of the scenes of September, the 10th of August, &c. had resolved to get rid of the First Consul, for which purpose they invented a 15 or 16 lb. howitzer, which, on being thrown into the carriage, would explode by its own concussion, and hurl destruction on every side. To make sure of their object, they proposed to lay caltrops along a part of the road, which, by suddenly impeding the horses, would of course render it impossible for the carriage to move on. The man who was employed to lay down the caltrops, entertaining some suspicions of the job which he had been set upon, as well as of the good intentions of his employers, communicated the business to the police. The conspirators were soon traced, and were apprehended near the Jardin des Plantes, in the act of trying the effect of the machine, which made a terrible explosion. The First Consul, whose policy it was not to divulge the numerous conspiracies of which he was the object, did not give publicity to this, but contented himself with imprisoning the criminals. He soon relaxed his orders for keeping them in close confinement, and they were allowed a certain degree of liberty. In the same prison in which these Jacobins were confined, some Royalists were also imprisoned for an attempt to assassinate the First Consul by means of air-guns. Those two parties formed a league together: and the Royalists transmitted to their friends out of prison the idea of the infernal machine, as being preferable to any other plan of destruction.

It is very remarkable, that on the evening of the catastrophe, the Emperor expressed an extreme repugnance to go out. Madame Buonaparte and some intimate friends absolutely forced him to go to an oratorio. They roused him from a sofa where he was fast asleep; one fetched him his sword, and another his hat. As he drove along in the carriage, he fell asleep again, and awoke suddenly, saying that he had dreamed he was drowning in the Tagliamento. To explain what he alluded to, it is necessary to mention that some years previously, when he was General of the Army of Italy, he passed the Tagliamento in his carriage during the night, contrary to the advice of every one about him. In the ardour of youth, and heedless of every obstacle, he crossed the river surrounded by 100 armed men with poles and torches. His carriage was, however, soon set afloat; Napoleon ran the most imminent danger, and for some time gave himself up for lost. At the moment when he now awoke, on his way to the oratorio, he was in the midst of a conflagration, the carriage was lifted up, and the passage of the Tagliamento came fresh upon his mind. The illusion, however, was but momentary; a dreadful explosion immediately ensued. "We are blown up!" exclaimed the First Consul to Lannes and Bessières, who were in the carriage with him. They proposed immediately to make arrests; but he desired them not to be too hasty. The First Consul arrived safe, and appeared at the opera as though nothing had happened. He was preserved by the desperate driving of his coachman. The machine injured only one or two individuals who closed the escort.

The most trivial circumstances often lead to the most important results. The coachman was intoxicated; no doubt this proved the means of saving the life of the First Consul. The man's intoxication was so great, that it was not until next morning he could be made to comprehend what had happened. He had taken the explosion for the firing of a salute.

After the passage of the Mincio, Napoleon, having concerted all his plans, pursued the enemy in every direction, entered a castle on the left bank of the river. He was troubled with the head-ache, and he used a foot bath. A large detachment of the enemy, in great confusion, arrived, having ascended the river as far as the castle. Napoleon was there, and only a few persons were with him; the sentinel on duty at the gate had just time to close it, exclaiming "To arms!" and the General of the Army of Italy, in the arms of victory, was compelled to escape through the back gates of the garden, with but one boot on.

In the same campaign, Napoleon incurred another imminent risk:—Wurmser, who had been compelled to throw himself into Mantua, and who was debouching suddenly on an open plain, learned from an old woman, that only a few moments before his arrival, the French General, with but a few followers, had stopped at her door, and that he had fled at sight of the Austrians. Wurmser immediately despatched parties of cavalry in every direction, calculating with certainty on the precious capture. "But," said the Emperor, "I must do him this justice—he gave particular orders that I should not be killed or harmed in any way." Fortunately for the young General, his happy star and the swiftness of his horse combined to save him.

The conversation then turned on war and great commanders. "The fate of a battle," observed the Emperor, "is the result of a moment, of a thought: the hostile forces advance with various combinations, they attack each other, and fight for a certain time; the critical moment arrives, a mental flash decides, and the least reserve accomplishes the object." He spoke of Lutzen, Bautzen, &c.; and

afterwards, alluding to Waterloo, he said, that had he followed up the idea of turning the enemy's right, he should easily have succeeded; he however preferred piercing the centre, and separating the two armies. But all was fatal in that engagement; it even assumed the appearance of absurdity; yet, nevertheless, he ought to have gained the victory. Never had any of his battles presented less doubt to his mind; and he was still at a loss to account for what had happened. Grouchy, he said, had lost himself; Ney appeared bewildered, and his countenance sufficiently expressed the remorse he felt for Fontenbleau and Lons-le-Saulnier; Derlon was useless; in short, the Generals were no longer themselves. If, in the evening, he had been aware of Grouchy's position, and could have thrown himself upon it, he might, in the morning, with the help of that fine reserve, have repaired his ill success, and, perhaps, even have destroyed the allied forces by one of those miracles, those turns of fortune which were familiar to him, and which would have surprised no one. But he knew nothing of Grouchy; and besides, it was not easy to act with decision amongst the wrecks of the army. It would be difficult to imagine the condition of the French army on that disastrous night; it was a torrent dislodged from its bed, hurling away every thing in its course.

6th. The Emperor, after dictating to me this morning, was successively engaged with some gentlemen, with whom he prolonged his walk for some time. When they withdrew, I followed him into the lower path: he was dull and silent, and his countenance appeared somewhat harsh and ruffled. "Well," said he, as we were returning to dinner, "We shall have sentinels under our windows at Longwood. They wished to force me to have a foreign officer at my table and in my drawing-room. I cannot mount my horse without being accompanied by an officer; in short, we cannot stir a step under pain of being insulted!" I replied, that this was another drop of sorrow added to the bitter cup which we were doomed to drink to his past glory and power, but that his philosophy was sufficient to defy the malice of his enemies, and to make them blush for their brutality in the face of the whole world. I ventured to remark, that the Spanish Princes at Valencey, and the Pope at Fontenbleau, had never experienced such treatment. "Certainly not," resumed he, "the Princes hunted and gave balls at Valencey, without being physically aware of their chains; they experienced respect and courtesy at all hands. Old King Charles IV. removed from Compiègne to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Rome, whenever he wished. And yet how different are those places from this! The Pope at Fontenbleau, whatever may have been the reports circulated in the world, was treated in the same manner."

To-day, the 19th, when I paid my respects to the Emperor, he showed me a libel upon himself which had fallen into his hands, and asked me to translate it. Amidst a mass of other nonsense, some private letters were mentioned, which were said to have been addressed by Napoleon to the Empress Josephine, under the solemn form of *Madame et chère Epouse*. Allusion was next made to a combination of spies and agents, by whose aid the Emperor peeped into the private affairs of every family in France, and penetrated the secrets of all the Cabinets in Europe. The Emperor wished to proceed no farther, and made me lay aside the book, saying—"It is too absurd." The fact is, that, in his private correspondence, Napoleon always addressed the Empress Josephine very unceremoniously by the pronoun "thou" (*tu*); and "My good little Louisa" (*Ma bonne petite Louise*) was the form by which he addressed Maria Louisa.

The first time I ever saw the Emperor's running hand was at St. Cloud, after the battle of Friedland, when the Empress Josephine amused herself by making us try to decipher a note which she held in her hand, and which seemed to be written in hieroglyphics. It was to the following effect:—"My sons have once more shed a lustre over my career; the victory of Friedland will be inscribed in history, besides those of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena. You will cause the cannon to be fired (*tu feras tirer le canon*); Chambacres will publish the bulletin."

I was again favoured with the sight of a note in the Emperor's hand-writing, at the time of the treaty of Tilsit. It contained the following:—"The Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coquetting with me; but do not be jealous: I am like a cercloth, along which every thing of this sort slides, without penetrating it. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."

On this subject, an anecdote was related in the saloon of Josephine. It was said that the Queen of Prussia one day had a beautiful rose in her hand, which the Emperor asked her to give him. The Queen hesitated for a few moments, and then presented it to him, saying—"Why should I so readily grant what you request, while you remain deaf to all my entreaties?" She alluded to the fortress of Magdeburg, which she had earnestly solicited. Such was the nature of the intimacy, and such the conversations, that were so unblushingly misrepresented in English works of a certain character, where the Emperor was described as an insolent and brutal tyrant, seeking with the aid of his ferocious Mamelukes, to violate the honour of the lovely Queen, under the very eye of her unfortunate husband.

With regard to the inspection of letters under the Government of Napoleon, whatever may have been publicly said on that subject, the Emperor declared, that certainly very few letters were read at the post-offices. Those which were delivered either open or sealed, to private persons, had, for the most part, not been read: to read all would have been an endless task. The system of examining letters was adopted with the view of preventing, rather than discovering, dangerous correspondence. The letters that were really read, exhibited no trace of having been opened, so effectual were the precautions employed.

Some time before the dinner hour he assembled us all around him in his chamber. A servant entered to announce that dinner was ready; he sent us away, but, as I was going out last, he called me back. "Stay here," said he, "we will dine together. Let the young people go; we old folks will keep one another company." He then expressed a desire to dress, intending, as he said, to go into the drawing-room after dinner.

While he was dressing, he put his hand on his left thigh, where there was a deep scar. He called my attention to it by laying his finger in it; and, finding that I did not understand what it was, he told me that it was the mark of a bayonet-wound by which he had nearly lost his limb, at the siege of Toulon. Marchand, who was dressing him, here took the liberty of remarking, that the circumstance was well known on board the *Northumberland*, that one of the crew had told him on going on board, that it was an Englishman who first wounded our Emperor.

The Emperor, on this, observed that people had in general wondered and talked a great deal of the singular good fortune which had preserved him, as it were, invulnerable in so many battles. "They were mistaken," added he; "the only reason was, that I made a secret of all my dangers." He then related that he had had three horses killed under him at the siege of Toulon; that he had had several killed and wounded in his campaigns of Italy; and three or four at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre. He added, that he had been wounded several times; that at the battle of Ratisbon, a ball had struck his heel; and at the battle of Essling or Wagram, I cannot say which, a ball had torn his boot and stocking, and grazed the skin of his left leg. In 1814, he lost a horse and his hat at Arcis-sur-Aube, or its neighbourhood. After the battle of Brienne, as he was return-

ing to headquarters in the evening, in a melancholy and pensive mood, he was suddenly attacked by some Cossacks, who had passed over the fear of the army. He thrust one of them away, and was obliged to draw his sword in his own defence; several of the Cossacks were killed at his side. "But what renders this circumstance very extraordinary," said he, "is, that it took place near a tree which at that moment caught my eye, and which I recognized as the very tree under which, when I was but 12 years old, I used to sit during play hours and read 'Jerusalem Delivered.'" Doubtless on that spot Napoleon had been first fired by emotions of glory!

The Emperor, as we were going along, observed, that any one who could have seen us at that time would recognize without difficulty the restlessness and impatience of the French character. "In fact," said he, "none but Frenchmen would ever think of doing what we are now about." At length we arrived, breathless, at the bottom of the valley. What we had at a distance mistaken for a beaten road, proved to be nothing but a little streamlet, a foot and a half wide. We proposed to step across it and wait for our horses; but the banks of this little streamlet were very deceptive. They appeared to consist of dry ground, which at first supported us; but we soon found ourselves suddenly sinking as though we had been breaking through ice. I had already sunk above my knees, when by a sudden effort I disengaged myself, and turned to assist the Emperor, who had both legs in the mud, and had got his hands on the ground, endeavouring to extricate himself. With a great deal of trouble, we regained the *terra firma*; and I could not help thinking of the marshes of Arcola, which we had been engaged in describing a few days before, and in which Napoleon was very near being lost. The Emperor looked at his clothes and said, "Las Cases, this is a dirty adventure." "If we had been lost in the mud," added he, "what would have been said in Europe? The canting hypocrites would have proved beyond a doubt, that we had been swallowed up for our crimes."

On his return the Emperor expressed a wish to breakfast under a tree in the garden; and desired us to remain with him. During the ride he had mentioned a little present that he intended for us. "It is a trifle, to be sure," observed he, "but every thing must be proportioned to circumstances, and to me this is truly the widow's mite." He alluded to a monthly stipend which he had determined to settle on each of us. It was to be deducted from an inconsiderable sum which we had contrived to secrete in spite of the vigilance of the English; and this sum was henceforth Napoleon's sole resource. It may well be imagined how precious this trifle had become. I seized the first moment, on finding myself alone with him, to express my opinion on this subject, and to declare my own personal determination to decline his intended bounty. He laughed at this, and as I persisted in my resolution, he said, pinching my ear, "Well, if you don't want it now, keep it for me; I shall know where to find it when I stand in need of it."

JANUARY 1st—3d, 1816.—On new year's day we all assembled about 10 o'clock in the morning, to present the compliments of the season to the Emperor. He received us in a few moments. We had more need to offer him wishes than congratulations. The Emperor wished that we should breakfast and spend the whole day together. He observed that we were but a handful in one corner of the world, and that all our consolation must be our regard for each other. We all accompanied the Emperor into the garden, where he walked about until breakfast was ready.

The Admiral having asked him which, in his opinion, was the strongest place in the world, the Emperor answered, it was impossible to point it out, because the strength of a place arises partly from its own means of defence, and partly from extraneous and indeterminate circumstances. He, however, mentioned Strasburg, Lille, Metz, Mantua, Antwerp, Malta, and Gibraltar. The Admiral having told him that he had been suspected in England, for some time, of entertaining a design to attack Gibraltar, "We knew better than that," replied the Emperor; "it was our interest to leave Gibraltar in your possession. It is of no advantage to you; it neither protects nor intercepts any thing; it is only an object of national pride, which costs England very dear, and gives great umbrage to Spain. It would have been very injudicious in us to destroy such arrangements."

The papers seeming to say that England desired the dismemberment of France, but that Russia had opposed it, the Emperor said that he expected this; that it was the natural system that Russia must be dissatisfied at seeing France divided; whilst, on the other hand, the English aristocracy must be desirous of reducing France to the extreme of weakness, and of establishing despotism upon her ruins.

The Emperor concluded the conversation by saying, that he must be very perverse without doubt; but that, with every consideration he could give the subject, he could foresee nothing but catastrophes, massacres, and bloodshed.

15th.—When I was on board the *Northumberland*, I had heard the *Secret History of the Cabinet of Buonaparte*, by Goldsmith, spoken of, and in my first leisure moments here, I felt an inclination to skim it over.

The Emperor having desired me to come this morning after breakfast, I found him in his morning gown extended upon his sofa. The conversation led him to ask me what I was reading at this moment. I replied that it was one of the most notorious and scurrilous libels published against him, and I quoted to him upon the spot some of its most abominable stories. He laughed greatly at them, and desired to see the work. I sent for it, and we went over it together. In passing from one horrid calumny to another, he exclaimed, "Jesus!" crossing himself repeatedly, a custom which I have perceived is familiar with him, in his little friendly circle, whenever he meets with monstrous, impudent, or obscene assertions; or such as excite his indignation and surprise without stirring up his anger. As we were going on, the Emperor analyzed certain facts, and corrected points of which the author might have known something. Sometimes he shrugged up his shoulders out of compassion; at others, he laughed heartily; but he never betrayed the least sign of anger. When he read the article which speaks of his great debaucheries and excesses, the violence and the outrages which he is made to commit, he observed that the author, doubtless, wished to make a hero of him in every respect: that he willingly left him to those who had charged him with impotency; that it was for these gentlemen to agree among themselves; adding, merrily, "that every man was not so unlucky as the pleader of Toulouse." They were in the wrong, however, he continued, to attack him upon the score of morals; him, who, as all the world knew, had so singularly improved them. They could not be ignorant that he was not at all inclined, by nature, to debauchery; and that, moreover, the multiplicity of his affairs would never have allowed him time to indulge in it. When we came to the pages where his mother was described as acting the most disgusting and abject part at Marseilles, he stopped, and repeated several lines with an accent of indignation, and something approaching to grief, "Ah! Madame!—Poor Madame!—with her lofty character!—if she were to read this!—Great God!"

We thus passed more than two hours, at the end of which he began to dress. Dr. O'Meara was introduced to him: it was the usual hour of his being admitted. "Dottore," said the Emperor to him in Italian, whilst he was shaving himself, "I have just read one of your fine London productions against me." The Doctor's

countenance indicated a wish to know what it was. I showed him the book at a distance; it was himself who had lent it to me: he was disconcerted. "It is a very just remark," continued the Emperor, "that it is the truth only which gives offence. I have not been angry for a moment; but I have frequently laughed at it." The Doctor endeavoured to reply, and puzzled himself with high-flown sentences: it was, he said, an infamous disgusting libel; every body knew it to be such; nobody paid any attention to it: nevertheless, persons might be found who would believe it, from its not having been replied to. "But how can that be helped?" said the Emperor. "If it should enter any one's head to put in print that I had grown hairy, and walked on four paws, there are people who would believe it, and would say that God had punished me as he did Nebuchadnezzar. And what could I do? There is no remedy in such cases."

On the 20th, the Emperor received Governor Wilks, with whom he had a profound discussion on the army, the sciences, government, and the Indies. Speaking of the organization of the English army, he dwelt much on the principles of promotion therein, expressing his surprise, that, in a country in which equality of rights is maintained, the soldiers so seldom become officers.

Colonel Wilks admitted that the English soldiers were not formed to become so; and said, that the English were equally astonished at the great difference they had remarked in the French army, where almost every soldier showed the nascent talents of an officer. "That," observed the Emperor, "is one of the great results of the conscription; it had rendered the French army the best constituted that ever existed. It was an institution," he continued, "eminently national, and already strongly interwoven with our habits; it had ceased to be a cause of grief, except to mothers: and the time was at hand when a girl would not have listened to a young man who had not acquitted himself of this debt to his country. And it would have been only when arrived at this point," added he, "that the conscription would have manifested the full extent of its advantages. When the service no longer bears the appearance of punishment or compulsory duty, but is become a point of honour, on which all are jealous, then only is the nation great, glorious, and powerful; it is then that its existence is proof against reverses, invasions—even the hand of time!"

"Besides," continued he, "it may be truly said, that there is nothing that may not be obtained from Frenchmen by the excitement of danger; it seems to animate them; it is an inheritance they derive from their Gallie predecessors. . . . Courage, the love of glory, are, with the French, an instinct, a kind of sixth sense. How often in the heat of battle has my attention been fixed on my young conscripts, rushing, for the first time, into the thickest of the fight; honour and valour bursting forth at every pore."

After this, the Emperor, knowing that Governor Wilks was well informed in chymistry, attacked him on that subject. He spoke of the immense progress in all our manufactures occasioned by this science. He said that both England and France, undoubtedly, possessed great chymists; but that chymistry was more generally diffused in France, and more particularly directed to useful results; that in England it remained a science, while in France it was becoming entirely practical. The Governor admitted that these observations were perfectly correct, and, with a liberality of sentiment, added, that it was to him, the Emperor, that all these advantages were owing, and that wherever science was led by the hand of power, it would produce great and happy effects on the well-being of society. The Emperor observed, that of late France had obtained sugar from the beet-root, as good and as cheap as that extracted from the sugar-cane. The Governor was astonished; he had not even suspected it. The Emperor assured him that it was an established fact, opposed as it was to the rooted prejudices of all Europe, France itself not excepted. He added, that it was the same with wood, the substitute for indigo, and with almost all the colonial produce, except the dye-woods. This led him to conclude, that if the invention of the compass had produced a revolution in commerce, the progress of chymistry bade fair to produce a counter-revolution.

The conversation then turned to the present numerous emigrations of the artisans of France and England to America. The Emperor observed, that this favoured country grew rich by our follies. The Governor smiled, and replied, that those of England would occupy the first place in the list, from the numerous errors of administration, which had led to the revolt and subsequent emancipation of the colonies. The Emperor said that their emancipation was inevitable; that when children were come to the size of their fathers, it was difficult to retain them long in a state of obedience.

During dinner, and afterwards, the conversation turned on various deeds of arms. The Grand Marshal said, that what had most struck him in the life of the Emperor, happened at Eylau, when, attended only by some officers of his staff, a column of four or five thousand Russians came almost in contact with him. The Emperor was on foot; the Prince of Neufchatel instantly ordered up the horses: the Emperor gave him a reproachful look; then sent orders to a battalion of his guard to advance, which was a good way behind, and standing still. As the Russians advanced, he repeated several times, "What audacity! what audacity!" At the sight of the grenadiers of the guard, the Russians stopped short. It was high time they should, as Bertrand said. The Emperor had never stirred; all who surrounded him had been much alarmed.

The Emperor had heard this account without making any observation: but, when it was finished, he said that one of the finest manœuvres he remembered was that which he executed at Eckmühl. Unfortunately he did not proceed or give any particulars. "Success in war," said he, "depends so much on quicksightedness, and in seizing the right moment, that the battle of Austerlitz, which was so completely won, would have been lost if I had attacked six hours sooner. The Russians showed themselves on that occasion such excellent troops as they have never appeared since: the Russian army of Austerlitz would not have lost the battle of the Moscowa."

"Marengo," said the Emperor, "was the battle in which the Austrians fought best; their troops behaved admirably there; but that was the grave of their valour. It has never since been seen."

"The Prussians, at Jena, did not make such a resistance as was expected from their reputation. As to the multitudes of 1814 and 1815, they were mere rabble compared to the real soldiers of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Jena."

The night before the battle of Jena, the Emperor said, he had run the greatest risk. He might then have disappeared without his fate being clearly known. He had approached the bivouacs of the enemy, in the dark, to reconnoitre them; he had only a few officers with him.

The opinion which was then entertained of the Prussian army kept every one on the alert: it was thought that the Prussians were particularly given to nocturnal attacks. As the Emperor returned, he was fired at by the first sentinel of his camp; this was a signal for the whole line; he had no resource but to throw himself flat on his face until the mistake was discovered. But his principal apprehension was, that the Prussian line, which was very near him, would act in the same manner.

At Marengo the Austrian soldiers had not forgotten the conqueror of Castiglione, Arcole, and Rivoli: his name had much influence over them; but they were far from thinking he was present; they believed he was dead; care had been taken to persuade them that he had perished in Egypt, that the First Consul, of whom they heard talk, was only his brother. This report had gained so much credit every where, that Napoleon was under the necessity of appearing in public at Milan in order to refute it.

(From Las Cases' Journal.)

They then spoke of India; the Governor had resided there many years, and had filled high stations; he had made important researches; he was enabled to reply to a multitude of questions proposed to him by the Emperor, respecting the laws, the manners, the usages of the Hindoos, the administration of the English, the nature and construction of the existing laws, &c.

Madame de Stael's Delphine was at this time a subject of conversation at our evening parties. The Emperor analysed it; few things in it escaped his censure. The irregularity of mind and imagination which pervades it excited his criticism: there were, throughout, said he, the same faults which had formerly made him keep the author at a distance, notwithstanding the most pointed advances and the most unremitting flattery on her part. No sooner had victory immortalised the young General of the Army of Italy, than Madame de Stael, unacquainted with him, from the mere sympathy of glory, instantly professed for him sentiments of enthusiasm worthy of her own *Corinne*; she wrote him long and numerous epistles, full of wit, imagination, and metaphysical erudition: it was an error, she observed, arising only from human institutions, that could have united him with the meek, the tranquil Madame Buonaparte; it was a soul of fire like hers (Madame de Stael's) that nature had undoubtedly destined to be the companion of a hero like him.

I refer to the campaigns in Italy, to shew that this forwardness on the part of Madame de Stael was not checked by the circumstance of meeting with no return. With a perseverance never to be disheartened, she succeeded, at a later period, in forming some degree of acquaintance, so far even as to be allowed to visit; and she used this privilege, said the Emperor, to a disagreeable extent. It is unquestionably true, as has been reported, that the General, wishing to make her sensible of it, one day caused her to be told, by way of excuse, that he was scarcely dressed; and that she replied, promptly and earnestly, that it was unimportant, for that genius was of no sex.

From Madame de Stael we were naturally led to her father, M. Necker. The Emperor related, that at Geneva, in his way to Marenco, he received a visit from him, wherein he made known, in an awkward manner enough, his desire to be admitted again to the Administration—a desire, by the bye, which M. Calonne, his rival, subsequently came to Paris to express with a degree of levity beyond conception. M. Necker afterwards wrote a dangerous work upon the policy of France, which he attempted to prove could no longer exist as a Monarchy or a Republic, and in which he called the First Consul *l'homme nécessaire*.

The First Consul proscribed the work, which at that time might have been highly prejudicial to him, and committed the task of refuting it to the Consul Lebrun, "who in his elegant prose," said the Emperor, "executed prompt and ample justice upon it." The Necker *coterie* was irritated, and Madame de Stael, engaging in some intrigues, received an order to quit France; thenceforth she became an ardent and strenuous enemy. Nevertheless, on the return from the island of Elba, she wrote or sent to the Emperor, to express, in her peculiar way, the enthusiasm which this wonderful event had excited in her; that she was overcome; that this last act was not that of a mortal; that it had once raised its author to the skies. Then, returning to herself, she concluded by hinting, that if the Emperor would condescend to allow the payment of the two millions for which an order in her favour had already been signed by the King, her pen and her principles should be devoted for ever after to his interest. The Emperor desired she might be informed, in answer, that nothing could flatter him more highly than her approbation, because he fully appreciated her talents; but that he really was not rich enough to purchase it at that price.

After these anecdotes, the Emperor proceeded to mention a great number of his officers and aides-de-camp, distributing praise and censure amongst them as he went on; he knew them all thoroughly. Two of the circumstances which had most affected him on the field of battle, he said, were the deaths of young Guibert and Gen. Corbinau. At Aboukir, a bullet went quite through the breast of the former, without killing him instantly: the Emperor, after saying a few words to him, was obliged, by the violence of his feelings, to leave him. The other was carried away, crushed, annihilated by a cannon-ball, at Eylau, before the Emperor's face, whilst he was giving him some orders. The Emperor spoke also of the last moments of Marshal Lannes, the valiant Duke of Montebello, so justly called the Orlando of the army, who, when visited by the Emperor on his death-bed, seemed to forget his own situation, and to care only for him, whom he loved above every thing. The Emperor had the highest esteem for him.

The Emperor next mentioned Duroc, on whose character and private life he dwelt some time. "Duroc," concluded he, "had lively, tender, and concealed passions, little corresponding with the coldness of his manner. It was long before I knew this, so exact and regular was his service. It was not until my day was entirely closed and finished, and I was enjoying repose, that Duroc's work began. Chance, or some accident, could alone have made me acquainted with his character. He was a pure and virtuous man, utterly disinterested, and extremely generous."

The Emperor said, that on the opening of the campaign at Dresden, he lost two men who were extremely valuable to him, and in the most foolish manner in the world: these were Bessieres and Duroc. When he went to see Duroc, after he had received his mortal wound, he attempted to hold out some hopes to him; but Duroc, who did not deceive himself, only replied by begging him to make them give him opium. The Emperor, excessively affected, could not venture to remain long with him, and tore himself from this distressing spectacle.

One of the company then reminded the Emperor, that on leaving Duroc, he went and walked up and down by himself before his tent: no one durst accost him. But some essential measures being requisite against the following day, some one at length ventured to go and ask him where the battery of the guard was to be placed? "Ask me nothing till to-morrow," was the Emperor's answer.

At this recollection, the Emperor, with an apparent effort, began abruptly to talk of something else.

Duroc loved the Emperor for himself: it was rather to the individual personally that his devotion was attached, than to the Monarch. In being made the confident of his prince's feelings, he had acquired the art, and perhaps the right, of mitigating and directing them. How often has he whispered to people struck with consternation by the anger of the Emperor:—"Let him have his way; he speaks from his feelings, not according to his judgment; nor as he will act to-morrow." What a servant! what a friend! what a treasure! How many storms he has soothed; how many rash orders, given in the moment of irritation, has he omitted to execute, knowing that his master would thank him the next day for the omission. The Emperor had accommodated himself to this sort of tacit arrangement, and on that account gave way the more readily to those violent bursts of temper, which relieve by the vent they afford to the passions.

Bessieres was adored by the Guards in the midst of whom he passed his life. At the battle of Agram a ball struck him off his horse without doing him any farther injury. A mournful cry arose from the whole battalion; upon which Napoleon remarked, the next time he saw him—"Bessieres the ball which struck you, I have

from all my Guard. Return thanks to it: it ought to be very dear to you."

He was less fortunate at the opening of the campaign of Saxony. On the very eve of the battle of Lutzen a trifling engagement occurred, in which, having advanced into the very midst of the skirmishers, he was shot dead on the spot by a musket-ball in the breast. Thus, after living like Bayard, he died like Turenne.

The following are the arguments of Napoleon on what might have been feared or hoped by the European Powers from the operation of his views and character, had they acquiesced in his re-occupation of the Imperial throne of France.

"What a fatality," he said, "that my return from the island of Elba was not acquiesced in—that every one did not perceive that my reign was desirable and necessary for the balance and repose of Europe! But kings and people both feared me; they were wrong, and may pay dearly for it. I returned a new man; they could not believe it; they could not imagine that a man might have sufficient strength of mind to alter his character, or to bend to the power of circumstances. I had, however, given proofs of this, and some pledges to the same effect. Who is ignorant that I am not a man for half-measures? I would have been as sincerely the monarch of the constitution and of peace, as I had been of absolute sway and great enterprises."

"Let us reason a little upon the fears of Kings and people on my account. What could the Kings apprehend? Did they still dread my ambition, my conquests, my universal monarchy? But my power and my resources were no longer the same; and, besides, I had only defeated and conquered in my own defence: this is a truth which time will more fully develop every day. Europe never ceased to make war upon France, her principles; and me; and we were compelled to destroy, to save ourselves from destruction. The coalition always existed openly or secretly, avowed or denied; it was permanent; it only rested with the Allies to give us peace: for ourselves, we were worn out: the French dreaded making new conquests. As to myself, is it supposed that I am insensible to the charms of repose and security, when glory and honour do not require it otherwise? With our two Chambers, they might have forbidden me in future to pass the Rhine; and why should I have wished it? For my universal monarchy? But I never gave any convincing proof of insanity; and what is its chief characteristic, but a disproportion between our object and the means of attaining it. If I have been on the point of accomplishing this universal monarchy, it was without any original design, and because I was led on to it step by step. The last efforts wanting to arrive at it seemed so trifling, was it very unreasonable to attempt them? But on my return from Elba, could a similar idea, a thought so mad, a purpose so unattainable, enter the head of the most rash man in the world? The Sovereigns, then, had nothing to fear from my arms."

"Did they apprehend that I might overwhelm them with anarchical principles? But they know by experience my opinions on the score. They have all seen me occupy their territories: how often have I been urged to revolutionize their states, give municipal functions to their cities, and excite insurrection among their subjects? However I may have been stigmatised, in their names, as the modern *Attila*, *Robespierre on horseback*, &c., they all know better at the bottom of their hearts—let them look there! Had I been so, I might perhaps still have reigned; but they most certainly would have long since ceased to reign. In the great cause of which I saw myself the chief and the arbitrator, one of the two systems was to be followed—to make kings listen to reason from the people; or to conduct people to happiness by means of their kings. But it is well known to be no easy matter to check the people when they are once set on: it was more rational to reckon a little upon the wisdom and intelligence of rulers. I had a right always to suppose them possessed of sufficient intellect to see such obvious interests: I was deceived; they never calculated at all and, in their blind fury, they let loose against me that which I withheld when opposed to them. They will see!"

"Lastly, did the Sovereigns take umbrage at seeing a mere soldier attain a crown? Did they fear the example? The solemnities, the circumstances that accompanied my elevation, my eagerness to conform to their habits, to identify myself with their existence, to become allied to them by blood and by policy, closed the door sufficiently against new comers. Besides, if there must needs have been the spectacle of an interrupted legitimacy, I maintain that it was much more to their interest that it should take place in my person, one risen from the ranks, than in that of a prince, one of their own family: for thousands of ages will elapse before the circumstances accumulated in my case draw forth another from the crowd to re-produce the same spectacle; while there is not a sovereign who has not at a few paces' distance in his palace, cousins, nephews, brothers, and relations, to whom it would be easy to follow such an example if once set."

"On the other side, what was there to alarm the people? Did they fear that I should come to lay waste, and to impose chains on them? But I returned the Messiah of peace and of their rights: this new maxim was my whole strength—to violate it would have been my ruin. But even the French mistrusted me; they had the insanity to discuss, when there was nothing to do but to fight; to divide, when they should have united on any terms. And was it not better to run the risk of leaving me again for master, than to expose themselves to that of submitting to a foreign yoke? Would it not have been easier to rid themselves of a single despot, of one tyrant, than to shake off the chains of all the nations united? And moreover, whence did they derive this mistrust of me? Because they had already seen me consecrate every effort in myself, and direct them with a vigorous hand? But do they not learn at the present day, to their cost, how necessary that was? Well! the danger was in any case the same; the contest terrible, and the crisis imminent. In this state of things, was not absolute power necessary, indispensable? The welfare of the country obliged me even to declare it openly on my return from Leipsic. I should have done so again on my return from Elba. I was wanting in consistency, or rather in confidence in the French, because many of them no longer placed any in me, and it was doing me a great wrong. If narrow and vulgar minds only saw, in all my efforts, the care of my own power, ought not those of greater scope to have shown, that under the circumstances in which we were placed, my power and the country were but one? Did it require such great and incurable mischiefs to enable them to comprehend me? History will do me more justice: it will signalize me as the man of self-denials and disinterestedness. To what temptations was I not exposed in the army of Italy? England offered me the Crown of France at the time of the treaty of Amiens. I refused peace at Chatillon: I disdained all personal stipulations at Waterloo; and why? because all this had no reference to my country, and I had no ambition distinct from hers—that of her glory, her ascendancy, her majesty. And there is the reason that, in spite of so many calamities, I remain so popular among the French. It is a sort of instinct of after-justice on their part."

"Who in the world ever had greater treasures at his disposal? I have had many hundred millions in my vaults; many other hundreds composed my *domaine de l'extraordinaire*; all these were my own. What is become of them? They were poured out in the distresses of the country. Let them contemplate me here; I remain destitute upon my rock. My fortune was wholly in that of France. In the extraordinary situation to which fate had raised me, my treasures were hers; I had identified myself completely with her destinies. What other calculation was consistent with the height I had risen to? Was I ever seen occupied about my personal interests?

never knew any other enjoyment, any other riches, than those of the public; so much so, that when Josephine, who had a taste for the arts, succeeded under the sanction of my name in acquiring some master-pieces, though they were in my palace, under my eyes, in my family apartments, they offended me; I thought myself robbed: *they were not in the Museum.*

"Ah! the French people undoubtedly did much for me! more than was ever done before for man! But, at the same time, who ever did so much for them? who ever identified himself so much with them in the same manner? But to return: after all, what could be their fears? Were not the Chambers and the new constitution sufficient guarantees for the future? Those additional acts, against which so much indignation was expressed, did they not carry in themselves their own corrective—remedies that were infallible? How could I have violated them? I had not myself millions of arms; I was but a man. Public opinion raised me up once more; public opinion might equally put me down again; and compared with this risk, what had I to gain?"

"But as to surrounding states (I speak particularly as regards England), what could be her fears, her motives, her jealousies? We inquire in vain. With our new constitution, our two Chambers, had we not adopted her creed for the future? Was not that the sure means of coming to a mutual understanding, to establish in future a community of interests? The caprices, the passions of their rulers, once fettered, the interests of the people move on, without obstacle in their natural course. Look at the merchants of hostile nations; they continue their intercourse, and pursue their business, however their governments may wage war. The two nations had arrived at that point. Thanks to their respective Parliaments, each was become the guarantee for the other; and who can evertell to what extent the union of the two nations and of their interests might be carried—what new combinations might be set at work? It is certain, that on the establishment of our two Chambers and our Constitution, the Ministers of England had in their hands the glory and prosperity of their country, the destinies and the welfare of the world. Had I beaten the English army, and won my last battle, I would have caused a great and happy astonishment; the following day I would have proposed peace, and for once it would have been I who scattered benefits with a prodigal hand. Instead of this, perhaps the English will one day have to lament that they were victorious at Waterloo!"

"I repeat it, the people and the sovereigns were wrong; I had restored thrones and an offensive nobility; and thrones and nobility may again find themselves in danger. I had fixed and consecrated the reasonable limits of the people's rights; vague, peremptory, and undefined claims may again arise.

"Had my return, my establishment on the throne, my adoption, been freely acquiesced in by the sovereigns, the cause of kings and the people would have been settled; both would have gained. Now they are again to try it; both may lose. They might have concluded every thing; they may have every thing to begin again; they might have secured a long and certain calm, and already begun to enjoy it; and instead of that, a spark may now be sufficient to re-produce an universal conflagration! Poor weak humanity!"

Conversing to-day on the subject of the intelligence we had recently received, the Emperor observed that the condition of France was by no means improved. "The Bourbons," he repeated, "have now no other resource than severity. Four months have already elapsed, the Allied forces are about to be withdrawn, and none but half measures have been taken. The affair has been badly managed. A government can exist only by its principle. The principle of the French Government evidently is to return to old maxims; and it should do this openly. In present circumstances, the Chambers, above all, will be fatal; they will inspire the King with false confidence, and will have no weight with the nation. The King will soon be deprived of all means of communication with them. They will no longer follow the same religion, nor speak the same language. No individual will henceforth have a right to undeceive the people with regard to any absurdities that may be propagated; even if it should be wished to make them believe that all the springs of water are poisoned, and that trains of gunpowder are laid under ground." The Emperor concluded by observing, that there would be some juridical executions, and an extreme desire of re-action, which will be sufficiently strong to irritate, but not to subdue, &c.

The Emperor observed, that his flag had become the first in the Mediterranean. It was held sacred, he said, by the Algerines, who usually made presents to the Elba Captains, telling them that they were paying the debt of Moscow. The Grand Marshal told us, that some Algerine ships having anchored off the Island of Elba, had caused great alarm among the inhabitants, who questioned the pirates with regard to their intentions, and ended by asking them plainly whether they came with any hostile views.—"Against the Great Napoleon!" said the Algerines: "Oh: never we do not wage war on God!"

Talma had frequent interviews with the Emperor, who greatly admired his talent and rewarded him magnificently. When the First Consul became Emperor, it was reported all over Paris, that he had Talma to give him lessons in attitude and costume. The Emperor, who always knew every thing that was said against him, rallied Talma one day on the subject, and finding him look quite disconcerted and confounded—"You are wrong," said he, "I certainly could not have employed myself better, if I had leisure for it." On the contrary it was the Emperor who gave Talma lessons in his art: "Racine," said he to him, "has loaded his character of Orestes with imbecilities, and you only add to their extravagance.—In the *Mort de Pompée*, you do not play Cæsar like a hero; in *Britannicus*, you do not play Nero like a tyrant." Every one knows the corrections which Talma afterwards made in his performances of these celebrated characters.

"Men are always the same," said the Emperor: "from the time of Pharamond downwards, contractors have always been blood-suckers; but at no period of the monarchy were they ever attacked in so legal a form, or assailed so energetically and openly as by me. Even among the contractors themselves, the few individuals who possessed honesty and integrity found in this extreme severity a new guarantee for their own conduct. A remarkable instance of this occurred after my return from Elba. Some houses in London and Amsterdam secretly negotiated with me a loan of from 80 to 100,000,000*l.*, at a profit of seven or eight per cent.—The neat sum, which was deposited in the Treasury of Paris, was paid to them by rentes on the great book at fifty; they were then distributed among the public at fifty-six or fifty-seven."

The Emperor himself said, that he enjoyed singular reputation among the heads of offices and accountants. The examination of accounts was a thing which he very well understood. "The circumstance that first gained me reputation, in this way, was that while balancing a yearly account during

advantage of the Republic. M. Dufresne, who was then chief of the Treasury, and who was a perfectly honest man, at first would not believe that the error existed. However, it was an affair of figures; the fact could not be denied. At the treasury several months were occupied in endeavouring to discover the error. It was at length found in an account of the contractor Seguin, who immediately acknowledged it on being shown the accounts, and restored the money, saying it was a mistake."

On another occasion as the Emperor was examining the accounts of the pay of the garrison of Paris, he observed an article of sixty and some odd thousand francs set down to a detachment which had never been in the capital.—The minister made a note of the error, merely from complaisance, but was convinced in his own mind that the Emperor was mistaken. Napoleon however proved to be right and the sum was restored.

After the Emperor had dressed, he sat down to his English lesson; but he did not continue at it long, for his head ached severely. He told me to sit down by him, and made me talk for more than two hours about what I had observed in London during my emigration. Among other things he inquired, "Were the English very much afraid of my invasion? What was the general opinion at the time?"—"Sire," I replied, "I cannot inform you: I had then returned to France. But in the saloons of Paris we laughed at the idea of an invasion of England; and the English who were there at the time did so too. It was said that even Brunet laughed at the scheme, and that you had caused him to be imprisoned because he had been insolent enough in one of his parts to set some nut-shells afloat in a tub of water, which he called manœuvring his little flotilla."—"Well!" replied the Emperor, "you might laugh in Paris, but Pitt did not laugh in London. He soon calculated the extent of the danger, and therefore threw a coalition on my shoulders at the moment when I raised my arm to strike. Never was the English oligarchy exposed to greater danger."

"I had taken measures to preclude the possibility of failure in my landing. I had the best army in the world; I need only say, it was the army of Austerlitz. In four days I should have been in London; I should have entered the English capital, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have been another William III; but I would have acted with greater generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army was perfect. My troops would have behaved in London the same as they would in Paris. No sacrifices, not even contributions, would have been exacted from the English. We should have presented ourselves to them, not as conquerors, but as brothers, who came to restore to them their rights and liberties. I would have assembled the citizens, and directed them to labour themselves in the task of

their regeneration; because the English had already preceded us in political legislation; I would have declared that our only wish was to be able to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of the English people; and to these professions I would have strictly adhered. In the course of a few months, the two nations, which had been such determined enemies, would have henceforward composed only one people, identified in principles, maxims, and interests. I should have departed from England, in order to effect, from south to north, under republican colours (for I was then First Consul) the regeneration of Europe, which, at a later period, I was on the point of effecting, from north to south, under monarchic forms. Both systems were equally good, since both would have been attended by the same result, and would have been carried into execution with firmness, moderation, and good faith. How many ills that are now endured, and how many that are yet to be experienced, would not unhappy Europe have escaped! Never was a project so favourable to the interests of civilization conceived with more disinterested intentions, or so near being carried into execution."

"It was supposed," said he, "that my scheme was merely a vain threat, because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships; and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the Channel; and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal. A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing, as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardour, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English. After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which could not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of manœuvring. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality," &c.

Among a great number of new measures projected by the Emperor for a more tranquil futurity, his favourite idea had been, peace being obtained and repose secured, to devote his life to purifying the administration and to local ameliorations; to be occupied in perpetual tours in the departments: he would have visited, not hurried over; sojourned, not posted through: he would have used his own horses, would have been surrounded by the Empress, the King of Rome, his whole Court. At the same time, he wished this great equipage not to be burdensome to any, but rather a benefit to all; a suit of tapestry hangings and all other appendages, following in the train, would have furnished and decorated his places of rest. The other persons of the Court, he said, would have been extremely welcome to the citizens, who would have looked upon their guests as a benefit rather than a burden, because they would always have been the sure means of their acquiring some advantage or some favours. "It is thus," he continued, "that I should have been able in every place to prevent frauds, punish misappropriations, direct edifies, bridges, roads; drain marshes, fertilize lands, &c.—If heaven had then," he continued, "granted me a few years, I would certainly have made Paris the capital of the world, and all France a real fairy-land." He often repeated these last words; how many people have already said this, or will repeat it after him!

Endeavours have been made to represent Napoleon as a man of furious and implacable temper; but the truth is, that he was a stranger to revenge, and he never cherished any vindictive feeling, whatever wrong he might have suffered. His anger was usually vented in violent transports, and was soon at an end. Those who knew him must be convinced of this fact. Murat had scandalously betrayed him; as I have already observed, he had twice ruined his prospects, and yet Murat came to seek an asylum at Toulon. "I should have taken hint with me to Waterloo," said Napoleon; "but such was the patriotic and moral feeling of the French army, that it was doubtful whether the troops could surmount the disgust and horror which they felt for the man who had betrayed and lost France. I did not consider myself sufficiently powerful to protect him. Yet he might have enabled us to gain the victory. How useful would he have been at certain periods of the battle? He would have broken three or four English squares. Murat was admirable in such a service as this;—he was precisely the man for it. At the head of a body of cavalry, no man was ever more resolute, more courageous, or more brilliant."

9th Feb.—In the papers which I was translating to the Emperor, I found the history of the Spanish General Porlier, one of the most distinguished chiefs of the famous Guerillas. He had made an attempt to excite the Spaniards to rise against the tyranny of Ferdinand; but he failed, was arrested, and hanged.

The Emperor said, "I am not in the least surprised that such an attempt should have been made in Spain. Those very Spaniards who proved themselves my most inveterate enemies when I invaded their country, and who acquired the highest glory by the resistance they opposed to me, immediately appealed to me on my return from Elba. They had, they said, fought against me as their tyrant; but they now came to implore my aid as their deliverer. They required only a small sum to emancipate themselves, and to produce in the Peninsula a revolution similar to mine. Had I conquered at Waterloo, it was my intention immediately to have assisted the Spaniards. This circumstance sufficiently explains to me the attempt that has lately been made. There is little doubt but it will be renewed again. Ferdinand, in his madness, may grasp his sceptre as firmly as he will; but one day or other it will slip through his fingers like an eel."

The great Albuquerque proposed to the King of Portugal to turn the course of the Nile previous to its entrance into the valley of Egypt, so as to make it fall into the Red Sea, which would have rendered Egypt an impassable desert, and made the Cape of Good Hope the only channel for the great trade of India. Bruce thinks the execution of this gigantic idea not entirely impossible; the Emperor was forcibly struck with it.

The name of Buonaparte may be spelt either *Bonaparte*, or *Buonaparte*; as all Italians know. Napoleon's father always introduced the *u*; and his uncle, the Archdeacon Lucien (who survived Napoleon's father, and was a parent to Napoleon and his brothers), at the same time, and under the same roof, wrote it *Bonaparte*. During his youth Napoleon followed the example of his father. On attaining the command of the Army of Italy, he took good care not to alter the orthography, which agreed with the spirit of the language; but at a later period, and when amongst the French, he wished to adopt their orthography, and thenceforth wrote his name *Bonaparte*.

The genealogy of the Buonapartes presents a fact which is certainly of a very singular nature: it is that of the first Bonaparte having been exiled from his country as a *Ghibeline*. Was it, then, the destiny of this family, in all times, and at every epoch, that it must yield to the malignant influence of the *Guelphs*?

The Cologne editor sometimes writes *Buonaparte*, and at others *Bonaparte*.

At the interview of Dresden, before the Russian campaign, the Emperor Francis one day told Napoleon, then his son-in-law; that his family had governed as sovereigns at Trevisa: a fact of which there could be no doubt, as Francis had caused all the documents proving it to be drawn up and presented to him. Napoleon replied with a smile, that he did not wish to know any thing about it, and that he would greatly prefer being the Rodolph of Hapsburg, of the Austrian family. Francis attached much more importance to the matter: he said, that it was of very little consequence to have fallen from wealth to poverty; but that it was above all price to have been a sovereign, and that the fact must be communicated to Maria Louisa, to whom it would afford infinite pleasure.

During the continuance of his power, Napoleon always refused to take any pains, or even enter into conversation on the subject. The first attempt to excite his attention to this matter occurred in the time of his Consulate, and was so much discouraged, that no one ever attempted to renew the discussion. Some one published a genealogy, in which it was contrived to connect the family of Napoleon with certain northern kings. Napoleon caused this specimen of Rattery to be ridiculed in the public papers, in which the writers concluded by observing, that the nobility of the First Consul only dated from *Monteno te*, or from the 18th of Brumaire.

I will here mention the fact of Napoleon's having, when on the point of embarking, delivered a packet to his brother, containing all the original letters addressed to him by the sovereigns of Europe in their own hand-writing. I frequently expressed my regret to the Emperor at his parting with such a precious historical manuscript.

On my return to Europe, I did not fail to inquire for the invaluable deposit, and hastened to suggest the importance of making another copy to Prince Joseph, in order to become still more sure of its existence. What was my grief to hear, that this historical monument had been mislaid, and that no person knew what had become of it!

Paoli, in the time of his power, having received an embassy from Algiers or Tunis, wished to give the savage envoys some notion of the attractions of the island, and for this purpose he assembled together all the most beautiful women in Corsica, among whom Madame Buonaparte (the mother) took the lead. Subsequently, when she travelled to Brienne to see her son, her personal charms were remarked even in Paris.

During the war for Corsican liberty, Madame Buonaparte shared the dangers of her husband, who was an enthusiast in the cause. In his different expeditions she frequently followed him on horseback, while she was pregnant with Napoleon. She was a woman of extraordinary vigour of mind, joined to considerable pride and loftiness of spirit. She was the mother of thirteen children, and she might have had many more, for she was a widow at the age of thirty. Of these thirteen children only five boys and three girls lived, all of whom played distinguished parts in the reign of Napoleon.

Joseph, the eldest of the family, was originally intended for the church, on account of the influence possessed by Marbeuf, archbishop of Lyons, who had the patronage of numerous livings. He went through the regular course of study; but when the moment arrived for taking orders, he refused to enter the ecclesiastical profession. He was successively King of Naples and Spain.

Louis was King of Holland, and Jerome King of Westphalia. Eliza was Grand Duchess of Tuscany; Caroline, Queen of Naples; and Pauline, Princess Borghese. Lucien, who through his marriage, and a mistaken direction of character, doubtless forfeited a crown, atoned for all his past errors, by throwing himself into the arms of the Emperor on his return from Elba, at a moment when Napoleon was far from relying on the certainty of his prospects.

Napoleon retained but a faint idea of Pichegru; he remembered that he was a tall man, rather red in the face. Pichegru, on the contrary, seems to have preserved a striking recollection of young Napoleon. When Pichegru joined the royalist party, he was asked whether it would not be possible to gain over the General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy. "To attempt that would only be wasting time," said he: "from my knowledge of him when a boy I am sure he must be a most inflexible character: he has taken his resolutions, and he will not change them."

It would appear, that from his earliest childhood his parents rested all their hopes on him. His father, when on his death-bed at Montpellier, though Joseph was beside him, spoke only of Napoleon, who was then at the military school. In the delirium with which he was seized in his last moments, he incessantly called Napoleon to come to his aid with his *great sword*. The grand uncle, Lucien, who on his death-bed was surrounded by all his relatives, said, addressing himself to Joseph, "You are the eldest of the family; but there is the head of it, (pointing to Napoleon). Never lose sight of him." The Emperor used to laugh and say, "This was a true disinheritance: it was the scene of Jacob and Esau."

Napoleon was scarcely eighteen years of age when the Abbe Raynal, struck with the extent of his acquirements, appreciated his merit so highly as to make him one of the ornaments of his scientific *dejeuners*. Finally, the celebrated Paoli, who had long inspired Napoleon with a sort of veneration, and who found that the latter had headed a party against him, whenever he showed himself favourable to the English, was accustomed to say—"This young man is formed on the ancient model. He is one of Plutarch's men."

Many individuals, who knew him at an early period of life, foresaw his extraordinary career: and they viewed the events of his life without astonishment. At an early age he gained anonymously a prize at the Academy of Lyons, on the following question, proposed by Raynal:—"What are the principles and institutions calculated to advance mankind to the highest possible degree of happiness?"—The anonymous memorial excited great attention: it was perfectly in unison with the ideas of the age. It began by inquiring in what happiness consisted; and the answer was, in the perfect enjoyment of life in the manner most conformable with our moral and physical organization. After he became Emperor, Napoleon was one day conversing on this subject with M. de Talleyrand; the latter, like a skilful courtier, shortly after presented to him the famous memorial, which he had procured from the archives of the Academy of Lyons. The Emperor took it, and, after reading a few pages, threw into the fire his first production of his youth, saying, "One can never observe every thing." M. de Talleyrand had not an opportunity of transcribing it.

Circumstances and reflection have considerably modified his character. Even his style of expression, now so concise and laconic, was in his youth diffuse and emphatic. At the time of the Legislative Assembly, Napoleon assumed a serious and severe demeanour, and became less communicative than before. The Army of Italy also marked another epoch in his character. His extreme youth, when he went to take the command of the army, rendered it necessary that he should evince great reserve, and the utmost strictness of morals.—“This was indispensably necessary,” said he, “to enable me to command men so much above me in point of age. I pursued a line of conduct truly irreproachable and exemplary. I proved myself a sort of Cato. I must have appeared such in the eyes of all. I was a philosopher and a sage.” In this character he appeared on the theatre of the world.

In 1793, Napoleon was in Corsica, where he had a command in the National Guards. He opposed Paoli as soon as he was led to suspect that the veteran, to whom he had hitherto been so much attached, entertained a design of betraying the island to the English. Therefore it is not true, as has been generally reported, that Napoleon, or some of his family, were at one time in England, proposing to raise a Corsican regiment for the English service.

At the first breaking out of the Revolution, there was nothing but disorder in the *materiel* and ignorance in the *personnel* of the French army, which was owing both to the confusion of the times and the rapidity and irregularity with which the promotions had been made. The following story will afford an idea of the state of affairs and of the manners of the time:—

On his arrival at Toulon, Napoleon waited on General Cartaux, a haughty man, covered with gold lace from head to foot, who asked him what duty he had been sent upon. The young officer modestly presented the letter which directed him to superintend, under the general's command, the operations of the artillery. “This was quite unnecessary,” said the general, twirling his whiskers; “we want no assistance to retake Toulon: but, however, you are welcome, and you may share the glory of burning the town tomorrow, without having experienced any of the fatigue.”—

A party of thirty sat down to table; the general alone was served like a prince, while every one else was dying of hunger; a circumstance which, in those days of equality, strangely shocked the new guest. The next morning, at break of day, the general took him out in his cabriolet, to admire, as he said, the preparations for attack. As soon as he had crossed the height, and come within sight of the road and harbour, they got out of the carriage, and threw themselves down among some vines. The commandant of artillery then perceived some pieces of ordnance, and some digging, for which it was literally impossible for him in the slightest degree to account. “Dupas,” said the general haughtily, turning to his aid-de-camp, his confidential man, “are those our batteries?”—“Yes, general.”—“And our park?”—“There, close at hand.”—“And our red-hot balls?”—“In yonder houses, where two companies have been employed all the morning in heating them.”—“But how shall we be able to carry these red-hot balls?” This consideration seemed to puzzle them both completely, and they turned to the officer of artillery, and begged to know whether, through his scientific knowledge, he could not explain how the thing was to be managed. Napoleon, who would have been very much tempted to take the whole for a hoax, had his interrogators evinced less simplicity, for they were more than a league and a half from the object of attack, summoned to his aid all the gravity he was master of, and endeavoured to persuade them, before they troubled themselves about red-hot balls, to try the range of the shot with cold ones. After a great deal of trouble, he at length prevailed on them to follow his advice, but not till he had very luckily made use of the technical term *coup d'épreuve*, which took their fancy, and brought them over to his opinion. They then made the experiment, but the shot did not reach to a third of the distance required; and the general and Dupas began to abuse the Marseillais and the Aristocrats, who had, they said, maliciously spoiled the powder. In the mean time the representative of the people came up on horseback: this was Gasparin, an intelligent man, who had served in the army.—Napoleon, perceiving how things were going on, and, boldly deciding on the course he should pursue, immediately assumed great confidence of manner, and urged the representative to intrust him with the whole direction of the affair. He exposed, without hesitation, the unparalleled ignorance of all who were about him, and from that moment took upon himself the entire direction of the siege.

Cartaux was a man of such limited intellect, that it was impossible to make him understand that, to facilitate the taking of Toulon, it would be necessary to make the attack at the outlet of the road. Cartaux wanted one day to oblige the commandant to erect a battery, with the rear of the guns so close against the front of a house as to leave no room for the recoil. On another occasion, on his return from the morning parade, he sent for the commandant to tell him that he had just discovered a position, from whence a battery of from six to twelve pieces would infallibly carry Toulon in a few days: it was a little Lilloek which would command three or four forts and several points of the town. He was enraged at the refusal of the commandant of artillery, who observed to him, that if the battery could command every point, it followed that every point would be able to bear upon it; that the twelve guns would have one hundred and fifty to oppose them; and that simple subtraction would suffice to show him his disadvantage. At length, to put a stop to difficulties

which were continually recurring, the representative decided that Cartaux should communicate to the commandant of artillery his general plan of attack, and that the latter should execute the details according to the rules of his department. The following was Cartaux's memorable plan:—

“The general of artillery shall batter Toulon during three days, at the expiration of which time I will attack it with three columns, and carry it.”

At Paris, however, the engineer committee found this hasty measure much more humorous than wise, and it was one of the causes which led to Cartaux's recall.

Being one day in a battery where one of the gunners was killed, he seized the rammer, and with his own hands loaded ten or twelve times. A few days after, he was attacked with a violent cutaneous disease. No one could conceive where he had caught it, until Mairon, his adjutant, discovered that the dead gunner had been infected with it. In the ardour of youth, and the activity of service, the commandant of artillery was satisfied with slight remedies, and the disorder disappeared; but the poison had only entered the deeper into his system, it long affected his health, and well nigh cost him his life. From this disorder proceeded the thinness, the feebleness of body, and sickly complexion which characterized the General-in-chief of the Army of Italy and of the Army of Egypt.

It was not till a much later period that Corvisart succeeded, by the application of numerous blisters on his chest, in restoring him to perfect health; and it was then that he acquired the corpulency for which he has since been remarked.

During the erection of one of the first batteries which Napoleon, on his arrival at Toulon, directed against the English, he asked whether there was a sergeant or corporal present who could write. A man advanced from the ranks, and wrote to his dictation on the epaulement. The note was scarcely ended, when a cannon ball, which had been fired in the direction of the battery, fell near the spot, and the paper was immediately covered by the loose earth thrown up by the ball. “Well,” said the writer, “I shall have no need of sand.” This remark, together with the coolness with which it was made, fixed the attention of Napoleon, and made the fortune of the sergeant. This man was Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes.

Napoleon, on being created General of the Artillery, and Commandant of that department in the Army of Italy, carried thither all the superiority and influence which he had acquired before Toulon; still, however, he experienced reverses, and even dangers. He was put under arrest for a short time at Nice, by the representative Laporte, because he refused to crouch to his authority. Another representative pronounced sentence of outlawry upon him, because he would not suffer him to employ his artillery-horses for the service of the post. Finally, a decree, which was never executed, summoned him to the bar of the Convention, for having proposed certain military measures relative to the fortifications at Marseilles.

The poverty of the treasurer and the scarcity of specie were so great during the Republic, that on the departure of General Buonaparte for the army of Italy, all his efforts, joined to those of the Directory, could only succeed in raising 2000 louis, which he carried with him in his carriage. With this sum he set out to conquer Italy, and to march upon the empire of the world. The following is a curious fact:—An order of the day was published, signed Berthier, directing the General-in-Chief, on his arrival at the head-quarters at Nice, to distribute to the different Generals, to enable them to enter on the campaign, the sum of four louis in specie. For a considerable time no such thing as specie had been seen. This order of the day displays the circumstances of the times more truly and faithfully than whole volumes written on the subject.

As soon as Napoleon joined the army, he proved himself to be a man born for command. From that moment he filled the theatre of the world.

Napoleon's generalship was, moreover, characterized by the skill, energy, and purity of his military administration; his constant dislike of peculation of any kind, and his total disregard of his own private interest. “I returned from the campaign of Italy,” said he, “with but 300,000 francs in my possession. I might easily have carried off 10 or 12 millions; that sum might have been mine. I never made out any accounts, nor was I ever asked for any. I expected on my return to receive some great national reward. It was publicly reported that Chambrond was to be given to me, and I should have been very glad to have had it; but the idea was set aside by the Directory. I had, however, transmitted to France at least 50,000,000 for the service of the State. This, I imagine, was the first instance in modern history of an army contributing to maintain the country to which it belonged, instead of being a burden on it.”

When Napoleon was in treaty with the Duke de Modena, Salicetti, the Government Commissary with the army, who had hitherto been on indifferent terms with him, entered his cabinet. “The Commander d'Este,” said he, “the Duke's brother, is here with four millions in gold, contained in four chests. He comes in the name of his brother, to beg of you to accept them, and I advise you to do so. I am a countryman of yours, and I know your family affairs. The Directory and the Legislative Body will never acknowledge your

(Continued)

services. This money belongs to you; take it without scruple and without publicity. A proportionate diminution will be made in the Duke's contribution, and he will be very glad to have gained a protector." "I thank you," coolly answered Napoleon, "I shall not for that sum place myself in the power of the Duke de Modena: I wish to continue free."

A Commissary-in-chief of the same army used often to relate that he had witnessed an offer of seven millions in gold made in a like manner to Napoleon by the Government of Venice, to save it from destruction, which offer was refused.

No man in the world ever had more wealth at his disposal, and appropriated less to himself. Napoleon, according to his own account, possessed as much as four hundred millions of specie in the cellars of the Tuileries. His extraordinary domain amounted to more than seven hundred millions. He has said that he distributed upwards of five hundred millions in endowments to the army. And, what is very extraordinary, he who circulated such heaps of wealth, never possessed any private property of his own! He had collected in the Museum, treasures which it was impossible to estimate, and yet he never had a picture or a curiosity of his own. The fact is, as he himself has said, that he never had a taste nor a desire for riches.

"If I now possess any thing," continued he, "it is owing to measures which have been adopted since my departure; but even in that case it must depend on a hair's-breadth chance whether there is any thing in the world I can call my own or not."

A singular custom was established in the army of Italy, in consequence of the youth of the commander, or from some other cause.—After each battle, the oldest soldiers used to hold a council, and confer a new rank on their young General, who, when he made his appearance in the camp, was received by the veterans, and saluted with his new title. They made him a Corporal at Lodi, and a Sergeant at Castiglione; and hence the surname of "*Petit Caporal*," which was for a long time applied to Napoleon by the soldiers. How subtle is the chain which unites the most trivial circumstances to the most important events!—Perhaps this very nickname contributed to his miraculous success on his return in 1815.

While he was haranguing the first battalion which he found it necessary to address, a voice from the ranks exclaimed—"Vive notre petit Caporal!—we will never fight against him!"

A circumstance, which will not a little surprise those who have yet to learn how little credit is due to public report, and which will also serve to show the errors that may creep into history, is that Marshal Bertrand, who was himself with the army in Egypt (though certainly in a rank which did not enable him to come into immediate contact with the General-in-Chief), firmly believed, up to the period of his residence at Saint Helena, the story of poison having been administered to sixty invalids. The report was circulated and believed even in our army: therefore, what answer could be given to those who triumphantly asserted "it is a fact, I assure you, I have it from officers who served in the French army at the time." Nevertheless the whole story is false. I have collected the following facts from the highest source, from the mouth of Napoleon himself.

1st. That the invalids in question who were infected with the plague, amounted, according to the report made to the General-in-Chief, only to seven in number.

2d. That it was not the General-in-Chief, but a professional man, who, at the moment of the crisis, proposed the administering of opium.

3d. That opium was not administered to a single individual.

4th. That the retreat having been effected slowly, a rear-guard was left behind in Jaffa for three days.

5th. That on the departure of the rear-guard, the invalids were all dead, except one or two, who must have fallen into the hands of the English.

The invalids under the care of the Surgeon-in-Chief, that is to say, the wounded, were all, without exception, removed, with the help of the horses belonging to the staff, not excepting even those of the General-in-Chief, who proceeded for a considerable distance on foot, like the rest of the army. These, therefore, are quite out of the question.

With regard to the rest of the invalids, about twenty in number, who were under the care of the Physician-in-chief, and who were in an absolutely desperate condition, totally unfit to be removed, while the enemy was advancing, it is very true that Napoleon asked the Physician-in-chief whether it would not be an act of humanity to administer opium to them. It is also true that the physician replied, his business was to cure and not to kill; an answer which, as it seems to have reference to an order rather than to a subject of discussion, has, perhaps, furnished a basis on which slander and falsehood might invent and propagate the fabrication which has since been circulated on this subject.

Finally, the details which I have been able to collect, afford me the following incontestible results:—

1st. That no order was given for the administering of opium to the sick.

2. That there was not at the period in question, in the medicine-chest of the army, a single grain of opium for the use of the sick.

3d. That even had the order been given, and had there been a supply of opium, temporary and local circumstances, which it would be tedious to enumerate here, would have rendered its execution impossible.

It is well known that Sir Sydney Smith did every thing in his power to corrupt our army. The false intelligence from Europe—the slander of the General-in-Chief—the powerful

bribes held out to the officers and soldiers,—were all approved by him; the documents are published, his proclamations are known. At one time they created sufficient alarm in the French General, to induce him to seek to put a stop to them; which he did by forbidding all communication with the English, and stating in the order of the day that their Commodore had gone mad. This assertion was believed in the French army; and it so enraged Sir Sydney Smith, that he sent Napoleon a challenge. The General replied, that he had business of too great importance on his hands to think of troubling himself about such a trifle: had he received a challenge from the great Marlborough, then indeed he might have thought it worth while to consider of it: but if the English seaman really felt inclined to amuse himself at a tilting-match, he would send him a tall, bullying grenadier, and neutralize a few yards of the sea-coast, where the mad Commodore might come ashore, and enjoy his heart's content of it.

1st. The expedition of Egypt was undertaken at the earnest and mutual desire of the Directory and the General-in-chief.

2d. The taking of Malta was not the consequence of a private understanding, but of the wisdom of the General-in-chief. "It was in Mantua that I took Malta," said the Emperor, one day, "it was the generous treatment observed towards Wurms, that secured to me the submission of the Grand Master and his Knights."

3d. The conquest of Egypt was calculated with as much judgment as it was executed with skill. If Saint Jean d'Acre had surrendered to the French army, a great revolution would have taken place in the east; the General-in-chief would have established an empire there, and the destinies of France would have taken a different turn.

4th. On its return from the campaign of Syria, the French army had scarcely sustained any loss; it remained in the most formidable and prosperous condition.

5th. The departure of the General-in-chief for France was the result of a grand and magnanimous plan. How ridiculous is the imbecility of those who consider that departure as an evasion or a desertion.

6th. Kleber fell a victim to Musulmanic fanaticism. There is not the slightest foundation for the absurd calumny which would have attributed this catastrophe to the policy of his predecessor, or to the intrigues of his successor.

7th, and lastly. It is pretty well proved that Egypt would have remained for ever a French province, if any other but Menon had been appointed for her defence; nothing but the gross errors of that general could have lost us the possession of Egypt.

Phelipeaux, to whose talents the English and the Turks owed the preservation of Saint Jean d'Acre, had been the companion of Napoleon at the Military School of Paris: they had been there examined together, previous to their being sent to their respective corps.

The Emperor related a singular example of the influence of chance over the influence of men. Serrurier and the younger Hedouville, while travelling together on foot to emigrate into Spain, were met by a military patrol. Hedouville, being the younger and more active of the two, cleared the frontier, thought himself very lucky, and went to spend a life of mere vegetation in Spain. Serrurier, on the contrary, being obliged to return into the interior, bewailed his unhappy fate, and became a Marshal.

At Saint-Jean-d'Acre, the General-in-chief lost Caffarelli, of whom he was extremely fond. Caffarelli entertained a sort of reverential respect for the General-in-chief. The influence of this sentiment was so great, that though he was delirious for several days previous to his death, when Napoleon went to see him, the announcement of his name seemed to recal him to life: he became more collected, his spirits revived, and he conversed coherently; but he relapsed into his former state immediately after Napoleon's departure. This singular phenomenon was renewed every time the General-in-chief paid him a visit.

Napoleon received, during the siege of Saint-Jean-d'Acre, an affecting proof of heroic devotedness. While he was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet; two grenadiers who observed it, immediately rushed towards him, placed him between them, and raising their arms above his head, completely covered every part of his body. Happily the shell respected the whole group—nobody was injured.

One of these brave grenadiers afterwards became General Dumesnil, who lost a leg in the campaign of Moscow, and commanded the fortress of Vincennes at the time of the invasion in 1814. The capital had been for some weeks occupied by the Allies, and Dumesnil still held out. Nothing was then talked of in Paris but his obstinate defence, and his humorous reply when summoned by the Russians to surrender;—"Give me back my leg, and I will give up my fortress."

The French soldiers acquired extraordinary reputation in Egypt, and not without cause; they had dispersed and disarmed the celebrated Mamelucks, the most formidable militia of the East. After the retreat from Syria, a Turkish army landed at Abukir: Murat-Bey, the most powerful and brave of the Mamelucks, left Upper Egypt, whither he had fled for safety, and reached the Turkish camp by a circuitous route. On the landing of the Turks, the French detachments had fallen back in order to concentrate their forces. The Pacha who commanded the Turks was delighted at this movement, which he mistook for the effect of fear; and on perceiving Murat-Bey, he exultingly exclaimed—"So! these are the terrible French whom you dare not face; see, the moment I make my appearance, how they fly before me!" The indignant Murat-Bey furiously replied—"Pacha, render thanks to the Prophet that it has pleased these Frenchmen to retire: if they should return, you will disappear before them like dust before the wind."—This prophecy was fulfilled:—some days after, the French poured down upon the Turkish army and put it to flight.

The Grand-Marshal told the Emperor that at the battle of Abukir he was for the first time placed in his army, and near his person. He was then so little accustomed to the boldness of his manœuvres, that he scarcely understood any of the orders he heard him give. "Particularly, Sire," added he "when I heard you call out to an Officer of the Guards, 'Hercule, take twenty-five men, and charge that rabble;' I really thought I had lost my senses; your Majesty pointed at the time to a detachment of perhaps a thousand Turkish horse."

The army, which Napoleon left behind him, continued to occupy Egypt for the space of two years longer. It was the opinion of the Emperor, that it ought never to have been forced unwillingly to remain there; and the Grand Marshal who accompanied the army to the last moment, concurred in that

After the departure of the General-in-chief, Kleber, who succeeded him, deceived and misled by intrigues, treated for the evacuation of Egypt; but when the enemy's refusal compelled him to seek for new glory, and to form a more just estimate of his own force, he totally altered his opinions, and declared himself favourable to the occupation of Egypt; and this had even become the general sentiment of the army. He now thought only of maintaining himself in the country; he dismissed those who had influenced him in forming his first design, and collected around him only those persons who favoured the contrary measure. And he lived, Egypt would have been secure; to his death her loss must be attributed. The command of the army was afterwards divided between Menou and Regnier. It then became a mere field of intrigue; the energy and courage of the French troops continued unabated; but they were no longer employed and directed as they had been by Kleber.

Menou was totally inefficient; the English advanced to attack him with twenty thousand men; his force was much more considerable, and the general spirit of the two armies was not to be compared. By an inconceivable infatuation, Menou hastily dispersed his troops, as soon as he learned that the English were about to appear; the latter advanced in a mass, and were attacked only in detail. "How blind is fortune!" said the Emperor. "By the adoption of contrary measures, the English would infallibly have been destroyed; and how many new chances might not that event have brought about!"

Their landing was admirable, said the Grand Marshal: in less than five or six minutes five thousand five hundred men appeared in the order of battle: it was a truly theatrical movement; and it was thrice repeated. Their landing was opposed by only twelve hundred men, who did them considerable damage. Shortly after, this mass, amounting to between thirteen and fourteen thousand, was intrepidly attacked by General Lanusse. The General had only three thousand troops; but fired with ambition, and not doubting that his force was adequate to fulfil the object he had in view, he would not wait for reinforcements; at first he overthrew every thing in his way, and after causing immense slaughter to the enemy, he was at length defeated. Had his force been two or three thousand stronger, he would have attained his object.

The English were greatly astonished when they had an opportunity of judging for themselves of our real situation in Egypt; and they considered themselves extremely fortunate in the turn which affairs had taken.

General Hutchinson, who reaped the glory of the conquest, said, on his return to Europe, that had the English known the real state of things, they would certainly never have attempted to land; but in England it was believed that there were not six thousand French troops in Egypt. This mistake arose out of the intercepted letters, as well as the intelligence that was collected in Egypt.

Through the repetition of these reports, Pitt was at length persuaded of their reality.

The following extract from this work, which will make its appearance in a few days, and of which Bonaparte himself observed—"On these sheets, indeed, are traced events that will never be forgotten, portraits that will decide the judgment of posterity. It is the book of life or death to many whose names are recorded in it,"—exhibits that individual in a highly favourable light. We forbear all comment for the present:—

"He invariably speaks with perfect coolness, without passion, without prejudice, and without resentment, of the events and the persons connected with his life. He seems as though he could be equally capable of becoming the ally of his most cruel enemy, and of living with the man who had done him the greatest wrong. He speaks of his past history as if it had occurred three centuries ago; in his recitals and his observations he speaks the language of past ages; he is like a spirit discoursing in the Elysian fields; his conversations are true dialogues of the dead. He speaks of himself as of a third person; noticing the Emperor's actions, pointing out the faults with which history may reproach him, and analysing the reasons and the motives which might be alleged in his justification.

"He never can excuse himself, he says, by throwing blame on others, since he never followed any but his own decision. He may complain, at the worst, of false informations, but never of bad counsel. He surrounded himself with the best possible advisers, but he always adhered to his own opinion, as he was far from repenting of so doing. 'It is,' said he, 'the indecision and anarchy of agents which produce anarchy and feebleness in results. In order to form a just opinion respecting the faults produced by the sole personal decision of the Emperor, it will be necessary to throw into the scale the great actions of which he would have been deprived, and the other faults which he would have been induced to commit, by those very counsels which he is blamed for not having followed.'

"In viewing the complicated circumstances of his fall, he looks upon things so much in a mass, and from so high a point, that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of virulence towards those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His greatest mark of reprobation, and I have had frequent occasion to notice it, is to preserve silence with respect to them, whenever they are mentioned in his presence. But how often has he not been heard to restrain the violent and less reserved expressions of those about him? 'You are not acquainted with men,' he has said to us; 'they are difficult to comprehend. If one wishes to be strictly just, can they understand or explain even their own characters? Almost all those who abandoned me, would, had I continued to be prosperous, never, perhaps, have dreamed of their own defection. There are vices and virtues which depend on circumstances. Our last trials were beyond all human strength! Besides I was forsaken rather than betrayed; there was more of weakness than of perfidy around me. It was the denial of St. Peter: tears and repentance are probably at hand. And where will you find, in the page of history, any one possessing a greater number of friends and partizans? Who was ever more popular and more beloved? Who was ever more ardently and deeply regretted? Here from this very rock, on viewing the present disorders in France, who would not be tempted to say that I still reign there? The Kings and Princes, my allies, have remained faithful to me to the last, they were carried away by the people in a mass; and those who were around me, found themselves overwhelmed and stunned by an irresistible whirlwind. . . . No! human nature might have appeared in a more odious light, and I might have had greater cause of complaint!'"

BUONAPARTE'S RETURN FROM EGYPT.—In the mean time the news of Napoleon's return had reached Paris. It was announced at the Theatres, and caused an universal sensation—a general delirium, of which the members of the Directory partook. Some of the *Société du Manège* trembled on the occasion; but they dissembled their real feelings so well as to seem to share the general rejoicing. Baudin, the Deputy from Ardennes, who was really a worthy man, and sincerely grieved at the unfortunate turn that the affairs of the Republic had taken, died of joy when he heard of Napoleon's return.

Napoleon had already quitted Lyons; when his landing was announced in Paris. With a precaution which was very advisable in his situation, he expressed to his couriers an intention of taking a different road from that which he actually took; so that his wife, his family, and particular friends, went in a wrong direction to meet him, and by that means some days passed before he was able to see them. Having thus arrived in Paris quite unexpectedly, he was in his own house, in the Rue Chantierne, before any one knew of his being in the capital. Two hours afterwards he presented himself to the Directory, and, being recognised by the soldiers on guard, was announced by shouts of gladness. All the Members of the Directory appeared to share in the public joy; he had every reason to congratulate himself on the reception he experienced on all sides. The nature of past events sufficiently instructed him as to the situation of France; and the information he had procured on his journey, had made him acquainted with all that was going on. His resolution was taken. What he had been unwilling to attempt on his return from Italy, he was now determined to do immediately. He held the government of the Directory and the leaders of the councils, in supreme contempt. Resolved to possess himself of authority, and to restore France to her former glory, by giving a powerful impulse to public affairs, he had left Egypt to execute this project; and all that he had just seen in the interior of France had confirmed his sentiments and strengthened his resolution.

Of the Old Directory only Barras remained. The other Members were Roger Ducos, Moulins, Gohier, and Sieyes.

Ducos was a man of narrow mind and easy disposition.

Moulins, a General of Division, had never served in war; he was originally in the French guards, and had been advanced in the army of the Interior. He was a worthy man, and a warm and upright patriot.

Gohier was an Advocate of considerable reputation and exalted patriotism; an eminent lawyer, and a man of great integrity and candour.

Sieyes had long been known to Napoleon. He was born at Frejus, in Provence. His reputation commenced with the Revolution. He had been called to the Constituent Assembly by the electors of the Third Estate, at Paris, after having been repulsed by the Assembly of the Clergy at Chartres. He was the author of the pamphlet intitled "What is the Third Estate?" which made so much noise. He was not a man of business: knowing but little of men, he knew not how they might be made to act. All his studies having been directed to metaphysics, he had the fault of metaphysicians, of too often despising positive notions; but he was capable of giving useful and luminous advice on matters of importance, or, at any momentous crisis. To him France is indebted for the division into departments, which destroyed all provincial prejudices; and though he was never distinguished as an orator, he greatly contributed to the success of the Revolution by his advice in the Committees. He was nominated as Director, when the Directory was first established; but he refused the distinction at that time, and Lareveillere was appointed instead of him. He was afterwards sent Ambassador to Berlin, and imbibed a great mistrust of the politics of Prussia in the course of his mission. He had taken a seat in the Directory not long before this time; but he had already been of great service in checking the progress of the *Société du Manège*, which he saw was ready to seize the helm of the State. He was abhorred by that faction; and fearless of bringing upon himself the enmity of so powerful a party, he courageously resisted the machinations of these men of blood, in order to avert from the Republic the evil with which it was threatened.

At the period of the 13th of Vendemiaire, the following occurrence had enabled Napoleon to form a correct judgment of him. At the critical moment of that day, when the Committee of the Forty seemed quite distracted, Sieyes came to Napoleon and took him into the recess of a window, while the Committee was deliberating upon the answer to be given to the summons of the Sections. "You hear them, General," said he; "they talk while they should be acting. Bodies of men are wholly unfit to direct armies, for they know not the value of time or opportunity. You have nothing to do here: go, General, consult your genius and the situation of the country; the hope of the Republic rests on you alone."

BUONAPARTE'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS IN 1800.—The French army fancied every obstacle was overleaped; it was threading a fine valley, in which it found houses, verdure, and spring weather; when all at once its progress was checked by the cannon of Fort Bard.

This fort is situated between Aosta and Ivrea, upon a conical hillock, and between two mountains, twenty-five toises distant from each other; at its foot flows the torrent of the Doria, the valley of which it absolutely shuts up: the road passes through the fortifications of the town of Bard, which is walled, and is commanded by the fire of the fort. The Engineer Officers of the van-guard approached to reconnoitre a passage, and reported that no other than that through the city remained. General Lannes commanded an attack during the night, in order to try the fort; but it was on all sides protected against a *coup de main*. As it always happens under similar circumstances, the panic communicated itself rapidly throughout the army, even to its rear. Orders were even given for stopping the passage of the artillery over the St. Bernard, but the First Consul, who had already reached Aosta, immediately repaired to Bard: he climbed up the rock Albaredo, upon the left mountain, which rock commands at once both the town and the fort, and soon perceived the possibility of taking the town. There was not a moment to be lost; on the 25th, at night-fall, the 58th demi-brigade, led by Dufour, scaled the wall, and gained possession of the town, which is only separated from the fort by the stream of the Doria. In vain, during the whole night, the fort showered grape shot at half-musket distance, upon the French within the town; they maintained themselves there, and at last, out of consideration for the inhabitants, the fire of the fort ceased.

The infantry and cavalry passed one by one up the path of the mountain, which the First Consul had climbed, and where no horse had ever stepped: it was a way known to none but goatherds.

On the following nights the Artillery Officers, with surprising skill, and the gunners, with the greatest intrepidity, took their guns through the town. Every precaution had been taken for concealing the knowledge of this operation from the Commandant of the fort: the road was covered with litter and dung, and the pieces, concealed under branches and straw, were drawn by the men with cords, in the most profound silence. Thus was a space of several hundred toises crossed, within pistol-shot of the batteries of the fort. The garrison, though suspecting nothing, made occasional discharges, which killed or wounded a considerable number of gunners; but that did not in the least check the general zeal. The fort did not surrender until early in June. By that time the French had succeeded, with the utmost difficulty, in mounting several guns upon the Albaredo, whence they thundered upon the batteries of the fort. If they

had been forced to delay the passing of the artillery until the capture of this fort, all the hopes of the campaign would have been lost.

If jealousy, in infecting the heart with its poison, renders it insensible to pity, darkens the understanding with respect to the true interest of the individual who is subject to its powers, and occasions many crimes to be committed for the purpose of vengeance, unrequited love frequently produces effects scarcely less fatal: the only difference is, that in jealousy there are two feelings to satisfy at once—that of being revenged upon the beloved object, and punishing the preferred rival; whilst, in a simple refusal, there is only one feeling to gratify. Besides, as long as there is no rival to be afraid of, hope will linger about us. Self-love also daily offers ingenious and new modes for bringing about the desired happiness. We easily flatter ourselves that some fortunate circumstance will arise to crown our joys, and that all our cares shall finally obtain the recompense they deserve.

If unrequited love excites anger in men, in the softer sex it becomes absolute fury. Their self-love is easier wounded, not only because they have naturally a stronger inclination for vanity, but because politeness generally having flattered them by fulfilling their desires, they are less prepared to have their wishes thwarted in so tender a point. They then abandon that softness and modesty so lovely in their sex, and for the purpose of being revenged banish from them all shame and decency. The education of females consists chiefly in being instructed in the various methods to give their charms all the power of which they are capable: this engages them at a very early period to be occupied with their own beauty (1). They deem it, and very properly, as one of their greatest advantages, since they are unjustly excluded by laws and customs from employments in the world, which, no doubt, they are well qualified to fill. The great leisure they have, in consequence of being excluded from offices, also contributes to induce them to turn the full powers of their minds, which are naturally active, towards the only source left for their vanity. Graces, beauty and elegance—in person and figure—form their empire; every thing which contributes to its extension is resorted to, and the void of their lives is thus filled up. To humble their pride on this subject, in appearing to despise their power, or flee from it, is then the greatest injury a man can inflict upon them, and for the offence he is never pardoned.

Louisa of Savoy, Duchess of Angouleme, Regent of the kingdom, and the mother of Francis the First, exemplified this passion too fatally, in her conduct towards the unfortunate Constable de Bourbon. This Princess, who was already advanced in years (but her age had not extinguished the fire of love), was smitten with the courage and talents of this celebrated man. She conceived that the offer of her hand would be flattering to his ambition; but whether the Constable was previously engaged to another, or whether the deceitful, vindictive, and violent character of the Regent, disgusted him, is not known, but he refused her hand. The Duchess, incensed with rage on beholding herself rejected by a man, who, notwithstanding his birth, dignity, and high reputation, might have deemed the alliance a condescension on her part, vowed she would be avenged, and she declared she would pursue the Constable to the very tomb. The first act of her vengeance was instituting an action against him for the immense wealth which he had obtained from her father-in-law, and upon which she pretended to have a strong claim. (2) The Chancellor Duprat, being entirely devoted to the Duchess, and being at enmity with the Constable, he excited her to proceed in the affair with the warmest zeal. To secure her vengeance, or rather to anticipate it, she had all the Constable's property sequestered, even to fulfilling the terms of the sentence obtained against him. The hope of engaging the Constable to marry her, by depriving him of all his fortune, contributed much towards this unheard-of persecution. She thought the love of riches, the fear of being undone, would add daily to his unpleasantries, and would perhaps conduce to conquer his resistance. What an extraordinary manner to produce love! How can the human mind be so blinded as to imagine that fear will obtain what love refuses, and that, by making ourselves dreaded, we shall bring about a mode to produce affection? This fear had a contrary effect to what the Duchess anticipated; for it only augmented the Constable's aversion. She did not rest satisfied with having the laws perverted for her purpose, in order to oppress him: but she vexed him in a thousand instances. She alienated the King's regard from him, and she succeeded in having him deprived of his dignities and honours. The Constable perceiving he had no resource left at Court—knowing his most cruel enemy had both credit and power against him—borne onward to despair on beholding the sad situation to which he was reduced—he listened to the propositions of the Emperor (3), who was then at war with France. The misfortunes that followed this fatal revolt are but too well known. (4) The Constable, having nothing more to lose—knowing that he should be sacrificed, were he taken with arms in his hands, gave free liberty to his resentment. All his warlike talents, which had been so powerfully exercised previously for the welfare of his country, were now directed against it. They even acquired a new degree of brilliancy in the desire of vengeance. This wish, united with that of preservation, animated his courage, and made him perform prodigies of valour. The boldness of Francis I. had nearly lost France, and left his kingdom without a sovereign: he having no money nor credit, and having lost the chief of his Nobility at the unfortunate battle of Paire.

(1) Our fair readers will be pleased to recollect, that these are the opinions of a Frenchman.

(2) Louisa, the King's mother, was anxious to be married to the Constable, who was then a widower; and when he refused her offer, she sought his ruin, since she could not be united to him: she caused an action to be raised against him, which is well-known by every lawyer to have been unjust: none but a powerful person could have gained it. The question was respecting the property of the Bourbon branch. The Judges being influenced, gave a sentence which sequestered the Constable's fortune, and completely stripped him of all. The Prince sent the Bishop of Autun, his friend, to solicit the King, praying him that he would at least stay the proceedings; but the King would not even receive the Bishop.—Voltaire's General History,

(3) The Constable, in despair, was secretly solicited by Charles the Fifth. He had been heroic, and had seen much service, and had suffered greatly. There is another kind of greatness, that of vengeance. Charles the Bourbon took this fatal part: he quitted France, and joined the Emperor. Few men have more fully tasted this sad pleasure of revenge.—Ibid.

(4) The Constable in the outset was created Generalissimo of the Emperor's army; he went into the Milanais, where the French were, under Admiral Bonniwet, his greatest enemy. The Constable, who knew the strength and weakness of all the French troops, must have had a decided advantage, but Charles had a still greater—almost all the Italian Princes were in his interest; the people hated French domination; he had also the best Generals in Europe—they were a Marquis de Pescaire, a Lanay, a John de Medicis, still famous names in our day. Admiral Bonniwet, opposed to Generals like these, even supposing he had superiority of mind (which he by no means had), his troops were fewer in number, and not equal in discipline, besides they were ill paid. He was compelled to retreat before them, and was attacked in his retreat at Biagrasse. The famous Bayard, who never commanded in chief, but to whom the surname of "Chevalier without fear, and without reproach," was so well bestowed, was mortally wounded in that defeat at Biagrasse. Few readers are ignorant, that when Charles de Bourbon perceived him in that state, he addressed some words of pity to him, and that the Chevalier replied when dying—"It is not I who should be pitied, but you, who are fighting against your King and country."

A Coroner's inquest was held at Charleston, on the 18th instant, on the body of Guillaume Echausse, of Marseilles, in France:—

Guillaume Echausse is the character known in this city for some years past, as "Old Shoes." He had once seen better days; and conducted a respectable business here; but meeting with losses, and falling into poverty and distress, his mind became impaired; he secluded himself from the society of man, and in a wretched hovel surrounded by numerous dogs, he passed several of the last years of his life. It was his occasional practice, when driven from his den by the wants of nature, to prowl about the streets, attired in the most wretched habiliments, with a long matted beard, and dishevelled hair, carrying over his shoulder a large sack, into which he crammed old rags, paper, ropes, iron, offals, and every filthy thing which he could find, in one mass. The former were selected at his leisure, and occasionally sold; whilst he and his dogs regaled themselves upon the nauseous masses of vegetable and animal offals collected in these his peregrinations. Latterly, he had given himself to intoxication; when he could procure the means, he would drink to excess, and might be seen for a whole day or night in the streets—whilst his dogs would keep up the most discordant howling until his return. Not having been seen out of his retreat for some days, and attention being attracted by the incessant howling of its inmates, the door of his hovel was forced open, and his miserable, lifeless remains found, surrounded by his faithful dogs, who with surly fidelity, defended their benefactor, even in death, against the approach of the human form—and it was not without some difficulty, arising from this opposition, that his body could be removed for interment.

A Scottish gentleman in the Lothians sent one of Small's ploughs as a present to an agricultural friend in Sussex; and, thinking the plough alone would be of little use, he despatched with it a stout, active, intelligent young ploughman, of the name of Sandy Peany, to instruct the peasants on his Sussex friend's farm in the mode of using this valuable implement. Sandy began his labours, but found that when his master was not present, his instructions were received with contempt; and himself, his plough, and his country, treated with scorn and derision. For a time he bore meekly all the taunts of his fellow-labourers; but Sandy was not a philosopher; his patience became exhausted, and he resolved to lay his grievances before his master, and request permission to return home.—"What are your grievances, Alexander?" said his master.—"T'weel, Sur (replied Sandy), they are mair than mortal man can put up wi'. No that I hae any objection to yoursel'; and na muckle to the kintra; for I'm no sic a colt as to prefer the sour east wuns, that meet us at the skreigh o' day on our bare leas, to the saft south-wasters and loun enclosures here; but ye're folks, Sur, are prefect déevils, and keep tormenting me like a bink o' harried wasps. In short, Sur, I'm maist demented, sick o' the place, and I just, wi' your wul, wish to gae hame." Here Sandy made his best bow. "But we must not (said his master) allow ourselves to be beaten off the field so easily. Pray, Alexander, have you ever tried your powers at boxing?"—"As for that (replied Sandy), I'm no muckle used to fechtin'; but I doubt na I could gie as gude as I got."—"Well, (rejoined his master), I will give you a crown-piece if you give the first person who insults you a hearty box on the ear." Sandy, for a few seconds, consulted the physiognomy of his master's countenance, and having satisfied himself that he was in earnest, replied, "Weel! weel, Sur! wi' ye're leave, I'se try my han';" and, scraping his foot on the ground as he made his bow, withdrew, with a determination to reduce his master's precepts into practice. An opportunity soon occurred; and, in a regular set-to, young Penny gave his antagonist a beating to his heart's content. It wrought like a charm; the plough was soon generally approved of on the farm; and several others having been obtained from the North, Sandy's master, in calculating his annual profits, soon found the advantage of the *argumentum ad pugilum*, and the real value of a Scots Penny.—Glasgow Journal.

A worthy Overseer of a respectable village in Gloucestershire, lately found himself placed in an awkward dilemma, having subjected himself to a charge of murder, in consequence of a slight inattention to punctuation, in sending notices to the coroner to hold an inquest on the body of a female child; and to the Surgeon to examine its mother. The following are literal copies of each notice:—To the Coroner: "Dec. 21. Mr. ——— You are desired to come to ——— to sit on a Coroner's Inquest on a female infant child destroyed by me D—— S—— Overseer."—To the Surgeon he writes in an equal confessional manner: "Dec. 21. Mr. ——— You are desired to come ——— to M. W. at ——— to examin a young woman as have delived herself and destroyed the child by me D—— S—— Overseer."

**INCONSTANT AFFECTION.
EXHIBITED IN THE CONDUCT OF HENRY VIII.
BY M. L'ABBE DE BOUFLERS.**

Henry the Eighth, King of England, was smitten by the beauty of Anne Boleyn. Her wisdom or policy prevented the King from obtaining his wishes: the resistance, however, to his desires only irritated his passion the more, and he resolved to possess her, whatever might be the consequence. His violent and despotic character burst through the bonds of shame, and he set at nought all apprehensions of repentance. The only way to secure the completion of his design was to raise his mistress to the throne, but that throne was already occupied by a Princess equally wise and beautiful (1). This barrier ought to have stopped the unjust desires of the King, but he heeded it not, and determined to level every obstacle that opposed his pleasures.

The scruples he had some time entertained respecting the legality of his marriage with the Queen, who was his brother's widow when he espoused her, had until then little influence; but his love for Anne Boleyn converted his scruples into remorse: he professed himself guilty, or feigned to believe so, and he was anxious to call in religion to his aid, which he had violated to his criminal desires. Hypocrisy is one of the greatest of vices—it exhibits a contempt of virtue, at the same time that it professes to be virtue itself. Henry solicited a divorce from Clement the Seventh, and not obtaining one, he shook off the yoke of the Pontiff, whose assistance he had implored for instruction in his duties. The sacred tie of marriage, the oath pronounced before the altar in the presence of the Deity, the virtue and tears of the Queen, her obedience to the church, the dogmas of religion, his plighted faith—all were violated. He boldly encroached on the powers of the church, and set himself up as the arbiter of his subjects' belief; he blushed not in changing the face of his kingdom, in order to gratify a passion as furious as it was criminal.

A Prince capable of such conduct, arising from the violence of his desires, soon announces their inconstancy. Henry VIII. was not long ere he gave convincing and odious proofs of this truth. The first steps in the road of virtue are always difficult. We walk onward slowly; the heart being filled with ideas of sacrificed pleasures, seeks for pretexts to slacken the progress in the good path; we sigh and lament—we cast many a “lingering look” to the shores we have forsaken, and we abandon their charms only with deep regret. Sometimes, however, on glancing backwards, we feel ashamed of our weakness—then new courage steps forward and arms us in our career. Such are the vicissitudes which a mind alive to the feelings of virtue experiences, when not sufficiently strengthened in its course—when it has not been skilled in many combats—when victory has not crowned it with success. Vice has a path lying open before it, that tempts the wanderer forward; the road is strown with flowers, and is so smooth and agreeable, that he proceeds with as much rapidity as delight. This is what occasions the first step so dangerous. Henry VIII. had dared to break the most sacred obligations for the purpose of gratifying his passion for Anne Boleyn. A new passion caused him to act still more daringly. In his first crime, he condescended to search for a pretext to cover his shame; but in the second, being emboldened by vice, he felt in its commission not even remorse. The greatest offence created in him no horror; not satisfied with destroying a woman, who was guilty of nothing but having a rival, he accused her of violating the conjugal faith (2); and, notwithstanding the most authentic proofs of her fidelity—the simplicity and ingenuousness of her answers, when insulting interrogatories were put—notwithstanding, her vows, her softness of disposition, her submission to the unjust sentence which deprived her of her honour, and was about to take away her life—notwithstanding a single complaint fell not from her lips against her barbarous husband, who was anxious for her death in order to crown her rival, Lady Jane Seymour—notwithstanding the moving letter she wrote to Henry when her sentence was pronounced—notwithstanding her beauty, and the love that the King felt when he sought her alliance, all—all united, were not sufficient to soften his cruelty. Humanity has no power over a soul buried in crime; one that is acted upon by a blind brutal passion, which feels no tinge of shame in being dishonoured. The last stage of vice will produce an insensibility to remorse. Repentance has no influence on hearts hardened by continual crimes; her penetrating features alarm not. Hatred in Henry's heart succeeded to the most violent love, and Catherine of Arragon, his first wife, was sufficiently avenged. He had trampled under foot the authority of the laws and the church, in order to satisfy his passion for Anne Boleyn: he violated the laws of humanity, and became as cruel as he was unjust, for the purpose of possessing the charms of Lady Jane Seymour. He had the indecency to marry his mistress the morning after Anne Boleyn was beheaded: and thus filled, to overflowing, the measure of his crimes. What a frightful gradation in sin the scandalous conduct of this monarch presents, and what detestation such crimes ought to produce! Terrible passion, shameless vice! What invincible poison dost thou infuse into the cup from which mortals drink! How dost thou light in us that impure flame which soils the heart, and effaces even the sacred image of virtue which the CREATOR has there imprinted! Dastardly and weak man, crime alone can change your nature, and from benevolent beings turn you into wretched criminals!

Can we believe this action, famous for its atrocity, to be the pure offspring of feeling; or can we believe it to arise from nature? No; a sensation can never excite man to ferocity and barbarity, and degrade him beneath the brutes. The Author of our being has created us gentle and humane; we remain so until we interest ourselves beyond all rational bounds; and if our inclinations were our only guides, should an improper desire obtrude itself, the slightest effort would easily subdue it: but when the imagination is fired, the

senses have food of a dangerous nature administered, and objects which have raised a feeling, become too much enhanced in our estimation. The heart is then the theatre of all the passions, which assemble there in crowds, and seem to dispute respecting the advantage that would result from giving an empire to our desires, which they never could have obtained without this aid. Our inclinations left to themselves would only produce a feeble flame, that the least breath would extinguish. But when they are fortified by the imagination, they feel restraint no more. Self-love, especially, (that incomprehensible Proteus) under whatever form it presents itself, is almost always certain of conquering us, bringing forth pride and vanity, and setting into action all the springs of the soul. Henry VIII. is struck by the charms of Lady Jane Seymour, his desires are kindled, the wish of possessing her without constraint follows this emotion; but his connection with Anne Boleyn is a bar to an union with his new mistress. In a heart haughty, and jealous of its power, an obstacle like this turns a simple sensation into an unconquerable passion. Henry's pride was irritated by difficulties; he was violent and despotic; every thing was sacrificed to his will, and bent under his power. Love, as a physical passion, first sprung up in the heart of Henry, but he gave himself up to the wanderings of his imagination, which painted happiness in colours so beautiful and enchanting from whence arose those licentious desires, inflamed as they were by vanity, which determined him to free himself from all restraint, in order to gratify them. How have men boasted of the imagination, on which so much of the happiness or misery of mortals depend: but should we follow thy dictates, they would lead us where the most deadly of our enemies might desire! Thou only canst feed the fire of our passions; thou layest a snare for our feet, by spreading flowers upon the precipices which surround us for the purpose of hiding our danger from our eyes. If love owes to thee its charms, it is also indebted to thee for all its misfortunes—jealousy—madness—rage—despair—and vengeance; thou armest us against ourselves; through thy magical influence the present escapes without being enjoyed; and we meditate on the future, and live on its illusions: it seems as though thou wert jealous of the little good which nature has bestowed upon us, and wert anxious to pluck it away, presenting at the same time a false representation of delight which never can exist in reality: and finally, thou leavest us only a frightful void in the present, useless regrets for the past, and ineffectual desires for the future.

(1) Anne Boleyn, who lately appeared at Court, had been appointed Maid of Honour to the Queen; and having had frequent opportunities of being seen by Henry, and of conversing with him, she had acquired an entire ascendancy over his affections.—Hume's Hist. Vol. IV.

(2) The innocence of this unfortunate Queen cannot reasonably be called in question. Henry himself, in the violence of his rage, knew not whom to accuse as her lover; and though he imputed guilt to her brother, and four persons more, he was able to bring proof against none. The whole tenour of her conduct forbids to ascribe to her an abandoned character, such as is implied in the King's accusation. Had she been lost to all prudence and sense of shame, she must have exposed herself to detection, and afforded her enemies some evidence against her. But the King made the most effectual apology for her by marrying Jane Seymour the very day after her execution. His impatience to gratify this new passion caused him to forget all regard to decency; and his cruel heart was not softened a moment by the bloody catastrophe of a person who had so long been the object of his most tender affections.—Ibid.

(From the *New York Post*, Dec. 16.)—Dogs have a sense of time so as to count the days of the week. My grandmother had one, who trudged two miles every Saturday to market, to cater for himself in the shambles. I know another more extraordinary and well-authenticated example: A dog which had belonged to an Irishman, which was sold by him in England, would never touch a morsel of food upon a Friday; the Irishman had made him as good a Catholic as he was himself. This dog never forsook the sick bed of his last master, and, when he was dead, refused to eat, and died also.—*Balt. Pat.*

[We knew a dog, in this town, who every morning went round to the front door of the house, and waited there till his master came out, whom he followed through the day. But on *Sundays*, nothing could entice him from the back yard.—Instead of going to the front door; he would lie down quietly in his kennel near the back door;—and this before the ringing of the bell could give him any notice of the return of the day. We well remember witnessing his perplexity on a Fast day, which was Thursday. He went as usual to the front door; waited there till the bells rang for meeting; then went to his kennel; then changed his mind and followed his master out—but with hesitation—accompanied him half way to the meeting; stopped, and listened to the bell; then turned about, and notwithstanding the repeated calls of his master, went home and spent the day in his kennel.]—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

Allert Crantz relates that the German Ocean was frozen over in the year 1323, so that men passed on foot from Lubec to Denmark, and to Prussia by sea, inns being erected on the ice in such places as were commodious. In 1399, during the whole of the winter, persons crossed on foot from Lubec to Sunden: and again, in 1523 horsemen went from Gedan in Prussia to Lubec, and then from Magnopolis into Denmark, inns being built as usual. Olaus takes notice of a frost as severe, still earlier, in 1297, when people rode across from Jathia to Astogia. It is remarkable that the cold has in later winters been more intense.

At a place in the Trongate, Glasgow, where some repairs were being made on the pavement, and a very confined space was left for the lieges to walk upon, a young lady was met by two gentlemen, (one of them an exquisite Corinthian)—“I protest,” said the dandy, “this place is as narrow as Balaam's passage.”—“Yes,” said his companion, “and like Balaam, my progress is arrested by an Angel.”—“True,” said the lady, looking him full in the face, at the same time gliding past him, “and I am stopt by an Ass!”

* The name of a narrow lane in Glasgow.

General Washington and Lord Erskine.—When Lord Erskine wrote his "View of the Causes and Consequences of the War with France," he sent a copy to General Washington, with the following Note, written with his own hand on a blank page of the book :

"London, March 15, 1797.

"SIR,—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence which is to be found in the book I send you. I have a large acquaintance amongst the most valuable and exalted classes of men, but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence. I sincerely pray God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the universal happiness of the world.

"To General Washington."

"T. ERSKINE."

The following is a copy of the passage referred to :

"The pretence of a war waged against opinions, to check, as it was alleged, the contagion of their propagation, is equally senseless and extravagant. The same reason might equally unite all nations, in all times, against the progressive changes which have conducted from barbarism to light, and from despotism to freedom. It ought indissolubly to have combined the Catholic kingdoms to wage eternal war, till the principles of the Reformation, leading to a new civil establishment, had been abandoned. It should have kept the sword unsheathed until the United Provinces returned to the subjection of Spain—until King William's title and the establishment of the British Revolution had given way to the persons and prerogatives of the Stuarts—and until Washington, instead of yielding up the cares of a Republican Empire to a virtuous and free people, in the face of an admiring and astonished world, should have been dragged as a traitor to the bar of the Old Bailey, and his body quartered on Tower-Hill."

Mungo Park relates, in his Travels, that when he was prohibited by the King of Bambara from crossing the Niger, and ordered to pass the night in a distant village, none of the inhabitants would receive him into their houses, and he was preparing to lodge in the branches of a tree. In this state, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, and unprotected from a storm, he was relieved by a woman who was returning from the labours of the field; to her hut he was kindly invited, and his distress alleviated by the tender attentions he experienced. "The female part of the family," says Mr. Park, "lightened their labour by songs, one of which was composed extempore; for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive; and the words, literally translated, were these: 'The winds roared and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk, no wife to grind his corn.—Chorus, Let us pity the white man, no mother has he, &c. &c.' These words have been since rendered into verse, and we have them as follows from the elegant pen of the late fascinating Duchess of Devonshire, and Terrari has set them to music :

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast;
The white man yielded to the blast;
He sat him down beneath our tree;
For weary, sad, and faint was he;
And ah! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

CHORUS.—The white man shall our pity share:
Alas! no wife or mother's care
For him the milk or corn prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hushed the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low,
The white man far away must go;
But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

CHORUS.—Go, white man, go;—but with thee bear
The Negro's wish, the Negro's pray'r;
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

Mr. Southey, in his history of the Peninsular war, relates the following remarkable occurrence: "Two of the regiments which had been quartered in Funen were cavalry, mounted on fine, black, long-tailed Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number; and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed lest they should fall into the hands of the French: he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. The bridles, therefore, were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. As they moved off, they passed some of the country horses and mares, which were feeding at a little distance. A scene ensued such as probably never before was witnessed. The Spanish horses are not mutilated, and these were sensible that they were no longer under the restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline they had learnt, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty altogether, then closely engaged, striking with their fore feet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of a quarter of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at some distance; they no sooner heard the roar of the battle than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romana in mercy gave orders for destroying them; but it was found too dangerous to attempt this; and after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction."

New Mode of Cure for Dropsy!—An intelligent traveller informs us, that some time since a Dr. Blanchard, of Alexandria, on Red River, challenged a Mr. Murray, an attorney, on some trivial account, who at the time was labouring under an abdominal dropsy. They met in the province of Texas, and Murray was shot through the belly. The dropsical matter was discharged, and the bowels, from the inflammation excited by the wound, adhering to the peritonem, a permanent cure was accomplished. The parties became friends, and the attorney remains grateful to the Doctor for this gratuitous surgical operation!—We believe it is a fact generally known to medical men, that the intentional excitement of such a degree of inflammation upon the peritonem, as should be sufficient to produce adhesion between its surface, has succeeded, in one or two instances, in curing abdominal dropsy.—*Alabama Republican.*

An Old Acquaintance.—A certain learned and very respectable member of the literati of the city was recognized at our late levee, under singular circumstances, by his Majesty. The said gentleman had on a late occasion to be presented at the palace of St. James's; when, in the ardour of his feelings, he so far forgot etiquette as to take his Majesty by the hand, and give it the hearty shake of an old acquaintance. Considering the quarter from whence the little faux pas proceeded, it was understood to have caused some amusement to his Majesty. At Holyrood, the learned gentleman, no doubt, intended to do away former impressions by the correctness of his courtesy, and politely kissed the Royal hand which was held out to him, and was about to proceed onwards, when his Majesty said, "Stop, friend, I always part with my old acquaintance as I meet them," and, with peculiar grace and good humour, returned the compliments of the former meeting.—*Scotch paper.*

Royal Bowing.—It has long been known, and admitted, that his Majesty King George the Fourth bows with unrivalled elegance and grace. In passing and bowing to the myriads who assembled on all occasions during his Majesty's late visit to his Metropolis in Scotland, every individual felt that his Majesty's bow was particularly directed towards him. This delusion, the effect of his Majesty's graceful manner, operated in a greater degree, perhaps, on the worthy citizens of Dundee, than on any others of his Majesty's subjects. In short, every citizen of Dundee who went to Edinburgh on this occasion had a special bow from his Majesty. A worthy brother of the Maltmen had placed himself in a crowd on a high wall flanking the road along which his Majesty had to pass from Dalkeith to Holyrood-house. In bowing, his Majesty's eye operated as a gunshot to the astounded Maltman: "God bless me, he surely kens me!" and he instantly fell backwards from the top of the wall to the ground, a height of 10 feet.—*Dundee paper.*

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—On the first levee-day at Holyrood House, his Majesty was dressed in full Highland costume, and, from the crowded presentations, was stationed on the left side, and near the entrance of the room. Immediately opposite were some of his suite, with several Noblemen, and amongst them Marshal Beresford, in full court-dress, and splendidly garnished out with all his foreign honours.—A Glasgow magistrate, in making the *entre*, scarcely deigned to glance at the familiar figure of his countryman, and passing on to the gorgeous Marshal, knelt and bent forwards, in that he readily did, gladdened by the cheering smile of the great fine style of conciliating humility which conducted his countryman, Sir Pertinax, through so many, lucrative promotions. The Marshal, to prevent delay in the ceremony smiled, and waived his hand for the kneeling supplicant to pass on. Dining afterwards with a numerous party, and boasting of the gracious reception he had experienced, he launched out in rapturous eulogy on the rich habiliments and scarlet splendour of the royal personage. "Scarlet," exclaimed his adjoining friend, "why his Majesty was dressed in tartan, and you, Sir, must have mistaken the person." "Hoot awa, non!" returned the sapient Justice, "think ye am sic a gowk as no to ken a King fra a kilted loon, who was nathing else but a Muckle Highland serjeant placed as body-guard on his sacred Majesty?"—*Tyne Mercury.*

A Newhaven fisherwoman said, the other day, she was glad that the King had got a Scottish name; "How do you make it out," said one near her, "that he has a Scottish name?" "Why, don't they call him George the *Forth*," said she, "because he sailed up the Forth?"

On Friday last, while one of the Breadalbane Highlanders was standing in High-street, Edinburgh, two young men, having the appearance of Gentlemen, accosted him abruptly, by inquiring which Clan he belonged to. "What Clan do I belong to," says the Highlander; "What Clan do you belong to yourself?" "Why, I belong to none," replied the other. "Then," observed the Highlander, "sin ye ha'e nae Clan o' your ain, ye canna be muckle interested in mine!" The observation received a shout of applause from upwards of half a dozen of auditors, to the great annoyance of the interrogators, who slunk away highly mortified, and justly punished for the supercilious manner which they assumed, in their attempts to gratify an impertinent curiosity.

Self-Abasement.—The zeal of some of the Methodist preachers in favour of absolute moral perfection, and the silence they keep in their public addresses *relative to their own personal demerits and infirmities*, have caused them often to be reproached with a want of the grace of humility. We are glad to hear from a Correspondent that this charge is, at least, not generally merited. One of this active body preaching, not long since, in a small town of Somersetshire, after expatiating in a very commendable manner for some time on his own unworthiness, added these remarkable words: "If I had had my deserts, I should have been hanged long ago!"—We suppose their Calvinistic opponents will not undertake to exceed this.—*Bristol Observer.*

Neat Reproof.—Louis XV. frequently talked to his courtiers in a manner extremely disagreeable to them, without intending to give them pain. One day, when Cardinal de Luynes was paying his respects to him, "Cardinal," said the King to him, "your great grandfather died of an apoplexy; your father and your uncle died of an apoplexy; and you look as if you would die of an apoplectic stroke." "Sire," answered the Cardinal, "fortunately for us we do not live in the times when Kings are prophets."

James I., by a proclamation in the 7th year of his reign, on the mature deliberation of his Council, forbade all new buildings within 10 miles of London; and commanded, that if, in spite of this ordinance, there should be any set up, they should be pulled down! even though notice should not be taken of them till seven years afterwards.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest, about thirty years after date.—*Colton's Lacon.*

In cases of doubtful morality it is usual to say, is there any harm in doing this? This question may sometimes be best answered by asking ourselves another, is there any harm in letting it alone?—*Idem.*

Postage of Letters.—The Postage of Letters, so essential to the purposes of commercial intercourse, and which now forms so important a branch of the Public Revenue, was first established in the short reign of Richard the Third. The plan was originally formed in the reign of his brother Edward, when stages were placed at the distance of 20 miles from each other, in order to procure Edward the earliest intelligence of the events that passed in the course of the war with the Scots; but Richard commanded in the expedition, and it was principally to his sagacity and talents that the merit of the post ought to be attributed, particularly as during his reign it was established over the principal part of the kingdom.—The revenue of the Post-Office in the reign of Queen Anne was only 60,000*l.*; in 1761 it was 142,400*l.*; in 1769, 300,000*l.*; in 1794, 445,600*l.*; in 1800, 745,000*l.*; in 1806, 1,108,840*l.*; and in 1813, 1,414,224*l.*—From the year 1730 to 1720, the post was only transmitted three times a week from Edinburgh to London; and one day it brought but a single letter, which was for Sir Wm. Pulteney, the banker: in 1790, the letters from Edinburgh averaged 1200 daily. The remittances from Scotland to the post-office, in the ten years preceding 1770, only averaged 9500*l.*; but from the year 1790 to 1800, the annual average amounted to 51,500*l.*—The Twopenny Post-Office was established in 1683. It was originally planned by a Mr. Povey, author of the now obsolete pamphlet, "The Virgin of Eden, with the Eternity of Hell Torments." He formed the design of conveying letters by messengers to different parts of the City and its environs: for some time he executed his plan with much approbation, and was distinguished by the title of the "Halfpenny Carrier." The Ministers finding the plan too lucrative for a private subject, laid an injunction on the inventor, restraining him from carrying it on any longer; and, without giving him any compensation, took it into their own hands.

The Christian Magazine for February, 1762, observed, "It is remarkable, that the principal Sovereign Princes of Europe, now living, are the Third of their respective names.

1. George the Third, king of England.
2. Charles the Third, king of Spain.
3. Augustus the Third, king of Poland.
4. Frederick the Third, king of Prussia.
5. Peter the Third, emperor of Russia.
6. Charles Emanuel the Third, king of Sardinia.
7. Mustapha the Third, emperor of the Turks.
8. Francis the Third, duke of Modena; and
9. Frederick the Third, duke of Saxe-Gotha.

Nine in all; a circumstance that never happened before in the annals of Europe."

The Genoese have found out before ourselves the folly of calling a street New-street; but have not very wisely corrected it by naming one of their last Newest-street, *Strada Nuovissima*. Upon this principle they must call the next street they build Newer-than-all-street, or Extremely-new-street, or New-of-the-very-newest-description-street.

It is well known that Mr. Hume, the historian, was never so much puzzled as when peremptorily asked by a lady, at Bath, to declare upon his honour, as a gentleman, whether he would choose his own confidential domestics from such as held his own principles, or from those who conscientiously believed in the truths of Revelation. He frankly decided in favour of the latter.

When William Duke of Cumberland halted at Preston, in Lancashire, he was introduced to the Guildhall, as the most appropriate place for his residence: this was after the defeat of the Scots, in the memorable year 1745. Several persons, male and female, went up the great stairs to view the Duke, and his nobles surrounding him: there were several young women, among whom was Sarah Abbott, the daughter of Robert Abbott, a Quaker. One of the noblemen left the door of the ante-chamber a little open, to give the different companies an opportunity to view the Duke. A great part of the young women, upon being asked to walk in, ran precipitately down stairs; but Sarah Abbott stood still, upon which the Duke called out, "Come in, my pretty Quaker, and tell me what is the word of God." She immediately replied "The word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow. It is a searcher and discernor of the heart, and of the intents of the heart." "Aye," said the Duke with great seriousness, "that is the truth, my pretty girl; for when I was at the battle of Dettingen, and my men fell on each side of me, I opened my bosom and cried aloud, 'Is there never a ball for me?' and a voice in the secret of my soul said intelligibly, 'Art thou prepared?'"

We copy the following amiable and interesting trait of the character of the Marquis Wellesley from the *Percy Anecdotes of Integrity*:

"When the present Marquis succeeded his father in the title of Earl of Mornington, he found that he had died in debt to the amount of several thousands of pounds; and although the paternal estate was small, and he was not legally responsible for any of these debts, yet he determined to discharge the whole, which, by living a few years with the most rigid economy, he was enabled to do. Among the creditors of the deceased Earl was one who applied for the payment of 150*l.* The young Lord, upon examination, found that it had been transferred by a poor old man, to whom it was originally due, to the present possessor, for the small sum of 50*l.* 'I will deal justly with you,' said his Lordship, 'but I will do no more; here is the 50*l.* you paid for the bond, and legal interest for the time it has been in your possession.' The holder, knowing that he could not strictly claim a shilling, was content with not losing anything. But the Noble Lord, who thus gave an early proof of that honour and integrity which he has since so largely displayed in offices of the highest trust, did not stop here; he inquired of the original holder of the bill, and finding him poor, paid him the whole sum, with the arrear of interest."

The childhood of the late Rev. John Newton furnished a striking instance of precocity of talent. He says that at four years of age he could read (hard names excepted) as well as at any future period of his life; and that "he could likewise repeat the answers to the questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the proofs; and all Dr. Watts's smaller Catechisms, and his Children's Hymns." He in some measure accounts for this by observing, that he was a child of a sedentary turn, and took as much pleasure in learning, as his mother did in instructing him.—*Cecil.*

A Good Memory well stored.—Lord Carteret retained by memory the whole of the New Testament, from the first of St. Matthew to the last word in the Revelation. One who knew his Lordship observes "it was astonishing to hear him repeat long passages from it, in the same accurate method as if he were reading the book."—Viscount Carteret was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1724.

Absurd Origin of Wars.—Without considering the complication of misery which has attended wars, we are tempted occasionally to smile at the extreme absurdity of their origin. Philip the First of France, speaking to one of his courtiers of William the First of England, said, "When will the fat monster get out of bed?" This was reported to William: who was so incensed at the speech, that he ordered his ambassador to tell the King of France, that when the fat monster should be up, "he would go and be church'd at St. Geneyève's, in Paris, with ten thousand lances instead of wax tapers. He kept his word," says the French historian, "entered French Vexin, where he committed a thousand ravages, and would have done greater evils, had not Death carried him off in this expedition. Behold a war that was occasioned by a mere joke!"—One of the most bloody wars in Switzerland is said to have arisen from an equivocal expression, which was misapprehended by a Duke of Burgundy.

The Retort Courteous.—A member of one of the learned professions was driving his domet along the road at Tooting, in Surry, when he overtook a pedlar, with his pack, and inquired what he had to sell. The man produced, among other things, a pair of cotton braces—they were sixpence he said. The gentleman paid the money, and then said, "You have, I suppose, a licence?" "Y—e—s," was the reply, hesitatingly. "I should like to see it." After some further delay, it was produced. "My good fellow, all's right I see. Now, as I do not want these things, you shall have them again for 3*d.*" The bargain was struck; but how surprised was the querist shortly afterwards to receive a summons to attend the County Magistracy, sitting at Croydon! The gentleman was convicted in the full penalty, for selling goods on the King's highway without a hawker's licence—he is a lawyer!

The wealthy citizens of London, for many ages have been renowned for their benovolent consideration for the poor; a record of their charities would make a ponderous folio; but many salutary customs that did honour to our metropolitan forefathers, all tending to lessen the calamities of their distressed neighbours, have been long discontinued, and almost forgotten, although their revival would work the same benefit as heretofore. Before the fire of London, that the needy might be constantly supplied with coals in the inclement season of scarcity, when the petty dealer makes his market of the necessities of the poor, and to defeat the combination of speculators in that indispensable article, certain of the City-companies providently purchased and laid in store annually, between Lady-day and Michaelmas, the following quantities, which in dear times, were vended to the poor retail, at the wholesale cost!—

	Chaldrons.		Chaldrons.
Mercers	488	Masons	22
Grocers	675	Plumbers	19
Drapers	562	Curriers	11
Fishmongers	465	Inn holders	45
Goldsmiths	525	Founders	7
Skinners	315	Poulterers	12
Merchant Tailors	715	Cooks	30
Haberdashers	578	Coopers	52
Salterers	360	Tylers and Bricklayers	19
Ironmongers	255	Bowyers	3
Vintners	375	Fletchers	3
Cloth-workers	412	Blacksmiths	15
Dyers	105	Apothecaries	45
Brewers	104	Joiners	22
Leather-sellers	210	Weavers	27
Pewterers	52	Woolmen	3
Cutlers	75	Woodmongers	60
White-Bakers	45	Scriveners	60
Wax chandlers	19	Fruiterers	7
Tallow chandlers	97	Plasterers	8
Armourers	19	Brown Bakers	12
Girdlers	105	Stationers	75
Butchers	22	Embroiderers	30
Saddlers	90	Upholders	9
Carpenters	38	Musicians	6
Cordwainers	60	Turners	13
Barber Surgeons	60	Basketmakers	6
Painter-stainers	12	Glaziers	6

By the same wise and munificent act of the City, which regulated this measure, all retail dealers in coals were prohibited from meeting the vessels, or by their agents contracting for coals, before the ships arrived in the port of London, on the penalty of five shillings for every chaldron so forestalled or bought by pre-contract.

The destruction of so many of the public buildings, by the great conflagration of 1666, may account for the suspension of this custom, as the funds of many of the companies were wanted for the rebuilding of their halls, and the private funds of the members for the re-erection of their own warehouses and dwellings. But time saw London rise again a Phoenix of splendor and wealth, and yet this merciful and necessary custom has not been revived!

BIRMINGHAM HARDWARE.—The following anecdote, which is of undoubted authenticity, will sufficiently prove the decided superiority which, in addition to her other advantages, Great Britain possesses in the article of hardware. Some time ago a French nobleman of distinction was introduced to a manufacturer in Birmingham, by whom he was shewn through the different workshops, &c. where the various mechanical contrivances, the judicious arrangement of the business, and the high degree of polish to which the several articles were brought, attracted very strongly the attention of the noble visitor. At length, producing a gold snuff-box from his pocket, he said, that it was somewhat strange, that with our superiority of skill, we could not equal the manufacture of that hinge. The proprietor of the manufactory took the box in his hand, and after viewing it for some time very attentively, he requested permission to take it asunder, assuring its owner that it should suffer no damage. It was accordingly taken to pieces, when the manufacturer found his own initials on the inner edge of the box, which, though made the boast of French ingenuity, had been actually formed on the very spot where they stood.—*Birmingham Chronicle.*

AN AMUSING PUN OF THE LATE MR. CURRAN.—A Mr. HUDSON, who had made a large fortune as a tooth-drawer, had built a very expensive country-house close to Mr. CURRAN'S at Rathfarnham, near Dublin, but of such an extraordinary construction as to bid defiance to the criticism of the architect. One day after dinner at Mr. CURRAN'S, this singular mansion became a subject of merriment for his guests. The question for their satirical inquiry was, "What was its order of architecture?" One said, Oh it certainly was *Grecian*; another contended it was *Saxon*, and a third that it was *Oriental*; when their host, with his usual vivacity and superiority of wit, thus interposed:—"Excuse me, Gentlemen," said he, "you are all wrong—it is *Tusk-an!*" From the irregularities of this mansion, and from its proprietor being a *dentist*, the Irish call it "*Snaggle-tooth-hall.*"

It is well known that in the time of Shakspeare, and many years afterwards, female characters were represented by boys or young men. However strange this may appear to those who have been accustomed to see the women's part performed by females, it should be remembered, that in infancy of the English stage, whole plays were performed by the boys of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, as is now the case occasionally at Westminster and other great schools, and a boy (S. Pavy) who died in his thirteenth year, was so admirable an actor of *old men*, that Ben Jonson, in his elegant epitaph on him, says the Fates thought him one, and therefore cut his thread of life—

"Yeeres he number'd scarce thirteen, when Fates turn'd cruel;
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he been the stage's jewel;
And did act (what we now mourn) old men so duely,
As sooth, the *Parce* thought him one, he play'd so truly.
So; by error, to his fate they all consented;
But viewing him since, (alas, too late!) they have repented,
And have sought, (to give new birth) in bathes to steep him;
But, being much too good for earth, Heav'n vows to keep him."

This celebrated child performed originally in Jonson's *Comedies*, and *Poetaster*, in the years 1600 and 1601.

Before the civil war of Charles the First, boys continued to be trained to act women's characters; during the suspension of the theatres they had outlived and outgrown the proper age and size for female personification. The introduction, therefore, of women on the stage (its greatest beauty and ornament) seems to have resulted from necessity.

"A Prologue to the King," in Jordan's *Royal Arborea*, 12, is the following passage:—

"For doubting we should never play again,
We have play'd all our women into men,
That are of such large size for flesh and bones,
They'd rather taken be for Amazons
Than tender maids."

And in the Prologue for *Desdemona*—this:

"Our women are defective and so siz'd
You'd think they were some of the guard disguis'd,
For, to speak truth, men act that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and never so incompant;
When you call *Desdemona*—Enter Giant!"

Sir William D'Avenant, in imitation of the foreign theatre first introduced females in the scene, and Mrs. Betterton said to have been the first woman that appeared on the English stage. Andrew Pennywicke played the part of *Titania*, in a tragedy of Davenport's, in 1655, and Kynaston acted several female parts after the Restoration. The *Wedding*, by Thomas Killebrew, and which met the most general approbation, it is remarkable, was acted by women only.

The anecdote of King Charles the Second waiting till his heroine of a play was shaved, is well known.

NICE DISCRIMINATION.—A culprit was not long brought before a country Magistrate, charged with a meaner, and on his conviction, the Learned Magistrate dressed him as follows:—"By the Act of Parliament, that this offence is punished with six months' imprisonment on conviction before two Magistrates. Now you may consider yourself a lucky fellow; if my brother Magistrate had been here, you should have had the whole *six* months, but I am alone, I can, of course only send you to gaol for *four* months. Make out his *mittimus*."

AN IRISH NEGRO.—A Negro from Montserrat, or a riegallante, where the Hiberno Celtic is spoken by all classes, happened to be on the wharf at Philadelphia, when a number of Irish emigrants were landed; and seeing one of them with a wife and four children, he stepped forward to assist the family on shore. The Irishman, in his native tongue expressed his surprise at the civility of the Negro; who understanding what had been said, replied in Irish, that he need not be astonished, for he was a bit of an Irishman himself. The Irishman, surprised to hear a black man speak his native dialect, it entered his mind, with the usual vanity of the Irish fancy, that he really was an Irishman, but that the climate had changed his fair complexion. "If you be so bold, Sir, (said he), may I ask you how long you have been in this country?" The Negro man, who had only come hither on a voyage, said he had been in Philadelphia only about four months. Poor PATRICK turned round to his wife and children, and looking as if for the last time at their rosy cheeks, concluding that in four months they would also change their complexion, exclaimed, "O my powers! BIDDY, did you hear that? he is not more than four months in this country, and he is already almost as black as jet."—*Irish Paper.*

A NEW SECT.—At a recent meeting of the Commissioners of the Watch, Scavengers, and Lamps, at Liverpool, one of the extra watchmen was brought before them on charge of having been asleep on duty. One of the Commissioners, on being told that this was his second offence, exclaimed, "So, Sir, I understand you are a *lethargic*?" The man, after a pause, replied with some warmth, "No, Sir, I am not—I am a *Protestant!*"

(BY A RECENT TRAVELLER.)

In the course of my travels in the United States, I arrived at the town of Nashville. There was a crowd of people collected at the entrance, where a large waggon was upset, and several of the passengers severely injured. They were extricated from the vehicle, and placed in an empty barn or shed by the road side. A gig drove briskly up, from which an elegantly dressed man alighted, leaving a lady holding the reins. He pressed through the crowd, and inquired very anxiously after those that were hurt. One of them, a lady, had received a severe contusion on the forehead, and was insensible. The stranger immediately bound up her arm with his silk pocket handkerchief, and taking a lancet from a pocket-knife, bled her. She soon revived, and was, by his direction, lifted into the gig. He led the horse on at a slow pace to the tavern, at about a quarter of a mile distant, where he had her put to bed, and properly accommodated. The only medical man in the town was sent for, who soon came, and the stranger gave her up to his care. He inquired after her friends from the drivers of the waggon; all they knew of her was, that her name was Williams, an English actress, who had appeared on the New York stage, and she had taken her place from hence to Nashville. The stranger pulled out his purse, and placing a sum of money in the surgeon's hands, desired him to furnish her with every necessary her situation required; he then mounted his gig, and drove away. "Pray, Sir," said I to the landlord, "who is that gentleman?" "You are a stranger, I guess," was the reply, staring me rudely in the face. I did not choose to satisfy his impertinent curiosity, and turned away, addressing myself to a tall genteel-looking man, whom I afterwards found to be Commodore Hull, of the American navy. He politely told me that it was "Mr. Joseph Buonaparte." He has a house about two miles from this, where he often resides, for the sake of hunting and shooting. The lady in the carriage with him is his lady. He is a very benevolent man, and does more good in these parts than all the gentry put together." I thanked him for his information, and feeling my curiosity aroused, I requested the Commodore to join me in a bottle of wine, with which he complied, and we sat down in the public room, where I gathered from him that the Ex-King of Spain, Joseph Buonaparte, has built a town called Joseph's town, which has already 3,000 inhabitants, chiefly French, who work in manufactories of cotton and wool. He has expended more than 100,000% on this hobby-horse. The country round for several miles is his property by purchase, and he is a little king over the place.

The Commodore had never been there, so only reported his from hearsay. In his house near Nashville, "Mr. Joseph Buonaparte" lives the life of a plain country gentleman.

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.—The brilliant lamps which adorn this pyramid, situated in the channel, about 7 miles from this port, and at all times, in clear weather, visible from our citadel, are attended by three men; two ever within its walls, and one on shore, the latter relieving, alternately, his fellow-servants, so as to give each a month in three, on terra-firma. The Trinity Board have a tender for the purpose of supplying provisions and requisites, and occasionally cruising out to ascertain "all's well." In stormy weather the Eddystone is not to be approached sufficiently close for communication; and the effect of the "dashing billows" is such, as to excite astonishment in the mind of man, generally supposing, as he is induced to do, that no human superstructure could withstand their almost perpetual, and, seemingly, irresistible force. The effect felt within is such as to require more than an ordinary nerve to repress the impulse of fear. During the late severe gales, the inmates witnessed many novel circumstances, and some very cheering ones too. A man, now on shore, relates, that, during the snow storms, upwards of five dozen of birds were taken by himself and comrade, who "fared like sons of Kings." The birds, among which were woodcocks, partridges, and ducks, attracted in the night by the light of the lamps, were driven with such force against the plate glass, as to render them easy captives, if not "dead game."—*Plymouth Gazette.*

ANTI-CHRIST.—The Rev. Mr. MOLLISON, Minister of Montrose, had been long in the practice of dragging Anti-Christ into his prayers. This term becoming unfashionable at the commencement of the French Revolution, when the Altar and the Throne became the favourite theme, and ousted out Anti-Christ—a simple woman, one of his parishioners, meeting him one day, says—"Sir, I have something to speer at ye, but ye maunna tak it ill." "Na, na," rejoins Mr. MOLLISON, "I'll no tak it ill." "O dear me," says she, "Is yon Annie Christie dead, or is she better, that ye prayed sae long about, as I ne'er hear ye speak o' her now?"—*Greenock Advertiser.*

In an interesting little volume on the above subject, published by Mr. D. Johnson, a medical officer, long resident in the interior parts of India, and especially of Bengal, we find many curious and highly interesting narratives of the various modes in which the native Indians entrap or destroy the game, and destructive animals, with which those countries abound. It may not be uninteresting to our readers (few of whom perhaps may have an opportunity of perusing the volume) to have a few particulars laid before them of these Oriental sports.

There is a class of natives called *Shecarries*, whose entire trade, from generation to generation, it is to entrap game; and it is surprising with what dexterity and simplicity of means they effect their purpose. To catch hares, for instance, they extend small nets, 16 feet long, and 18 inches high, along certain parts of the jungly resorts, and then drive, by their cries, the hares into these ambushes. But the following is the most curious circumstance attending harecatching:—

"If," says Mr. Johnson, "they see a hare in its form, in a place where they can run round it, and approach near enough to take it up, they commence running in a circle of about eight yards diameter, keeping up an incessant shrill noise, dwelling as it were on the same note, and lessening their circle gradually, while they keep their eyes steadfastly fixed on the animal, whose eyes are fixed on them. The animal, in fact, becomes so fascinated as to allow itself to be taken up deliberately by the ears, when it commences a disagreeable melancholy cry." Mr. Johnson has repeatedly witnessed this species of fascination, and taken up the hares himself in order to turn them out afterwards to shoot at while running.

The author relates a great number of curious and interesting particulars relative to the natural history, habitudes, and ferocity of the Bengal tiger. The following little history is dramatically affecting:—

Two *Biparies* (a kind of pedlars) were driving a string of loaded bullocks from Palamnow to Chittrah. When they were within a few miles of the latter place, a tiger sprung on the man in the rear, and the accident was seen by a *guallah* (herdsman) as he was watching his Buffaloes. The herdsman ran boldly to the poor fellow's assistance, and gave the tiger repeated cuts with his sword; upon which the tiger dropped the *Biparie* and seized the herdsman. The buffaloes observing the rencontre attacked the tiger in a swarm, and rescued the poor man from instant destruction. They then tossed the tiger about on their horns from one to another, and at length killed him. The *Biparie* recovered of his wounds under Mr. Johnson's care, but the gallant herdsman, who first flew to the other's assistance, died of the tiger's bites!

The following incident was still more melancholy:—

As an old Mahomedan Priest was travelling on horseback, at midday, within a few miles of Chittrah, accompanied by his son, an athletic young man, they heard the roar of a tiger at no great distance; the son urged the father to hasten the horse's pace; but the Priest refused, and began putting up his prayers to the Almighty, in the act of which he was knocked off his horse, by a blow from the tiger's paw, and instantly snatched up in his mouth. The son pursued the tiger, and gave him some severe cuts with his sword. The tiger irritated by the interruption, dropped the father, overpowered the son, seized him in his jaws, and decamped into the deep recesses of the jungle, where he devoured him. The father was brought to Chittrah, and died the same day of his wounds!

A SINGING VALLEY.—(*From a New York Paper.*)—**POTTSTOWN, (Penn.) SEPT. 4.**—A few days since a party of gentlemen from this village rode to the celebrated Klingenberg, (Klingberg is a German name, and the proper definition is, a sounding hill, or chiming rocks), or singing valley, about three miles from this place. Although our expectations were very highly raised by the reports which we had heard, still they were more than realized on our arrival there. A large and irregular mass of ill-shaped stones presented themselves to our view at first. They appear to have been thrown together by some terrible convulsion of nature. From the appearance of the stone, probably at some former period, a volcanic eruption must have taken place here. By striking on the stones, the most various sounds imaginable are produced. The chime of the finest bells in the world could not exceed in variety the sounds produced here, from the most sonorous bass to the most delicate air—the gradations beautifully fine. Near the Klingenberg there is a considerable cave, which extends some distance under the rock, and is really worthy the attention of the curious. Many visitors heretofore have been at this place, but of late I understand it has been almost deserted. When the inhabitants of our country are much troubled to kill time, I am of opinion that there is not a place in the country that would better compensate a traveller than a visit to this celebrated singing valley.

Miss Benger, who is already advantageously known to the literary world by her biography of Mrs. Hamilton and of Anne Boleyn, has recently put forward a claim to still higher respect, by a history of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. The subject is more important than any yet handled by this lady, as involving the characters and fortunes of some of the most distinguished persons of the Courts of England, Scotland, and France, at one of the most interesting epochs of European history. The style is worthy of the subject—easy and graceful in the lighter part of the narrative, forcible and eloquent in the treatment of the graver topics—and, besides that delicacy of feeling which might be expected from a female writer, the work is marked throughout by a tone of energetic and judicious thinking, which is supposed (we know not how truly) to be peculiar to the manly intellect. We were particularly pleased by her just appreciation of that absurd mixture of sensual exaggeration and servile homage, which, though implying a contemptuous superiority over its object, has, under the fine-sounding names of chivalry and courtesy, appeared so charming to female vanity, that even so sensible a writer as Miss Aikin, in her *Epistles on Women*, has shown an admiration for what she ought to have despised. Miss Benger has treated the topic in a way more becoming the real dignity of the feminine character. In the discussion of the leading features in the life of her heroine, Miss Benger has taken the side which might be expected from a female writer. In a case of doubtful guilt, it becomes female candour to lean to the favourable side: in a case of atrocious and monstrous crime, it becomes female delicacy to be totally incredulous. We were pleased, therefore, to see her decide for Mary's innocence from any criminal intercourse with Rizzio: we were still more pleased to find her shrink with abhorrence from the very idea that she could have participated in the murder of her husband for the sake of becoming the wife of his murderer. We willingly acquit the Queen of Scots of those crimes which have no foundation, except in the invectives of the most violent of her fanatical enemies; but we cannot agree with Miss Benger, that she was the *reluctant* wife of Bothwell. There is scarcely a fact in history better proved than that she loved him to infatuation: it was under no duress that she hastened on his mock trial in order to procure his acquittal: it was under no duress that she precipitated the divorce of Bothwell from his wife, at whose nuptials she had not long before presided: it was under no duress that she married him in spite of the remonstrances of her dearest friends; but it was under the severest duress she gave a hard-wrung promise never to see him again, adding, however, that if she had the power she would reinstate him in all his dignities. Of the gross indelicacy therefore, of the criminal shamelessness of an eager association with a man whom all the world except herself (perhaps not even this exception is allowable) believed to be the murderer of her husband, Mary was clearly guilty; and her subsequent calamities were scarcely more than sufficient to wash away this foul stain. Miss Benger has managed this part of Mary's story with great skill, by supposing her heroine to have been the compelled, reluctant, and melancholy wife of Bothwell. It is thus that female ingenuity explains away a fact, for which female purity could find no excuse. The latter part of Mary's life, and particularly its mournful close, Miss Benger has judiciously abridged; for it has been so forcibly and pathetically told by Robertson (though no admirer of Mary's character), that any historian must despair to go over the same ground with equal effect. Miss Benger has, however, given ample details of a period of Mary's life, scarcely less interesting, though much less known—we mean that part of it which was spent in France. It was in France her character was formed: her tastes, so uncongenial with the coarser habits of her countrymen; her prejudices in matters of state, so incompatible with her happiness among a stiff-necked population and an insolent nobility; her Catholic bigotries, so irreconcilably at variance with the Calvinistic zeal of her reforming clergy—all these peculiarities were cherished and strengthened into indelible features before she left France: to these peculiarities her faults and misfortunes may in a great measure be attributed. Hence it was, that from the combined effect of habit and the necessity of her situation, she was at once impetuous and hypocritical; imperious in her resolutions, and feeble in the execution of them; fastidious in her manners, gross in her appetites; contemptuous and distrustful towards both friends and foes, and loving none except those whose personal attractions, like Darnley's, dazzled her fancy, or whose superior audacity, like Bothwell's, awed and subjugated her imagination. All these striking inconsistencies Robertson has noticed, but was too idle to explore the circumstances of her early life in order to explain them. This desideratum Miss Benger has, with great industry of research, and great force of language, fully explained and developed. By a detailed narrative of the manners of the French Court under Henry II., she has shown how ill-fitted her heroine was to become the future sovereign of Scotland. To place the delicately-educated Dauphine of France among the barbarous chieftains and fiery controversialists of the Scottish capital, was like transferring a hot-house plant to the snows of Siberia. Mary was the victim of her situation. Had she continued all her life in France, she would have been known only as the most graceful and refined woman of her time: had she never left Scotland, she would probably have been the proud and contented Sovereign of a brave and honest people. But called, as she was, with a character completely formed in

tastes, opinions, feelings, and prejudices, among a people who did not understand her, and whom she could not understand, no wonder that her life was full of contradictions, faults, and misfortunes. We owe it to Miss Benger that we are able so easily to appreciate a character which at first seems incomprehensible: and those who read for instruction no less than those who read for amusement, will be well repaid by a perusal of the work which we are discussing, particularly by that part which relates to Mary's early education. It is not easy to make extracts from a work of this kind; but we select a passage which will confirm our criticism:—

From the age of twelve, the children of France took their places in religious processions; and, on high and rare occasions, were admitted to the evening spectacles. Every afternoon, the Princesses assembled in the Queen's private apartment, where she usually spent two or three hours in embroidery, with her female attendants; and where it sometimes happened, that an ambassador, or some other great personage, was introduced, whom Catherine received with mingled majesty and affability. "It was observed," says Conaüs, "that Mary Stuart had neither eye nor ear but for her elect step-mother; that she eagerly treasured every word that fell from her lips, watched her looks, imitated her motions, and evidently was anxious to form herself by the accomplished model before her." Catherine, having once demanded of the young Queen, why she seemed to prefer her society to that of her youthful and more suitable companions? the polished Mary replied, "that with them she might, indeed, enjoy much, but could learn nothing; whilst in her Majesty's wisdom and affability, she found an example and a guide for her future life." Catherine, readily divining the motive of this extraordinary deference, and believing that Mary's humility was but the specious veil with which she disguised an ambitious impatience to supplant her on the throne, conceived for her an aversion, abstracted from the repugnance she already felt for her, as belonging to the House of Guise. The dislike increased as her fine talents came to be unfolded, from the conviction, however reluctantly admitted, that she was superior to her own daughters in native and acquired talents. On her part, the young Queen was, perhaps, not slow to perceive the antipathy, and to requite it with equal hatred. It may be doubted how far Catherine presumed to betray her imperious temper to the niece of Cardinal Lorraine; but if that be true, which Brantome affirms, of the unconquerable terror which her very name inspired in her favourite daughter, the Queen of Spain, it is not unlikely that her artificial suavity was in private often exchanged for violence and harshness not less calculated to excite alarm than sure to inspire disgust. In these visits to Catherine's apartments, the sombre labours of the needle were alternately enlivened by reading, by reciting verses, by relating stories, and, above all, by suggesting devices, which, in that heraldic age, formed an essential part of a polite education. Although the composition of devices was, strictly speaking, an art in which knowledge and judgment were alike necessary, it had long been pursued by the brave and the fair, with little attention to science or criticism; and by the ladies, more especially, was attempted without other requisites than sentiment and taste.

Margaret, Queen of Navarre, had excelled in this elegant species of trifling, in which her niece, the Princess Margaret, was equally felicitous. Catherine herself was in this the fortunate rival of the Duchess de Valentinois. Mary Stuart imitated, and sometimes surpassed them; and in after-life, the art of making devices soothed many solitary hours of her unhappy existence.

Although the young Princesses were occasionally admitted into public, it must not be supposed that they shared in the diversions which, day after day, were produced in unceasing rotation. Of these ever-varied amusements, the lively Brantome has transmitted a description, which strikingly illustrates the domestic habits of the French nobility, and in what manner they were accustomed to live with their Sovereign. At seven the King rose, and, according to a practice which prevailed with all his successors, admitted gentlemen from the provinces, and other individuals who came on business, and with whom he communicated till the hour of ten, when he went to mass to show his devotion, and immediately after to dinner, at which individuals of his own sex only were present. No sooner was this meal despatched, than he regularly paid a visit of two hours to the Queen's apartment, where he found the Princess of the blood, and the members of the Royal family assembled in the inner chamber, whilst the ante-chamber was occupied by the younger lords and ladies of the Court, cavaliers and demoiselles engaged in familiar conversation, and to whom the inexhaustible themes of love and politics, religion and scandal, supplied a fund of interest and entertainment.

Here each gentleman engrossed, in the manner of a Spanish Tertulia, the lady whom he preferred as a friend, a mistress, or a companion. Lovers might here whisper their amorous tales, and admirers express their respectful sentiments by some new device or ingenious emblem, felicitously adapted to the mysticism of romantic passion: on the whole, there can be little doubt that the ante-chamber was the scene of social pleasure, and the presence-chamber of uncongenial state. Here the King remained two hours, an interval agreeably employed, not only in the relative performances of his duties, but in making arrangements for the remainder of the day. With Henry II., horses and dogs were favourite objects—hunting and jousting his darling amusements: these furnished copious topics of conversation, and concealed even from himself his paucity of ideas. If it was his first wish to pursue the chase, his next impulse was to induce the ladies to join in the exercise, or he would, perhaps, play at tennis in the Royal gardens, where the Queen and her dames must witness his adroitness from their well-known balcony. In winter, frost and snow brought a rich accession to the Royal pastimes: it was delightful to skate on the lakes or ponds of Fontainebleau, where those who glided on without impediment did well; still better those who, by slipping down, furnished an occasion for hearty merriment to the illustrious spectators: under the same hybernal auspices they might sometimes construct a fortress of ice, when the assailants battered each other unmercifully with snow-balls, the ladies laughing and applauding by turns. A rainy day was somewhat afflictive to Henry, and to those who combined activity of body with indolence of mind; but the inventive genius of Catherine produced a ballet for the evening, or the Princess Margaret patronized the recitation of a poem; or Diana de Poitiers composed a new and ingenious device: or, at the very worst, the professed fool, the little Thony, caressed by the King and courtiers, was always ready to extract laughter by his clownish blunders, his bodily wit, and real or affected simplicity. In spite of its improvements, the Court of Henry II. religiously cherished this satellite of barbarous and unlettered sovereigns. In addition to these grand resources, Henry played at dice; and we are assured that he was successful, although he uniformly declined accepting what he had won: twice a week, too, there was a regular ball, according to Catherine de Medicis, to satisfy the nobility, who, without singing and dancing, could never be kept in good humour. With the help of these potent auxiliaries, the Court was, probably, never quite irksome to Henry; and, on gala-days, perhaps satisfied the Constable Montmorency; to Andelot or Coligny, it must have been uniformly dull and monotonous; and never but during a tournament, or on the eve of a battle, absorbed

servers, this magnificent scene of royalty and nobility assumed the imposing and attractive aspect of a temple dedicated to courtesy and pleasure, a magic world blest with a rich and everlasting spring of youthful enthusiasm, romantic grace, and refulgent beauty. But on a more attentive survey, it was discovered that ennui and discontent mingled in every scene, however fair and specious. The perfect conformity of sentiment and taste which was required in this numerous society, often imposed restrictions and vexations on the individual not less imperative and even more revolting than the rules of a monastic community. To be constrained to laugh without gaiety, to dance or revel without inclination, was often irksome as the livelong fast, or midnight vigil. To relieve this monotony, the chief and never-failing resource appears to have been ridicule: personal peculiarities were with avidity sought and seized, to create mirth less innocent than that extracted from the simple Thonys. Neither the valour nor the magnanimity of Coligny protected from a sneer his habitual use of the tooth-pick; nor did the great Constable himself escape sarcasm, at the expense of his paternosters. The discomfiture which that veteran had once experienced in the preceding reign, at the instigation of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, (confessedly one of the most amiable women of her age), was still remembered and relished in the time of Henry II., and furnished many a frivolous stripling with an opportunity of satirizing the majestic warrior.

It is superfluous to observe, that Mary Stuart, in common with other young Princesses, was strictly confined to the presence-chamber, and completely enthralled by rules of state and decorum. On high and solemn festivals, she joined the junior branches of the Royal family, in public exhibitions; and it must have been on one of those occasions that she delivered the celebrated oration on the advantages of female learning, which is familiarly mentioned by Brantome. She was, also, sometimes seen to dance with her intended consort, the decorous Passameto d'Espagne, or solemn minuet; on one occasion she confronted the beautiful Anne, of Este, in a Gaillarde dance, when the aunt confessedly eclipsed the niece in grace, dignity, and loveliness. At the proper season, she walked in that grand religious procession, in which every lady bore in her right hand the palm of triumph; and in the festival at Candlemas, when each carried a lighted torch. It was on the last occasion, that Mary, whose fair and blooming complexion was admirably contrasted with the sombre aspect of the ceremony, extorted from a woman of the lower class, the enthusiastic exclamation of "Are you not indeed an angel?"

The Talmudists relate that Abraham, in travelling to Egypt, brought with him a chest. At the Custom-house the officers exacted the duties. Abraham would have readily paid, but desired they would not open the chest. They first insisted on the duty for clothes, which Abraham consented to pay; but then they thought by his ready acquiescence that it might be gold. Abraham consents to pay for gold. They now suspected it might be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk or more costly pearls. In short, he consented to pay as if the chest contained the most valuable of things. It was then they resolved to open and examine the chest; and behold, as soon as the chest was opened, that great lustre of human beauty broke out which made such a noise in the land of Egypt—it was Sarah herself! The jealous Abraham, to conceal her beauty, had locked her in this chest.

Bishops Hoadley and Sherlock were both of Catherine-hall, Cambridge, both of the same year. When they were freshmen, they were called to lectures in Tully's Offices. One day Hoadley performed so well as to receive a compliment from his tutor. As they were coming away from the tutor's chamber, Sherlock, who was probably a little nettled, called out, "Ben, you have made good use of L'Estrange's translation to-day!"—"No, Tom," replied Hoadley, "I have it not; and I forgot to send the bed-maker to borrow yours, which I am told is the only one in College." So early did the emulation between these two ecclesiastics commence.

Gay, the author of the *Beggars' Opera*, in his younger years was an acquaintance of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He wrote a copy of verses, which he addressed to the Knight, and in which he pushed panegyric as far as it well could go; so far, indeed, that the author was afraid lest Sir Godfrey's modesty should be offended. However, in that he was mistaken: he swallowed the honey with much pleasure and delight. He told Gay "that his poem was very fine, very fine, indeed, and very true, but you have forgotten one thing, Mr. Gay, you have taken no notice of my military genius." "Sir," said Gay, "I never knew you had any pretence of that kind." "My good friend, by G—d, I should have been a General of an army; for when I was at Venice all the place of St. Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell of it, Mr. Gay. I should have been a General, Mr. Gay."

Whenever a quarrel among the Cossacks causes them to combat each other, they fight as in England, with their fists, and never with knives, daggers, or any sharp instrument. This practice is so established a characteristic of that people, that it gave rise to a very remarkable wager. Teploff and Gelagin, two of the late Empress Catherine's Privy Councillors, happened to be in her presence when it was told her that a Cossack priest, then a monk in the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, had been arrested for cutting the throat of a young woman with whom he had quarrelled; upon which Teploff offered to wager with Gelagin that the monk was not a Cossack. The bet was made, and won by Teploff, the monk proving to be a Russian. Upon being questioned, how he could possibly divine the probable success of his wager—"Because," said he, "no Cossack would strike a woman; or if he did, he would use his hand, and not a knife."

Secretary Craggs brought Dick* Estcourt once to Sir Godfrey Kneller's, when he mimicked several persons whom he knew, as Lords Godolphin, Somers, Halifax, &c. Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, took the joke, and laughed heartily, when they gave him the wink, and he mimicked Sir Godfrey himself, who cried, "Nay, now you are out, man; by G—, that is not me."* Of whom see a pleasant account in one of Steele's papers in the *Spectator*.

Between two and three centuries ago, it was the custom, as stated in the old chronicles, "for enamoured maydes and gentil-women" to give to their favourite swains, as tokens of their love, little handkerchiefs, about three or four inches square, wrought round about, often in embroidery, with a button or tassel at each corner, and a little one in the centre. The finest of these favours were edged with narrow gold lace or twist; and then, being folded up in four cross folds, so as the middle might be seen, they were worn by the accepted lovers in their hats, or at the breast. These favours became at last so much in vogue, that in Elizabeth's time they were sold ready-made in the shops, from 6d. to 1s. 4d. a piece. Tokens were also given by the gentlemen, and accepted by their fair mistresses, thus described in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays:—

"Given ear-rings we will wear,
"Bracelets of our lover's hair;
"Which they on our arms shall twist,
"Which our names carved on our wrist."

The following curious account of the visit of Charles I. to Scotland is extracted from Stevenson's History of the Church and State of Scotland:—

Although King Charles was proclaimed King of Scotland upon his father's decease, he neither had received the crown of that ancient kingdom, nor taken the coronation oath, but governed the eight preceding years without a parliament, making his will pass for a law to his subjects; but now, having made peace with foreign enemies, and finding no appearance of disturbance in England, he judged it a fit time for making a journey to Scotland. "Three important affairs," saith Rapin, "required his presence there:—1st, He had a mind to be crowned.—2d, He intended to hold a parliament for procuring of money.—3d, He designed to take some measures there for the execution of a project long since formed, to reduce the Kirk of Scotland to a perfect conformity with the Church of England, and entirely ruin Presbyterianism. To this end it was that he took with him Laud, Bishop of London, &c."

For this purpose he issued one proclamation, calling the Estates to meet him in Parliament at Edinburgh upon the 19th of June, 1633. By another proclamation, all who intended to present articles or petitions to Parliament were ordered to lodge them in the Clerk Register's hand, on or before the first of that month. It was the practice on such occasions to name four of each estate to meet for three weeks before the down-sitting of Parliament, to take in all petitions or papers which were to come before them, but now this was intrusted to one single man; and several orders were given about this time to prepare for the reception and entertainment of his Majesty and his attendants.

Accordingly, great numbers of masons and wrights were set to work at the church of Holyrood-house, and the King's castles and houses; the church was enlarged, steeples erected on it for two sets of bells, the windows adorned and new organs set up in it; the King's castles and palaces were repaired, lodgings taken up for the strangers and Estates of Parliament; provision was likewise made for the King's carriages, and entertainment of himself and his retinue, suitable to so honourable an occasion, and robes for the Estates of Parliament; and, in short, every one strove to outdo their neighbour in gaiety, fine clothes, furniture, &c. But, amongst all others, the city of Edinburgh exceeded in their demonstrations of joy; the streets were all railed and sanded, and the chief places set out with stately triumphal arches, obelisks, pictures, artificial mountains, and other costly shows.

And now, all things being in readiness, his Majesty began his journey on the 12th of May, with a goodly train of attendants, to the number of 206, and came to Berwick on the 8th of June, where he rested until the 12th, when he set out again for Edinburgh, attended by many of the Scottish Nobility, who met him there. In his way he rested at Dunglass one night, at Seton another, and at Dalkeith a third, and was entertained with great magnificence by the Earl of Winton at Seton, and by the Earl of Morton at Dalkeith.

From Dalkeith his Majesty set out for Edinburgh upon Saturday the 15th of June, and entering by the Westport, marched through the city (the streets whereof were lined on both sides by the citizens in their best apparel and arms) to his palace of Holyrood House, with all his train, in a very triumphant and royal manner. As all this was, at best, but entertainment and show, it seems needless to descend farther into the particulars of it, than to observe, that at the Westport there was a theatre, exquisitely adorned and painted, with a description of the city, and many other fine things, and there an elegant oration was made to his Majesty, and the keys of the city presented to him by the Lord Provost. Next, about the middle of the Westbow was erected another theatre, from whence was very handsomely delivered a short description of the kingdom, from whom conquered, and at what time. Again, at the head of the Luckenbooths was erected another magnificent stage, whereon was the portraiture of all the Kings of Scotland down to his Majesty, and one, representing King Fergus, made a handsome speech, with which the King was much delighted. When his Majesty came to the Cross, there was a representation of Bacchus, and wine running forth of the Cross, to denote plenty and abundance of all things. At the Trone, where now is a church, was erected a most magnificent representation of the hill Parnassus, and of the Muses, with several other curious inventions; and at the Netherbow was another theatre, curiously painted, with a representation and description of the planets, and other fine conceits; and the whole of the procession was accompanied by the discharge of the whole ordnance of the Castle, the chiming of bells, and all sorts of music that could be invented.

Next day, being Sabbath, his Majesty heard sermon in the Chapel Royal. Monday he spent in the Castle; and upon Tuesday, being the 18th, he passed in great state to the Abbey church, which was magnificently adorned for the purpose, and after a sermon by Dr. Lindsay, Bishop of Brechin, he was crowned by Archbishop Spotswood, with the usual rites.

On the Sabbath following, the King heard sermon before noon, in the Great Church of Edinburgh. When his Majesty entered the church Mr. Patrick Henderson, the ordinary reader, having begun to sing, the Bishop of Ross came down from the King's loft, and, after some menaces, turned him out of his seat, and placed therein two English quiriters in their vestments, who, with the help of the bishops and other clergy, performed that service after the manner of the English. That being ended, Mr. John Guthrie, Bishop of Moray, went up to the pulpit to preach, but instead of making divine truth his theme, he had little else than some flattering panegyrics, which made the King himself to blush, with some biting scoffs at those who scrupled the use of the vestments.

Sermon being ended, the King and his Nobles of both kingdoms were royally entertained at the expense of the town of Edinburgh, within the new Parliament-house, and, as if it had been resolved on to bid defiance to the Almighty God, the great institutor of the Sabbath and author of divine ordinances, the noise of men speaking, trumpets sounding, music playing, and singing, was so great, that public worship could not be performed that afternoon in either of the churches of St. Giles. This, to sober minds, may at first seem incredible; but when it is adverted to, that impiety was now arrived at so great a height, that wakes, revels, and public diversions, on Sabbath afternoon were allowed by the King's authority in England, there needs remain no doubt of like practices taking place in Scotland upon this occasion.

In the reign of Queen Mary, square-toed shoes were in fashion, and the *Dandies* of that day wore them of so prodigious a breadth, that Bulwer says, if he remembers right, there was a proclamation came out, that no man should wear his shoes above six inches square at the toes.

The following story is evidently told to show how the grave characters may be brought into suspicion from the most trifling misconceptions. A judge, no less celebrated for his piety than for his law, was not long ago in the room of an inn at Harrowgate, and being about to put the date to a letter which he was writing, and being doubtful as to the orthography of the word, and unwilling to show the other company in the room his ignorance, even in such a trifle, said in rather a low voice to the waiter who had given the inkstand, "Is there a *w* in Harrowgate?" The waiter at first only answered him with a "Sir!" when the Judge repeated, in a still more significant and confidential way, "Is there a *w* in Harrowgate?" "Oh! yes, Sir," said the waiter, "there are several, but master does not let any of them come here."—*Traveller*.

WITCHCRAFT.—The following curious letter is copied from a manuscript in the British Museum:—
"From Mr. Manning, Dissenting teacher at Halstead, in Essex, to John Morley, Esq., Halstead.

"Halstead, Aug. 2, 1732.

"Sir,—The narrative which I gave you in relation to witchcraft, and which you are pleased to lay your commands upon me to repeat, is as follows:—There was one Master Collett, a smith by trade, of Haveringham, in the county of Suffolk, who, as 'twas customary with him, assisting the maide to churme, and not being able (as the phrase is) to make the butter come, threw a hot iron into the churn, under the notion of witchcraft in the case, upon which a poore labourer, then employed in carrying of dung in the yard, cried out in a terrible manner, 'They have killed me, they have killed me;' still keeping his hand upon his back, intimating where the pain was, and died upon the spot.

"Mr. Collett, with the rest of the servants then present, took off the poor man's clothes, and found, to their great surprise, the mark of the iron that was heated and thrown into the churn, deeply impressed upon his back. This account I had from Mr. Collett's own mouth, who, being a man of an unblemished character, I verily believe to be matter of fact. I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

"SAM. MANNING."

We can have no stronger testimony of the progress of reason and the consequent decay of superstition, within the last century, than is contained in the above letter, which bears date as late as 1732.

In what may be called the *floral language* of the Turks, the cypress means melancholy; the oak, tranquillity; lavender is expressive of assiduity, and desire to obtain something; white thorn means kisses; rosemary, fidelity; balsam, ardent love; and the rose, beauty. But it is the appropriate combination of these which constitutes the secret.

In the year 1274, the price of a small Bible, neatly written, was 30*l*. It is said that the building of two arches of London-bridge cost only 25*l*., being 5*l*. less than a copy of the Bible many years afterwards.

About the year 1700, Hudde, an opulent burgomaster of Middleburg, animated solely by literary curiosity, devoted himself and his fortune to its gratification. He went to China, to instruct himself in the language, and whatever was remarkable in this singular people. He acquired the skill of a Mandarin in its difficult language; nor did the form of his Dutch face deceive the physiognomists of China. He even succeeded to the dignity of a Mandarin; he travelled through the provinces under this character, and was returning to Europe with a collection of observations, the cherished labour of 30 years, when a shipwreck overwhelmed the whole of his treasures in the ocean. It was one of the greatest losses, says Voltaire, the republic of letters ever suffered.

The Savages of America learn to swear in English, having no correspondent expressions in their native tongues.

A person talking to Fenelon upon the subject of the criminal laws of France, and approving of the many executions that had taken place under them, in opposition to the arguments of the Archbishop, said, "I maintain that such persons are unfit to live."—"But, my friend," said Fenelon, "you do not reflect that they are still more unfit to die."

It was observed to an eminent painter that he always praised his worst performances. "True," replied he, "for my best paintings need no encomium."

In the cathedral of Saragossa is the tomb of a famous Inquisitor. Six pillars surround this tomb; to each is chained a Moor, as preparatory to his being burned. On this St. Fox ingeniously observes, "If ever the Jack-Ketch of any country should be rich enough to have a splendid tomb, this might serve as an excellent model."

Moreau was famous for his retreats; insomuch, that his companions in arms compared him to a *drum*, which nobody hears of except when *beaten*.

At the battle of Malplaquet, Prince Eugene having received a severe wound, and being entreated to have it dressed, replied, "If I am beaten, it will not be worth while; and if the French are, I shall have plenty of time for that."

Prince Eugene built a palace somewhat in the Turkish or Arabic taste, which was censured for the incongruity of its architecture. He replied to his critics, "I am as well acquainted as you are with the five Grecian orders, and also with the seven orders of battle of Segeus. I like to have an order of my own in both sciences, and I have found the benefit of it."

When Urban Grandier was led to the stake, a large fly settled on his head: a monk, who had heard that Belzebub signifies in Hebrew the god of flies, reported that he saw the devil come to take possession of him.

The female Boyards have always a chaplet of pearls, coral, lapis lazuli, or agate in their hands, which they make use of with as much grace as our ladies do of fans. They constantly twine the beads of these chaplets in their fingers, and are said to have invented a kind of alphabet on them, by means of which they communicate their secrets to their lovers and confidants.

Lord Bacon has compared those who move in the higher spheres, to those heavenly bodies in the firmament which have much admiration but little rest.

King Charles I. taking the part of a Priest who pretended that his Majesty had a right to a rectory which the celebrated Earl of Arundel challenged as his, Arundel said to Charles, "Sir, this rectory was an appendant to a manor of mine, until my grandfather unfortunately lost both his life and 17 lordships more, for the love he bore to your grandmother."

Menage has this acute observation on the writings of love and religion—"Books of devotion and those of love are alike bought. The only difference I find is, that there are more who read books of love than buy them; and there are more who buy books of devotion than read them."

Curran said of Madame de Stael, whose face was by no means prepossessing, that she had the power of "talking herself into a beauty."

General W—, when past eighty years of age, married a very amiable young lady of eighteen. He was an acquaintance of Kant, the philosopher, whom he informed of his having married; adding, "I do not think I have to *hope* for any posterity."—"Certainly not," replied Kant, "but to *fear*."

WITCHCRAFT.—In our paper of the 15th ult. we noticed the circumstance of a woman and her three daughters having been committed by the Magistrates at Milverton, for cutting and maiming a poor old woman, who was supposed to have "overlooked" one of the daughters. It appears that the daughter applied to Mr. Baker, of conjuring notoriety, who directed her to "draw blood from the witch," and gave her some pills, powders, &c., and an amulet to wear about her neck, with written directions for using them, of which the following is an exact *literatim* copy:—

"Mrs. ——— The Jar of Mixtur is to be Mixt with half Pint of Gen and then a table spunfull to be taken Mornings and at Eleven O Clock four and Eight. and four of the Pills to be taken every Morning fasting. and the Paper of Powders to be Divided in ten parts and one part to be taken every night goin to bed in a little Honey."

"The Paper of Arbs is to be Burnt a Small bet at a time on a few Coals with a little bay and Rosemary, and while it is burning, read the two first Versess of the 68 Palm and Say the Lord's Prayer After."

We are told that this rascal has decamped from the scene of his knaveries, dreading the consequences of his impositions on the stupid folks who have been duped by him into the commission of the offence for which they are to be tried. The amulet is a small, square piece of sealing-wax, wrapped round with a piece of paper, on which some gibberish is written.—*Taunton Courier*.

Dr. Granger assures us, that in his remembrance, a horse that had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c., by significant tokens, was, together with his owner, put into the Inquisition, for both of them dealing with the Devil.

Prince Eugene missed taking the town of Brisach through the false delicacy of a lieutenant-colonel, who had been directed to enter as a courier with some others, and who, being unable to endure a caning from an overseer of the works of the place, ordered him to be fired upon. The Prince observed that this was the only occasion on which a man might, without disgrace, receive a thrashing, since, in case of success, he would have been envied rather than reproached for it.

In Ashmole's MS. Diary of his Life is the following entry:—"1657, Oct. 8. The cause between me and my wife was heard, when Mr. Serjeant Maynard observed to the Court, that there were 800 sheets of depositions on my wife's part, and not one word proved against me of using her ill, nor ever giving her a bad or provoking word."

The Japanese, instead of pocket-handkerchiefs, make use of pieces of paper. The richer class of people make use of a very fine kind of paper; the poor, on the contrary, use very coarse.

It was the fashion, says Osborn, in the time of James I., for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, to meet in St. Paul's church by eleven; and walk in the middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, and some of news.

The Duke of Mantua one day observed to Perron, that the jester whom he retained in his service was a fellow of no wit or humour. "Your Grace must pardon me," replied Perron, "I think he has a deal of wit, who can live by a trade he does not understand."

The following piece of non-orthography was received by a Correspondent of ours in the shape of an order. It is a true copy, *verbatim et literatim*—"James D—n of M—n Wo his Gain in bisness in the Grosin line and i wint a fue Curds to Cend ute my Custenies whe to let thrn to no that I an goin in bisnes to Give to the piple to let them to no."—*Boston Gax*.

When Hyde, Lord Rochester, all able, but impetuous man, told Lord Keeper North that he could understand any business in England in the course of a month—"Your Lordship would understand it much better in two," replied the Lord-Keeper.

Martin Chastelain, a native of Warwick, in Flanders, was blind from his birth, and yet was a most excellent mechanic. He made organs and violins, and could both tune and play on them. On being asked one day, what object he wished most to see, he replied "Colours; because I have an idea of others by the finger." "Should you not like rather to see the sky?" "No," replied the blind man, "I would rather touch it."

On some miserable ill-advised contest of the Irish Government with the city of Dublin, the Crown lawyers marshalled themselves in such a plentiful array to support the folly of Administration, "I shall leave my ragamuffins where they will be well peppered," said Tisdall, the Attorney-General, to a gentleman of the bar who stood near him, and walked out of Court.

The celebrated astronomer Robert Hooke used to maintain that *Ovid's Metamorphosis* was an allegorical account of earthquakes.

Charles II. sat for his picture to the painter Riley, but almost discouraged the bashful artist from pursuing a profession in which he was well qualified to excel. Looking at the picture, he cried, "Is this like me? Then, odd's fish! I am an *ugly* fellow."

In the year 1762, Lieutenant Campbell, of the Middlesex militia, condemned for forgery, on the eve of his exit sent invitation cards to many of his brother-officers—"Lieutenant Campbell's compliments to ———, he requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning, to take a cup of chocolate, and to do him the honour to accompany him to Tyburn to be present at his execution."

When Albertus Magnus constructed a curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds, Thomas Aquinas was so much terrified at it, that he struck it with his stick, and, to the great mortification of Albert, instantly was annihilated the curious labour of thirty years!

Dr. Burton, formerly Fellow of Eton, married the widow of Dr. Lyttleton, whom he succeeded in his living. He said, on occasion of his marriage, "that he had not had much trouble about the match, as he found her sitting."

In 1769, when the Emperor, Joseph II. visited Cardinal Albani at his celebrated villa, near the Porta Princiaria, the astonished Prince praised it so excessively, that the Cardinal could do no less than "beseech his Majesty to accept of the trifling bauble." The extravagance of Roman generosity at first embarrassed the titular King of the Romans; but recollecting himself, Joseph restored the princely donation with the royal compliment—"That he was not rich enough to make a suitable return."

SUPERSTITION WORTHY THE DARK AGES.—It is, we acknowledge, almost incredible, that in this age of light and knowledge an instance of such deplorable superstition as we are about to relate, should have occurred in this country. Lamentable and deplorable as it is, there is no doubt of the fact. The case occurred in a town not sixty miles from Boston, and the circumstances, as related in a letter from a highly respectable individual to one of our friends, are as follows:—*N. Y. Stutesman.*

"A singular and disgraceful occurrence happened a short time since. A person, about twenty-one years of age, died of a consumption, and was decently interred. About a fortnight after a person called on his father, and said his other son, then in Boston, was sick with consumption, and that he was sent to procure the heart of the deceased son, to be pulverised and given the living brother to cure him. The credulity of the father caused him to assent, and the dead child was disinterred, and his heart actually taken out and sent for the purpose above mentioned. It is to be hoped that the powdered heart will not afford a semblance of relief. If credulity should affect to believe in its efficacy, the grave would cease to be a resting place."

It is told of the late Earl of BERKELEY, that he was suddenly awakened at night, in his carriage, by a highwayman, who ramming a pistol through the window, and presenting it close to his breast, demanded his money, exclaiming at the same time, that he had heard that his Lordship had boasted that he would never be robbed by a single highwayman, but that he should now be taught the contrary. His Lordship putting his hand into his pocket, replied—"Neither would I now be robbed, if it was not for that fellow who is looking over your shoulder." The highwayman turned round his head, when his Lordship, who had drawn a pistol from his pocket instead of a purse, shot him on the spot.

A man in the province of Bengal had been a long time very successful in hunting the tiger; his skill gained him great *eclat*, and had insured him much diversion; at length he narrowly escaped with his life. He then relinquished the sport, with this observation:—"Tiger-hunting is a very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger; but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it into his head to hunt us."

When the conspirators were deliberating on the murder of PAUL PETROWITZ, Emperor of Russia, a voice was heard in the ante-chamber, saying, "You have broken the egg, you had better make the omelet."

FULLER, alluding to the large bones, supposed to be human, dug up in certain places, observes:—I cannot see how such can maintain them to be the bones of men, who must confess that according to the proportion of doors and roofs of ancient buildings, either as extant or read of, they must *ingredi et incedere proni*, go in stooping, not to say lie along. Except the avouchers be as incurious of their credit as the traveller was, who, affirming that he saw bees as big as dogs, and yet their hives of our ordinary size; and being demanded what shift they made to get in, *Let them, said he, look to that.*

James I., by a proclamation in the seventh year of his reign, on the mature deliberation of his Council, forbade all new buildings within ten miles of London; and commanded, that if, in spite of this ordinance, there should be any set up, they should be pulled down—though notice was not taken of them till seven years afterwards.

The female proprietor of a boarding house in the city of Batavia, being applied to by an acquaintance for accommodations under her roof, regretted her inability to receive him, on account of her house being already filled.—"But," added the dame, with obliging earnestness, "do not be impatient; my lodgers are new-comers; and you know, my dear friend, we are certain of death vacancies in a short time."

The Bishop of ——— preached his first episcopal sermon before ——— and ———, two highly distinguished public men of the present day. His Grace afterwards asked their opinion of his discourse; to which Mr. F. replied, he liked it so much, that, if he had any fault to find, it was to its being too short. "Yes (said the Bishop) I considered that better than to be tedious."—Ah, but (Mr. C. remarked) the sermon was tedious too!—*Lit. Gaz.*

The following strange bill was actually handed by a shoemaker to a Gentleman, in the county of Kent, who, without questioning the items, paid the same:—

"Squire D——, debtor to S. Wotton, shoemaker:—Dec. 26, Clogd up Miss, 10d. Mended up Miss, 2d.—Jan. 3, Toe-capt Master, 11d. Turned up, clogd up, and mended the Maid, 1s. 6d. Heel-tapt Master, 3d.—Jan. 7, Lined, bound up, put a piece on Madam, 4s. Stitching up Miss Kitty, 6d.—Jan. 12, Soling the Maid, 6d. Tapping Madam, 6d. Putting a piece on Madam, 2d.—Total, 9s. 10d."

Hard was the fate of honest Anthony Wood, when Dr. Fell undertook to have his History of Oxford translated into Latin; the translator, a sullen dogged fellow, when he observed that Wood was enraged at seeing the perpetual alterations of his copy made to please Dr. Fell, delighted to alter it the more; while the greater executioner supervising the printed sheets, by "correcting, altering, or dashing out what he pleased," compelled the writer publicly to disavow his own work! Such I have heard was the case of Bryan Edwards, who composed the first accounts of Mungo Park. Bryan Edwards, whose personal interests were opposed to the abolishment of the slave trade, would not suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his conviction of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed!—*D'Israeli, Second Series.*

HENRY DE SANDFORD, Bishop of Rochester, in 1227, was styled the great philosopher. He once preached a remarkable sermon at Sittingbourne, before a great audience, and in the presence of the Archbishop. After he had proceeded some time in his discourse, he suddenly exclaimed, in a rapture of joy—"Rejoice in the Lord, my brethren all, and know ye assuredly, that of late there departed out of purgatory, RICHARD, some time King of England, STEPHEN LANGTON, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Chaplain of his, to go to the DIVINE MAJESTY; and in that day came forth no more than these three from that place of pains.—Fear not to give full and assured faith to these my words, for this is now the third time it has been revealed to me, and to another man, and that so plainly, as to banish all doubt and suspicion from my mind." From this specimen of eloquence, we may perceive how well the Bishop deserved the name of a profound philosopher, and with what edifying discourses the people were in-

ORIGIN OF THE POPULATION OF TRANSYLVANIA.—The inhabitants of Transylvania are said to speak a dialect of the German, very like that of Lower Saxony; and the generally received opinion is, that they are originally from that part of Germany. But the difficulty is to find out how the people of Lower Saxony got to Transylvania, no short journey in times when travelling was not so comfortable as it is now. The German authors tell us, that a certain Charlatan (there have been Charlatans in all ages), not having received the satisfaction which he had expected from the townsmen of Hameln, a place situated on the Weser, for freeing them from the inconvenience caused by a great quantity of rats, which he enticed out of the town, by the sound of his flageolet, (our northern neighbours, by the bye, avail themselves of their music against rats in a different and more efficacious way; when a place is infested by them, the piper is sent for, and at the first sound of the bagpipes, the rats take to their heels, never once looking behind them till they are far out of the reach of its notes, whence the trade of a rat-catcher is as unprofitable as that of a Jew in Scotland), revenged himself in this manner—He collected together the children of the town, and by charming them with the sound of his instrument, led them to a neighbouring mountain, which opened and received them and then closed. Some time afterwards it was ascertained that these children had made their appearance in Transylvania. Notwithstanding, (says the historian to whom we are indebted for this statement) the event is well attested by ancient authors, and the records of the town of Hameln in this sceptical age in which every thing is questioned, even the truth of the transportation of these children under ground has been made a matter of doubt.

When first the art of Printing was discovered, one side only of a page was made use of—the expedient of impressing the other was not yet found out. Specimens of these early printed books are in his MAJESTY'S and Lord SPENCER'S libraries. Afterwards they thought of pasting the blank sides, which made them appear like one leaf. It is singular that the Romans, who had stereotypes, or printing immoveable types, with which they stamped their pottery, should have failed to apply the invention to their literary works.

JOHN WESLEY quaintly observed, that the road to heaven is a narrow path, *not intended for wheels*; and that to ride in a coach here, and to go to heaven hereafter, was a happiness too much for man. JOHN, however, rode in his own coach before he died.

The first book auction in England, of which we have any record is of a date as far back as 1676, when the library of Dr. Seaman was brought to the hammer. Prefixed to the catalogue there is an address, which thus commences:—"Reader, it hath not been usual here in England, to make sale of books by way of auction, or who will give most for them; but it having been practised in other countries, to the great advantage of both buyers and sellers, it was, therefore, conceived (for the encouragement of learning), to publish the sale of these books in this manner of way."

In the *Mercurius Rusticus*, for November 20, 1663, is the following singular Advertisement:—"Newly published, the second part of *Hudibras*, by the Author of the former, which (if possible) has outdone the first. Sold by JOHN MARTIN and JAMES ALLESTREE, at the Bell, St. Paul's Church-yard."

The Empress Catherine possessed great intrepidity and presence of mind. In the last effort made by Gustavus III. of Sweden, against her political ascendancy, by his invasion of Russian Finland, and in which, had he been as well seconded by those about him as by his own exertions, Petersburg, at least, might have been in jeopardy, she remained unconcerned, conversing with her usual affability with her courtiers at Tzarskoe Sello, a seat not more than sixteen miles from the capital; though she could distinctly hear the cannonading between the fleets of Russia and Sweden in the action that took place a little below Cronstadt.

A gentleman observing his gardener with an old broad-brimmed hat on, jocosely asked him "who gave him that 'cuckold's hat'?"—"It is one of your old ones," replied the gardener, "that my mistress gave me yesterday, when you were at the races."

VIRGILIUS, Bishop of Saltzburg, having written that there existed antipodes, BONIFACE, Archbishop of Mayence, the Pope's Legate, declared him a heretic, and consigned him to the flames. The Abbot TRITHEMIUS, who was fond of improving steganography, or the art of secret writing, having published several curious works upon this subject, they were condemned as works full of diabolical mysteries; and FREDERIC II. Elector Palatine, ordered TRITHEMIUS's original work, which was in his library, to be publicly burned.

In the year 1764, a Mr. and Mrs. LINDEL took the fitch of bacon oath at the Green Dragon, Harrowgate, and were most elegantly entertained there by the Gentlemen in the neighbourhood. They declared they never once had a wish of separation during the whole seventeen years they had been married. Every person present, except one, like the Scotch at a wedding, gave a dish at the dinner; and he gave grace.

A distinguished Catholic Barrister, going to Court on the morning of the LORD MAYOR'S Proclamation, prohibiting the dressing of the statue, having met Lord N——, alluded to that circumstance; upon which his Lordship promptly observed,—"Yes, O'C——, I heard of that, and was surprised to find a Fleming had deserted a member of the House of Nassau."

The late Lord ORFORD, with all his affectation and conceit, is certainly a most entertaining and often an honest writer. He had, however, stronger prejudices than almost any man of his time.—He was exceedingly fond of Theatricals, and used to talk of "The CLIVE and the PRITCHARD;" but some how or other he had a rooted dislike to GARRICK, whom he was constantly turning into ridicule; he used to say that GARRICK'S literary productions—his plays, his farces, his odes, prologues, and epilogues, were almost below contempt, and mere rubbish. They are not certainly of the highest rank, but they often possess great merit.

A number of strange customs prevail in Ireland, by the aid of which the learned antiquaries of that country (and it abounds with them) have been enabled to throw much light on the early history of the people. One peculiarity has been generally remarked, which we shall describe in the words of one of the latest writers on Ireland, namely, "groups of females sitting at the cabin doors on their hams, dressing and examining each others hair." Now as this peculiarity has been also observed in Spain, our lively neighbours have thence satisfied themselves that they are of Spanish extraction. The emigration must, however, have taken place at a very early period, probably before the use of clothing was general in the Peninsula, for in some of the counties the aboriginal New Holland fashion is still the prevailing one.

THE "SPENCER."—Few fashions have originated more ridiculously than the spencer, and yet it was so very convenient an article of dress, that it seems remarkable it should have sunk so entirely into disuse. Mr. Spencer, a gentleman well known among the men of fashion about the middle of the last reign, and familiarly called "honest Jack Spencer," was rather particular in his dress, and had on more than one occasion led the way in matters of taste. Being once in company where fashion became the subject of conversation, he remarked that there was nothing so preposterous, but if worn by a person of sufficient consequence, it would be followed. One of the gentlemen doubted this, and offered some arguments to the contrary; when he was interrupted by Mr. Spencer, who said, in order to put the question to the test, I will lay you a wager (mentioning the sum) that if I cut off the skirts of my coat, and walk out with merely the body and sleeves, some person will follow me. "No doubt of it," replied one of the gentlemen present, "for I think, Jack, all the boys in the street will follow you, though it will be only to laugh at you." Mr. Spencer said, he meant that some person would adopt the fashion. The bet was accepted, Mr. Spencer's coat "curtailed of its fair proportion" of skirt, and out he set, first walking down Bond-street, and afterwards passing the shop of a "man of modes," whom he knew to be always on the watch for novelty. The fashion was soon adopted, and although at first every person acknowledged it to look extremely ridiculous, yet few articles of dress, of a peculiar shape, ever came into more general use. As to Mr. Spencer, having set the fashion, he did not long adhere to it, although it still retains his name.

NICE MEASUREMENT.—An Idler, who had more wit than money, went to an Inn in Smithfield, during a market day, and seeing a country farmer with a tankard of mulled wine before him, entered into a conversation with him, and after enumerating several extraordinary things he could do, said, he could drink the exact quantity of a wine glass from the full tankard, and neither more nor less; the farmer expressed his doubts, when to prove it, the fellow said, "I do not like to lay heavy wagers, but I will just bet you a penny I do it." The former agreed; when the stranger took the tankard, and drinking the whole off at a draught, turned to the farmer, and said, "I own, Sir, I have lost, there is my penny."

PRIESTCRAFT.—When the Bishops wanted to find something in Latimer's opinions that might bring him into disgrace, they employed the following dirty device:—"I was brought out" (it is Latimer who gives the account) "to be examined in a chamber where I was wont to be examined; but at this time it was somewhat altered. For whereas before there was a fire in the chimney, now the fire was taken away, and an arras hanged over the chimney, and the table stood near the chimney's end. There was among these Bishops that examined me one with whom I have been very familiar, and whom I took for my good friend, an aged man; and he sat next the table end. Then, among other questions, he put forth one, a very subtle and crafty one; and when I should make answer, 'I pray you, Mr. Latimer,' said he, 'speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off.'—I marvelled at this, that I was bidden to speak out, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney; and there I heard a pen plainly scratching behind the cloth. They had appointed one there to write all my answers, that I should not start from them. God was my good Lord, and gave me answers; I could never else have escaped them."—This was the Bishop who presented Henry the Eighth (instead of a purse of gold, as was customary with all of them on New Year's Day) with a New Testament, with a leaf doubled down in a very conspicuous manner, at the passage "Whoremongers and adulterers God will judge."

A CURE FOR POST-BOYS.—The philanthropist, Howard, finding in travelling, that the coachmen would seldom comply with his wishes, hit upon an expedient to cure them. At the end of a stage, when the driver had been perverse, he desired the landlord to send for some poor industrious widow, or other proper object of charity, and to introduce such person and the driver together. He then paid the latter his fare, and told him, that as he had not thought proper to attend to his repeated requests as to the manner of being driven, he should not make him any present; but, to show him that he did not withhold it out of a principle of parsimony, he would give the poor person present double the sum usually given to a postilion. This he did, and dismissed the parties. He had not long practised this mode, he said, before he experienced the good effects of it on all the roads where he was known.

LIBEL.—Since the Crown Lawyers and the Judges shew such a vigorous determination (see *Dolby's Trial*) to crush every luckless writer who fancies he has a right to be satirical upon the corruptions of public bodies and public institutions, there is no knowing what is safe—except indeed mere prosing and dullness, which, it seems, being dignified with the name of "dispassionate argument," will be permitted in any quantities that the purveyors may think proper. We should not wonder if a certain Association were at this moment pondering in solemn conclave over the article entitled *Rhyme and Reason* (in the *Liberal*) in which a proposal is made to the public to save a certain tribe of modern verse-makers a world of pains by establishing a system of writing *terminations* merely, in place of entire lines, leaving the filling-up to the invention of the reader. One of the specimens of this comprehensive plan is—

"A PANEGYRICAL ADDRESS TO A CERTAIN HOUSE."			
What	Tools	Backs	Seat
Use	Host	Throne	Sell
Rot	Fools	Tax	Complete
Abuse	Most	Alone	Hell
Part	Reform	Hire	Set
Vocation	Within	Breath	About
"Start	Storm	Tire	Get
Indignation"	Begin	Death	Out

CANDLE-MASS.—Originated in the custom of walking in religious procession with lighted tapers. The writer of these reminiscences saw nearly three thousand persons, dressed in the habits of various monastic orders, walk in a procession in the city of Valencia, in Spain, every member of which carried a lighted candle.

The Art of Borrowing.—A letter from Paris says:—"Among the numerous, and, generally speaking, contemptible publications which have issued from the Parisian press during the last two months, is a little pamphlet, called, the 'Art of contracting Debts.' The satire is very pointed, particularly where it refers to the loans contracted for various governments. A few extracts from the chapter on the Art of Borrowing, may amuse the speculators in foreign funds upon your Royal Exchange. Every body knows that Pitt raised the character and prosperity of England by Loans, but it is not generally known that Pitt 'borrowed the idea of borrowing' from the following anecdote:—Schneider, an inhabitant of the Canton of Unterwald in Switzerland, was left at the age of 21, to shift for himself. His father had been a respectable man, but had left nothing to his son but some sketches for a new constitution, which Schneider could make no use of. The doctrine of loans came into Schneider's head, as happily as that of attraction struck Newton. As nobody thought that his father had died insolvent, he declared openly that he was in want of 2,000 rix dollars (£400); for which he was willing to pay 5 per cent interest, the capital to be repaid in six months. He had no difficulty in obtaining this loan, which was very useful to him, and by constantly saying that his father had left him very little, but that by economy he managed to make both ends meet, every body thought him a modest rich man. Two months before his bills became due, he borrowed of another banker 3,125 rix dollars. Schneider instantly went to the parties from whom he had borrowed the 2,000 rix dollars, and after remarking that 5 per cent. was a heavy interest to pay, told them that he would repay the capital if they would allow him discount for the remaining part of the term. The bankers, considering of the stability of Schneider, were unwilling to take the money; he persisted, however; and they consented at length on condition that if ever he should have occasion to borrow again, he would apply to them. Schneider went to work upon a great scale, his credit being fully established. In the course of three years, there was such an eagerness in the first houses of Switzerland to lend money to Schneider, that he frequently refused their offers. He quieted his conscience, considering that if he lived sixty years, according to his inordinate expenditure, his creditors would lose only 400,000 rix dollars by him, and he considered the excellence of his life, and the suggestions which he made every now and then to the Government, as an ample equivalent. To make short of a long story, Schneider found himself upon his death-bed at the age of 80—yet, however before he had rendered a great service to his country by introducing the mode of making the celebrated Gruyere cheese, which is now eaten over the whole continent. He summoned his creditors, 100 in number, to his bed side, and after relating to them the mode which he had adopted for his support, and as frankly stating that he had nothing to leave, terminated his dying speech in the following terms:—'What is the loss which you sustain by me compared with the admirable system of finance, which, through me, you can now reveal to your country? I a poor mortal, at my dying hour, commit an act of bankruptcy, but the nation never dies. A nation may borrow without limit, because its existence is without limit. Switzerland has only to tread in my steps, to create loans and to pay the interest punctually, and one day or other she will engross the capital of Europe.' The creditors were struck dumb with admiration, and as a mark of their esteem for the talents of the great Schneider, erected over his grave a superb monument, with this inscription—

DER ENTLEHNER, which signifies 'The Borrower.' The celebrated Pitt, in a tour through Switzerland, saw the monument, and struck with its singularity, inquired its history. 'The nation never dies,' repeated Pitt with ecstasy; and he scarcely said any thing else till he reached London. The people thought him mad; but in a few months we heard of the famous loan with which he subjected India, conquered colonies, and overthrew Napoleon, who, without doubt, would have been upon the throne of France to this day, if the inventor of Gruyere cheese had never existed."

Turkish Justice.—A Greek Lady having complained to the Tornagi Bachi, that a Turk had killed her husband, the Bachi told her that he feared the people would oppose the punishment of the murderer. The woman wept bitterly. The Judge, to appease her, said, "I have hit upon a method of consoling you; embrace the religion of our great Prophet, and I will force the murderer of your husband to marry you."

MIDSHIPMAN'S PAY.—An Officer of the Navy, being asked what Mr. Burke meant by the "Cheap defence of nations?" replied, that many persons in his line understood him to mean a Midshipman's half pay—"Nothing a day, and to find himself!"

Dr. Crichton, physician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother of the Emperor of Russia, relates that "a young girl, in the service of the Princess of —, who had for some time kept her bed with a nervous affection, at length to all appearance was deprived of life. Her face had all the character of death—her body was perfectly cold, and every other symptom of death was manifested. She was removed into another room and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed for her funeral, hymns, according to the custom of the country, were sung before the door; but at the moment when they were going to nail down the coffin, a perspiration was seen upon her skin, and in a few minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive motion in the hands and feet. In a few moments she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing scream. The faculty were instantly called in, and in the space of a few days her health was perfectly re-established. The account she gave of her situation is extremely curious. She said she appeared to dream that she was dead, but that she was sensible to every thing that was passing round her, and distinctly heard her friends bewailing her death; she felt them envelope her in the shroud, and place her in the coffin. This sensation gave her extreme agony and she attempted to speak, but her soul was unable to act upon her body. She describes her sensations as very contradictory, as if she was and was not in her body at one and the same instant. She attempted in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or to speak. The agony of her mind was at its height when she heard the funeral hymn, and found that they were about to nail down the lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried alive, gave a new impulse to her mind, which resumed its power over its corporeal organization, and produced the effects which excited the notice of those who were about to convey her to a premature grave."—*European Mag.*

MATHEWS AT CARLTON PALACE.—Previous to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments, by command of his Majesty, at Carlton Palace. A select party of six or eight persons were present. During the entertainment (with which the King appeared much delighted,) Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble in *Richard the Third*, when he was interrupted by the King, who, in the most noble manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognize; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous; he is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine, observed his Majesty; when I was Prince of Wales, he often favoured me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble, said the good-humoured Monarch. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bed-chamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose and prefaced his imitations, by observing, I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose placed my box on the table before him, saying, "Kemble, oblige (obleege) me by taking a pinch of snuff." He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus:—(Here his Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble.) I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but in future, do extend your Royal Jaws a little wider, and say Oblige. The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and manners, and had no astonishing effect on the party present. It was a circumstance equally worthy of the king and the scholar.

THE LARCH.—The first larch trees known in Scotland was sent to the Duke of Athol, at Dunkeld, in 1738, in two garden pots; they came from Switzerland, and were first put into the green house; by degrees it was discovered they could bear the winter in Scotland without injury, they were therefore planted in the Duke of Athol's park at Dunkeld, very near his house, and may still be seen, having grown to very large trees in the space of 81 years; their circumference one foot from the ground is 18 feet, and at eight feet high 14, and these in 81 years have produced as much wood as an oak would in the course of several centuries.—From these two parent trees have sprung all the larches which abound so much in Scotland.—The larch wood is not inferior to that of the fir, and the bark is purchased by the tanner for about half the price he pays for oak bark.

DISCOUNTING A LEGACY.—Mr. Taylor, the stock-jobber, who died worth one hundred thousand pounds, consols, was so penurious, that he could scarcely allow himself the common necessities of life. A few days before his decease, the officers of the parish in which he resided waited upon him at his request; they found the old man on a wretched bed in a garret, making his dinner on a thin rasher of bacon and a potatoe, of which he asked them to partake. One of them accepted the offer; upon this, the miser desired his cook to broil him another; but finding the larder was totally empty, he harshly rebuked her for not having it well supplied with a *quarter of a pound*, to cut out in rashers whenever it was wanted for company. He then informed the overseers of the poor, that he had left by his will £1000 sterling for their relief, and eagerly enquired if they would not allow him *discount for prompt payment*: this being assented to, apparently much delighted he immediately gave them a check on his banker for £950! and soon after breathed his last.

Dr. Langhorne hearing that Collins the poet was buried at Chichester, travelled thither on purpose to enjoy all the luxury of poetic sorrow, and to weep over his grave. On enquiry, he found that Collins was interred in a sort of a garden surrounded by the cloister of the cathedral which is called the Paradise. He was let into this place by the sexton, and after an hour's seclusion in it, came forth with all the solemn dignity of woe. On supping with an inhabitant in the evening, and describing to him the spot sacred to his sorrow, he was told that he had by no means been misapplying his tears, that he had been lamenting a very honest man, and a useful member of society.—Mr. Collins, THE TAILOR!

A singular description of food is made use of by some tribes of the Snake Indians, consisting chiefly and sometimes wholly, of a species of ant (forma, Lin.) which is very abundant in the region of which they roam. The squaws go in the cool of the morning to the hillocks of these active insects, knowing that then they are assembled together in the greatest number. Uncovering the little mounds to a certain depth, the squaws scoop them up in their hands, and put them into a bag prepared for the purpose. When a sufficient number are obtained, they repair to the water, and cleanse the mass from all the dirt and small pieces of wood collected with them. The ants are then placed upon a flat stone, and by the pressure of a rolling pin are crushed together into a dense mass, and rolled out like pastry. Of this substance, a soup is prepared, which is relished by the Indians, but is not at all to the taste of white men.—*From James's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains.*

THISTLES.—A gentleman noticing the great number of thistles on the poor lands in this country, states, that in Germany they are used as food for horses, first undergoing the process of being beaten in a sack until the prickles are destroyed; horses will then devour them greedily. He states that he witnessed, a few years since, the very great and good effects of this food on a German cavalry regiment, in the British service; the horses of which were brought from a very poor state into good condition, in a very short space of time.

For preserving leather from mouldiness, the oil of spike lavender is cheaper and more effectual than any other essential oil.

A mine of black mineral substance, calculated for paint has been discovered near Bideford. Its colour is as deep as lamp-black, and the body equal to white lead.

Unexampled accumulation of value from raw material.—There is an instance hitherto unnoticed in the annals of English industry, where, by the manufacture, an article is raised in price from one halfpenny to the amount of *thirty-five thousand guineas*. This takes place in the art of a watch-spring-maker. A pound of crude iron costs a halfpenny, it is converted into steel, that steel is made into watch-springs; every one of which is sold for half a guinea, and weighs only one-tenth of a grain; after deducting for waste, there are in a pound weight 7000 grains, it therefore affords steel for 70,000 watch-springs, the value of which, at half-a-guinea each, is *thirty-five thousand guineas*.

RARE CHINA.—In the early part of the last century, ladies of fashion had a remarkable *penchant* for collections of rare china. Addison says that he remembered when the largest article of China was a coffee cup; but that it had swelled to vases as large as a half hogshead, and that these useless jars were arranged in various fantastical forms in cupboards, and on mantle-pieces, as the reader may yet see in some old fashioned apartments of the present day. We have, however, at length, returned to a better taste, and the collections of porcelain of English manufacture, now possessed by our fashionables, exceed, both in elegance and quality, the boasted productions of Dresden and Sevres, which so long maintained an undisputed superiority.

COACHES.—Although chariots and carriages of various descriptions, were very antiently used in war, and in triumphal processions, yet that luxury of fashion, the coach, is of very modern use. The invention, even to the very name, is claimed by Hungarian writers, in behalf of their country. They inform us that the place where coaches were first made was called *Kottse*; and Listhius, Bishop of Westprinn, speaking of King Matthias Corvinus, says that he rode in a Kocho carriage, of which he was the original inventor. It was not until about the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that coaches were introduced into England. Before that time, ladies chiefly rode on horseback, either single on their palfreys, or behind some person on a pillion. In this way, Queen Elizabeth rode from London to Exeter behind the Lord Chancellor.

JANUARY.—The word is derived from the Latin, *Januarius*, a name given to the month by the Romans, from Janus, one of their Divinities, to whom they attributed two faces; because on the one side the first of January looked towards the new year, and on the other towards the old one. The word *Januarius* may also be derived from *Janua* gate, in regard to the month being the first, which is, as it were, the gate of the year. It was introduced into the year by Numa Pompilius, Romulus's year beginning with the month of March. The Christians heretofore fasted on the first day of January, by way of opposition to the superstition of the Heathens, who in honour of Janus, observed this day with feasting, dancings, masquerades, &c. Some are of opinion that Janus represented the sun, and say that he is double-faced because he opens the day when he rises, and shuts it when he sets. He is supposed to have been the first who invented crowns, ships, and barges, and who coined money of brass. He is represented with a staff of white thorn in one hand, and a key in the other; and is the most ancient of the Gods.

Delamaine, a mathematician, made a ring dial for King Charles I., which his Majesty valued so much, that on the morning before he was beheaded, he ordered it to be given to the Duke of York, with a book shewing its use.

A man, who knew how to employ his time to the best advantage, told a friend that he never walked out without a book in his hand; "Well!" replied the other, "this is the best way to read without advantage, and to walk without pleasure."

THE WOOLSACK.—Colman the elder and the late George Bannister, dining one day with Lord E—e, the Ex-Chancellor, in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive then," said Colman, with an arch smile, your lordship still has an eye to the woolsack."

This mountain lies about eighteen miles N.E. of BencŒolen, but its exact position and distance had never been correctly ascertained. Two attempts had been made by Europeans to ascend the mountain, but without success, and a general impression prevailed, that it was utterly impracticable to gain the summit. Remarkable mountains of this description are generally believed by the natives to be the residence of spirits, and their summits are considered as Kramats, or places of peculiar sanctity.

A party of gentlemen proceeded from BencŒolen, on the 10th of June, 1821, for the purpose of effecting this object. They crossed the BencŒolen river a little above Tanjung Agung, and proceeding through the Lumba Selapan district, halted the first night at Lubu Pooar, a small Rejang village on the banks of a stream, which falls into the Sungey Lamow.

The mountain was now to be attempted, and it was arranged to pitch a small tent in the forest, in case the ascent could not be accomplished in one day. From Rejak Bessi they proceeded over hilly ground gradually rising for about five miles, when they found their progress impeded by the increasing steepness of the ascent, and then halted under a overhanging rock, where the tent was pitched, as it was impossible to carry it any further, even if space could have been found to erect it on.

Soon after quitting Rejak Bessi, they crossed a small river, on a temporary bamboo bridge, thrown across a deep chasm between two rocks, which confined the stream within a narrow channel, after being precipitated over a fall of considerable height. A fine view of this fall was commanded from the bridge, which was itself suspended about a hundred feet above the stream, and the whole formed, with the surrounding forests, a beautiful and romantic scene. About ten o'clock they commenced the ascent of the cone along the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, until they arrived in front of a perpendicular face of bare rock stretching completely across the ravine, which had hitherto afforded a passage, and seeming to bar all further progress. This difficulty was surmounted by placing two of the longest bamboos against the rock underneath where the bare root of a tree projected from above; by the aid of these held fast at the bottom, and afterwards secured by a rattan at the top, they succeeded in clambering up to the tree which overhung the precipice. The next acclivity terminated at the head of another ravine, where their progress was again checked by a jutting rock rendered moist by the trickling of a small spring of water from among its crevices.—Here the guides declared that further ascent was impracticable, and that from thence the party might return as soon as they pleased. The fact is, they were extremely averse to their proceeding, fearing the vengeance of the evil spirits if they conducted strangers to the summit; they were therefore advising to return at every difficulty, and the ascent was ultimately accomplished without their aid, or rather in spite of them. The appearances around were calculated to confirm this assertion: but before determining to return, they examined the extent of the precipice, and crossing the ravine, perceived that the opposite side, though almost perpendicular, had a thin coating of soil and moss, with numerous roots of trees half laid bare, by laying hold of which with the hands, and placing the toes in the niches, they at length reached the ridge which formed the right hand shoulder of the hill. Along this a path was found sometimes along the base, sometimes over the face of a succession of bare masses of rock, which it was necessary to clamber over by the aid of such twigs and roots as occasionally fastened themselves in their fissures. The last of these precipices were perhaps the most dizzy and dangerous, as it was necessary to make a step or two on a narrow ledge on the face of a cliff of such height that the eye could not discern the bottom, and thence catch at a dry stump barely within reach, by swinging from which it was possible with a considerable effort to clear the rock. The denseness of the moss, and the stunted appearance of the trees, now indicated their approach towards the top; and at length, about two o'clock, they found themselves on the summit. This was a bare spot of not more than four or five yards in breadth, with a precipice on each side partly concealed by brushwood. Of those who set out together from the foot of the hill, a few only reached this point, by far the majority giving up in despair at different parts of the ascent; but the labour of those who persevered, was amply recompensed by the view which opened from the summit. The line of the coast from Laye, on the north, to a considerable distance beyond Buffaloe-point, on the south, was distinctly marked; the vessels in the bason of Rat Island were distinguishable with the aid of a glass, and the white ramparts of Fort Marlbro' were easily discerned. To the south, they looked down on the hills of Bukit Kandeas, or the Lion's Rump, and Bukit Kabut (the hill of mist), which formed a straight line with the Sugar-loaf. Inland, the view was obscured by a cloud which was evidently directing its course towards the hill, and it was necessary therefore to take the desired observations and bearings with all possible despatch. This was done with a small compass, none of the larger instruments having got up. The character of the vegetation was decidedly alpine, the rocks and trunks of the trees being covered with dense moss, and many of the shrubs belonging to genera of higher latitudes, such as *Vaccinium*, *Rhododendron*, &c. There is also found here a shrub which the natives consider a substitute for tea, remarkable by its thick glossy leaves: it will form a new genus in the family of the *Myrtaceæ*. Having finished their observation, they made haste to descend as the cloud was now rapidly approaching the hill, and threatened a deluge of rain. They found the descent fully as difficult as the ascent had been, that it was occasionally facilitated by

fastening a long rattan to a tree above, and then sliding along it down the steepest places. It was necessary, however, to be cautious not to slide with too much velocity, in order to be able to keep a footing when the rattan slipped from the hand. When they had got about half-way down, the clouds which had now enveloped the hill, burst in a flood of rain, and rendered the footing still more insecure. The steepest parts, however, were then past, and the trees for a short while afforded some protection, but by the time they reached the lower ravines, the waters began to swell, and the latter part of the descent was in the very bed of the torrent. They arrived at the tent about an hour before sunset, and found the spot completely flooded; the rain had in no degree abated, and it was impossible to find shelter for the whole party of natives, &c, which was very numerous; it was therefore determined to make a push forward to Rejak Bessi, rather than pass the night in so uncomfortable a situation. A sharp walk brought them to the village soon after dark, and a good night's rest repaired the fatigues of the day. The next day was spent at the same place both for the purpose of resting the people, and of bringing up the tents which had been left in the forest. On the 16th they travelled to Punjong, and the following day they commenced their return by another route, striking across the country in the direction of Bukit Kandeas so the BencŒolen river.

Gunong Bunko is now estimated to exceed three thousand feet in height, but its shape, and its standing boldly out from the general range of hills, renders it the most remarkable visible from BencŒolen. It is almost entirely composed of masses of basalt or trap, which is the most prevalent rock along this part of Samatra.

From the Sillebar river, southward, the Serawi tribe prevails, and the space between that river and the BencŒolen is occupied by the tribe of Duablas.—Similar customs, with slight shades of difference in each, prevail among all these tribes. At every village where the party staid for the night, the gadises, or virgins, paid a visit of ceremony in the evening, making a present of betel or siri, and receiving some trifling articles in return. This custom is general, and it is necessary to be provided with a sufficiency of fans, looking-glasses, or such like articles in consequence, as the number of the young ladies is often very considerable. Sometimes an entertainment is given in honour of the visitors, and then all the beauty of the surrounding villages is also called in.

These entertainments, which take place also on occasions of marriages, &c. are not unamusing, and to a European have the additional interest of novelty and originality. They are given in the Balei or public-hall, a large building generally in the middle of the village, appropriated to such purposes, and to the accommodation of strangers, &c. When European visitors are present, the ceremonial is generally as follows: the gentlemen being seated near the upper end of the room, the gadises, dressed out in their best attire, make their appearance about nine o'clock and seat themselves on the floor previously spread with mats, in a semicircle, with their attendant matrons behind them; each brings her siri box of various material and elegance, according to the rank or wealth of the parties. The chief of the village, or one of the elders, then makes an harangue in the name of the ladies, welcoming the strangers to their village, and concluding with the presentation of the betel. An appropriate answer is then to be made, and after taking out the siri leaves, a small present is put into each box proportioned in some degree to the rank of the parties; this however may be put off at pleasure till the conclusion. The amusements of the evening then commence, which consist, on the part of the young people, of dancing and singing; and of the old, in smoking opium in a circle apart to themselves. The musical instruments are commonly kalintangs, which are a species of harmonicon formed of a series of small gongs arranged on a frame. A space is cleared on one side for the dance, which is performed by five or six of the young gadises; the step is slow and sailing, the salindang or scarf is adjusted in a particular manner over the shoulders, so that the ends may be taken in the hand; and the motions of the arms and management of the flowing scarf are not the least graceful part of the performance.

The singing of pantuns in alternate contest is an amusement which seems to be peculiar to the Sumatrans, and of which they are very fond. It may either be formally commenced by two parties, who seat themselves opposite to each other, after having danced together, or it may be begun by one of the ladies from the place where she happens to sit. She begins a series of pantuns in a kind of recitative or irregular song; a bujang, or young man, answers her in the same manner, and the contest is kept up indefinitely, or until one of the parties is unable to give the proper answer. The girls and young men relieve each other occasionally, as one or other happens to get tired. The Malay pantuns, strictly so called, are quatrains, of which the first two lines contain a figure or image, and the latter gives its point or moral.

Among the Rejang and Serawi people a greater latitude is allowed to the seramba or pantuu, the figure is pursued to great length, and a kind of measured prose is often employed in place of confining themselves to the trammels of verse. The pantun is frequently framed into a kind of riddle, whose meaning it requires some ingenuity to discover, and a blundering answer to which excites much mirth. In these contests the pantuns are supposed to be extemporaneous effusions, and perhaps sometimes are so in reality, but in general their memories are so stored with established verses, that they are not often put to the task of invention.

It is not only on these set occasions that pantuns are employed; they enter largely into their more common intercourse, and are essential accomplishments to all who aspire

a character of gallantry, or who hope to woo and win their lady's love. Skill and readiness in this kind of poetry is with them a passport to female favour, much in the same way that a readiness at compliment and flattery in conversation, and the art of saying soft nothings serves the European candidate for the smiles of the fair: much of this kind of flirtation goes on independently of the open and public display of skill, and is often accompanied with the interchange of flowers and other mute symbols, which have all a mystic meaning, intelligible to those who have been initiated into this secret mode of communication. No people can be more jealous of female honour than the Sumatrans, and that all this is conducted with a strictness of decorum far greater than is observed in the free intercourse permitted by European custom.

The following are specimens of the Malay pantun, applicable to different occasions, such as the opening of a courtship, complaints of inconstancy, coyness, &c.; expressions of compliment, of affection, of doubt, of ridicule or displeasure, and others which the reader may much better imagine to himself than they can be explained by words.

"The waves are white on the shore of Katann, night and day they do not cease to roll; many are the white flowers of the garden, but one alone hath made me distracted with love."

"The thunder rolls loud and deep, and the inhabitants of the earth are dismayed; if the zephyr should now breathe upon it, will the flower expand its blossoms?"

"The deep waters have increased in depth, and the rain hath not ceased on the hills; the longing desire of my heart hath increased, and its former hopes have not yet been accomplished."

"The reed is cut down on the other bank; it is now at the mercy of the stream, draw it towards you; the moon is at the full and shining, a cloud as yet intercepts her light (literally affection.)"

"The stream becomes still behind the sunken rocks, and the waters are smooth and calm amid the eddies; I try to quiet the uneasiness of my heart, but there is a fairy that still disturbs its peace."

"The jewel fallen on the ground, though fallen among the grass, is glittering still, but thy love is like the dew on the flower, quickly disappearing when the sun comes forth."

"It is long since we have been to the forest, perhaps the bumban (a species of flowering reed) is now gone to fruit; it is long since we have met, perhaps thy affections are now estranged."

"If indeed the moon is at the full, why does she not appear in the midst of her stars? if indeed thou art true and faithful, why is it denied me to behold thee?"

"'Twas not a bird, neither was it the *Chintayu*, 'twas only a withered leaf of the sugar-cane; she is not of Achinese, neither of Malayan race, yet is she deeply skilled in the arts of deceit."

"How is the porcupine to be caught? smoke his hole with fire; how is desire first kindled? from the eyes it descends to the heart."

The following description of the mines of Potozi, in Peru, extracted from a scarce French Work, translated in 1597, from a rare and valuable book written in Castilian, by Joseph Acosta, which was burnt by a public edict in consequence of the information it contained, and the very accurate descriptions it detailed of the mines, country, inhabitants, &c. or of the western world. This author had himself witnessed what he described, and on returning to his native country, considered he could not render a better service to Spain, than offer the fruits of his researches. The narrow-minded policy of the government, however, in some measure thwarted the good intentions of this intelligent writer: the disgraceful order was carefully executed, and had not the French Court, who in all probability he had flown for protection—for it is not unlikely, since his book had been deemed dangerous to the welfare of the State, that he should be banished the kingdom—offered him an asylum through the influence of the translator, who seems to appreciate the value of the work in his dedication to Henry IV. He there says "I have undertaken the translation of a Natural History, lately written in Spanish by J. Acosta, a man most assuredly very learned and researching." After some flattering compliments to the King, he adds, "What has incited me more to undertake this work has been, that the Spaniards being jealous and vexed by the publication, have burnt by a Public Edict, as I learnt some time back—all the copies of this history, in order to prevent other nations from knowing the true state of the Indies.* I considered my duty required me to introduce to my country a knowledge of things so beautiful and curious—a jewel so inestimable, and a history so elegant—which this author has written from his own inspection, being an eye witness of many of the things therein mentioned. He has related them, too, in such order and brevity, that he may be justly denominated the Herodotus and Pliny of this newly discovered world." But to revert to the description in question.

The mountain or hill of Potozi, so justly formed for its extraordinary silver mines is situated in the province of Charcas, in the kingdom of Peru. These mines were not worked or even discovered when the Lords of Peru, the Incas, reigned there; although they had worked the mines of Porco, distant only about six leagues from Potozi. The cause most likely was, that they were ignorant of their existence; however, there is a traditional account that an endeavour was made to work the mines, and it was abandoned in consequence of a voice being heard issuing from the mountain, commanding the Indians to desist, for the mountain was reserved for others; true it is, that no one had knowledge of Potozi nor its riches until twelve years after the Spaniards had entered Peru, when the latter were accidentally discovered in the following manner:—An Indian named Gu-

alpa, belonging to the country of Chumbibilca, which is a province of Cusco, when hunting one day, the animal he was pursuing mounted a rock; the foot of which was covered with bushes and trees, and as it was very thickly set he was obliged to seize hold of some branches in order to follow the game; one of these roots came up, and in the hole and upon the root itself he perceived a metal, which he instantly recognized to be excellent, from his previous acquaintance with the metal in the mines of Porco. He examined the place more narrowly, and carried away some pieces in order to try their quality, and on finding it to be valuable, he secretly worked at this vein without communicating his discovery unto a single individual; however, another Indian, called Guanica, an inhabitant of the valley of Xaura, a near neighbour of Gualpa, brought some larger pieces of metal to be refined than was usual from the mines of Porco, and the stones in which the metal was deposited were of a different colour, and resembled those of the mine he had himself discovered; besides Guanica appeared in better clothing than he had heretofore done. These circumstances induced the former to suspect his neighbour had really found out the same mine he had; he thereupon questioned him very minutely; and although the other kept the secret exceedingly close, yet by the continued importunities, he was obliged to yield, and take him to the spot whence he had drawn his ore, having then already enjoyed the treasure two months exclusively. Gualpa then related to his confidant that he had discovered a vein very near this one (which is now called the vein of Diego Centeno, and is not less valuable, but only harder to penetrate, and more difficult to work), and it was agreed upon between them, that they should each enjoy his own discovery, and thus divide the richest rock in the world. It happened, however, that Guanica having great difficulty in digging into his mine, which was very hard, and Gualpa not wishing to allow him to join him in his labour, a dispute arose between them, and Guanica being very much irritated, he instantly went to inform his master, who was a Spaniard, called Vnillaroel, and who resided in Porco. Vnillaroel being desirous of learning whether the representation of his yanacona (servant) was true, went himself to Potozi, and, on witnessing the riches of the mine, he had it enregistered. This happened on the 21st April, 1545. Very soon after this, a fine vein of pewter was found near, but it was very difficult to work. On the 30th of August, in the same year, the vein called Mendieta was enregistered: and these four are the principal veins of Potozi. It is said of the first of these (that denominated the rich vein) that its metal was in front of the rocks, the length of a lance, and that it was at their base, supporting them, like a crest, full 300 feet in length, and three feet in depth. This had been torn up, in all probability, by the violence of the deluge, and then exposed to the atmosphere, but yet resisting the impetuosity of the waters. This vein is so rich, the half being silver, and it continues in the same manner to the extent of 50 or 60 furlongs the height of a man in depth, beyond that, it falls away. Thus, by the aid of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, were discovered the mines of Potozi, shedding upon Spain the good fortune of possessing the greatest riches known, and which had hitherto remained hidden from the world: it seemed as though it was intended for the happiness of Spain at the time the Emperor Charles V. of glorious memory, ruled over the kingdoms of Spain, and held the sovereignty of the Indies. Shortly after the discovery of Potozi was known in Peru, many Spaniards, and the greater part of the inhabitants of the city of Silver, which is distant eighteen leagues from Potozi, went thither in order to take mines; even many Indians left their provinces, and especially the Guayzadores from Porco; so that in a very few years this was the finest and best peopled district in the whole country.

* The western hemisphere was so called in those days.

SIR,—The following account of February may be entertaining at this period—February was the last month of the year, and preceded January, in the first ages of Rome—so called from Februa, a feast held in that month. The Decemviri made an order that it should be the second month of the year. The feast was held by the Romans in behalf of the manes of the deceased, sacrifices were performed, and the last offices to the shades of the defunct. Februa was an appellation given to Juno, as the Goddess of Purification, and as presiding over women in the pains of labour and childbirth. She was so demonstrated, because the Pontiffs paid her a peculiar worship on the first day of February. The word is of ancient standing in the Latin tongue; from the very foundation of the City we meet with *Februa*, for purifications, and *Februaire*, to purge or purify. An English Poet has observed that in this month:—

"The shifting gales with milder influence blow,
Clou'd o'er the skies, and melt the falling snow;
The soften'd earth with fertile moisture teems,
And freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams."

And Mrs. Barbauld has beautifully depicted this month, thus:—

"Already now the snow-drop dares appear,
The first pale blossom of th' unripen'd years;
As Flora's breath by some transforming power,
Had chang'd an icicle into a flower.
Its name and hue the scentless plant retains,
And winter lingers in its icy veins."
There are two old proverbs relating to this month, viz.—
"All the moneths in the year curse a fair Februeer."

"February fill dike, be it black, or be it white;
But if it be white, its the better to like."

It has been observed on the Alps and other mountainous countries covered with snow during the winter, that when it melts, the ground becomes like a garden, full of luxuriant flowers and plants, owing to the prolific nitrous salt in the snow. Our immortal Shakespeare says:—

"You have such a *February* face,
So full of port, of storm, and cloudiness."

POETS.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER—Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont. There was a wonderful consimilitude of phansy between him and Mr. John Fletcher, which caused that dearneſs of friendship between them. I think they were both of Queen's College, in Cambridge. I have heard Dr. Earle, ſince Biſhop of Sarum, ſay, who knew them well, that Beaumont's maine buſineſſe was to correct the overflowings of Mr. Fletcher's witt. They lived together on the Bankſide, not far from the Playhouſe. Both uſed the ſame cloaths and cloak, &c. between them. Mr. Beaumont was buried at the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, in Weſtmiſter Abbey, March 9, 1615-6. I ſearched ſeveral years ſince in the Register Booke of St. Mary Overies, for the obit of Mr. John Fletcher, which I ſent to Mr. Anthony Wood. It appears that in the great plague of 1625, a knight of Norfolk or Suffolk, invited him into the countrey. He ſtayed but to have made him a ſuit of cloathes, and while it was making, fell ſick of the plague, and dyed. This I had from his taylor, who is now a very old man, and Clarke of St. Mary Overies's.

SAMUEL BUTLER, was born at Perſhore, in Worceſterſhire, as we ſuppoſe his brother lives there. His father was but a man of ſlender fortune, and to breed him at ſchools was as much education as he was able to reach to. When a boy, he would make obſervations and reflections on every thing one ſayd or did, and cenſure it to be either well or ill. He never was at the Univerſity, for the reaſon alleged. He came, when a young man, to be a ſervant to the Counteſſe of Kent, whom he ſerved ſeverall yeeres. After the reſtauration of his Maſtie, when the Court at Ludlowe was againe ſett up, he was then the King's Steward at the caſtle there. He printed a witty poeme called *Hudibras*, which tooke extremely, ſo that the King and Lord Chanc. Hyde, would have him ſent for, and accordingly he was ſent for. They both promiſed him great matters, but to this day he has got no employment, only the King gave him — lib.

He is of a middle ſtature, ſtrong ſett, high colored, a head of ſorrell haire, a ſevere and ſound judgement, a good fellow. He hath been much troubled with the gout, and particularly in 1679, he ſtirred not out of his chamber from October to Eaſter. He dyed (2) of a conſumption (Sept. 25, Anno Dni. 1680, 70 circiter), and buried 27, according to his owne appointment in the Church-yard of Covent-garden. About 25 of his old acquaintance at his funeral; I myſelfe being one.

CLEVELAND.—He was more taken notice of for his being an eminent diſputant, than a good poet. Being turned out of his fellowſhip for a malignant, he came to Oxford, where the King's army was, and was much caressed by them. He went thence to the garrison at Newark-upon-Trent, where, upon ſome occaſion of drawing articles, or ſome writing, he would needs add a ſhort concluſion, viz. : "And hereunto we annex our lives, as a 'labelle to our truſt." After the K. was beaten out of the field, he came to London, and retired to Grayes-inne. He, and Samuel Butler, &c. of Grayes-inne, did hold a clubb every night. He was a comely plump man, good curled hair, dark browne; dyed of the ſcurvy, and lies buried in St. Andrew's church, Holhorn.

COWLEY—He was borne in Fleet-ſtreet, London, neer Chancery-lane. His father was a grocer. He was Secretary to the Earle of St. Albans (then Lord Jermyn), at Paris. When his Maſtie returned, the Duke of Buckingham hearing that at Chertſey, was a good farme belonging to the Queene Mother, goes to the Earle of St. Albans to take a leaſe of it. They answered that 'twas beneath his Grace to take a leaſe of them. That was all one, he would have it, payd for it, and had it, and freely and generously gave it to his deare and ingenoſe friend Mr. Abraham Cowley, for whom he purpoſely bought it. He lies interred at Weſtmiſter Abbey, next to Sir Jeoffery Chaucer, where the Duke of Buckingham has putt a neatt monument of white marble, viz. a faire pedeaſtall, whereon the inſcription was made by Dr. Spratt, his Grace's Chaplain. Above that a very faire urne, with a kind of garlande of ivy about it.

A. C. diſcourſed very ill, and with heſitation.

DENHAM was born at Dublin. When at College, I have heard Mr. Jas. How ſay, that he was the dreamingeſt young fellow; he never expected ſuch things from him as he hath left the world. When he was there he would game extremely; when he had played away all his money, he would play away his father's wrought cappes with gold. His father was Sir John Denham, one of the Barons of the Exchequer in Ireland. While at Lincolnes Inn, Judge Wadham Windham told me, he was as good a ſtudent as any in the houſe. At laſt, 1640, his play of the "*Sophy*" came out, which did take extremely. Edmund Waller ſayd then of him, that he broke out like the Iriſh rebellion, three ſcore thouſand ſtrong, when nobody ſuſpected it. In 1642-3, after Edge Hill fight, his poeme called "*Cowper's Hill*," was printed at Oxford on a ſort of brown paper, for then they could get no better. He dyed at the houſe of his office, (Surveyor of the Buildings to the King), which he built, as alſo the brick buildings next the ſtreet in Scotland-yard, 1668-9, March 23, and was buried the ſouth croſſe iſle of Weſtmiſter Abbey, neer Sir Jeoffery Chaucer's monument.

RICHARD LOVELACE, obiit in a cellar in Long Acre. A little before the reſtauration of his Maſtie, Mr. Edmund Wyld had made collections for him, and given him money. He was of Kent, and had 500 lib. per an. or more. He was an extraordinary handsome man, but proud. He wrote a poem called "*Lucasta*," 8vo. 1649.

(1) From the recent edition of "*Aubrey's Lives*," who was a contemporary and acquaintance of the greater part of the perſons noticed.
(2) Evidently written ſome time after the former part.

MILTON—Borne in Bread-ſtreet, in London, at ye Spread Eagle, which was his houſe; (he had alſo in ye ſtreet another houſe, the Roſe; and other houſes in other places). He was an early riſer, that is to ſay, at four o'clock in the morning; yea, after he had loſt his ſight, he had a man read to him. The firſt thing he read was the Hebrew Bible, and that was at half-paſt four in the morning; then he contemplated. At ſeven his man came to him again, and then he read to him and wrote till dinner; the writing was as much as the reading. His ſecond daughter, Deborah, could read to him Latin, French, and Greeke. She married in Dublin to one Mr. Clarke, (a mercer, ſells ſilke); very like her father. The other ſiſter is Mary, more like her mother. After dinner he uſed to walke three or four hours at a time, (he had always a garden where he lived): went to bed about nine. Temperate; rarely dranke between meales. Extreme pleaſant in his converſation, and at dinner, ſupper, &c.; but ſatyricall. He had a delicate tuneable voice, and had good ſkill. His father inſtructed him. He had an organ in his houſe; he played on this moſt. His exerciſe was chiefly walking.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.—I have heard Mrs. Bond ſay that Sir John's father was but a dull fellow; (her husband, Mr. Thomas Bond, knew him); the witt came by the mother. I have heard Sir William D'Avenant ſay that he went to the Univerſity of Cambridge at eleaven yeeres of age, where he ſtudied three or four yeeres—I thinke four. By eighteen he had well travelled France and Italy, and part of Germany, and I thinke alſo, of Spaine. He returned into England an extraordinary accompliſhed gentleman, grew famous at Court for his readie ſparkling witt, which was envied, and he was (Sir William ſayd) the bull that was bayted. He was incomparably readie at repartying, and his witt moſt ſparklinge, when moſt provoked. He was the greateſt gallant of his time, and the greateſt gameſter, both for bowling and cards, ſo that no ſhopkeeper could truſt him for ſixpence.

When the expedition was ſent into Scotland, Sir John Suckling, at his own charge, rayſed a troope of 100 very handsome proper young men, whom he clad in white doublets, and ſcarlett breeches, and ſcarlett coates, hatts and feathers; well horſed and armed. They ſay 'twas one of the fineſt ſights in thoſe days; but Sir John Merris made a lampoon of it—

"The ladies open'd the windows to ſee
So fine and ſo goodly a ſight-a," &c.

He dyed by taking poyſon in Paris, in 1646, ſayd not to be more than twenty-eight yeeres old.

PHYSICIANS, PHILOSOPHERS, &c.

DR. HARVEY.—He lies buried in a vault at Hempstead, in Eſſex, which his brother Eliab Harvey built: he is lapt in lead, and on his breſt, in great letters, "Dr. William Harvey." I was at his funeral, and help't to carry him into the vault.

He added (or was very bountiful in contributing to) a noble building of Roman architecture (of ruſtique work with Corinthian pillaeſters), at the Phyſician's College, which was deſtroyed by the generall fire. He was wont to ſay that man was but a great miſchievous baboon.

HON. ROBERT BOYLE.—He is very tall, about ſix foot high, and ſtraight, very temperate and vertuoſe, and frugall, a batchelor, keeps a coach, ſojourns at his ſiſters, the Lady Ranelagh. His greateſt delight is chemistry. He has at his ſiſters a noble laboratory, and ſeverall ſervants (prentices to him), to looke to it. He is charitable to ingenioſe men that are in want, and foreign chymiſts have had large prooſe of his bountie, for he will not ſpare for coſt to gett any rare ſecret. He has not only a high renowne in England, but abroad, and when foreigners come hither, 'tis one of their curioſities to make him a viſit.

SIR FRANCIS BACON.—In his Lordſhip's proſperity, Sir Fulke Grevil, Lord Brooke, was his great friend and acquaintance; but when he was in diſgrace and want, he was ſo unworthy as to forbid his butler to let him have any more ſmall beer, which he had often ſent for, his ſtomach being nice, and the ſmall beere of Grayes Inne not liking his pallet. This has done his memorie more diſgrace than Sir Philip Sidney's frienſhip, engraven on his monument, hath done him honour.

His Lordſhip being in York Houſe Garden, London, looking on fiſhers as they were throwing their nets in the Thames, asked them what they would take for their draught; they answered, *ſo much*. His Lordſhip would offer them no more but *ſo much*. They drew up their nett, and in it were only two or three little fiſhes; his Lordſhip then told them, it had been better for them to have taken his offer. They replied, they hoped to have had a better draught. But ſaid his Lordſhip, "Hope is a good breakfast, but an ill ſupper." His Lordſhip was wont to ſay, in endeavouring to confirm any aſſertion very ſtrongly. "I will lay my manor of Gorambery on't," to which a certain old Judge made a ſpightful reply, ſaying, he would not hold a wager againſt that, but againſt any other manor of his Lordſhips he would. Now this illuſtrious Lord Chancellor had only this manor of Gorambery.

MATHEMATICIANS.

DR. HALLEY.—He was born in Shoreditch pariſh, at a place called Haggerſton, the backſide of Hogſdon. His father a wealthy citizen of London, and a ſoap boiler. At nine years old his father's apprentice taught him to write, and arithmetic. He went to Paules School to Dr. Gale; while he was there he was very perfect in the ceſteſtial globe, inſomuch, that I have heard Mr. Moxon (the globe maker) ſay, that if a ſtar were miſplaced on the globe, he would preſently find it out. He went to the iſland of St. Helena, purely for the advancement of aſtronomy, to make the globe of the ſouthern hemiſphere right, which was very erroneous, as being done only after the obſervations of ignorant ſeamen; and afterwards added a ſpectacle glaſſe to the ſhadow-vane of the leſſer arch of the ſea-quadrant (or back-ſtaffe), which

is of great uſe; for that ſpot of light will be manifeſt when you cannot ſee any ſhadow.

NICHOLAS HILL, was one of the most learned men of his time—a mathematician, philosopher, and a traveller. His writings had the usual fate of those not printed in the author's lifetime. Thomas Hewshawe, Esq., of Kensington, R. Soc. Soc., hath a Treatise of his in MS., which he will not print; viz. of "The Essence of God and Light." It is mighty paradoxical.

In his travels with his patron (the Earl of Oxford), I forget whether in Italy or Germany, but I think the former, a poor man begged him to give him a penny. "A penny!" said Mr Hill, "what dost say to ten pounds?" "Ah, ten pounds," said the beggar, "that would make a man happy." N. Hill gave him immediately 10*l.*, and putt it downe upon account.—Item, to a beggar ten pounds to make him happy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PHILEMON HOLLAND, the great translator, was schoole master of the free schoole at Coventry, and that for many yeares. He made a great many good schollars. He translated T. Livius with one and the same pen, which a certain lady embellished with silver, and kept amongst her rarities. On his Suetonius Tranquillus, one made this epigram:—

"Philemon with 's Translations doth so doth fill us,
He will not let Suetonius be TRANQUILLUS."

WILLIAM PRYNNE—He wore a long quilt cap, which in studying served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light; about every three hours, his man was to bring him a roll and a pott of ale, to refoecillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper. S. Butler alludes to this ale drinking:—

"Those that with ale, or viler liquors,
Dids't innjure Withers, Pryne, and Vicars,
And teach them, though 'twere in despiht
Of nature and the starres, to write," &c.

He was of a strange saturnine complexion. Sir C. W. sayd once, that he had the countenance of a witch. He dyed at his chambers in Lincolne's Inne.

WESTON'S WILL.—One afternoon, a few weeks before his death, Weston said to a friend, "if you will write for me I will make my will." The friend complied, and Weston dictated, not puns, but strong sense and keen satire. I, Thomas Weston, comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my Will, but proceed immediately to the explaining my intentions.—*Imprimis.* As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would, in gratitude at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man; the public have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.—*Item.* I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.—*Item.* Though I owe no obligations to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof, by driving a Jew bargain at their signing fresh articles) demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledgment; I therefore leave him the entire possession of that satisfaction which must naturally result on reflecting that, during his management, he has never done any thing base or mean to sully his character as an honest man, or a gentleman.—*Item.* I have played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness; I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.—*Item.* I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty; 'tis indeed a small legacy, but, being a rarity to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.—*Item.* I leave Mr. Yates all my spirit.—*Item.* I leave Mrs. Yates my humility.—*Item.* Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife; therefore I revoke the above bequests, and leave, to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace, harmony, and good nature.*—*Item.* Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuter; if I should not, I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to live; but that I am afraid would be of little use to him; I therefore leave him my example how to die.—*Item.* I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of modesty. Too much of one thing is good for nothing.—*Item.* As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly waiting for dead men's shoes, I leave him two or three pairs (the worst I have), they being good enough in all conscience for him.—*Item.* Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would recommend to my old friend Baddeley, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it. It will increase not only his consequence with the public, but his salary with the managers; but, however, should his stomach turn against it as nauseous, he may use for a succedaneum a small quantity of opinion, and it will answer the purpose as well.—*Item.* Mr. Quick has long laboured to obtain the applause of the public: the method he has taken is a vague one; the surest method to obtain his end is to copy Nature, *experientia docet.*—*Item.* As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.—*Item.* Dibble Davis claims something at my hands, from the length of our acquaintance; I therefore leave him my constitution, but I am afraid, when I die, it will be scarcely better than his own.—*Item.* I leave to the ladies, in general, on the stage (if not the reality, yet) the appearance of modesty: 'twill serve them on more occasions than they are aware of.—*Item.* To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.—*Item.* To the authors of the present times, a smattering of humour.—*Item.* To the public, a grateful heart.

(From an American Paper.)

A friend has put into our hands a Quarterly Magazine, published at Malacca, called "The Indo-Chinese Gleaner," which contains many interesting communications on the language, history, religion, customs, &c. of the Chinese, some of which we propose to extract for the amusement of our readers. The imperfect knowledge possessed by the world concerning that singular people, serves far more to sharpen our curiosity than to gratify it. They have preserved the same form of government for a greater length of time than any other nation, and still seem as little exposed as ever to any fundamental revolution. They have been acquainted with printing and the manufacture of gunpowder for many ages: and their workmen stand unrivalled in some of those arts which require a nice touch and a peculiar faculty of imitation. But this is not all; their spoken language is of a singular and difficult description, and probably more than any other in existence, requires the organs of a native to pronounce and to comprehend it with accuracy. It is composed entirely of words of one syllable, and of an indistinct pronunciation, which are made to express a great variety of ideas by the most slight and subtil inflections, and present a foreigner with an unusual crowd of discouragements. Yet, strange as it may seem, when all these obstacles are overcome, and the student is able to converse with fluency in Chinese, he has not made a single step towards the acquisition of the written language of the country, and has not even gained a single facility for becoming acquainted with a Chinese book; and the reason of it is that the two languages have not the least relation to each other. The written language is not formed of letters, like those of all other nations; but the simplest elements to which it is possible to reduce it, are themselves the signs of ideas, and by composition are made to afford a rich and copious language. All these symbols, simple and compound, have proper names, formed without any reference whatever to the objects or ideas they express, so that a person acquainted with the spoken language only, even if he were a Chinese, would not understand a single word from any one reading in a book. Their written language is established on exactly the same principles that have been proposed for the foundation of a universal language; and the reasonableness of such a project is certainly attested by the fact that individuals from several nations in the neighbourhood of China can converse by writing, though neither of them can understand a word of what the other speaks.

We are, however, in a fair way to become more and more acquainted with that country since the zeal which has been shown by many missionaries in their exertions to acquire an intimate knowledge of the people and their language for their benevolent purposes. A college was established in Malacca in 1818, to encourage and facilitate the study of the Chinese, as the preparatory step for the introduction of religious and moral instruction into the country; and the work before us clearly shows that the cultivation of Chinese literature, which is one of its leading objects, is at once desirable and attainable. The greater part of the 'Indo-Chinese Gleaner' is devoted to the reviews and extracts of Chinese books, accounts of the country, &c. But some of the most interesting articles are relations of passing events, contained in translations from the 'Royal Gazette' of Pekin. From all these different articles it is our intention to make extracts.

"I felicitate myself that I was born in China," said Teen-ke-Shih, "I constantly think that if I had been born beyond the seas, in some remote part of the earth, where the cold freezes or the heat scorches; where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, lie in holes of the earth; are far removed from the converting maxims of the ancient Kings, and are ignorant of the domestic relations; though born into this world I should not have been different from a beast.

"But now, happily, I have been born in China! I have a house to live in; have drink and food, and elegant furniture. I have clothing and caps, and infinite blessings. Truly, the highest felicity is mine!"

The following is a description of the English on their first appearance in China, and is taken from 'A Topographical Account of Canton':—

"In the winter of the 29th year of Wan-lee (about 1600), two or three large ships came to Macao. The people's clothes were red, their bodies tall, and their hair red. Their eyes were blue and sunk in their heads. Their feet were one cubit two-tenths long. They frightened the people by their strange appearance."

The English were not permitted to land, merely on account of the extraordinary figure they made; but in the 10th year of Shun-che their Ambassadors were received; and "the Emperor, in consideration of the difficulty of the voyage, ordered them to come once in ten years with tribute."

A brief summary of the essential doctrines of the religion of Fuh or Buddah, taken from a book of the priests, makes the whole duty of man consist in frequent repetitions of the name of their god, and the worship of idols.

"Give up the three tsangs and all other books for others to fag at, and the fourteen thousand roads for others to walk in. Beyond the one sentence, O-ne-to-fuh, you need not use a single word. Let each seek a retired room and sweep it clean; place therein an image of Fuh; every day burn a pot of pure incense; place a cup of clear water; and when evening comes, light a lamp. Whether painted on paper, or carved in wood, the figure is just the same as the true Fuh. Love it as father and mother, venerate it as prince and ruler. Morning and evening let us worship it with sincerity and reverence; fall prostrate like the tumbling down of a mountain, and rise up with dignity like the ascent of the clouds."

HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

We have received the following poetical communication from Edinburgh this morning:—

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME!

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Being new words to an auld spring.

The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,
The North for anes has bang'd the South;
The de'il a Scotsman die of drouth,
Carle, now the King's come!

CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!
Carle, now the King's come!
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;
But Scotland's turn is come at last—
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reikie, in her rockela gray,
Thought never to have seen the day;
He's been a weary time away—
But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle Hill;
The Carline's voice is grown sae shrill,
Ye'll hear her at the Canon Mill,
Carle, now the King's come!

"Up, bairns!" she cries, "baith grit and sma',
And busk ye for the weapon shaw!—
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'!
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come from Newbattle's (1) ancient spires,
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,
And match the mettle of your sires,
Carle, now the King's come!

"You're welcome hame, my Montague! (2)
Bring in your hand the young Buccleugh;—
I'm missing some that I may rue,
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,
You've graced my causeway mony a day;
I'll weep the cause if you should stay,
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, premier Duke, (3) and carry down,
Frae yonder craig (4) his ancient croun;
It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—
But, Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,
Bring down your clansmen like a cloud;—
Come, Morton, shew the Douglas' blood,—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;
Come, Hopetoun, fear'd on fields of death;
Come, Clerk, and give yon bugle breath;
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;
Come, Roseberry, from Dalmeny shades;
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, stately Niddrie, (5) auld and true,
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;
We have ower few such lairds as you—
Carle, now the King's come!

"King Arthur's grown a common crier,
He's heard in Fife and far Cantire,—
'Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!' (6)
Carle, now the King's come!

"Saint Abb roars out, 'I see him pass
Between Tantallon and the Bass!—
Calton, (7) get out your keeking-glass,
Carle, now the King's come!"

The Carline stopp'd; and, sure I am,
For very glee had ta'en a dwam,
But Oman help'd her to a dram.—
Cogie, now the King's come!

Cogie, now the King's come!
Cogie, now the King's come!
I'se be fou, and ye's be toom,
Cogie, now the King's come!

(1) Seat of the Marquis of Lothian.

(2) Uncle to the Duke of Buccleugh.

(3) Hamilton.

(4) The Castle.

(5) Wauchope of Niddrie, a noble looking old man, and a fine specimen of an ancient Baron.

(6) There is to be a bonfire on the top of Arthur's Seat.

(7) The Castle-hill commands the finest view of the Frith of Forth, and will be covered with thousands, anxiously looking for the Royal squadron.

CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.

We last week gave the first part of this Song, by Sir W. Scott. The following additional Part is said to be from the same pen:—

PART SECOND.

A Hawick gill of mountain dew,
Heised up auld Reekie's heart, I trow,
It minded her of Waterloo—
Carle, now the King's come!

Again I heard her summon's swell,
Wi' sic a dindrum and a yell,
It drown'd St. Giles's jowing bell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My trusty Provost, tried and tight,
Stand forward for the Good Town's right,—
There's waur than you been made a Knight—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My reverend Clergy, look ye say,
The best of thanksgivings ye hae,
And warstle for a sunny day—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My Doctors, look that you agree,
Cure a' the town without a fee;—
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forth, each sturdy burgher's bairn,
That dunts on wood or clanks on airn,
That fires the oon, or winds the pirn—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come forth beneath the Blanket Blue,
Your sires were loyal men and true,
As Scotland's foemen oft might rue—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Scots, downa loup, and rin and rave,
We're steadyf olks and something grave,
We'll keep the causeway firm and brave—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Sir Thomas, thunder from your rock
Till Pentland dinnles wi' the shock,
And lace with fire my snood o' smoke—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Melville, lead out your bands of blue,
A' Louden lads, baith stout and true,
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn too—
Carle, now the King's come!

"And you, who on your bluidy braes,
Compell'd the falling Despot's praise,
Rank out, rank out, my gallant Greys—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Cock of the North, my Huntley bra',
Where are ye with the Forty-twa?
Ah! waes my heart that ye're awa'—
Carle, now the King's come!

"But yonder come my canty Celts,
With durk and pistol at their belts,
Thank God, we've still some plaids and kilts—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Lord, how the pibrochs groan und yell?
Mac Donnell's ta'en the field himsel,
Mac Leod comes branking ower the fell—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Bend up your bow, each archer spark,
For you'r to guard him light and dark;
Faith, lads, for ance ye've hit the mark—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Young Errol, take the sword of state,
The sceptre Panie-Morarchate,
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Kind Cummer Leith, ye've been mis-set,
But dinna be upon the fret—
Y'se hae the handsel of him yet—
Carle, now the King's come!

"My daughters come, with e'en sae blue,
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew,
He ne'er saw fairer flowers than you—
Carle, now the King's come!

"What shall we do for the propine—
We used to offer something fine,
But ne'er a groat's in pouch of mine—
Carle, now the King's come!

"De'il care—for that I's never start,
We'll welcome him with Highland heart,
Whate'er we have he's hae a part—
Carle, now the King's come!

"I'll show him mason-work the day—
Nape of your bricks of Babel clay,
But towers shall stand till Time's away—
Carle, now the King's come!

"I'll show him wit—I'll show him lair,
And gallant lads and lasses fair,
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?—
Carle, now the King's come!

"Step out, Sir John, of projects rife,
Come, win the thanks of an auld wife,
And bring him health and length of life—
Carle, now the King's come!"

STANZAS FOR THE KING'S LANDING.

The eagle screams upon Benmore,
The wild deer bounds on Cheviot fell;
Step boldly, King, on Albyn's shore,
Son of her Lord's, she greets thee well.
The voice that hath been silent long,
Awakes to harbinger thy path;
Once more she weaves the ancestral song,
Once more 'tis "RIGH GU BRATH."

From grey Dun Edin's castle crest,
Float, float, thou Royal Banner wide,
Gleam, gleam more radiant than the rest,
Dear emblem of old Albyn's pride!
Glow, ruddy lion, as of yore
It was thy wont, on fields of wrath,
To brighten 'midst the kindling roar
Of Canmore's "RIGH GU BRATH."

Beam, beam, as when our hero's cry
Dissolved thy slumber of despair,
And rais'd thee, sunlike, from our sky
The cloud of slavery to scare.

Aye—as from out the dark Torwood,
The stranger saw thy blazon shine,
When Wallace steeped the folds in blood,
And flung them from the pine.

High sign! as when the coming galley
Of Bruce displayed thee o'er the prow,
And on indignant hill and valley,
Roused Carrick spear and Arran bow.
Beam now;—or as, when calm and stern,
He fixed thee in yon sacred stone,
Unslung the mace for Bannackburn,
And bade the trump be blown.

No! sacred symbol, ~~thou~~ as free—
As bright be thy majestic glance,—
But gentle all thy splendour be;
No terror tinge the cognizance!

Beam softly, star of chivalry,
As when proud Windsor's exile came
To bless, on Scottish tower and tree,
The welcome of thy flame.

O beam, (but bar each worser omen),
As when the lillied bark drew nigh,
And courteous knights and stalwart yeomen
Knelt here—even here,—neath Mary's eye.

The feudal rage, the zealot gloom,
That quenched the day of that fair morn,
Lie chained together in the tomb
Of unrelenting scorn.

Another dawn, I scarce may name,
Saw thee, for princely greeting, glow;
In evil hour a wanderer came,

For once, thou wert the sign of woe:
Yet then, even then, there was no shame
To stamp the stain of tears and blood,
And generous memory mourns to blame
The errors of the good.

Float fairly from Dun Edin's brow,
Primeval pennon of his Fathers—
Nor tears nor blood shall stain thee now,—
No gloom around thy blazon gathers.

From Saxon firm and fiery Gael,
From moor and mart, from cot and hall,
One voice—one heart—goes forth, to hail
The King—the Sire of All!

Though with the Scottish stream be met
The blood of Kings that were not mine,
Though D'Estè and Plantagenet
Have blended with the Bruce's line,
The spirit of departed time

Is in the song that meets thy path,
And lifts once more in Albyn's clime
The shout of "RIGH GU BRATH."

The crown that circled Bruce's helm,
Once more the Douglas' hand shall raise;
The sword that rescued Bruce's realm
Be guarded by the De la Hayes.
The children of the heath and yew
Come harnessed down from glen and strath,
Plant o'er their crests the White and Blue,
And swell the "RIGH GU BRATH."

THE KING'S LANDING.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

O! busk ye, busk ye, lad and lass;
Busk ye, busk ye, man and woman!
Make haste and see our Nobles pass—
The King, and a' his train, is coming!
O! heard ye not the cannons roar,
Proclaiming loud to lord and lady,
The King is landing on our shore—
He's landed down at Leith already!

He comes! he comes in gallant trim,
Wi' robes o' state, and banners streaming;
And thousands, till their sight grows dim,
Wi' tears o' rapturous joy are beaming!
O, welcome! welcome to this land—
This land where a' the Virtues blossom!
Our men shall guard thee, heart and hand—
Our ladies press thee to their bosom!

THE KING'S WELCOME TO SCOTLAND.

A NEW SANG TO AN AULD TUNE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And is he come ashore?
Gae spread the banners red and blue,
And bid the cannons roar.
For there's muckle luck about the house,
There's muckle glee and game,
There's ilka pleasure i' the house
When our gude man's at hame.

Then haste an' mak' an uncn stir,
An' clear the gate to him;
Gae welcome GEORDIE to his ain,
Wi' a' thing neat and trim.
For there's, &c.

And lasses braid in silken snood
Wi' lover knots your hair,
And wait him at the Holyrood,
For he's to greet you there.
For there's, &c.

Ca' Highland Harry frae the light,
And "Sandy o'er the Lea,"
Let Jock and Patie get a sight,
For they'll be wud to see.
For there's, &c.

Gae burn the peat-stack on the knowe,
Set a' the hills on flame—
And cast your crosses i' the low,
Thn welcome GEORDIE hame.
For there's, &c.

Then quickly sing' a brow sheep's head,
And snezel weel the nose—
Let haggies grace the table head
Wi' cups o' Athol brose.
For there's, &c.

And mak' his bed o' eider down,
The sheets o' driven snaw;
An' may his rest be sweet and soun',
For he's been lang awa'.
And there's, &c.

THE SONS OF THE SHAMROCK.

On his Majesty's Visit to Scotland.

Let the King go to Scotland, my jewel (says Pat),
He's in luck, if he finds such a welcome as that
He received from the sons of the Shamrock.
By my soul, I'm mistaken, or, 'twixt me and you,
Master Sawney will find he's got something to do,
If he rivals the sons of the Shamrock!

He must brush up his bonnet, and stir well his stumps,
For the fam'd Land of Cakes will be put to her trumps,
When she vies with the sons of the Shamrock!
All her Lairs and her Lassies, though brave and as bonnie
As ever cut capers to haggie, my honey!
Must yield to the race of the Shamrock!

Let her Clans and her Chieftains come down from their Highlands.
Though they talk of their whiskey, what are they but drylands,
Compared to the soil of the Shamrock?
In a glass of Potteen when old Erin he toasted,
It so cheered his heart, that, God bless him! he boasted
'Twas Irish, and true to the Shamrock!

With their broadswords, and bucklers, and bowmen, what noise;
The Shillelah's the true guard of honour, my boys!
For a King, 'mongst the sons of the Shamrock.
Faith! he thought so himself, for he packed off his bands,
And exulting to find himself safe in our hands,
Cried "Hurrah! for the sons of the Shamrock!"

Let them sit up in state their old Holyrood Halls,
Let them ~~level their streets and knock down their old walls,~~
What is that to the sons of the Shamrock?
Not a rut in his road did he find in our parts,
GEORGE at once saw his way, clean and clear to our hearts
When he came 'mongst the sons of the Shamrock!

Tho' they've bards of great fame, Scotts and Campbells a score!
I can harp it myself though not quite like Tom Moore,
In defence of the sons of the Shamrock;
We've been silent indeed; for what reason to sing,
Had poor Erin in praise of a Court or a King
Until George touched the shores of the Shamrock?

Place the bonnet of Bruce on his head, and 'tis odd,
Tho' they plume it with thistles quite fresh from their sod,
If he does not prefer the green Shamrock;
For he always had taste, and can any man blame him,
Because he has shewn he knew best what became him,
And so decked his brows with the Shamrock!

There it blooms to all eyes—the cockade of his Crown,
Let us see, my brave boys, who shall dare take it down,
In the face of the sons of the Shamrock!
While 'tis there and unfaded, his foes may go whistle!
And in vain shall the lads of the Rose and the Thistle
Hope to rival the sons of the Shamrock!

Though they strut in their tartans and kilts, as they call 'em,
They're only short petticoats—breeches wuld gall 'em,
They're not like the sons of the Shamrock!
But they look for all that, like tight fellows, and those
Who have tried them, swear they give very hard blows,
Although not like the sons of the Shamrock!

But if they're so brisk at a feast or a fray,
And to honour a guest, always jovial and gay,
'Tis because they've a smack of the Shamrock!
Sure 'tis very well known, that we peopled their lands,
St. Patrick took that little job in his hands,
Long ago with some lads of the Shamrock!

But we now are all one, though the Union divides us,
Yet we'll stick to the bargain, for honour still guides us,
If justice be done to the Shamrock!
By my soul, if he's wise, George had better come over
To his own little Island, and there live in clover,
For Kings are still safe with the Shamrock!

No complaint will he hear from the rich or the poor,
Not a grievance they have will they lay at his door,
If his heart be but true to the Shamrock;
And tho' Ireland, God knows, has some wrongs to her share,
He'll find that no serpent to sting him is there,
Or can shelter beneath the green Shamrock!

The misfortunes of this ill-fated Prince have been subjects for various writers—Otway, Alfieri, and more recently, a noble author have each formed a tragedy from those materials which caused such sorrow to Don Carlos. It is curious to see how differently great minds treat the same subject, in works where imagination is so powerful an agent: as a proof of this assertion, we need only refer to the different productions of the three writers mentioned, or examine the two poems which have just issued from the press, by those master spirits of true poesy, Moore and Byron. It is not our intention here to descant on the respective merits of these poems, nor of the tragedies alluded to, otherwise we perhaps might afford some amusement at least, if not instruction, to our readers. We shall, however, content ourselves with introducing to their notice a brief epitome of the history of Don Carlos, as related by M. l'Abbe de Boufflers, intended by him to exemplify the fatal effects of jealousy when cherished in a breast similar to Philip's. The story in the original is simply and pathetically told, how far we have succeeded in infusing these qualities in the present translation our readers must decide. But to the narration. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, being desirous of retiring into solitude where he might peaceably terminate his life, made a treaty with Henry II., King of France, and resigned his crown to his son Philip*. The latter was anxious to profit from the interruption of war, and in order to secure a solid and lasting peace with France, he demanded from Henry his daughter Elizabeth for his son Don Carlos in marriage. This proposition was accepted, and preparations were made on both sides for the solemnization of the nuptials; however the marriage was put off in consequence of the treaty being broken at the instigation of the Lorrain Princes; and in the interval Philip became a widower by the death of Mary, Queen of England, his second wife. As he had only one son, and being fearful of losing him before he might have issue, he was resolved to marry again. Thereupon he demanded for himself the Princess who had been promised to Don Carlos. Henry, no doubt, would rather have given her to the young Prince, who was so much better suited to her age and disposition, than to a King already an old man, and of a harsh and hypocritical character. But being wearied by long and destructive wars, which he had been compelled to engage in with Spain, and, above all, the last, which had exterminated the chief of his Nobility, he was fearful a refusal might again renew the war, and therefore he de-

termined to sacrifice his daughter for the good of country. This unfortunate Princess was the pledge much required between these two rival crowns, and became the sad victim of a narrow-minded policy; she sacrificed her own repose and happiness to that of France, which had given her birth, and that of Spain which had so cruelly detained her. This intelligence overwhelmed Don Carlos with grief. The portrait of the Princess which he possessed and the fame of her beauty and accomplishments, which he reached him when he was anticipating a union with her; the seed sown in his heart the first seeds of love. He had been long burning with impatience for the arrival of the happy moment which would render him the possessor of so many charms. The obstacle his father had raised to his wish was as unexpected as insurmountable; and instead of extinguishing his desires, it irritated them the more, and from a budding passion it grew into unconquerable love. The Princess was not ignorant on her side of the advantageous picture drawn of the Prince, and she had indulged in the flattering idea of being united to him. Love had insinuated himself into her heart, under the semblance of duty, and that soft sentiment so delightful to experience when virtue approves it, had already made but too deep a progress in her soul, when she learnt that it was necessary to stifle it. To bear a heart to Philip which, to be given, must be torn from his son, appeared to her, at the first glance, a sacrifice beyond her power; yet the feelings she experienced could not ultimately shake her courage; and she yielded in obedience to her father and her King. She left her Father's court with a lacerated heart, determined to conquer a passion contrary to her duty, and which could not be permitted without crime. The first interview between Don Carlos and herself, excited in their souls trouble and emotion, that most prevented them from even daring to raise their eyes to look at each other; this announced the desperate effort they would be obliged to make in order to conquer their mutual affection. The sight of the King—his age—his affected coldness—the hypocrisy and falsehood of his character were not likely to cure Elizabeth of the love inspired in her by Don Carlos. However, notwithstanding the excess of the Prince's affection, and the avowal of it, she never gave him the least hope, nor suffered the slightest liberty which could tarnish her virtue. She submitted to her duty, wretched as it was, and buried in the recesses of her heart her sorrows and her troubles; and if her powerful resolution were not capable of destroying the fire, the sight of the object creating it being continually before her, yet she at least prevented its effects, and conquered that mighty passion, not to betray it.

Don Carlos, unfortunate and incessantly tormented by passion without hope, a witness of his father's good fortune in possessing the object of his wishes, resolved to escape from a Court, which presented to him only subjects of affliction and despair. The Queen, moved by the deplorable state of the Prince, was the first to excite him to follow his design, being herself also anxious to root out a serpent which had already caused her virtue such severe trials; she anticipated from absence, succours against her own weakness, which reason and courage had hitherto armed her with.

* Charles became wearied of so many sudden changes, a premature old age crept upon him, deceived in all things, because he had tried them; in 1556 he renounced his crown and the world at the age of 56, a period of life when the ambition of other men is in its fullest vigour, and whence so many inferior Kings, called "Ministers," have commenced their career of glory. Voltaire. Hist. Gen. Vol. 3.

at this period a favourable occasion offered to satisfy their views. A revolt happened in the low countries, and Don Carlos prayed his father would suffer him to govern the provinces, for the purpose of re-establishing order and punishing the rebels. The King, with his usual dissimulation, at first seemed delighted with the proposal, but being naturally jealous, he was fearful of the glory that Don Carlos might acquire, and apprehensive that it would tend to strengthen the affection his subjects had already shown to his son. After deceiving him a length of time, by pretending preparations, he finally refused him the favour he had previously promised. Don Carlos irritated by the refusal, and still more by the death of the Marquis de Poza, his favourite, whom the King had sacrificed to an imaginary jealousy, gave himself up to resentment. Anger and love were united in his heart; he promised to protect the rebels all in his power, against the oppression under which they had so long groaned from the government of Philip or his Ministers. Undoubtedly his project was to revolt against his father and his King, but he certainly was anxious to fly from his presence, and to seek an asylum in some distant country, where he might freely pass his sad and deplorable life. His design was discovered; Philip, always suspicious, had ordered his son's actions to be narrowly watched. He learned very soon his offered protection to the Flemish, and his tender regard for the Queen. The conduct of this Princess ought to have assured him that nothing like an injurious imputation of her virtue could possibly be sustained; but vicious characters never judge any thing to be innocent. The perversity of their hearts urge them to conceive others to be like themselves; and they behold nothing but crime wherever they cast their eyes.

As soon as Philip learned the reciprocal attachment subsisting between Don Carlos and the Queen, rage entered his soul. The scheme which his son had projected served as a pretext for future jealousy. He brought him to trial, accusing him of an abominable outrage and revolt. The wicked Judges seconded the hatred of the King, and insinuated whatever could be suggested to make Don Carlos appear as criminal as his father wished. But, unjust as they were, they could not prove the heir of the Crown had committed a crime deserving of death. They were compelled to reduce the sentence to perpetual imprisonment. This punishment seemed, to the implacable Philip, much too mild, and he ordered some poison to be mingled in the food of Don Carlos, which would very soon have occasioned his death; and would have freed him at once of his son, his rival, and his successor. But whether pity prevented those who were employed to accomplish so barbarous an order from putting it into execution, or whether it was the good constitution of the Prince, who was in the flower of life, that preserved him from the means which were intended to shorten his days, cannot now be ascertained; however, the effect was not produced which the King anticipated. This unnatural father, finding his odious project unsuccessful, determined his son should die in a more prompt and certain manner;—he left to him the choice by what mode he would die.

Notwithstanding the close imprisonment of Don Carlos, the Queen contrived to have it announced to him that she required he would see the King, and endeavour to move him to compassion by all means in his power. This unhappy Prince, although life had become a wearisome burden, and although he looked forward to its termination as an end of all his sorrows, nevertheless he was anxious to show Elizabeth—even to his latest moments—his great proofs of respect and submission. He asked to see Philip, and when a guard announced to him the arrival of his father, he replied, "say my King, and not my father." These were the only complaining words which fell from his lips during all the long and ignominious imprisonment. When Philip entered the prison, the Prince threw himself on his knees, in order to conform to the wishes of the Queen: *he implored him to reflect that in destroying his son, he would be shedding his own blood.* The King, without being moved, coldly replied *that since it was bad blood, the sooner the surgeon executed his office the better.* This cruel reply, more worthy a tyrant than a father, excited in the soul of Don Carlos the most lively remorse for having solicited pity; but this had been done at the earnest solicitation of the Queen. He then suddenly raised himself, and inquired if the bath was ready to receive him. The King, without the least appearance of being shocked by so moving a scene—one that might have subdued the most ferocious heart—dryly asked his son "if he had nothing more to say to him." The Prince, who believed he had been guilty of cowardice in imploring pardon, since it had been so cruelly denied him, made a bold and proud reply, such a one as despair would dictate to a noble Prince who had nothing more to ask. Philip then went away without betraying the slightest emotion. Don Carlos got into the bath, the veins in his arms and legs were opened, he became weaker and weaker, and shortly lost a life which had been to him only a tissue of sorrow and bitterness.

The death of an only son, whom Philip had just sacrificed to his jealousy, was not sufficient to fully satisfy his vengeance. Transported with rage on beholding the just grief which the Queen showed at the tragical end of Don Carlos—regarding herself as the true and only cause—he beheld Elizabeth in the light of an unfaithful wife, and deemed her worthy of chastisement; and notwithstanding the double crime* he was about to commit, he immolated this second victim to his fury. Although no writer may have affirmed this fact, yet the circumstance of the sudden death of this Princess may warrant, at least, strong suspicions against Philip. Besides, his character for cruelty and barbarity is well known; and the proof there is of his having destroyed his own son, will leave but little room to doubt that he was guilty of this second crime.†

* The Queen was then in a state of pregnancy.

† See the works of the Abbe de Saint Real, vol. 3.

The following brief account of the way in which the remains of this ill-fated Prince were found in the tomb of the Escorial (an immense Palace built by his cruel father, Philip II.), is extracted from Voltaire's *General History*, vol. iii. and may, perhaps, be not altogether uninteresting to our readers. We have added what this powerful writer relates respecting the public opinion as to the untimely death of Don Carlos.

"A great event of the domestic life of Philip, the death of his son Don Carlos, yet exercises the curiosity of the world. No one knows how this Prince died. His body, which is in a tomb of the Escorial, has the head separated from it; but it is ascribed to the leaden coffin being too small to admit the body at full length. In the life of the Czar, Peter the First, it is said that when he wanted to have his son condemned to die, he despatched a messenger to Spain for the written evidence of the trial of Don Carlos; but neither the trial nor sentence were to be found: even the crime for which he suffered, as well as the mode of taking away his life, were buried in oblivion. It is neither proved, nor likely to be true, that his father had him condemned by the Inquisition. All that we know is, that in 1568 his father himself arrested him in his own room, and that he wrote to the Empress his sister, 'he had never discovered in the Prince his son any capital crime, nor even a single dishonourable vice, but that he had imprisoned him for his own good and that of the kingdom.' At the same time he wrote the very reverse of this to Pope Pius the Fifth, in a letter dated the 20th of January, 1568; he therein said, 'that from the tenderest age the power of a naturally vicious temper had stifled in Don Carlos all paternal instructions.' After these letters, in which Philip sends an account of his son's imprisonment, we are at a loss to conceive how he can justify his death: this idea, united with the noise which spread abroad throughout Europe, may be the cause why it is believed that Philip was guilty of the death of his son. His sullen silence during these public rumours, even might give a license to those who pretended that the cause of this horrible event, was the love Don Carlos bore for Elizabeth, his mother-in-law, and the regard she had for the young Prince. It is very likely they mutually loved. Elizabeth had been educated in a gallant and voluptuous court. Philip II. was plunged in amours; they were considered essential to form the Spanish character. Infidelity acted as an example on all sides. It was natural that the Prince and the Queen, who were about the same age, should love each other. The precipitate death of Elizabeth, which very soon followed that of Don Carlos, confirmed these suspicions. All Europe believed that the King had immolated his wife and his son to his jealousy: and this opinion was strengthened by his after conduct, in endeavouring to destroy, by means of an executioner, the famous Antonio Perez, his rival with the Princess of Eboli. These were the accusations brought against him by the Prince of Orange before the public; and it is not a little singular, that Philip should not at least have been vindicated by hired pens, or that no one in Europe should have attempted to refute the arguments of the Prince of Orange. However, they are not to be taken for granted as true, but only to be admitted as powerful presumptive evidence against Philip: and this story ought not to neglect the notice of them as such, for the judgment of posterity is the only rampart we have against a fortunate tyranny."

ANATOMICAL SCIENCE.—The extraordinary activity of resurrection-men, and the no less extraordinary circumstance of a medical practitioner lately making a heartless and indecent bargain with a female before *accouchement*, shew, what has been long felt in the surgical schools, that there are now considerable difficulties in the way of obtaining subjects for dissection. The origin of these difficulties is very curious. A celebrated *Body-snatcher*, who was the general contractor with all the Professors of Anatomy in London, demanded a higher price for each subject. The demand was resisted; and a new, and consequently a bungling set of fellows, were introduced to the profession. The public were very soon alarmed by repeated detections of these green practitioners; and many disgusting spectacles were in consequence exhibited, which startled some of the best, and, with becoming deference to the *Philosophers* of the dissecting room, some of the wisest feelings of our nature. A greater vigilance was instantly awakened, and the old Procurer turned spy and informer. To illustrate the extent to which the trade was carried, we have only to notice that this man made a large fortune, and, besides, had the singular good luck to pounce upon the field of Waterloo, like another vulture, and to bring away as many *teeth* as sold to the dentists for 20,000*l.*! We would conclude by advising every medical pupil, not to be too querulous about the price of a subject—to shew his ability, not by the number, but by the precision of his demonstrations; and above all, to carry to that most instructive, but most unpleasant preparation for his future life, those feelings of a Christian and a gentleman, which can alone distinguish the researches of the anatomical school from the brutalities of a slaughter-house.

Specimen of the first English Translation of the Scriptures made by Dr. Wickliffe, 1360.—"Matt. viii. 23—27.

And whanne he was gone up into a litil schip, his disciples sueden him, and lo a greet sterying was maad in the see, so that the schip was bilid with waivis, but he slept: and his disciples camen to him, and reisen him; and seiden, Lord save us: we perischen. And Ihsus seiden to him, what ben ye of litil feith agast? thanne he roos, and commandide to the wyndes and the see, and a great pesiblenesse was maad. And men wondriden and seiden, what inaner man is he this, for the wyndes and the see obeischen to him."

The only tale which we shall insert in the present Number is one very commonly reported of the present (late) Marquis of Londonderry; and is given on the authority of a gentleman to whom that Nobleman himself related it.—It is now more than twenty years since Lord Londonderry was, for the first time, on a visit to a gentleman in the north of Ireland. The mansion was such a one as spectres are fabled to inhabit. It was associated with many recollections of historic times, and the sombre character of its architecture, and the wildness of its surrounding scenery, were calculated to impress the soul with that tone of melancholy and elevation which, if it be not considered as a predisposition to welcome the visitation of those unearthly substances that are impalpable to our sight in moments of less hallowed sentiment, is indisputably the state of mind in which the imagination is most readily excited, and the understanding most favourably inclined to grant a credulous reception to its visions. The apartment also which was appropriated to Lord Londonderry was calculated to foster such a tone of feeling. From its antique appointments—from the dark and richly carved panels of its wainscot—from its yawning width, and height of chimney—looking like the open entrance to a tomb, of which the surrounding ornaments appeared to form the sculptures and the entablature;—from the portraits of grim men and severe-eyed women, arrayed in orderly procession along the walls, and scowling a contemptuous enmity against the degenerate invader of their gloomy bowers and venerable halls; from the vast, dusky, ponderous, and complicated draperies that concealed the windows, and hung with the gloomy grandeur of funereal trappings about the hearse-like piece of furniture that was destined for his bed.—Lord L. on entering his apartment, might be conscious of some mental depression, and surrounded by such a world of melancholy images, might perhaps feel himself more than usually inclined to submit to the influences of superstition. It is not possible that these sentiments should have been allied to any feelings of apprehension. Fear is acknowledged to be a most mighty master over the visions of the imagination. It can "call spirits from the vasty deep"—and they do come, when it does call for them. It trembles at the anticipation of approaching evil, and then encounters in every passing shadow the substance of the dream it trembled at. But such could not have been the origin of the form which addressed itself to the view of Lord Londonderry. Fear is a quality that was never known to mingle in the character of a Stewart. Lord Londonderry examined his chamber—he made himself acquainted with the forms and faces of the ancient possessors of the mansion, who sat upright in their ebony frames to receive his salutation; and then, after dismissing his valet, he retired to bed. His candles had not been long extinguished, when he perceived a light gleaming on the draperies of the lofty canopy over his head. Conscious that there was no fire in the grate—that the curtains were closed—that the chamber had been in perfect darkness but a few moments before, he supposed that some intruder must have accidentally entered his apartment; and, turning hastily round to the side from which the light proceeded—saw—to his infinite astonishment—not the form of any human visiter—but the figure of a fair boy, who seemed to be garmented in rays of mild and tempered glory, which beamed palely from his slender form like the faint light of the declining moon, and rendered the objects which were nearest to him dimly and indistinctly visible. The spirit stood at some short distance from the side of the bed. Certain that his own faculties were not deceiving him, but suspecting that he might be imposed upon by the ingenuity of some of the numerous guests who were then visiting in the same house, Lord Londonderry proceeded towards the figure. It retreated before him. As he slowly advanced, the form, with equal paces, slowly retired. It entered the vast arch of the capacious chimney, and then sunk into the earth. Lord Londonderry returned to his bed, but not to rest; his mind was harassed by the consideration of the extraordinary event which had occurred to him. Was it real? Was it the work of imagination? Was it the result of imposture? It was all incomprehensible! He resolved in the morning not to mention the appearance till he should have well observed the manners and the countenances of the family; he was conscious that, if any deception had been practised, its authors would be too delighted with their success to conceal the vanity of their triumph. When the guests assembled at the breakfast table, the eye of Lord Londonderry searched in vain for those latent smiles—those cunning looks—that silent communication between the parties—by which the authors and abettors of such domestic conspiracies are generally betrayed: every thing apparently proceeded in its ordinary course. The conversation flowed rapidly along from the subjects afforded at the moment, without any of the constraint which marks a party intent upon some secret and more interesting argument, and endeavouring to afford an opportunity for its introduction. At last the hero of the tale found himself compelled to mention the occurrences of the night. It was most extraordinary—he feared that he should not be credited: and then, after all due preparation, the story was related. Those among his auditors, who, like himself, were strangers and visitors in the house, were certain that some delusion must have been practised. The family alone seemed perfectly composed and calm. At last the gentleman whom Lord Londonderry was visiting, interrupted their various surmises on the subject by saying:—"The circumstance which you have just recounted must naturally appear most extraordinary to those who have not long been inmates of my dwelling, and are not conversant with the legends connected with my family; to those who are, the event which has happened will only serve as the corroboration of an old tradition that long has been related of the apartment in which you slept. You have seen the *Radiant Boy*; and it is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned."

(From the Article in the *Quarterly Review*, just published, on a French Work "The History of the Religious Sects which have arisen from the beginning of the last century, by M. Gregoire, ex-Bishop of Blois, &c.")

"Concerning the Dunkers, the Shakers, the followers of the all friend Jemima, and other wild sects in America, M. Gregoire communicates nothing but what is well known in England from books of travels, and the common sketches, or dictionaries, of religious opinions, which are in every person's hand. He tells us indeed of an Irishman who, under the inexplicable name of Shady Island, preached at Boston, and held all his meetings at night, without candles, because, he said, he was the light, and all other light was useless where he was present. Such a preacher, whether knave or madman, or both, was soon silenced, by the proper interference of the magistrates. He has not noticed the dancing quakers, who reject marriage, nor has he mentioned the new religious exercise of jerking. *The Jerks* are not confined to a peculiar sect, or order, like spinning, quaking, and jumping. They are described by an eye-witness who believes that they are permitted by the Almighty as a means for awakening and convincing the unconverted.

"I had heard," says Lorenzo Dow, 'of the *jerks*, or jerking exercise, which appeared first near Knoxville, in August, 1804, to the great alarm of the people. As I doubted the reports, I set out to see for myself. In February, 1805, I preached, to hundreds more than could get into the Court-house, the Governor being present; about 150 appeared to have the jerking exercise. I thence rode eighteen miles to hold a night-meeting, and had about twenty Quakers among my hearers; but their usual stillness was interrupted, for about a dozen of them had the *jerks*, as powerful as I had seen, even to making them grunt. I have seen all denominations of religion exercised with the *jerks*; gentleman and lady, black and white, young and old without exception. I passed a meeting-house, where I observed the undergrowth had been cut away for a camp-meeting, and from fifty to an hundred saplins were left, breast-high, on purpose for the people who were jerked to hold by. I observed where they had held on, they had kicked up the earth, as a horse stamping does. A Presbyterian minister told me, that while he was preaching the day before some had the *jerks*, and a young man from North Carolina attempted to mimic them, and was soon seized with them; being ashamed, he attempted to mount his horse and be off; but his foot jerked so that he could not put it into the stirrup; and when he was helped on, he could not sit alone.'

The symptoms are thus described. Persons of all ages, (children of eight years old!) of all colours, conditions and denominations, by scores and hundreds (at some meetings more than a thousand cases have occurred) fall to the ground. Some feel the crisis approaching, 'their hearts swell, their nerves relax, and in an instant they become motionless and speechless, but generally retain their senses. It comes upon others like an electric shock, felt in the great arteries of the arms or thighs; the body relaxes and falls motionless; the hands and feet become cold; and yet the pulse is as formerly, though sometimes rather slower. Some grow weak, so as not to be able to stand, but do not lose their speech altogether. They continue in that state from one hour to twenty-four. When they regain their speech, which comes to them gradually, they express themselves commonly in the following manner—that they are great sinners, the vilest of the vile; and pray earnestly for mercy through Christ. Some think that there is mercy for all but them; that salvation through Christ is a wonderful salvation, but will not be applied to them. They often continue in this state several days. Many have not yet recovered, so that it is not certain that they will. Others recover in an hour, and speak of possessing salvation from sin. They have great gifts in prayer and exhortation, which they often perform in an incredible manner. Indeed it is a miracle that a wicked and thoughtless sinner, who never could address himself to an audience before, should rise out of one of these fits, and continue for the space of two hours recommending Christ as a Saviour, free, willing, and all-sufficient.'

A most interesting part of M. Gregoire's work relates to certain sects upon the continent, whose adventures and even names have escaped the notice of our English heresiographers. He tells a singular tale of some Pietists from Denmark and the neighbouring countries, who, in the year 1734, resolved to fly from the contagious wickedness of the world, and for that purpose, embarking upon the Baltic, sailed towards the North in quest of some island, where, as in a Goshen of their own, they might be safe. They cruised in search of Paradise in a wrong latitude; and being bad sailors and soon sick of the dangers of the sea, were glad to land upon a small island near Stockholm, where they were permitted to settle, and where their descendants still subsist under the name of Skevi-karc, an appellation given them from a domain which they purchased.

The Hattemistes and Verschoristes, M. Gregoire tells us, are extinct. They existed in Holland, where, he says, they proved the truth of the saying, that if the Devil were to open a school in that country, he would find disciples. They are accused of having taught that all sins are imaginary; and that if there be a real sin, it consists in believing any thing that is sinful.

The Rhinsburghers, or Collegians, who sprang up in the same country, are also extinct. They seem to have resembled that sect of 'Freethinking Christians' which has separated from the church for the mere sake of separation, holding all its doctrines, but rejecting all discipline. No other profession was required from the members than a belief that Christ is the Messiah, and that the Scriptures are inspired.

The ex-bishop has not included among the Dutch varieties the inhabitants of Broek near Amsterdam, which Mr. Forbes (the author of the *Oriental Memoirs*) describes as the most singular and whimsical place he ever beheld. When he visited Holland, during the peace of Amiens, they formed a society of their own, consisting of about a thousand persons, who had the whole village to themselves. The streets are not broad enough to admit any carriage, and are paved with pale bricks, which are kept as clean as the floor of a drawing-room. The houses, about three hundred in number, are entirely insulated, each standing in the centre of a little garden, laid out in the Dutch fashion. Each has two doors, and the front one is never opened but for the marriage or the funeral of its owner. When a stranger is seen in the village, the window-shutters are immediately closed, and the inmates retire to the back rooms, so that not a human face is seen there, nor a sound heard; 'in broad day-light,' says Mr. Forbes, 'all was still and solitary as night.' Of course they intermarry among each other; and if a stranger wins the

tune by consenting to settle in the place and conforming to its regulations. Many of them are wealthy, and all charitable. The traveller has not given any information concerning the rise of this singular society, nor of their tenets, excepting that they suppose this kind of retirement to be conformable to primitive Christianity. They carry the punctilios of cleanliness even beyond their countrymen; no person is allowed to spit in the streets. One of their pastors, perceiving that after having held the cure a long time he could not obtain the good-will of his parishioners, and not being conscious of any error or deficiency in himself, ventured at length to inquire the reason of their apparent dislike to him. After some hesitation, the old gentleman to whom he addressed himself, replied, Mynheer, you are a learned man; you speak Greek and Latin; but you go into the reading-desk with your shoes on, and your predecessor always used slippers for that purpose, which you will find in a corner of the vestry.

A branch of the Mennonites exists in Alsace, descended from those who were banished from Switzerland and from Strasbourg, in the sixteenth century, when these inoffensive sectarians paid dearly for the crimes of the Anabaptists at Munster, though no person testified against them more zealously than Menno himself. M. Gregoire estimates them at about a thousand souls, and with an equitable spirit, the more to be admired in so bigoted a Romanist, renders justice to their peaceable, industrious, and virtuous deportment. They reside mostly in the department of Les Vosges, at Salm, formerly the chief place of a petty principality so called. A hamlet of that name is exclusively inhabited by them. They are almost all employed in agriculture, and particularly excel in the management of cattle and in making cheese. Their dress is as peculiar as that of the Quakers, and more picturesque,—they use neither buckles nor buttons, and let the beard grow. Maidens wear the hair loose, and the punishment for incontinence is to have it shorn, and publicly to ask pardon for the scandal which has thus been brought upon the church. Married women gather up the hair and bind it round the head. Like the Quakers, they scruple at taking an oath, and hold it unlawful to bear arms.

With regard to baptism they hold a middle course, and baptize youth at the age of eleven or twelve, by sprinkling, the person thus admitted into the church, laying his hand upon his breast and answering for himself, which they conceive essential to the sacrament. Germany, however, affords M. Gregoire a plentiful crop of tares during the period which his history illustrates; and it is not without triumph that a writer, who regards Luther as a minister of evil, comments upon the spawn of heresies with which that country is overrun. Some of these partake of that extravagance which manifests itself in so many ways among the Germans. The Gichtelians, or Angelic-brethren, professed to live like the Angels, who are neither married nor given in marriage: they abstained from all labour, and imagined that by devoting themselves wholly to contemplation, and thus, as it were, offering themselves a sacrifice for others, they renewed the priesthood of Melchisedeck, and entitled themselves to the appellation which they had chosen. Such a sect was not likely to maintain itself long. Elias Eller, who called himself the Father of Sion, and his wife the Mother, pretended that the Almighty dwelt in him, and had commissioned him to found a new church. Such is the credulity of mankind,

that no quack can be too ignorant to obtain followers, no political charlatan too base or too infamous, no religious enthusiast too insane. Eller is said to have been more knave than madman. He attracted a number of dupes to Ronsdorf, a town then newly built in the duchy of Berg; they erected their houses in a position where each looked to the dwelling of their prophet and teacher, as the *kebla* of their devotions; and he maintained an absolute dominion over them as long as he lived, by making himself master of all their secrets, for which purpose he employed some as spies upon others, and promoted convivial meetings, less, M. Gregoire thinks, from any love of debauchery, than because he kept his own head cool while the wine opened the hearts of his credulous believers. The sect died with him.

Two brothers, by name Rohler, natives of the village of Brugglen, in the canton of Berne, set themselves up, in the year 1746, as the Two Witnesses mentioned in the Revelations, and designated a girl of their acquaintance as the woman who was to be clothed with the sun, and have the moon under her feet.

A German gamekeeper, Hans Rosenfeld by name, played a more daring and atrocious part in Prussia and some of the adjoining states. He declared himself the Messiah; affirmed that Christianity was a mere deception, and all its priests impostors; that the King of Prussia was the devil, and that he himself was to collect the four-and-twenty elders, wrest the sword from this infernal sovereign, and, at the head of that council of twenty-four, govern the world. The seven seals also were to be opened, and as there were no angels to open them, this impudent impostor required his dupes to furnish him with seven beautiful girls, who were to act in their stead, and who, till the time should come, served him as mistresses, and supported him by the work of their hands. To the disgrace of the government under which he lived, this fellow continued this life during twenty years, with no other interruption than that of a short imprisonment now and then; and, such is the credulity of mankind, he found believers. At length he was brought to justice in a manner not less remarkable than the imposture itself. A man who was completely infatuated by his promises, and had actually given up three of his daughters to the villain's pleasure, became at last, not undeceived concerning him, but out of patience that he was not put in possession of some of the good things which he expected when Rosenfeld should take possession of the government of the world; and in this humour he went to the King of Prussia, whom he believed to be the devil, in the hope of provoking him so to act against the false Messiah as might force him to fulfil his predictions. Frederic on this occasion behaved well; he ordered proceedings to be instituted against Rosenfeld, and the impostor was sentenced to be whipt, and imprisoned for life in the fortress of Spandau; the fellow appealed to a higher tribunal, and the sentence was mitigated; not satisfied with this, a further appeal was made to the king, apparently in the hope that he

might be inclined to favour the criminal for the blasphemy of his offence; but Frederic properly confirmed the original judgment in its full rigour."

(From the London Magazine, just published.)

I have an almost feminine partiality for old china. When I go to see any great house, I inquire for the china closet, and next for the picture gallery. I cannot defend the order of preference, but by saying, that we have all some taste or other, of too ancient a date to admit of our remembering distinctly that it was an acquired one. I can call to mind the first play, and the first exhibition, that I was taken to; but I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced into my imagination.

I had no repugnance then—why should I now have?—to those little, lawless, azure-tinctured grotesques, that under the notion of men and women, float about, uncircumscribed by any element, in that world before perspective—a china tea-cup.

I like to see my old friends—whom distance cannot diminish—figuring up in the air (so they appear to our optics), yet on *terra firma* still—for so we must in courtesy interpret that speck of deeper blue, which the decorous artist, to prevent absurdity, has made to spring up beneath their sandals.

I love the men with women's faces, and the women, if possible, with still more womanish expressions.

Here is a young and courtly Mandarin, handing tea to a lady from a salver—two miles off. See how distance seems to set off respect! And here the same lady, or another—for likeness is identity on tea-cups—is stepping into a little fairy boat, moored on the hither side of this calm garden river, with a dainty mincing foot, which in a right angle of incidence (as angles go in our world) must infallibly land her in the midst of a flowery mead—a furlong off on the other side of the same strange stream!

Farther on—if far or near can be predicated of their world—see horses, trees, pagodas, dancing the hays.

Here—a cow and rabbit enuchant, and co-extensive—so objects show, seen through the lucid atmosphere of fine Cathay!

I was pointing out to my cousin last evening, over our Hyson, (which we are old fashioned enough to drink unmixed still of an afternoon) some of these *speciosa miracula* upon a set of extraordinary old blue china (a recent purchase) which we were now for the first time using; and could not help remarking, how favourable circumstances had been to us of late years, that we could afford to please the eye sometimes with trifles of this sort—when a passing sentiment seemed to over-hade the brows of my companion. I am quick at detecting these summer clouds in Bridget.

"I wish the good old times would come again," she said, "when we were not quite so rich. I do not mean that I want to be poor; but there was a middle state;"—so she was pleased to ramble on,—in which I am sure we were a great deal happier. A purchase is but a purchase, now that you have money enough and to spare. Formerly it used to be a triumph. When we coveted a cheap luxury (and, O! how much ado I had to get you to consent to it in those times!) we were used to have a debate two or three days before, and to weigh the *pro* and *against*, and think what we might spare out of, and what we could hit upon, that should be an equivalent. A thing was worth buying then, when we felt the money that we paid for it.

"Do you remember the brown suit, which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night, from Barker's in Covent-garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller with some grumbling opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was sitting bedwards) lighted out the relief from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (collating you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and opulent, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio? Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.

"When you came home with twenty apologies for laying out a less number of shillings upon that print after Lionardo, which we christened the 'Lady Blanch;' when you looked at the purchase, and thought of the money—and thought of the money, and looked again at the picture—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Now, you have nothing to do but to walk into Colnaghi's (as W— calls it) and buy a wilderness of Lionardos. Yet do you?"

"Then, do you remember our pleasant walks to Enfield, and Potter's Bar, and Waltham, when we had a holyday—holydays, and all other fun, are gone, now we are rich—and the little hand-basket in which I used to deposit our day's fare of savory cold lamb and salad—and how you would pry about at noon-tide for some decent house, where we might go in, and produce our store—only paying for the ale that you must call for—and speculate upon the looks of the landlady, and whether she was likely to allow us a table-cloth,—and wish for such another honest hostess, as Izaak Walton has described many a one on the pleasant banks of the Lea, when he went a fishing—and sometimes they would prove obliging enough, and sometimes they would look grudgingly upon us—but we had cheerful looks still for one another, and would eat our plain food savorily, scarcely grudging Piscator his Trout Hall? Now, when we go out a day's pleasuring, which is seldom moreover, we *ride* part of the way—and go into a fine inn, and order the best of dinners, never debating the expense—which, after all, never has half the relish of those chance country snaps, when we were at the mercy of uncertain usage, and a precarious welcome.

"You are too proud to see a play any where now but in the pit or boxes. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the Battle of Hexham, and the Surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the Children in the Wood—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with Rosalind in Arden, or with Viola at the Court of Illyria? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions was not diminished by the consciousness of going—that

the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up.—With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough,—but there was still a law of civility to women recognised to quite as great an extent as we have ever found it in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play, afterwards! Now we can only pay our money, and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure, we saw, and heard too, well enough then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty.

"There was pleasure in eating strawberries, before they became quite common—in the first dish of peas, while they were yet dear—to have them for a nice supper, a treat. What treat can we have now? If we were to treat ourselves now—that is, to have dainties a little above our means, it would be selfish and wicked. It is the very little more that we allow ourselves beyond what the actual poor can get at, that makes what I call a treat—when two people living together, as we have done, now and then indulge themselves in a cheap luxury, which both like; while each apologises, and is willing to take both halves of the blame to his single share, I see no harm in people making much of themselves in that sense of the word. It may give them a hint how to make much of others. But now—what I mean by the word—we never do make much of ourselves. None but the poor can do it. I do not mean the veriest poor of all, but persons as we were, just above poverty.

"I know what you were going to say, that it is mighty pleasant at the end of the year to make all meet—and much ado we used to have every Thirty-first Night of December to account for our exceedings—many a long face did you make over your puzzled accounts, and in contriving to make it out how we had spent so much—or that we had not spent so much—or that it was impossible we should spend so much next year—and still we found our slender capital decreasing—but then, betwixt ways, and projects, and compromises of one sort or another, and talk of curtailing this charge, and doing without that for the future—and the hope that youth brings, and laughing spirits (in which you were never poor till now), we pocketed up our loss, and in conclusion, with 'lusty brimmers' (as you used to quote it out of hearty cheerful Mr. Cotton, as you called him), we used to welcome in the 'coming guest.' Now, we have no reckoning at all at the end of an old year—no flattering promises about the new year doing better for us."

Bridget is so sparring of her speech on most occasions, that when she gets into a rhetorical vein, I am careful how I interrupt it. I could not help, however, smiling at the phantom of wealth which her dear imagination had conjured up out of a clear income of poor—hundred pounds a year. "It is true we were happier when we were poorer, but we were also younger, my cousin. I am afraid we must put up with the excess; for if we were to shake the superflux into the sea, we should not much mend ourselves. That we had much to struggle with, as we grew up together, we have reason to be most thankful. It strengthened, and knit our compact closer. We could never have been what we have been to each other, if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of. The resisting power—those natural dilations of the youthful spirit, which circumstances cannot straiten—with us are long since passed away. Competence to age is supplemental youth; a sorry supplement indeed, but I fear the best that is to be had. We must ride, where we formerly walked; live better, and lie softer—and shall be wise to do so—than we had means to do in those good old days you speak of. Yet could you and I once more walk our thirty miles a day—could Bannister and Mrs. Bland again be young, and you and I be young to see them—could the good old one shilling gallery days return—they are dreams—my cousin, now—but could you and I at this moment, instead of this quiet argument by our well-carpeted fire-side, sitting on this luxurious sofa—be once more struggling up those inconvenient staircases, pushed about, and squeezed, and elbowed by the poorest rabble of poor gallery scramblers—could I once more hear those anxious shrieks of yours—and the delicious *Thank God, we are safe*, which always followed, when the top-most stair, conquered, let in the first light of the whole cheerful theatre down beneath us—I know not the fathom line that ever touched a descent so deep as I would be willing to bury more wealth than Cræsus had, or the great Jew R— is supposed to have, to purchase it. And now do just look at that merry little Chinese waiter holding an umbrella, big enough for a bed-tester, over the head of that pretty insipid half-Madonna-ish chit of a lady in that very blue summer house."

ELIA.

LAST MOMENTS OF THE MOTHER OF BONAPARTE.—The evening preceding her death, she called together all her household. She was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was lighted in grand style. She called her servants, one after another, to her bedside, who knelt, and kissed her extended hand, which was skinny, and covered with a profusion of rings. To her chief Director of Finances, Juan Berosa, she said; "Juan, my blessing go with thee and thine!" To Maria Belgrade, her waiting maid, she said, "Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee. When my grandson is *Emperor of France* he will make thee a great woman." She then called Col. Darley to her bedside; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and, in Napoleon's will, had assigned him a donation of 14,000*l*. "You," said she, "have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy. Never forget my grandson; and what he and you may arrive at is beyond my discerning; but you will both be great!" She then called in all junior servants, and with a pencil, as their names were called, marked down a sum of money to be given to each. They were then dismissed, and she declared that she had done with the world, and requested water. She washed her hands, and laid down upon her pillow. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer-book upon her breast. Thus perished the mother of one who has been a meteor on earth, and a blazing star to direct others! She had some amiable qualities; and, considering that her rise from poverty to wealth was so rapid, her way of conducting herself, and proud manner, may be pardonable. She did much good from ostentation; and died regretted for what she could do, not lamented for what she had done.

"On the scarcity of supereminent men."

It is said there is only one phoenix in the world. Throughout a century we seldom see an extraordinary General, a perfect orator, or a truly wise man; and even several ages have passed without producing a good King. You find mediocrity generally, but transcendence is rare, since it requires perfection. The more exalted the order of ideas, the less frequently are they found. Many have added to their names the epithet *Great*, in imitation of Alexander, and other heroes, but have vainly usurped it, since without actions the voice of the people is merely a breathing vapour.—There are but few Senecas; and Fame has placed in her temple only one Apelles.

"On change of character."

It has been observed, that man changes his character every seven years. Should it be in improvement it would be very well. During the first seven years of life reason begins to dawn. Let every change advance him towards perfection. He ought to notice these natural stages, and grow better and better every term. Man, in different periods of his existence, has been likened to the following animals:—At twenty, a peacock; at thirty, a lion; at forty, a camel; at fifty, a serpent; at sixty, a dog; and at seventy, a monkey.

The following allegory is not inapt to the subject. Man believing himself worthy of immortality, on viewing the excellence of his nature, inquired of Jupiter how long he had to live. Jupiter replied; when he created all the animals, including man, he proposed to give them thirty years existence. The inquirer was astonished to find that a work like himself should be suffered to perish so soon, and that his life would fade like a flower. He considered it very strange he should no sooner come into existence, than be compelled to leave it again, without fully enjoying the delights of creation, after having just sipped the sweets; hereupon he cried in a supplication, 'I implore thee, O Jupiter, if my prayer be not contrary to thy ordinances, that since these animals, the ass, the dog, and the monkey, unworthy thy favour, have refused twenty years of their term of existence, which thou hast bestowed, not knowing the good accorded, because reason has been denied them, I intreat thee, that thou mayest be pleased to grant me that portion allotted them, in order that I may adore thee more and fulfil my duties better. Jupiter deeming the demand rational, acceded to it; but he decreed that after man had lived his thirty years, he should then commence the twenty years given up by the ass, and that during that period he should be employed in performing that animal's office, by working and carrying the necessary articles for his living. From fifty to seventy he decreed man should live the life of a dog, barking and growling, as though he was oppressed with sorrows, and that he should be incapable of true enjoyment during these twenty years. And that the last period from seventy to ninety he should finish his existence by leading the monkey's life, imitating the defects of nature. How truly does man fulfil his destiny! We behold him, when advanced in life, desirous of appearing young; we witness his tricks, his follies in his dress and manners, but, above all, his semblance of extreme youth*.

"Never act under the influence of anger."

Let him who is not master of himself do nothing, for anger banishes reason; but let him have recourse to a prudent man for council. Those who see others play are better judges of the game than the gamblers themselves, because their passions are not engaged. When we feel ourselves borne onward by emotions, it would be better to sound a retreat. A Spartan once told a slave that he would beat him well, were he not enraged against him. Let us not encourage anger, lest in a moment of fury we should be guilty of an act that might occasion much sorrow and deep repentance for its commission.

* This is by no means the fact with respect to most elderly persons.

CAPER-CUTTING.—On the island of Malta the Caper-Tree grows wild in great plenty, and is particularly abundant on the walls of Lavalette, where much fruit is annually produced, which, since the capture of the island, has been the undisputed perquisite of the Officer in command of the Engineers. Some considerable time ago, the officer commanding that corps complained to the Governor, stating that the trees were cut down and the fruit carried away by the inhabitants, and begging the Governor to issue an order for the protection of what he conceived to be his lawful property; upon which that old facetious Gentleman gave out the following ludicrous order:—"Whereas it has been reported to me by the Officer commanding the Engineers, that the inhabitants of Lavalette have for some time past destroyed the fruit and cut down the caper-trees hanging on the outside of the walls of the garrison; it is the command of the Governor, that no one in future *cut capers*, either on the top or sides of the walls, except the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the Engineers. Any one found *cutting his capers* on the walls, after this notification, will be confined in the black hole for the first offence; and, for a repetition of so flagitious an act, the next *capers they cut* will be *their own*, at the tail of a calash, to the tune of a cat o' nine tails."

HEAR, HEAR!—The exclamation, "Hear, hear, hear!" in the House of Commons, so often mentioned in the reports of speeches in the newspapers, surprised me much, the effect being quite different from what I expected. A modest, genteel "Hear, hear!" is first heard from one or two voices—others join—more and more *crescendo*—till at last a wild, tumultuous, and discordant noise pervades the whole House, resembling very nearly that of a flock of frightened geese; rising and falling, ending and beginning again, as the orator happens to say any thing remarkable.—*Journal of a French Traveller*

"On Judgment and Penetration."

The judicious and penetrating man masters every object he encounters. He sounds to the bottom of the lowest deep: he understands the capacities of men perfectly, and has only to see a man in order to know him. A good judgment is the master-key to the hearts of others. Ignorance would do well to retire before it into the sanctuary of silence, and hypocrisy into the whitened sepulchre. The man of penetration instantly distinguishes the appearance from the reality; he pries into the very inmost recesses, and stops not at the surface; he deciphers the intentions and the ends, for he carries with him the master-key to unlock all secrets. Deception, but still less ignorance, have rarely been able to boast being triumphant. Tacitus has attained a proud pre-eminence in his singular historical records, and Seneca has been justly esteemed for his writings on common occurrences, in consequence of their judgment and penetration. Although the vulgar man may be malicious, he is never judicious; and although he may speak of many things, his conversation will betray his want of understanding. The approbation of a man possessing a sound judgment, is worth all the acclamations of a multitude. Plato called Aristotle all his school; and Antigonus, the philosopher Zeno, all the capital of his fame. Be guarded, and discriminate the difference between censure and evil-speaking, for the one has indifference for its foundation, the other malice. This aphorism enjoins not the discreet man to be satirical, but to be correct in his opinion; he is not to condemn all things equally—neither is he to approve all.

"Sympathize with the misfortunes of the great."

Sympathy is the Polar star which guides to heroism. One hero loves another; Nature has thus given a secret instinct to those whom she wishes to conduct to heroism. There is a feeling between hearts and minds, and the effects arising thence are attributed by the vulgar to some unknown power. This sympathy remains not at esteem, but advances to good wishes, and proceeds until it reaches attachment; it persuades without words, it obtains without recommendation.

"Do not tell a falsehood, but do not speak the whole truth."

"*La verdaes verde*," says the Spanish proverb—that is, truth is tart; from which we may understand that it is necessary to sweeten it, lest the palate should be offended. The Countess of Aranda said that truth should not be spoken to Princes with respect to their dignity and situation. Nothing requires more circumspection than truth, for it is like bleeding at the heart (to use a strong figurative expression), otherwise she will bring forth a wicked daughter's hatred. There is need of as much address in speaking the truth as in knowing how to keep it secret; for truth is not imprudent, consequently the wise man will keep it hidden when there is danger in its exposure. But on the other hand a single falsehood might prove the loss of a good name. Falsehood passes like bad money, and the utterer of it like the forger.

"A little boldness may answer as good an end as much skill."

Do not form so high a conception of men as may be productive of timidity when in their presence. Let not the imagination devour the heart. Some appear men of great importance until we come into their society, and then the communication soon undeceives. No one goes beyond the strait limits imposed upon mankind. Every one has his extent marked; some as to intelligence, others as to genius. Dignity gives a seeming authority, but it seldom happens that personal qualities bear it fully out.

The imagination represents things greater than they are in themselves, and is only corrected after being frequently deceived. Notwithstanding, it is not becoming in ignorance to be bold, neither should the heart be afraid, for if a degree of boldness be serviceable to one who has not much information, it is still more advantageous to him who is gifted with a clear and comprehensive understanding.

ADVANTAGES OF GIBBETS.—Two highwaymen were crossing Hounslow, when one of them observed a gibbet. "Curse these gibbets," said he, "if it were not for them *our's* would be the best trade in the world." "You are a fool," cried the other, "there's nothing better for us than gibbets: for were it not for them, every person would turn highwayman, and we should be ruined."

ASHTON-UNDER-LINE, FEB. 6, 1823.—Messrs. Newton and Bromley I present you with my bill for horse-doctoring and will particularize all my trouble, I have had with them—with Blueher I had much trouble in *rowelling* him in two places gave him *drinks* took his shoes off bled him at *Toc* bled him in the inside of his thigh *ran up and down the fields* in getting herbs which I boiled and made ther into *baths* to *bath* him with took him and led him to *Brown Edge* near Mossley, after that I gave him many balls—th horse at present I have on hand to cure I have had 1 days and the drugs which I use for him are in *particula* dear as the plaster on his leg at present cost me 8d I cure *Bang-up's*, mouth; theirs Joes horse which was *Harr* Lces's I took his shoe off examined his foot made it u then set it on again,—drew it in two places examined and put a poultice on it

To drugs and nails 15 0
To loss of time and trouble ... 1 0 0

L.1 15 0

Settled S———l T———

N.B. Gibson did not do so much for Jack Ogden's horse for 10 pounds.

If friendship were formed through esteem, although it might not produce in the heart that excitement which new pleasures yield, when they owe their origin to taste, yet there never would be reason to repent of the connection. Many take their friends by chance, as though choice was quite indifferent. It would seem from their conduct, that this sacred engagement, on which so much of the happiness of life is built, is contracted in society, because others have their friends selected in the same manner. A friend is bargained for as a house is bought, where the individual purchasing has no intention of residing: as there are different kinds of riches, so there are different sorts of attachment. Lords and *Petit-maitres* have their mistresses, whom they do not love, but being fashionable, they are deemed necessary to possess. Thus men of the world have their friends around them, that they may also be fashionable. Some select a friend because they have nothing to do, and they equally divide the light troubles which devour them. Others take friends, believing their merit or talents entitle them to consideration and weight: the degree of reputation in which these persons are held by the world alone determines the choice. Since vanity is the only object, provided that is satisfied, they are content; and Damon is as delighted in being able to boast of the friendship of Lycander, who writes beautiful poetry, as any Fop is in having the reputation of being intimate with an admitted beauty; the pleasure of each is of the same kind, for neither of them has any other object in the acquaintance than vanity. There is nothing more common than the desire of having celebrated friends; a reputation being thereby acquired, and it is the only reputation which many enjoy. Our passions, however, are sufficiently interested to cover the feeling under the semblance of friendship; and vanity having this deceitful aspect, often receives that homage which only ought to be paid to virtue.

POETS AND POETRY.—It is only through early peculiarities of thought, that men become poets. Of that which they have all their lives been ruminating upon, they have ideas more vivid than other people's; and by giving those ideas, with all the force of language they can, they write poetry. This is true of more than poets professed. Old Isaac Walton, the sole employment of whose life was angling, has, without knowing it, written a poetical pastoral, more natural than Shenstone or Cunningham, more simple than Gesner, and more sincere than Thomson. Nay, some of the books of the old pharmacopologists, especially under the head of "Cordial Waters," from a habit of observing, or imagining, and minutely describing, the effects of these "distilments" upon the nervous system, are as poetical, here and there, as any thing in Dr. Armstrong. If we look over the extensive catalogue of English poetry, we shall find it to be a set of oddities versified. The poets are a sort of harmonious quizzers, and their poems are tinctured throughout with their particularities of disposition,—the ideas arising from the pursuits of life, nay from the very diseases of the writers. There is no selection of subject; what they felt keenly and saw strongly, they have made poetry of. A sharp physiologist might trace out the constitution, profession, and usual residence of a poet, from his works only. Lord Byron, who has travelled, tells about Gondolas, Mantillas, comboloies, gazelle eyes, mosques, and latticed windows. The head of Mr. Wordsworth, who lives amongst lakes and mountains, is filled with rocks, clouds, leech-gatherers, pedlars, daffodils, and water-lilies. Mr. Crabbe, whose clerical functions have made him familiar with vestries, work-houses, and the whole economy of a country parish, in lieu of the rocks and rills of Mr. Wordsworth, has extracted poetry out of the stony hearts of church-wardens, and the scanty stream of parish charity. We have poems about ships and about religion—about steam-engines and hydraulic presses—about hunting, shooting, and fishing—about war and waltzing—about astronomy and gastronomie—about bees and silk-worms—and syphilis and spleen, and diseases in general—about playing at whist and at chess, and smoking tobacco, and making sugar-wine, and cider, and liquid blacking. In fact, there is scarcely any human pursuit that has not been, directly or indirectly, introduced into poetry; and the obliquities and excellences of the human mind have each had about an equal share in imparting interest to its pages.

FUNERAL SERMONS.—Speaking of the frequency of these formerly, and their present disuse, a late writer says—"Even such a character as the infamous Mother *Creswell*, the procuress, in the reign of Charles II, must have her Funeral Sermon. She, according to Granger, desired by will to have a sermon preached at her funeral, for which the preacher was to have 10*l.*; but upon the express condition that he only spoke well of her. A preacher was with some difficulty found, who undertook the task. He, after a sermon preached on the general subject of morality, and the good uses to be made of it, concluded by saying—"By the will of the deceased, it is expected I should mention her, and say nothing but what is *well* of her. All I shall say of her, therefore, is this:—she was born well, she lived well, and she died well; for she was born with the name of *Creswell*, she lived in *Clerkenwell*, and she died in *Bridewell*."

A CURIOSITY.—A Scotch Paper contains the following letter from an Attorney. We quote it as an example of sharp practice, which we hope is peculiar to our northern neighbours:—

"To Postage of a Letter sent per Berwick Post 1*d.*
 "SIR—I am directed to issue an action against your goods to-morrow morning, unless the above sum of one penny, together with 3*s.* 6*d.* the expenses of this application, be paid to me, before 10 o'clock to-morrow."

If we were to judge of mankind by their conversation, we should be apt to imagine that the universe was only a society of friends, since everybody boasts of having some; but the term friendship is grossly abused, and the feeling which the sentiment might naturally be supposed to excite, is sadly prostituted, and connections have often no other foundation than vice. What, indeed, are the motives of these pretended attachments with the greater part of mankind? In youth it is the taste for pleasure, and often even libertinism; but in this union, the friend is the least interesting object, and generally is only had recourse to as a confidant, or an approver, or a companion to participate in follies and vices. In ripe manhood interest and ambition are the principal connections which unite men together. Timocrates wishes to have his daughter married to the son of Polidores; the latter is very rich, and the former possesses but little property, yet he is well-born. In order to execute his purpose he cultivates the acquaintance of Polidores, and pretends to have all the painful solitudes of real friendship; but so far from having the proper feelings which constitute friendship, should Polidores form an alliance for his son with any other than Timocrates' daughter, from that moment all the estimable qualities which were supposed to exist in Polidores instantly vanish. Another man learns that an individual of whom he scarcely knows the name, is on friendly terms with a Minister; he uses every artifice to be introduced to him, and having accomplished it, in a very short time we perceive him offering all the exterior marks of friendship, whilst his heart is wholly unconcerned amid the appearances of the most tender attachment. Another looks upon a person holding a public situation as the most worthy object of his regard, and to use the expression of a certain wit, "is the born friend of every Comptroller-General."

There are men who are certainly gifted with great foresight, whose minds seem to penetrate into the obscurity of the future, and extend to a knowledge of whatever is possible to be discovered. Their sagacity shows them that such a man will become great one day, and may contribute to help them in their fortunes; when they have been thoroughly persuaded of this fact, they weigh well their ambitious and interested notions, and they establish themselves as his friends; they spread abroad his praise, and insinuate he is dearer to them than any one; they follow him every where, and make him believe they have the most tender friendship for him; and there is nothing so easy as to deceive an individual, since it is accomplished by merely flattering his self-love. It may happen that sometimes in endeavouring to persuade others we sincerely respect them, we do actually persuade ourselves into the sentiment.

This picture, although faithfully drawn, perhaps may strike many as the bitter remarks of a misanthrope, who sheds around him the gall which he himself has imbibed; but I appeal to those who are wearied with the vexations of the world, or to those who have either retired from it in disgust, or because they are sufficiently skilful to discern its grievances, and are anxious to flee from them. I again repeat, that I will appeal to them. Methinks they will agree with me, that true friends are rarely found; that the frivolity which reigns in the world—the little regard to manners—the torrent of pleasures which bears onward its votaries—all concur to enervate the mind, and render it incapable of a sentiment that requires all its energy to produce fruit worth having. How can we procure a friend amid the whirlwind of business; there is neither leisure to study his character or disposition, nor even is there time to be in his society. We run continually forward without knowing why or wherefore; futile ideas are following each other as rapid as the moments of time, and the day seems too short for concluding all the trifles which the morning's dawn presented. If it were possible for friendship to be born amidst all these distractions, it would be stifled in its birth. The wise man can alone give it an asylum worthy its attention; but the wise man is too prudent, not to retreat from the dangers his virtues would be exposed to, in his communication with the world; consequently he avoids entering into those solemn engagements.

SINGULAR GRANT.—It is said that King John gave the manors of Sutton and Pottone, in Bedfordshire, now the property of Sir Montague Burgoyne, to that gentleman's ancestors by the following rhyming grant, said to be preserved in Arches, Doctors' Commons:—

"I John of Gaunt
 Do give and graunt
 Unto Roger Burgoyne
 And the heirs of his loine
 Both Sutton and Potton
 Until the world's rotten!"

(From the *Literary Register*.)

A French Gentleman extolling the fertility of his own language, in words that implied a likeness to the thing signified, and asserting its superiority in this point over the English, proposed the following lines to the late Dr. Wallis, by way of challenge:—

"Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde;
 Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
 Mais si un des cordons de la corde decorde,
 Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde."

The Doctor immediately translated this by the first four of the following; and to show the superior application of the English language, added the other eight lines:—

"When a twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
 For twisting his twist he three twines doth entwist;
 But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
 The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.
 Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
 He twirls with this twister the two in a twine;
 Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
 He twitching the twine he had twined in twain.
 The twain that in twining before in the twine,
 As twines were entwisted he now doth untwine,
 Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
 He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

The great Sobieski, when asked in the last extremity to make his will, laughed in the face of the Bishop, who had been obliged to take the most roundabout method to make the proposal. "The misfortune of royalty," said the King, recollecting himself, "is, that we are not obeyed while we are alive; and can it be expected we should be obeyed after we are dead?" Elective kings have not the power, and the sovereigns of uncultivated northern nations have not the idea of making provision for heirs, even though they are to sink at once into a private rank. The Kings of England wanted no such monitor; but either from motives of justice or contrition, or in a mistaken zeal to save their souls by a momentary good deed, appear to have been, most of them, ready enough to engage in this "last great act of a wise man's life." The utmost of their ability was to dispose of their great treasures among their relations, servants, or ecclesiasties.

William the Conqueror bequeathed kingdoms:---

He gaf his eldest son Normandy,
And to the second Engeland truly;
To the thirde his goods menable.
This was held ferme and stable. (1)

The rest of his bequests consisted of a distribution of all his wealth among the churches, clergy, and the poor, the precise sums which he gave to each being set down by notaries from his mouth, on his death bed, where he made a long and pathetic speech about his affairs and successors in his different dominions. He was particularly liberal to the clergy of Mantes, whose churches he had burnt. The stately monuments of himself and his queen (destroyed by the Hugonots in the civil wars of France, 1562) are succeeded by modern altar tombs, which are engraven in Ducarel's "Anglo Norman Antiquities," where is a particular description of the original monuments erected by his son William Rufus.

The premature death of William Rufus did not give him time to make any testamentary disposition. His tomb in Winchester cathedral met with the same treatment as his father's, in our late civil wars, being opened by the Republicans, who stole from thence the remains of a cloth of gold, a ring set with rubies, said to be worth 500*l.* and a small silver chalice. The monument, as now remaining, is engraven in Rapin's England.

Henry I. ordered his natural son Robert, to take 60,000*l.* out of the treasure, in his custody, at Falaise, and to distribute gratuities and pay among his servants and soldiers; and directed his body to be carried and buried in Reading Abbey, which he had founded. This King died at St. Denys, in the castle and forest of Lions, in Normandy, Dec. 4, 1135. His monument was destroyed with his abbey, at the dissolution, and there are not now the smallest remains of it.

Stephen was too much of a soldier of fortune to have it in his power to make any bequests. The kingdom was settled for him, the moment the right heir was able to assert his claim. He died at Dover, Oct. 25, 1154. His own, and his Queen's body, and it is thought also, that of his son, were torn out of their graves at Faversham Abbey, where they were buried, at the dissolution, for the mere sake of the lead of their coffins.

Henry II. gave money to monks, nuns, and convents, with a recapitulation of which his whole will is filled.

Six thousand marke tulle acres did he send,
Ageyn his comyng thidere, bi marchandz so he wend; (2)
Fifty thousand marcs had he lent abbels,
That wer in pouerte, up thans for to reise;
Alle that was gyven, and before hand lent,
That was not in cofre, who he mad testament.

When Richard I. was pronounced past recovery of his wound, 1199, he bequeathed to his brother John his kingdom of England, and all his other territories, and made all present take the oath of allegiance to him. He ordered that his castles should be delivered to him, and three parts of his treasure; and all his jewels he devised to his nephew, Otho, Emperor of Germany; and directed that the remaining fourth of his treasures should be distributed among his servants and the poor. He directed and moche almesse was gyven to poure peple by the way, that his brains, his blood, and his bowels, should be buried at Charron (Chaluz), his heart at Rouen, and his body at Font Evrard, at the feet of his father. He died at Gison, April 6, 1199.

John's will does little more than direct that his body shall be buried at St. Mary and S. Wulstan's, at Worcester, where it was accordingly interred in 1216. His tomb, with his effigy, is still in fine preservation there, and is engraven in Rapin's England. Some years since the body was discovered in a stone coffin, tolerably well preserved, an account of which circumstance, with a print, was published. The dress and body appeared nearly perfect, but the skull and face were broken.

Henry III. and Edward I. and III. by their respective wills, principally gave money, jewels, household furniture, and charitable legacies. Their monuments in Westminster Abbey are well known. There is no will of Edward II. who was murdered on the 25th of January, 1326, and buried in the monastery, now the cathedral of St. Peter, at Gloucester.

The unhappy Richard II. in whose reign it seems to have been first allowed by authority of Parliament to our Kings, their heirs, and successors, to make their wills, and have them duly executed, makes his testament in the spirit of the times, and at the eve of a revolution which he little suspected. He was first buried in the church of Abbots Langley, in Hertfordshire, but removed thence, by Henry V. to Westminster; who sent, says Caxton, "to the freres of Langeley, and let take his body oute of the erthe agene, and did bring it to Westmynster, in a riall chear, covered with black velvet, and banners of divers armes about, and all the hors that drew the chear were trapped in blake, and beden with divers armes, and many

a torche brennyng, by the way till he came to Westmynster; and there he let make him a riall and a solempne enterement, and buried hym by Queen Anne hys wyfe, as his own desire was, on the farther side of Seint Edwardes shrine, in the abbey of Seint Petres of Westmynster, where he caused iiij tapers to brenne perpetually aboute his body. On whose soul God have mercy. Amen."

Henry IV. weakly hoped to expiate his usurpation of Richard's throne, as well as the enormities of his own reign, by "passing the grete see, and so forth to Jherusalem, and ther to have ended his lyfe; but God visited him so sone with infirmitie and grete siknesse, that he might not well endure no while, so fervently he was take and brought in bed at Westmynstre, in a faire chambre. And as he lay in his bed, he asked his chamberlayne what they called that chamber that he lay ynne? And he answered and said, Jhrlm. And than he said that the prophesie said that he sholde make an ende and die in Jherusalem. And then he made him redy unto God, and disposed all his wyle, and sone after he died, and was carried by water from Westmynstre in a barge vnto Faversham." His monument, with the figures of himself and his wife, is in Canterbury Cathedral (to which he was afterwards removed), opposite to that of Edward the Black Prince. He confesses his sins in his will with all the contrition he had need of. "I, Henry, sinful wretch, be the Grace of God, Kyng of England and of France, and Lord of Ire-land---being in my hole mynd---bequeth to ALMIGHTY God my sinful soul, the whiche had never been worthy to be man but through hys mercy and hys grase; whiche lyfe I have mispendyd, whereof I put me wholly in his grase and his mercy, for to teek me to hym; the body to be beried in the Chureh at Canterbury, &c. And also I thank all my lordis and trew peple for the trewe servise that they have done to me, and y ask hem forgiveness if I have misentreted hem in any wyse; and als far as they have offended me in wordis or in deedis in any wyse, I pray God forgeve hem hit, and I do."

Henry V. expresses all the anxiety of a wealthy country gentleman about his "lordships and manoirs, landes, tene-ments, rentes and servieses." This Monarch, after a short but glorious reign of nine years, five months, and fourteen days, according to the Chronicler just quoted, "wexed sike at Boys de Vyncent; and whan he saw he shold deye, he made his testemens and ordeyed many thynges nobly for his soule, and devouteley resseyved all the rightes of Holy Churehe, in so ferforth that whan he was enoynted, he said the service with the priste; and at the vers of the psalm 'Miserere mei Deus,' that was begyn 'fæ Due in bona voluntate tua Syon vt edificeuter morir Jhrlm,' he bad tarie there, and said thus---'O, good Low, thou knowest that myne entent hath bene and yet is, if I myght lyve, to reedfie the walis of Jherusalem.' And there the preeste proceeeded forth and made an ende; and anone after, this moste noble Prince and victorious Kyng, flour in his time of Christen Chivalrie, yaf his soule into the hondes of God, and deide and made an ende of his naturell life at the said Bois de Vincent, beside Paris, the xxxvi yere of his age. On whos soule God have mercy, A."

The funeral he describes in the following terms:---"And thenne was the body embalmed and cered, and leide in a riall char, and an ymage like unto him was leide upon the corps, upon wiche flivers banners, and horse covered riche with harness of England and France, and also with the armes of Seint Edward, Seint Edmunde, and othir; and wyth grete multitude of torehis; with whom wente the Kyng of Scotland, and many othir Lordis, which acoompanyd the body till it come into Westmynster, by London, in England. And in every towne by the way, he had solempnely his Dirige on the evene, and masse on the morne. And the vij day of November, after the corps was brought through London with grete reverence and solcmnitee to Westmynster, where he now lieth. It was worshipfully buried, and after was leyd on his tombe a ryall ymage like to himself, of silver and gilt, which was made atte cost of Queen Katherine."

Henry VI. after having been twice deposed and imprisoned in the Tower, was, in 1472, assassinated it is said by Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. He devotes his will entirely to the planning and foundation of his two colleges of Cambridge and Eton. He was first buried at Chertsey Abbey, then removed to Westminster, and afterwards to Windsor, where he was finally buried, but no monument remains to his memory.

Edward IV. it clearly appears from the register at Lambeth, made a will, but it has never yet come to light; perhaps it was intentionally destroyed after the usurpation of his brother Richard III. He died of a quartan ague at his palace at Westminster, 9th April 1483, in the 42d year of his age, and the 22d of his reign, just on the eve of a war with France; and was buried at Windsor in the new chapel which he had there founded, where his magnificent monument of steel, still remains. An account of the discovery of his body some years since, with that of his Queen, with plates representing the appearance of the bodies, vault, &c. is printed by the Antiquarian Society; and in the Archaeologia is a short account of his funeral. The expense of it was estimated at 1496*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.*

The unfortunate Edward V. was barely proclaimed King when he was found dead in the Tower. His uncle Richard III., who is generally charged with his death, after a turbulent reign of two years and two months, came to a deserved end in Bosworth field.

Henry VII. (with whom we shall close the list), like his predecessor Henry VI., confines the directions of his will chiefly to the foundation of his chapel, and religious observances. The latter are abundantly numerous. And that his soul might rest in peace, though notwithstanding he appears in these to have taken every precaution that poor

(1) Robert of Gloucester's Rhyming Chronicle.
(2) *recovered or thought.*

should take, he requested 10,000 masses should be said for the monasteries of London, and its neighbourhood, for repose; 1,500 in honour of the TRINITY; 2,500 in honour of the five wounds of the LORD JESUS CHRIST; 2,500 for the five joys of our Lady; 450, to the nine orders of angels; 150 to the honour of the patriarchs; 600 to the twelve Apostles, and 2,300 to the honour of All Saints. He died at Richmond Palace, April 4, 1509. Leland (Addition to Collectanea), gives a circumstantial account of the funeral procession, which was magnificent in the extreme. On Wednesday, May 9, after laying in state, his body was conveyed into a car covered with black cloth of velvet, drawn by seven great coursers, covered with black velvet, garnished with escutcheons of fine gold, with his arms on it appraised in his Parliament robes, with the crown on the head, and sceptre and ball in the hands, laid on cushions of gold, and environed with banners of arms, all his dominions, titles, and genealogies. A great number of prelates praying, with his servants and others mourning before the body, and nine of the King's chambermen, and about 600 torches followed it. In this manner it was attended to St. George's-fields, Southwark, where it was met by the religious of all sorts in and about the city, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, in black, and thence conveyed to Westminster Abbey, and buried. To render the scene more sublimely grand, the ground on each side was lined by children holding burning torches; these with the flashes of great torches, whose rays darting in every direction upon glittering ornaments and embroidered copes, showing the solemn pace, uplifted eyes, and mournful countenances, must have formed a noble picture; while the slow monotonous notes of the chaunt, mixed with the sonorous tones of great bells, and the firing of minute-guns in all directions, must have been not less grateful to the ear.

A short time ago a country girl, who had been rather frightened while attending the egg and butter market of Dumfries, was wending her solitary way along the romantic banks of the Cairn, and had reached to within a few paces of her own door, when her progress was impeded by a stone stretched across the road, neither, as she imagined, in the shape "o' beast nor body." Off, therefore, she ran to the nearest farm town, and with a palpitating heart related what she had seen to the inmates of the kitchen, and among others to a brawny ploughman, who, so long as he sat "bristling his shins" before the fire, appeared wondrous crouse, and quizzed the poor girl at no allowance for giving way to such silly fears. Assuming, therefore, his clogs, and huge straw bonnet, he very gallantly gave the maiden his arm, with the view of carrying away the bogle, and "seeing her past the ominous spot." This, however, was easier said than done; no sooner had the ploughman got "a glisk" of the bogle, than, forgetting at once his courage and gallantry, he bounded, as fast as his fears and a pair of iron-shod shoes would allow him. The girl of course followed, and both arrived at the farm town already mentioned, both out of breath, and otherwise "sair fochin." The farmer was next informed of what had been going forward, who, banning them both senseless baggage, said "Tibbie rax me down my barril'd gun; its gye 'an roustie noo—thanks to Game Laws—but still wi' a wee pickle powther, and, at any rate, twa or three siller saxpences, I'll aiblins contrive to pierce the wissened hide o' even auld gentleman himself. But bogles! wha ever heard o' aught uncanny at this time o' day? The lassies in a kilt, and Rab, for a' his bragging, is but a midden cock o' a'." Thus equipped, with a fowling piece, lantern, &c. the party set forward, and soon arrived at the haunted part of the road. The innocent bogle, disturbed by the tread of so many feet, made some feeble attempts to move to the side, while the farmer began to exercise it like a second Hamlet demanding to know whether its designs were wicked or charitable, and threatening to fire every moment. In this dilemma, the voracious ploughman held fast by his master's skirts, scarcely daring to peep over his shoulder, until at last, partly herself, by the aid of the lantern, discovered that the bogle was no other than a poor diseased one-year-old black, which, reduced to skin and bone from the effects of indigestion, had been unable to follow its brother quadrupeds, and in these circumstances had very innocently attempted to pass the night on the King's highway. It is needless to add, that the story soon "sprung out," and that the parties were heartily laughed at for the blunder they had committed. —*Dumfries Courier*.

Lieutenant-Colonel STIRLING, with the Queen's and 42d Regiment, was once ordered on a foraging party into the Ardsys. In an excursion through the woods, a Highland deer came unexpectedly in sight of an American, when their pieces happened to be unloaded. Each flew behind a tree to cover himself while loading, but fearing that the deer on the other side, kept possession of their trees, till at last the Highlander, losing patience, pushed his bonnet beyond the edge, on the point of his bayonet. The American shot his ball through its centre, when his opponent started forward, and made him surrender immediately.

A Japanese mathematician was required to demonstrate that, in a right angled triangle, the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides. Having drawn a figure with a pair of compasses, on paper, he cut out the three squares, folded the squares of the short sides into a number of triangles, and also cut out these triangles, then laying the several triangles on the surface of the large square, made them exactly cover and fit it.

SIR.—The following account of the origin of the title of Majesty and the Majesty of the people, may be amusing. Under the Roman Republic, the title Majesty, *Majestas*, belonged to the body of the people, and to the principal Magistrates, so that to diminish or wound the Majesty of the Commonwealth, was to be wanting in respect to the State or to its Ministers. But the power afterwards passing into the hands of a single person, the appellation of Majesty was transferred to the Emperor and the Imperial Family. The title was very sparingly used by our forefathers. Till the time of Charles V. of Spain, the King had no title but that of Highness. Louis XI. was the first in France who assumed this title; and before our King Henry VIII., the Kings of England were only addressed under the title of Grace, which began in the time of Henry IV., and Excellent Grace under Henry VI., and Highness. At the peace of Munster there was a great contest between the Ministers of the Emperor and those of France—the first would not allow the title of Serenity to the King of France, and the latter would not give that of Majesty to the Emperor. At last it was agreed that whenever the French King should write, with his own hand, to the Emperor, he should give him the title of Imperial Majesty; and reciprocally, when the Emperor should write to the King, he should give him that of Royal Majesty. A Queen has been called a King. The Hungarians formerly gave the name of King to the Queen Maria, to avoid the infamy which the laws of that country cast upon those who are governed by women: accordingly she bore the title of *King Maria* till her marriage with Sigismund, at which time she took the title of Queen.

In the west church-yard of Greenock, without a stone to mark the place, slumber the ashes of Burns' Highland Mary. On a late visit to that town, curiosity, and a hope of eliciting some particulars respecting the object of the poet's love, induced us to pay a visit to the mother of Mary Campbell, now residing there. We found her a tidy, hale old woman, of fourscore, seated beside her "wee bit ingle," and busily employed at her spinning wheel, with the product of which, and a little assistance from the parish, she manages to eke out a sort of livelihood. Her daughter Mary soon became the subject of conversation, and we found her extremely communicative. She stated that when her daughter came from Ayrshire, she spoke often of the correspondence she had there maintained with Burns, and said that he repeatedly offered her his hand, and told her he would come to any part of the Highlands and marry her. He likewise mentioned that it was then his intention to go to the West Indies, but he said in the event of this taking place, he would settle a yearly sum upon his Highland Mary until he returned. Burns' gallantry by this time formed a theme for gossips, and Mary almost dreaded a union with one whom her friends condemned as a rake. Had she survived, these objections would have been surmounted, but alas! their last farewell was spoken ere they were long separated; the resistless arm of death numbered Mary among his victims, and she was mingled with the clods of the valley, while the Bard, unconscious of his loss, was revelling in visionary prospects of domestic bliss. Impatient at the delay and silence of his betrothed, Burns wrote repeatedly to the Highlands, but could obtain no information to quiet his soul. At length he addressed a letter of inquiry to her uncle at Greenock, and by him the melancholy truth was unfolded. To one whose bosom was so tenderly alive to all the finer feelings and passions, this proved an overwhelming blow—his mental anguish was affecting in the extreme, and his sorrows were vented in the well-known impassioned address "To Mary in Heaven." After Mary's death, several letters from Burns, breathing all the ardour and enthusiasm which characterised his effusions, were discovered in her chest. These, with a letter addressed to Mrs. Campbell, by her intended son-in-law, were committed to the flames by the ruthless hand of one of Mary's brothers. The last parting scene between the youthful lovers, as described by the Poet, was extremely impressive—after spending "a day of parting love" on "the bonny banks o' Ayr," they stood on the opposite banks of a limpid rivulet, and, across the stream, exchanged bibles, and vows of eternal fidelity. The bible which Burns that day placed in the hands of his soul's idol, is now in the possession of her sister at Ardrossan. It is a pocket bible in two volumes. Upon the boards of the 1st vol. is inscribed, in the hand-writing of Burns, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the LORD." Levit. chap. xix. 12th verse. On the 2d vol. "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the LORD thine oath." Math. chap. v., 33d verse, and upon a blank leaf of each, Robert Burns, Mossiel.—*Wigtownshire Courier*.

When Robert Burns was a very young lad, he had happened at an ale-house, to fall into a company, consisting of several Sectarians, and members of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Church. When warm with potations, they entered upon a keen debate about their persuasions, and were upon the point of using arguments more forcible than words, when Burns said, "Gentlemen, it has now been twice my hap to see the doctrines of peace made a cause of contention; I must tell you how the matter was settled among half a dozen of honest women, over a cup of caudle, after a baptism. They were as different in opinion, and each as tough in disputation as you are, till a wife that had said not a word, spoke up—'Kimmers, ye are a' for letting folk hae but ae road to Heaven. Its a puir place that has but ae gait tilt. There's mair than four gaits to itka botly in Highlands or Lowlands, and its no canny to say there's but ae gait to the mansion of the blessed.'" The disputants of the ale-house were silenced, and Burns led the conversation to the merriments of carlins over their cups of caudle.—*Inverness Courier*.

"The Quaker Poet"—is such name
A simple designation;—
Or one expressive of my shame,
And thy vituperation?—
If but the former—I, for one,
Have no objection to it:
A name, as such, can startle none
Who rationally view it.
But if such title would convey
Contempt, or reprobation,
Allow me, briefly as I may,
To state my vindication.
It is not splendour of costume
That prompts harmonious numbers—
The nightingale, of sober plume,
Sings, while the peacock slumbers.
The shallow brooks, in spring so gay,
In summer soonest fail us;
Their sparkling pride has pass'd away,
Their sounds no more regale us.
While the more deep, but quiet streams,
By alders overshadowed,
Flow on, in spite of scorching beams,
Their beauties uninjured.
And on their peaceful verge we see
Green grass, fresh flowers, and round them
Hover the butterfly and bee,—
Rejoicing to have found them.
Is it the gayest of the gay,
The votaries of fashion,
Who feel most sensibly the sway
Of pure and genuine passion?
No!—hearts there be, the world deems cold,
As warm, as true, as tender,
As those which gayer robes enfold,
However proud their splendour.
Of mine I speak not:—HE, alone,
Who form'd, can truly know it;
Nor of my verse;—I frankly own
Myself no lofty poet.
But I contend the Quaker creed,
By fair interpretation,
Has nothing in it to impede
Poetic aspiration.
All that fair nature's charms display
Of grandeur, or of beauty;
All that the human heart can sway,
Joy, grief, desire, or duty;—
All these are ours—The copious source
Of true poetic feeling:—
And wouldst thou check their blameless course,
Our lips in silence sealing?
Nature, to all her ample page
Impartially unfolding,
Prohibits neither saint, nor sage,
Its beauties from beholding.
And thus the muse her gift assigns,
With no sectarian spirit;
For all the wreath of fame she twines
Who fame and favour merit.
Through every age, in every clime,
Her favour'd sons have flourish'd;
Have felt her energy sublime,
Her pure delights have nourish'd.
From Lapland's snows, from Persia's bowers,
Their songs are still ascending,
Then, Quaker Poets, try your powers!
Why should you fear offending?
Still true to nature be your aim,
Abhorring affectation;
You, with peculiar grace, may claim
Each simpler decoration.
And, with such you may blend no less,
Spite of imputed weakness,
The god-like strength of gentleness,
The majesty of meekness!
The blameless pride of purity,
Chast'ning each soft emotion;
And, from fanaticism free,
The fervour of devotion!
Be such your powers:—and in the range
Of themes which they assign you,
Win wreaths you need not wish to change
For aught that fame could twine you.
For never can a poet's lays
Obtain more genuine honour,
Than whilst his GIFT promotes the praise
Of HIM who is it's Donor."

SONNET TO CHARLOTTE M——.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"Thou art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks witchingly; its fruits and flowers
Are fair and fragrant, and its beauteous bowers
Seem haunts of happiness, before thee set,
All lovely as a landscape, freshly wet
With dew, or bright with sunshine after showers;
Where pleasure dwells, and Flora's magic powers
Woo thee to pluck joy's peerless coronet.
Thus be it ever; wouldst thou have it so,
Preserve thy present openness of heart;
Cherish those generous feelings which now start
At base dissimulation, and that glow
Of native love for ties which home endears,
And thou wilt find the world no gale of tears."

In gown and slippers loosely drest,
And breakfast brought—a welcome guest:
What is it gives the meal a zest?

The Paper!

When new-laid eggs the table grace,
And smoking rolls are in their place—
Say what enlivens ev'ry face?

The Paper!

In vain the urn is hissing hot,
In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,
If the vile Newsman has forgot

The Paper!

What is't can draw the Vicar's eye,
E'en from the tithe-pig smoking by,
To mark some vacant Rectory?

The Paper!

What is't attracts the optic pow'rs
Of Ensign gay when Fortune show'rs
Down prospects of "a step" in "ours?"

The Paper!

What is't can make the man of law
Neglect the deed or plea to draw
Ca. Sa.—Fi. Fa.—Indictment, Flaw?

The Paper!

What is't can soothe his Client's woe,
And make him quite forget John Doe,
Nor think on Mister Richard Roe?

The Paper!

What is't absorbs the wealthy Cit,
The half-pay Sub, the Fool, the Wit,
The toothless Aunt, the forward Chit?

The Paper!

What is't informs the country round
What's stol'n or stray'd, what's lost or found,
Who's born, and who's put under ground?

The Paper!

What tells you all that's done and said,
The fall of beer, and rise of bread,
And what fair Lady's brought to bed?

The Paper!

What is it tells of plays and balls,
Almack's, and gas-lights, and St. Paul's,
And gamblers caught by Mr. Halls?

The Paper!

What is't narrates full many a story
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,
And heroes all agog for glory?

The Paper!

What is it gives the price of stocks,
Of Poyais Loans, and patent locks,
And wine at the West India Docks?

The Paper!

What is it say, that makes you merry
With anecdotes of Tom and Jerry,
And "rows," and "larks," in Bedfordbury?

The Paper!

What tells you too who kill'd or hurt is
When turtle's fresh arriv'd, whose skirt is
Much relish'd by Sir William Curtis?

The Paper!

What speaks of thieves and purses taken,
And murders done, and maids forsaken,
And average price of Wiltshire bacon?

The Paper!

Abroad, at home, infirm, or stout,
In health, or raving with the gout,
Who possibly can do without

The Paper?

Its worth and merits then revere,
And since to day begins the year,
Forget not midst your Christmas cheer,
Nor think you e'er can buy too dear

The Paper!

ANACREONTIC.

[From the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*.]

Step by step young Love appears,
Rosy urchin! slyly stealing
Through the heart, in early years,
Searching out each tender feeling!

In the careless, youthful heart,
Where the fire of passion centres,
Arm'd with sweetly poison'd dart,
Imperceptibly he enters:

Sometimes from behind a flower,
(While the pretty maiden blushes),
In a soft unguarded hour,
To her inmost soul he rushes:

Or it may be, when she sings
Some delicious thrilling measure,
Note by note, his way he wings
Through a labyrinth of pleasure:

Sometimes in a stolen kiss,
(How I love a kiss in private!)
Cupid gains the seat of bliss,
Which he wishes to arrive at!

In a tender glance, or word—
In an oath past all believing—
Nothing can be too absurd
For a traitor so deceiving!

Waking, sleeping—he is found
(Ah! poor maidens, sad condition!)
Always flitting round,
On the watch to gain admission!

BACHELOR'S FARE.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Funny and free are a Bachelor's reveries,
Cheerily, merrily passes his life;
Nothing knows he of connubial devilries,
Troublesome children and clamorous wife.
Free from satiety, care, and anxiety,
Charms in variety fall to his share;
Bacchus's blisses, and Venus's kisses,
This, boys, this is the Bachelor's Fare.

A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,
Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,
All bespattering, bumping, and battering,
Hurries and worries him till he is dead;
Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,
Young ones are new devils raising despair,
Doctors and nurses combining their curses,
Adieu to full purses and Bachelor's Fare.

Through such folly days once sweet holidays
Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife;
Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,
All perplexing and vexing one's life;
Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,
Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;
Polly is squalling, and Molly is bawling,
While dad is recalling his Bachelor's Fare.

When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,
Turning your temper, and spurning your rule;
Girls through foolishness, passion, or mulishness,
Parry your wishes, and marry a fool.
Boys will anticipate, lavish, and dissipate,
All that your busy pate hoarded with care;
Then tell me what jollity, fun, and frivolity,
Equals in quality Bachelor's Fare?

THE SEXES.

An Ape, a Lion, a Fox, and an Ass,
Resemble Man's life, as it were, in a glass;
Apish they are until twenty-and-one;
Bold as a Lion, till forty is gone;
Cunning as Foxes, till three-score-and-ten;
They then become Asses, are no more men.

A Dove, a Sparrow, a Parrot,
Resemble the life of a Woman;
Gentle as Doves, until fourteen is o'er;
Loving as Sparrows till thirty or more;
Prating as Parrots, till three-score-and-ten.

ON FIRST HEARING CARADORI SING.

EXTEMPORE—BY THE REV. J. BOWLES.

Spirit of Beauty and of heavenly song!
No longer seek in vain 'mid the loud throng,
'Mid the discordant tumults of mankind,
One spirit, gentle as thyself, to find.

Oh! listen, and suspend thy upward wings,
Listen—for, hark! 'tis Caradori sings;
Hear—on the cadence of each thrilling note,
Airs, scarce of earth, and sounds seraphic float.

See, in the radiant smile that lights her face;
See, in that form a more than magic grace;
And say (repaid for every labour past),
"Beautiful Spirit, thou art found at last."

The following beautiful Song, by Mr. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, is taken from a late Number of *The London Magazine*:—

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim grey;
Ere yet the hare cower'd close from view
Licks from her fleece the clover dew;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs;
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake.

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes and clasp'd her shoon,
And from her home by Preston burn
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropt, now loud, now hush—
The gold-spink answered from the bush—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery grey,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hiall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustics ong.
Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon caroling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love—
The bee, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

THE MARRIED MAN'S FARE:
(A Parody on "The Bachelor's Fare," which appeared in the *Mirror* a few weeks since.)

Happy and free are a married man's reveries;
Cheerily, merrily, passes his life;
He knows not the Bachelor's revelries, devilries,
Cared by and blessed by his children and wife;
From lassitude free too, sweet home still to flee to,
A pet on his knee too, his kindness to share;
A fire-side so cheery, the smiles of his deary,—
O, this, boys, this is the married man's fare.
Wife, kind as an angel, sees things never range ill,
Busy promoting his comfort around,
Dispelling dejection with smiles of affection,
Sympathising, advising, when fortune has frowned.
Old ones relating droll tales never sating,
Little ones prating, all strangers to care:
Some romping, some jumping, some punching, some munching,
Economy dealing the married man's fare.
Thus is each jolly day one lively holiday:
Not so the bachelor, lonely, depressed—
No gentle one near him, to home to endear him;
In sorrow to cheer him, no friend if no guest;
No children to climb up—'twould fill all my rhyme up,
And take too much time up, to tell his despair;
Cross housekeeper meeting him—cheating him, beating him,
Bills pouring—maids scouring, devouring his fare.
He has no one to put on—a sleeve or neck button—
Shirts mangled to rags—drawers stringless at knee;
The cook, to his grief too, spoils pudding and beef too,
With overdone, underdone, undone is he;
No son, still a treasure, in business or leisure;
No daughter, with pleasure, new joys to prepare:
But old maids and cousins, kind souls! rush in dozens,
Relieving him soon of his bachelor's fare.
He calls children apes, Sir, (the fox and the grapes, Sir,)
And fain would he wed when his locks are like snow;
But widows throw scorn out, and tell him he's worn out;
And maidens, deriding, cry "No! my love, no!"
Old age comes with sorrow, with wrinkle, with furrow,
No hope in to-morrow—none sympathy spares;
And, when unfit to rise up, he looks to the skies up—
None close his old eyes up—he dies—and who cares?

A VALENTINE,

ADDRESSED TO A FAVOURITE FEMALE SINGER.

(From the *London Magazine*.)

Why is the rose of the East so fond
Of the bird on the near palm-tree?
'Tis because he sings like the murmurings
Of the river that runs so bright and free.

And why doth the paradise creature sing
To the silent and clear blue air,
When many a sound from the woods around
Doth speak like a spell to entice him there?

'Tis because the blush of his love is rich,
And richer grows in his glances gay:
'Tis because the flower which fills his hour
With beauty, would pine were he away.

Yet what is the red of the rose to thine?
And what is the nightingale's soft love-eye?
Thy glance is as bright as the clear star-light,
And the blush of thy cheek hath a deeper dye.

Therefore, and because that thy reed-rich song
May vie with the best of the Muses nine,
Do I, a poet (though none may know it),
Choose thee, fair girl, for my Valentine.

Q.

FEMALE COURTSHIP.

Two or three looks when your swain wants a kiss,
Two or three noes when he bids you say yes;
Two or three smiles when you utter the no,
Two or three frowns if he offers to go;
Two or three laughs when astray for small chat,
Two or three tears, tho' you can't tell for what;
Two or three letters when your vows are begun,
Two or three quarrels before you have done;
Two or three dances to make you jocose;
Two or three hours in a corner sit close;
Two or three starts when he bids you clope,
Two or three glances to intimate hope;
Two or three pauses before you are won,
Two or three swoonings to let him press on;
Two or three sighs when you've wasted your tears,
Two or three hums when the chaplain appears;
Two or three squeezes when the hand's given away,
Two or three coughs when you come to "obey;"
Two or three lasses may have by these rhymes,
Two or three little ones—two or three times.

DESCRIPTION OF A FINE COW.

She's long in her face, she's fine in her horn,
She'll quickly get fat, without cake or corn;
She's clear in her jaws, and full in her chine,
She's heavy in flank, and wide in her loin,
She's broad in her ribs, and long in her rump.
A strait and flat back, with never a hump;
She's wide in her hips, and calm in her eyes,
She's fine in her shoulders, and thin in her thighs,
She's light in her neck, and small in her tail,
She's wide in her breast, and good at the pail;
She's fine in her bone, and silky of skin,
She's a grazier's without, and a butcher's within.

* This epithet alludes to the lower part of the tail only:—the higher part ought to be broad, according to the former description.

"St. Stephen's Ringers."

On Monday the 25th ult. the above Society met their Worshipful Master, Mr. Alderman Haythorne, and his two Wardens, Mr. T. E. Danson and Mr. T. Stone, to audit the accounts of James Lean, Esq. their Treasurer, and to dine with the Members at the Montague. Thirty persons were present. Mirth and good humour prevailed; and the evening was further enlivened by the catch, the glee, and the song, with occasional peals and airs by the *real* Ringers, on a beautiful set of hand-bells, belonging to the Company.

The Society of "RINGERS" had existence probably many years before the visit of Queen ELIZABETH to this city, in 1574, when they obtained from her a promise of a Charter—or an *Ordonance*, as it is called—for their guidance; and in fact obtained it from her successor, JAMES I., A.D. 1620. From this curious document we are enabled to lay before our Readers a few extracts:—

"*Imprimis*—Alle Memberres are to bee of peaceable and goode conversation."

"*Item*—They shalle be readie to acceptte alle challenges, soe asse notte onely toe stoppe the mouthes of all those who exasperate themselves against usse, butte also toe gainne creditte bye theirre muscalle exercises—thatte others of our riche neighbours, hearinge these loude Cymballes with theirre eares, maye, by the sweette harmonie thereoffe, be enlargedd in theirre heartts toe pulle one stringe, and make it more sweete."

"*Item*—There shalle be foure Quarterres in the yeare, and eache Memberre shall paye thereonne a pennie."

"*Item*—There shalle none enterre the Societie whoe wille notte give usse a Breakfast, or forfeite three shillings and four pence."

"*Item*—If any manne curse, sweare, or use improper language, he shall forfeite three pence; of the whiche one pennie shalle be paid to the Sextonne, and the otherre twee shalle be spent uponne the Companie."

"*Item*—If anie manne be so saucie as toe touche a rope before the Masterre orr Seniorre Wardenne shalle be settled, he shalle forfeite three pence."

"*Item*—Everie Masterre shalle be chosenne on Michaelmasse Daie, betweene the hours of five and eighte o'clocke inne the morninge;—and iff the Masterre neglect to sende hisse Wardenne toe warne the Companie, he shalle forfeite and paye six shillings of his owne proper monie."

"*Item*—If anie onne shalle misse toe strike hisse belle, at the second swaye in the rising of a pealle, he shalle forfeite a pennie."

"*Item*—If anie one touche a rope in hisse fellowe's hande, whenne the Belles do welle ringe, soe ass toe make them fly offe, or come tooe nearre, he shalle forfeite a pennie."

"*Item*—Eache Wardenne, when chosenne, shalle give to the Worshipful Masterre a pinte of wyne, or be finedd three shillings and four pence."

"*Item*—If the chosenne Manne wille notte serve as Wardenne, he shalle paye onne shillinge and six pence."

"*Item*—If anie onne bee so rude ass toe runne into the belfrie, before he doe kneele downe, and praye, ass everie Xtian ought to doe, he shall paye, forre hisse firste offence, six pence; and forre the seconde, bee caste outte off ye Societie."

"*Item*—If anie onne doe refuse toe paye the Fines, hee shalle bee utterlie excludedd, without baille or mainprize."

"*Item*—There shalle bee a Pealle onne everie 8th daye off Octoberre, inn remembrance off Mr. Wm. Eaton, deceased 1656; and he whoe refuses to assiste inne ye same, shalle forfeite four pence—said W. E. having left unto ye Societie £4 forre same."

"*Item*—On 20th of Novemberre, a Pealle inn remembrance of George Witherby.—*Item*, inn remembrance of William Nicholas, 24th Octoberre.—*Item*, inn remembrance of Isaac Elton.—*Item*, a Pealle forre Samuel Wyat.—*Item*, forre George Escott.—*Item*, forre John Maddick."

"*Item*"—[In remembrance of several others, a Peal]

The following Memorandum is from the Records of the Society:—

"Whereasse Quartridges of thiss Societie is butte onne pennie a Quarterre, and itte notte being sufficiente toe supporte the rynnng of Belles withoute intruding uponne the Stocke, and we beeing willinge toe keepe soe laudable a Societie, doo now a Gree toe paye the sum of four pence."

In the year 1701, it was resolved, that

"Whereas a Beanfeast is annually held for the Society of Ringers, all persons warned, and not coming, shall forfeit twelve pence."

At this time there were fifty Members.

The Ringers appear to have held their Meetings "at the Goat on the Key," for some years; but in 1745, they removed to the Custom-house Coffee-house, kept by Miss Hester Beard. In 1751, they were at the Marine Coffee-house, kept by Sebastian Thomas; in 1771, at the new Assembly-room Coffee-house; and, finally, in 1803, we find them "at the Montague, on Kingsdown."

ANECDOTE OF A VENTRILOQUIST.—One of the first professors of this art was a Monsieur St. Gille, a grocer at St. Germain-en-Laye. Travelling through the country, upon one occasion, he took shelter from a storm in a neighbouring Convent; and finding the community in mourning for the loss of one of the most esteemed of their body, who had lately died, St. Gille requested to be accompanied by one of the *religieuses* to the place of his interment, to see the tomb of their deceased brother. They had not been in the Church many minutes, when suddenly a voice was heard from the roof of the choir, lamenting the situation of the deceased in purgatory, and reproaching the brotherhood with their want of zeal on his account. Amazed and astounded, the whole assembly fell on their faces, and vowed an immediate and solemn reparation. Accordingly, they chaunted a *de profundis*, in full choir, during the intervals of which the ghost occasionally expressed the comfort he derived from their pious exercises and ejaculations in his behalf; and it was with some difficulty that St. Gille could afterwards convince the Prior and the other fathers, that what they had heard was merely the ludicrous deception of ventriloquism.

A Bill having been brought into the House of Legislature of New York, to lay a tax upon all Bachelors above the age of twenty-eight, for the encouragement of literature among females, a meeting of upwards of two hundred old Bachelors, and others approximating to that state, was held to take the measure into consideration.—After a good deal of fine speaking, and many witty observations, the eldest Bachelor in the room was called to the Chair, when the following recital and resolutions were offered, and passed unanimously:—

"Whereas it appears by the public papers, that a Bill has been introduced into the Legislature of this State, to lay a tax upon Bachelors, &c. In what manner the funds are to be applied, whether for the endowment of a seminary, in which old maids are to be employed as instructors, or whether to educate old maids in some of the useful and polite branches of literature, that they may be enabled to get a living without a helpmate, is unknown to us, not having seen the said Bill or its provisions; but whatever may be the provisions of the said Bill, we conceive it unconstitutional to lay a specific tax upon old Bachelors, and calculated to produce much mischief in the community; because it will drive from the state many good citizens who prefer a life of celibacy; it will tend to increase Bachelors, inasmuch as when women find they can be maintained in a single state, many will prefer that mode of life, and refuse all offers of matrimony; it will cause many Bachelors to conceal their ages, and thereby lead them to tell untruths, which otherwise they would never have thought of; it will cause old maids to be ten times more intolerable than they usually are, by making them independent of husbands for a livelihood; it will have the effect to destroy that exquisite sensibility in men, who, having lost their sweethearts by "hook or by crook," have made pledge to do penance all the rest of their lives by living in a single state; it will lead many a man to enter into the holy bands of wedlock, without being guided by that bewitching and delectable passion, love (so essentially necessary to connubial felicity) and hurry them to marry, merely to save the tax, and consequently produce many unhappy matches; for no marriage can be productive of happiness, without love.

Love is a curious thing, you know,
It makes one feel, all over,—so!

"It will excite to a retaliation on the part of Bachelors, and cause them to use their influence to get a tax upon old Maids; thereby bringing on a civil war between old Maids and Bachelors; to the entire destruction of the peace of society, and there will be nothing to attend to but,

Hear the pretty ladies talk,
Tittle-tattle, tittle-tattle.

"Therefore Resolved, That we will use our utmost exertions to prevent the passing of the above-named Bill, which we consider unconstitutional, and fraught with the most alarming consequences to the peace and happiness of society.

"Resolved, That a Committee be appointed to draft a memorial to the Legislature, praying that the Bill may never be passed, and to obtain signatures of all persons who are opposed to its passage.

"Resolved, That should the said Bill be thrown under the table, we pledge ourselves to unite in the holy bands of marriage, as soon as we can find pretty creatures that will have us.

"Resolved,—That we deeply commiserate the unfortunate situation in which old Maids are placed, though we are sensible that many of them are like

Jeremiah's figs—the good are very good;
The bad too sour to give the pigs!

"Resolved, That it be recommended to establish a House of Industry for old Maids, and that old Bachelors contribute towards their support, by giving them their linen to make and their stockings to darn.

"Resolved, That the Thanks of this Meeting be given to the Landlord, for the use of the room.

"It was moved and carried, That a Committee be appointed to draft a Memorial to the Legislature.

"It was also moved and carried, That the proceedings of the meeting be published in all the papers—that we consent to do it without charge.

"A. WOLKERE, Chairman.

"D. F. K. SMYTH, Secretary."

The Bill was withdrawn.

[The above, it seems, is not a mere *Jeu d'Esprit*. We are assured, by the the Editor of the *New York Gazette*, that such meeting was actually held, and the Resolutions which we have given regularly proposed, debated, and carried.]

SERIOUS TRIFLING.—Vander Meulen, in his *Dissertationes Philologicae*, gives a singular elucidation of the following text in Genesis: "And the Lord took one of Adam's ribs, and made a woman." The commentator then inquires, "First, Was the rib taken from the left or right side of Adam? Secondly, Was Adam, after the loss of the rib, a maimed or imperfect man? Questions which he discusses very gravely, and then proceeds to ask, 'Why was Eve formed of a rib, and not of the dust of the ground?' His answer to this question is curious, if not convincing. 'Had Eve been created of the dust of the ground (he says) she would have been a stranger to Adam. Had she been created out of his foot, he might have despised or trampled upon her; as being much his inferior. Had she been produced out of his head, she would perhaps have taken too much upon herself, and pretended to domineer. It was therefore, more proper that she should be taken from the middle of Adam's body, on which account he could not but have a due esteem for her.'

When Napoleon Buonaparte entered Rome with his army, all who were not favourable to the conqueror fled from the city; and as nearly all Italy was under his controul, there was scarcely any resting place for the fugitives.

Cardinal York, brother to the Chevalier St. George, commonly called "the Pretender," was particularly obnoxious to Buonaparte, from having reflected severely upon his cruelty in a charge he made to his clergy as Bishop of Aviza. He removed to Venice, where the French troops followed him, and he escaped in the disguise of a mendicant friar. He begged his way to a village near Cape Otranto, where he lay secreted for several weeks, subsisting on the charity of the cure of the place. The Agamemnon, 74, was then cruising near the coast, under the orders of Captain Nelson, and he learnt the deplorable situation of the Cardinal. Forgetting all those antipathies called up by the name of Stuart, and the Cardinal being a presumptive heir to the British Crown, Nelson determined to assist the last of the Stuarts. He went himself on shore, found the illustrious unfortunate in rags, and invited him on board his ship. The Cardinal hesitated not to throw himself on his generosity. He was accommodated with a part of the Captain's cabin, and proper apparel, suitable to his dignity, furnished him. He remained on board seven weeks, during which period the ship was thrice engaged in action. The Cardinal walked the deck with Captain Nelson perfectly undismayed, amidst a scene of carnage, to which he had hitherto been a total stranger. As soon as convenient Captain Nelson landed him in the Austrian territories, forcing upon him 100*l.* to defray his expenses to Vienna. The old man shed tears when he left his benefactor, and was regretted by all on board, to whom he was endeared by his mild and unassuming manners. Nelson frequently spoke of him with admiration, and said "That man's example would almost make me a convert to the Catholic faith!"

The Cardinal had a handsome pension assigned him by the Emperor, and six months after his escape to the Agamemnon, he was on board of her again in the harbour of Genoa. Fortune then smiled upon him, and his delight at seeing his deliverer was sincere. In the fulness of his gratitude he embraced all the officers, and ran about the ship shaking hands with the crew. He repaid his pecuniary obligation to Nelson, and would have trebled the sum, which Nelson refused. He sent on board fruits, bread, wine, and meat, sufficient to keep the sailors feasting for several days, and kept open house on shore for all the officers.

When taking his final leave, he presented Nelson with a sword and a cane, which the "Pretender" had used all his life; they were plainly mounted in silver, and highly valued by Nelson. It is difficult to tell which to admire most, the generosity of Nelson or the gratitude of the Cardinal; both did honour to their distinct professions, and this anecdote is equally creditable to the memory of two great and good men.—*Magic Lantern.*

JOHN HAGART (*the Scotch Advocate*), AND LORD POLKEMMEL (*a Lord of Session*).—Lord P. usually retired to his country residence during that part of the year when the Court does no business. John H. equally idle, from a similar cause, went to shoot; and happening to pass Lord P.'s property, met his Lordship, who politely invited John to take a family dinner with himself, his wife, and daughter. John accepted this invitation; and they all assembled at the hour of dinner. There was a joint of roasted veal at the head of the table, stewed veal at the bottom, veal soup in the middle, veal's head on one side of the soup, and veal cutlets on the other, calf's foot jelly between the soup and the roast veal, and veal's brains between the stewed veal and the soup. "Noo," says his Lordship, in his own blunt way, "Mr. H. you may very likely think this an odd sort of a dinner, but ye'll no wonder when you ken the cause of it. We keep nae company, Mr. H., and Miss B. here, my daughter, caters for our table. The way we do is just this: we kill a *beast* as it were to day, and we just begin to cook it at one side of the head, travel down that side, turn the tail, and just gang back again by the other side to where we began."

GENUINE ANECDOTE.—A short time since, a respectable Medical Practitioner, not a hundred miles from Ludlow, was called up in the night by a labouring man, residing at a few miles distance, to attend his wife, who was in childbed. Mr. W., who had often attended under similar circumstances without obtaining any remuneration, asked the man who was to pay him. The countryman answered, that he possessed five pounds, which, kill or cure, should be his reward. Mr. W. consequently paid every attention to the poor woman, who notwithstanding died under his hands. Soon after her death, Mr. W. met the widower at Ludlow, and observed that he had an account against him. The man appeared to be greatly surprised, and inquired for what? On being informed, he replied, "I don't think I owe you any thing;—did you cure my wife?"—No, certainly, (said the accoucheur,) it was not in the power of medicine to cure her.—"Did you kill her, then?" said the countryman. "No I did not," was the reply. "Why then, (said the countryman,) as you did not either kill or cure, you are not entitled to the reward," and walked away.

SPORTING PUN.—On the Duke of York's horse, *Moses*, winning a match at Ascot, his Royal Highness was observed to look very thoughtful, when a spectator asked his companion what he imagined the Royal Sportsman could be pondering on? "Why (replied he) you know that the Duke is a Bishop, and he is no doubt thinking of *Moses* and the *Profits*!"

Every reader may not be acquainted with the fact that the "Whitehall" spoken of in our histories, particularly previous to the time of Charles II. and James I., does not exist—or at least but a very small portion of it, in modern London. As mention of the Palace occurs very frequently, it may not be without its uses to mention that the old Palace occupied a considerable space along the bank of the Thames, contiguous to where Westminster-bridge now stands, commencing at the present Privy-gardens, and ending near Scotland-yard. It extended also from the River to St. James's Park, along the boundary of which, including the Cockpit and Spring-gardens, many of its various buildings were situated. HUBERT DE BURGH, Justiciary of England in the reign of Henry III., was its first owner; but, becoming subsequently the property of the Prelates of York, it was the *York House* which is more than once mentioned by Shakspeare. Cardinal WOLSEY, as Archbishop of York, disposed of it to Henry VIII.; from whose time it became the residence of the Sovereigns of England until the reign of Queen Anne, anno 1695, when it was consumed by fire, and the Queen in consequence removed her Court to St. James's. The *Banqueting House* (now commonly called Whitehall), which was built by James I. in the room of an old building that Elizabeth had devoted to a similar purpose, alone escaped this catastrophe; and happily it still remains a monument of the purer taste in the building of Palaces and in the domestic Architecture introduced into England by the celebrated Inigo Jones.

FASHIONS.—There is no absurdity of dress or extravagance of fashion but may find some precedent in times past. Bassompierre says, that he got a suit of clothes made for himself, to wear at the baptism of the King's children, which cost him fourteen thousand crowns—the mere making or *futon* amounted to six hundred. The materials were of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls. This was about the beginning of the 17th century. At the same period, Gabrielle d'Estrees, the celebrated mistress of Henry the Fourth, had a robe of black satin, so overcharged with pearls and precious stones, that she was unable to support the weight. She also wore, at one of the court ballets, a *mouchoir*, for which she had paid an embroiderer, in ready money, *nineteen hundred crowns*. Tightly-laced whalebone stays deformed, not only the women, but the Dandies of those days. For this latter article of dress, indeed, there would seem to be a better authority than that of the old regime in France. A writer in the *Liberal*, in translating a little poem from Virgil, about his Syrian Hostess, ventures to attribute the wearing of stays to the fair landlady, for which license he thus excuses himself in a note:—"Before the reader condemns this apparently modern interpolation, let him consult those who have written on the fashions of the ancient world. He will be surprised at the classical authority which there is for most of our modern habiliments,—breeches, perhaps, excepted, which did not come up till the Lower Empire, unless he chuses to go for them to the Persians and Goths. His pantaloons are undoubtedly Oriental. Boots belong to the heroic ages, and wigs, as Gibbon would say, lose themselves in the clouds of antiquity. The Goth and Vandal Princes on Trajan's column, with wigs prophetic of the 18th century, look no older than the grandfathers of their worthy descendants of Austria and Prussia; but this is nothing. Monuments are brought to light in Persia, upon which the ancient kings and heroes have as regular formal-curved caxons as any old stock jobber or coachman extant." In spite, however, of occasional inconsistencies and exceptions, dress is undoubtedly a great national characteristic; and we think the writer of a very pleasant article in the last *Edinburgh Review* quite warranted in adducing the awkward, unnatural, and ugly fashion of dress which modern Europe (*particeps criminis*, we grant) has copied from the French, as one of the proofs of the artificial character of French taste. The passage occurs in the excellent article on *French Poetry*: "It is to France we owe the horrible invention, or at least the general introduction, of such abominations as wigs, hair powder, coats, waistcoats, and breeches, tight stays, hooped petticoats, and high heeled shoes—of all in short, that makes us laugh or shudder at the pictures of our progenitors in the last century, and that still continues to give such meanness and deformity, at least to our male figures, as to render them unfit for sculpture, and perilous even for painting. Compared with these characteristic French inventions, the ancient dress of all the European nations was both graceful and expressive—the Celtic and Sarmatian—the Spanish and Polish—the Venetian—the Russian and Norwegian.—It was either ample and flowing, to give dignity and grace to the figure, or light and succinct, to display its form, and favour its activity. The French, by which it has been unluckily superseded, has no character at all but that of heaviness, meanness, and constraint.—The same antipathy to nature led them to express and overwhelm her with their helps and ornaments, almost from the first moment of birth. Infants were manacled in swaddling clothes, and scarcely allowed to walk till they were taught to dance. The lectures of Rousseau, and their recent passion for having every thing "*à la Grecque*," have at last produced some relenting; but we can ourselves remember, when every well-born male of seven years old had a tail fastened to the hinder part of its head, and a toupee on its front, with rows of stiff curls, *en îles de pigeon*, on each side,—while every female form of the same age was compressed in whalebone stays and iron busks, to the great danger of suffocation; and all these little wretches, with the manners, languages, and gestures of persons of sixty, paid set compliments to the company, in the second and fourth positions!"

BY MADAME CAMPAN.

This is the work of a faithful servant of the unfortunate Queen of France, who has exerted herself to rescue the memory of that Princess from many of the charges in circulation against her. In this object she has often been successful. But it is as a mirror of the most splendid Court in Europe, at a time when Monarchy had not been shorn of any of its beams, that it is chiefly deserving of our attention. Royalty and Nobility and Hierarchy appear here in a very different light from that in which they are exhibited to us in the high flown eulogies of the good old times.

Madame Campan commences with an account of the Court of Louis XV. where she was appointed reader to *Mesdames* at the early age of 15. The cares of sovereignty never, perhaps, pressed lighter on any man than on this *beau ideal* of a Bourbon Prince. "The Courtiers used to say seriously, the days when he did not hunt, *the King does nothing to-day*."

"After the death of the Marchioness de Pompadour, the King had no mistress *en titre*; he contented himself with the pleasures which his *petit serail* of the *Parc-aux-Cerfs* procured him. To separate Louis de Bourbon from the King of France, was, as is well known, what the Monarch found most *piquant* in his royal existence. *They would have it so; they thought it would be for the best*, was his way of speaking when the operations of the Ministers were unsuccessful. The King was fond of managing himself *the shameful part* of his private expences.—He one day sold to a first Clerk of the War Department a house in which one of his mistresses had lodged; the contract was entered into with Louis de Bourbon; the purchaser carried himself to the King in his private cabinet a bag containing in gold the price of the house."

The following account of the declining years of the venerable Monarch is sufficiently instructive:—

"*Mesdames* lived altogether separate from the King. Since the death of Madame de Pompadour the King lived alone. The enemies of the Duke de Choiseul knew not in what saloon, or how they could prepare and effect the fall of the man who importuned them. The King had relations only with women of a class so vile, that they could not be used for an intrigue of any continuance; besides the *Parc aux Cerfs* was a seraglio of which the beauties were frequently renewed: they wished to give the King a mistress who could give a circle, and in whose saloon they might triumph by the power of daily insinuations over the ancient attachment of the King for the Duke de Choiseul. They chose Madame du Barry, in a very vile class. Her origin, her education, her habits, all bore in her a vulgar and shameful character; but they made her the wife of a man, who dated from the 1400, and thereby thought to get over the scandal. It was the Conqueror of Mahon, who conducted this dirty intrigue. This mistress had been very ably chosen to enliven the last years of a man importuned with grandeur, wearied with pleasure, and satiated with voluptuousness. The understanding, the graces of the Marchioness de Pompadour, her regular beauty, and even her love for the King would no longer have had any empire over this worn-out being.

"What he wanted was a Roxalana of a familiar gaiety, without respect for the dignity of the Sovereign. Madame du Barry carried her forgetfulness of propriety so far as to wish being present one day at a Council of State; the King had the weakness to consent; she remained ridiculously perched on the arm of his fauteuil, and practised all the little infantine tricks calculated to please old Sultans.

"Another time she snatched from the hands of the King a whole packet of letters, yet sealed, among which she had recognised one of the Count de Broglie; she told the King that she knew this worthless Broglie said ill of her, and that she would at least take care that for this once he should read nothing written respecting her. The King wished to get the packet from her; she resisted, made him run twice or thrice round the table, which was in the middle of the Hall of the Council, then passing before the fire she threw into it the letters, which were burnt. The King became furious; he took his audacious Mistress by the arm, and turned her out of the room without speaking to her. Madame du Barry conceived herself disgraced: she retired to her apartments, and remained by herself for two hours, a prey to the greatest uneasiness. The King went in quest of her; the Countess in tears threw herself at his feet, and he pardoned her."

The etiquette of the old regime seems to have been almost insupportable. The following account of the dressing of the Queen gives a very lively idea of it:—

"The dressing of the Princess was a *chef d'œuvre* of etiquette: every thing was regulated. The lady of honour, and the lady *d'atours* together, if they both happened to be together, assisted by the first woman and two ordinary women, performed the principal service; but there were distinctions between them. The lady *d'atours* put on the *jupon*, presented the robe. The lady of honour poured out the water for washing her hands, and put on the chemise. When a Princess of the Royal Family was at the dressing, the lady of honour ceded to her this last function, but did not cede it directly to the Princesses of the blood; in this last case the lady of honour gave the chemise to the first woman who presented it to the Princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed scrupulously these usages as being matters of right. One winter day, it happened that the Queen, being quite undressed, was on the point of having her chemise put on; I held it unfolded and ready; the lady of honour entered, hastened to draw off her gloves, and took the chemise. There was a tap at the door, it was opened, and the Duchess D'Orleans entered; her gloves were drawn off, she advanced to take the chemise, but it was not for the lady of honour to present it to her; she gave it to me, I gave it to the Princess; there was another tap: it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess de Orleans gave to her the chemise. The Queen stood with her arms across her breast, and seemed suffering from the cold.—Madame saw her painful attitude, contented herself with throwing her handkerchief, kept her gloves, and in putting on the chemise, pulled off the Queen's head-dress, who began to laugh to conceal her impatience, after muttering several times—*It is odious—what impertunity*.

"This etiquette, oppressive no doubt, had in view the upholding the Royal dignity, which ought to come only in contact with servants, beginning even with the brothers and sisters of the Monarch.

arrangement established in all Courts for days of ceremony, I am speaking of the minute rules which pursued our Kings into their most secret interior, in their hours of suffering, in those of their pleasures, and even into their most revolting infirmities.

"These servile rules were formed into a sort of code; they enabled a Richelieu, a La Rochefoucault, a Duras, to find in the exercise of their domestic functions, opportunities favourable to their fortune; and to spare their vanity, they loved usages which converted into honourable prerogatives the right of giving a glass of water, of putting on a chemise, and withdrawing a basin."

Madam Campan, by way of illustrating this last observation, informs us in a note, that "when the Queen took medicine, the Lady of Honour had the privilege of withdrawing the *bassin du lit*."

We have only room for one other quotation from this instructive work. The heads of the Gallican Church were, as is well known, very zealous in their attendance at Court, impelled, no doubt, by a desire to promote the interests of religion. What passed for religion is another matter:—

"Madam Victoire was not insensible to good cheer, but she had the most religious scruples as to the dishes she might eat in the *temps de penitence*. I saw her one day very much tormented with doubts respecting an aquatic bird served up to her during Lent. The point was, to decide irrevocably if this bird was *maigre* or *gras*. She consulted a Bishop who happened to be dining with her: the Prelate assumed immediately the positive tone, the grave attitude of a Judge of the last resort. He informed the Princess that it had been decided that in a similar case of doubt, after dressing the bird, it should be pierced on silver plate, very cool; that if the juice of the animal thickened in the space of a quarter of an hour, the animal was reputed *gras*; that if the juice remained in a liquid state, it might be eaten at all times without uneasiness. Madame Victoire made the experiment without delay, the juice did not thicken: the Princess was in the utmost joy, for she was very fond of this sort of game."

The above will no doubt prove most acceptable information to all who admire Calvarys sixty feet high, with nine feet long Christs on them.

We have already observed that Madame Campan has been in many instances successful in vindicating the honour of the unfortunate Queen of France. Marie-Antoinette was fond of pleasure, fond of going disguised to places of entertainment, and was occasionally seen even in common *fiacres*, from all which very unfavourable conclusions were drawn, but a number of circumstances are stated to shew that these disguises were not assumed for purposes of intrigue. It would appear from the following explanation of an incident relating to the Duke de Lauzun, to which he has given an unfavourable turn in his manuscript Memoires (in the printed copy the circumstance is omitted), that that calumniator of the reputation of so many of the fair of both countries is not always to be relied on:—

"I was in this Cabinet (the *Cabinet des femmes de garde*) one day that the Duke de Lauzun passed through it, after a scene that demands some details.

"The Duke de Lauzun (afterwards Duke de Biron) who figured in the Revolution among the intimate friends of the Duke d'Orleans, has left Memoires, still manuscript, in which he insults the character of Marie-Antoinette. He relates an anecdote of a heron feather: the following is the true version:—

"The Duke de Lauzun possessed originality of mind, and something chivalrous in his manners. The Queen saw him at the soupers of the King, and at the Princess de Guemenee's; she treated him well. One day he made his appearance at Madame de Guemenee's in uniform, and with the most magnificent feather of a white heron, which could possibly be seen; the Queen admired this plume; he offered it to her through the Princess de Guemenee.—As he had worn it, the Queen never imagined that he could think of giving it to her; embarrassed very much respecting the present which she had as it were invited, she durst not refuse it, nor knew whether she ought to make him one in her turn, and in the embarrassment whether she ought to give him something, and lest she should give too much or too little, she contented herself with wearing on one occasion the plume; and with observing to M. de Lauzun that she wore the present he had made to her. In his Secret Memoirs, the Duke gives an importance to the present of his plume, which renders him very unworthy of an honour granted to his name and his rank.

"His pride exaggerated to him the importance of the favour which had been granted to him. A short time after the present of the Heron's plume, he solicited an audience; the Queen granted it, as she would have done to any other Courtier of an equally high rank.—I was in the room adjoining that in which he was received; a few moments after his arrival, the Queen opened the door and said with a loud and angry voice: *Be gone, Sir*. M. de Lauzun made a profound bow and disappeared.—The Queen was greatly agitated.—She said to me: this man shall never enter my apartments again.—A few years after the revolution of 1789, the Mareschal de Biron died.—The Duke de Lauzun, the heir of his name, aspired to the important post of Colonel of the Regiment of French Guards.—The Queen caused it to be given to the Duke du Chatelet: in this way implacable hatreds are formed.—The Duke de Biron attached himself to the interests of the Duke d'Orleans, and became one of the most ardent enemies of Marie-Antoinette."

She endeavours in like manner to repel the accusation of a guilty attachment to her brother-in-law, the Count d'Artois:—

"I feel a repugnance to defend the Queen too circumstantially respecting two points of infamous accusation with which libellers have swelled their poisoned sheets. I allude to the unworthy suspicions of too strong an attachment for the Count d'Artois, and the motives for the tender friendship which existed between the Queen, the Princess de Lamballe, and the Duchess de Polignac. I do not believe that the Count d'Artois, in the first years of his youth and that of the Queen, was, as has been said, very much smitten with the beauty and amiability of his sister-in-law; but I can affirm that I have always seen this Prince at a very respectful distance; that she spoke of him, of his amiability, of his gaiety, with that freedom which accompanies only the purest sentiments, and that all who were about the Queen saw only in the affection she bore the Count d'Artois that of a tender sister for the youngest

following anecdote affords one of many proofs of truth of the observation that those who pay for information, will always obtain it:—

short time after the accession of Louis XVI. to the throne, minister of the King's Household was informed that a very big libel against the Queen had appeared. The Lieutenant charged one Goupil, an Inspector of Police, with the duty of this libel; he made his appearance some time afterwards, with the information that he had discovered where this work was printed, that it was in the neighbourhood of Yverdun. He possessed already two sheets of which contained atrocious calumnies, but exhibited with an air which might render them very fatal to the reputation of the author; Goupil said that he would obtain the remainder, but a considerable sum was necessary. Three thousand louis were given to him; soon after he brought to the Lieutenant of the whole manuscript, with all that was printed of it; he added a thousand louis more as a reward for his intelligence and for a much more important post was about to be given to him when another spy, jealous of the fortune of this Goupil, discovered that he was himself the author of this libel; that ten days before he had been in the Bicêtre for swindling; that Goupil had only three years before left the Salpêtrière, and that he had been under another name."

The journeys to Marly were gay enough: they made parties on horseback and in carriages. The Queen used to enjoy herself innocently; she had never once before the dawn of day; as it was only necessary for her to obtain the King's permission, she made known her intention to him. He consented that she should go at three o'clock in the morning on the heights of the gardens of St. Cloud, and unfortunately little inclined to partake her pleasures, he remained in bed. The Queen pursued her design, but as she foresaw several inconveniences to arise from this night party, she wished to have with her a great number of people, and even ordered women to follow her. Every precaution was used to hinder the effects of calumny, which from that time was endeavouring to diminish the general attachment which she had inspired. A few days afterwards a copy of verses which appeared on this occasion was called *The Dawn of Day*. The Duke of Orleans, then Regent of Chartres, was one of the number of persons who accompanied the young Queen in this nocturnal excursion; he appeared, at this time, very much occupied with her; but this was the only moment of his life in which there was any approach to intimacy between them and this Prince. The King did not like the character of the Duke of Chartres, and the Queen always kept him at a distance from her private society. It is without any sort of probability that some writers have attributed to sentiments of jealousy or of wounded self-love, the hatred which he manifested against the Queen, in the last years of her life.

An event, simple enough in itself, drew strong suspicion on the conduct of the Queen. She went out one evening with the Duchess of Luynes, a lady of the party; her carriage broke down at the entrance of Paris; she was obliged to get out; the Duchess made her enter a hackney coach, while a footman went for a hackney coach. They were masked, and had they known how to keep silence, the event would have remained a secret; but to go in a hackney coach is, for a Queen, an adventure so ridiculous, that she had hardly entered the ball-room, when she could be heard saying to some persons that she met there, "It is in a hackney coach—is it not very droll?"

From this moment all Paris was acquainted with the nature of the hackney coach: they said that all had been in a meeting in a particular house, to a Lord honoured with her favours. They loudly named the Duke de Coigny, whose name was very well known at Court, but as much by the name as by the Queen. Once that his ideas of this gallop were awakened, he had no more doubts of all the assertions of the mischievous people of the day, and less for the calumnies which circulated at Paris concerning the Queen—whether she had spoken at the chase or at the play to M. Edouard de Dillon, De Lambertye, or others, of whom I do not remember the names, they were equally favoured lovers. Paris did not know that these persons were not admitted to the apartments of the Queen, and had not even the liberty of presenting themselves to her; but the Queen went disguised about Paris, she had the use of a hackney-coach; one levity unfortunately exposed others to be suspected, and scandal does not fail to seize even things that could not take place. The Queen, tranquil from the innocence of her conduct, and with justice that she knew all who loved her would render her private life, spoke with disdain of these false reports, contented herself with supposing that some folly on the part of these youths had given rise to such wicked reports. She ceased thereupon to speak to them, and even looked at them. Their vanity was wounded by it, and the desire of revenge inclined them to say, or to make people think, that they had had the misfortune of ceasing to see her. Other cockcombs had the presumption to think that they were remarked by the Queen, in placing themselves near the latticed box where her Majesty used to go to the play at Versailles; and I have seen uniformly the utmost presumption encouraged, from the Queen simply asking one of these Gentlemen at the

theatre when the second piece would begin.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

EXTRACT FROM MADAME CAMPAN'S "MEMOIRS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE."

The woman de Lamotte's father was a peasant at Auteuil, though he called himself Valois. Madame de Boulaingvilliers once saw from her terrace two pretty, little peasant girls, each labouring under a heavy bundle of sticks; the priest of the village, who was walking with her, told her that the children possessed some curious papers, and that he had no doubt they were descendants of a Valois, an illegitimate son of one of the princes of that name.

The family of Valois had long ceased to appear in the world. Hereditary vices had gradually plunged them into the deepest misery.

I have heard that the last Valois occupied the estate called Gros Bois; that as he seldom came to Court, Louis XIII. asked him what he was about, that he remained so constantly in the country; and that this M. de Valois merely answered, "Sire, I am doing nothing but what I ought to do." It was shortly afterwards discovered that what he was about was coining!

As soon as news of the grand Almoner's arrest spread over Paris, the Prince de Condé, who had married a Princess of the house of Rohan, the Marechal de Soubise, and the Princess de Marsan, exclaimed indignantly against the arrest of a Prince of their family. The clergy, from the cardinals, down to the youths in the seminaries, gave vent to their affliction at the disgraceful apprehension of a Prince of the church; and an infinite number of persons were eagerly desirous to see the Court humbled for so harsh a proceeding.

I must interrupt my narrative of the famous necklace plot, to say something about this woman Lamotte. Neither the Queen herself, nor any lady about her, ever had the slightest connexion with that swindler; and during her prosecution, she could point out but one of the Queen's servants, a man named Desceles, a valet of the Queen's bed-chamber, to whom she pretended she had delivered Bœhmer's necklace. This Desceles was a very honest man; upon being confronted with the woman Lamotte, it was proved she had never seen him but once, which was at the house of the wife of a surgeon-accoucheur at Versailles, the only person she visited at court; and that she had not given him the necklace. Madame Lamotte married a private in Monsieur's body-guard; she lodged at Versailles, at the Belle Image, a very middling ready-furnished hotel; and it is scarcely to be conceived how so obscure a person could succeed in making herself believed to be a friend of the Queen, who, though so extremely affable, very seldom granted audiences, and only to titled persons.

The trial of the cardinal is too generally known to require my repeating the circumstances of it here. The point most embarrassing to him was the interview he had in February, 1785, with M. de Sainte James, to whom he confided the particulars of the Queen's pretended commission, and showed the contract, approved and signed, "Marie Antoinette of France." The memorandum, found in a drawer of the cardinal's bureau, in which he had himself written what Bœhmer told him, after having seen me at my country house, was likewise an unfortunate document for his Eminence.

I offered to the King to go and declare that Bœhmer had told me, and maintained that the cardinal assured him he had received, from the Queen's own hand, the 30,000 francs given as earnest, upon the bargain being concluded, and that his Eminence had seen her Majesty take that sum, in bills, from the porcelain secretary in her boudoir. The King declined my offer, and said to me, "Were you alone when Bœhmer told you this?" I answered that I was alone with him in my garden. "Well," resumed he, "the man would deny the fact; he is now sure of being paid his 1,600,000 francs, which the cardinal's family will find it necessary to make good to him; we cannot rely upon his sincerity: it would look as if you were sent by the Queen, and that would not be proper."

The attorney-general's information was severe upon the cardinal. The house of Condé, that of Rohan, the majority of the nobility, and the whole of the clergy, saw nothing in the affair of the Cardinal de Rohan but an attack upon the prince's rank and the privileges of a cardinal. The clergy required that the unfortunate business of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan should be sent to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and the Archbishop of Narbonne, then president of the convocation, made representations upon the subject to the King. The bishops wrote to his Majesty, to remind him that a private ecclesiastic implicated in the affair then pending, would have a right to claim his constitutional judges, and that this right was refused to a cardinal, his superior in the hierarchal order. In short, the clergy and the greater part of the nobility were at that time outrageous against authority, and chiefly against the Queen.

The attorney-general's conclusions, and those of a part of the heads of the magistracy, were as severe towards the cardinal as the information had been, yet he was fully acquitted by a majority of three voices. The woman de Lamotte was condemned to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned; and her husband, for contumacy, was condemned to the galleys for life.

The Queen's grief was extreme. As soon as I learned the substance of the decision, I went to her, and found her alone in her closet—she was weeping. "Come," said her Majesty to me, "come and lament for your Queen, insulted and sacrificed by cabal and injustice. But rather let me pity you, as a Frenchwoman. If, in a matter which affected my reputation, I have not met with equitable judges, what could you hope for in a process in which your fortune and character were at stake?" The King came in at this moment, and said to me, "You find the Queen much afflicted; she has great reason to be so; they were determined throughout this affair to see only an ecclesiastical Prince, a Prince de Rohan, while he is, in fact, a needy fellow—(I use his Majesty's own expression)—and all this was but a scheme to put money into his pockets, in endeavouring to do which, he found himself the party cheated, instead of the cheat. Nothing is easier to see through; and it is not necessary to be an Alexander to cut this Gordian knot."

The opinion sanctioned by time is, that the cardinal was completely duped by the woman Lamotte, and Cagliostro. The King may have been in error in thinking him an accomplice in this miserable and criminal scheme, but I have faithfully given his Majesty's judgment about it.

However, the generally received opinion that the Baron de Breteuil's hatred for the cardinal was the cause of the scandal and result of this unfortunate affair, contributed to the disgrace of the former still more than his refusal to give his grand-daughter in marriage to the son of the Duke de Polignac.

The Abbé de Vermond threw the whole blame of the imprudence and impolicy of the affair of the Cardinal de Rohan upon the minister, and ceased to be the friend and supporter of the Baron de Breteuil with the Queen, as he had previously always been.

For the following interesting paper, we are indebted to Mr. D'Israeli's Second Series of the Curiosities of Literature:—

Montaigne was fond of reading minute accounts of the deaths of remarkable persons; and, in the simplicity of his heart, old Montaigne wished to be learned enough to form a collection of these deaths, to observe "their words, their actions, and what sort of countenance they put upon it." He seems to have been a little over-curious, in reference, no doubt, to his own, in which he was certainly deceived; for he did not die as he had promised himself,—expiring in the adoration of the mass; or, as his preceptor Buchanan would have called it, in "the act of rank idolatry."

I have been told of a privately printed volume, under the singular title of "The Book of Death," where an *amateur* has compiled the pious memorials of many of our eminent men in their last moments: and it may form a companion-piece to the little volume on "*Les grands hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant*." This work, I fear, must be monotonous; the deaths of the righteous must resemble each other; the learned and the eloquent can only receive in silence that hope which awaits "the covenant of the grave." But this volume will not establish any decisive principle; since the just and the religious have not always encountered death with indifference, nor even in a fit composure of mind.

The functions of the mind are connected with those of the body. On a death-bed, a fortnight's disease may reduce the firmest to a most wretched state; while, on the contrary, the soul struggles, as it were, in a torture, in a robust frame. Nani, the Venetian historian, has curiously described the death of Innocent X., who was a character unblemished by vices, and who died at an advanced age, with too robust a constitution. *Dopo lunga e terribile agonia, con dolore e con pena, seperandosi l'anima da quel corpo robusto, egli spiro ai sette di Genuaro, nel ottantesimo primo de suoi anno.* "After a long and terrible agony, with great bodily pain and difficulty, his soul separated itself from that robust frame, and (he) expired in his eighty-first year."

Some have composed sermons on death, while they passed many years of anxiety approaching to madness, in contemplating their own. The certainty of an immediate separation from all our human sympathies may, even on a death-bed, suddenly disorder the imagination. The great physician of our times told me of a general, who had often faced the cannon's mouth, dropping down in terror, when informed by him that his disease was rapid and fatal. Some have died of the strong imagination of death. There is a print of a knight brought on the scaffold to suffer; he viewed the headsman; he was blinded, and knelt down to receive the stroke. Having passed through the whole ceremony of a criminal execution, accompanied by all its disgrace, it was ordered that his life should be spared,—instead of the stroke from the sword, they poured cold water over his neck. After this operation the knight remained motionless, and they discovered that he had expired in the very imagination of death! Such are among the many causes which may affect the mind in the hour of its last trial. The habitual associations of the natural character are most likely to prevail—though not always. The intrepid Marshal Biron disgraced his exit by womanish tears and raging imbecility; the virtuous Erasmus, with miserable groans, was heard crying out *Domine! Domine! fac finem! fac finem!* Bayle having prepared his proof, for the printer, pointed to where it lay when dying. The last words which Lord Chesterfield was heard to speak were, when the valet, opening the curtains of the bed, announced Mr. Dayroles—"Give Dayroles a chair!" "This good breeding," observed the late Dr. Warren, his physician, "only quits him with his life." The last words of Nelson were, "Tell Collingwood to bring the fleet to an anchor." The tranquil grandeur which cast a new majesty over Charles the First on the scaffold, appeared when he declared—"I fear not death! Death is not terrible to me!" And the characteristic pleasantry of Sir Thomas More exhilarated his last moments, when, observing the weakness of the scaffold, he said, in mounting it, "I pray you see me up safe, and for my coming down let me shift for myself!" Sir Walter Raleigh passed a similar jest when going to the scaffold.

My ingenious friend, Dr. Sherwin, has furnished me with the following anecdotes of death. In one of the bloody battles fought by the Duke of Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains, the other, after long silence, thus offered him consolation. "My friend, whomever you are, remember that our God died on the Cross, our king on the scaffold; and, if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are shot away."

At the murder of the Duke D'Enghien, the royal victim, looking at the soldiers who had pointed their fuses, said, "Grenadiers! lower your arms, otherwise you will miss, or only wound me!" To two of them who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said, "A loyal soldier, who has been so often exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes and without fear."

After a similar caution on the part of Sir George Lisle, or Sir C. Lucas, when murdered in nearly the same manner at Colchester, by the soldiers of Fairfax, the loyal hero, in answer to their assertions and assurances, that they would take care not to miss him, nobly replied, "You have often missed me when I have been nearer to you in the field of battle."

When the governor of Cadiz, the Marquis de Solano, was murdered by the enraged and mistaken citizens, to one of his murderers, who had run a pike through his back, he calmly turned round and said, "Coward, to strike there! Come round, if you dare—face, and destroy me!"

Mr. Abernethy, in his Physiological Lectures, has ingeniously observed, that "Shakspeare has represented Mercutio continuing to jest, though conscious that he was mortally wounded; the expiring Hotspur, thinking of nothing but honour; and the dying Falstaff still cracking his jests upon Bardolph's nose. If such facts were duly attended to, they would prompt us to make a more liberal allowance for each other's conduct, under certain circumstances, than we are accustomed to do." The truth seems to be, that whenever the functions of the mind are not disturbed by "the nervous functions of the digestive organs," the personal character predominates even in death, and its habitual associations exist to its last moments. Many religious persons may have died without showing, in their last moments, any of those exterior acts, or employing those fervent expressions, which the collector of "The Book of Death" would only deign to chronicle; their hope is not gathered in their last hour.

Yet many with us have delighted to taste of death long before they have died, and have placed before their eyes all the furniture of mortality. The horrors of a charnel-house is the scene of their pleasure. The "Midnight Meditations" of Quarles preceded Young's "Night Thoughts" by a century, and both these poets loved preter-natural terror.

"If I must die, I'll snatch at every thing
That may but mind me of my latest breath;
DEATH'S HEADS, GRAVES, KNELLS, BLACKS*,
TOMES, all these shall bring
Into my soul such *useful thoughts of death*,
That this sable king of fears
Shall not catch me unawares."—QUARLES.

But it may be doubtful whether the *thoughts of death* are useful, whenever they put a man out of the possession of his faculties. Young pursued the scheme of Quarles: he raised about him an artificial emotion of death; he darkened his sepulchral study, placing a skull on his table by lamp-light; as Dr. Donne had his portrait taken, first winding a sheet over his head and closing his eyes; keeping this melancholy picture by his bed-side as long as he lived, to remind him of his mortality. Young, even in his garden, had his conceits of death: at the end of an avenue was viewed a seat of an admirable *chiaro oscuro*, which, when approached, presented only a painted surface, with an inscription, alluding to the deception of the things of this world. To be looking at "the mirror which flatters not;" to discover ourselves only as a skeleton with the horrid life of corruption about us, has been among those penitential inventions, which have often ended in shaking the innocent by pangs which are only natural to the damned. Without adverting to those numerous testimonies, the diaries of fanatics, I shall offer a picture of an accomplished and innocent lady, in a curious and unaffected transcript she has left of a mind of great sensibility, where the preternatural terror of death might perhaps have hastened the premature one she suffered.

From the "Reliquiæ Gethiniane," I quote some of Lady's Gethin's ideas on "Death."—"The very thoughts of death disturb one's reason; and though a man may have many excellent qualities, yet he may have the weakness of not commanding his sentiments. Nothing is worse for one's health, than to be in fear of death. There are some so wise, as neither to hate nor fear it; but, for my part, I have an aversion for it, and with reason; for it is a rash inconsiderate thing, that always comes before it is looked for; always comes unseasonably, parts friends, ruins beauty, laughs at youth, and draws a dark veil over all the pleasures of life. This dreadful evil is but the evil of a moment, and what we cannot by any means avoid; and it is that which makes it so terrible to me; for, were it uncertain, hope might diminish some part of the fear; but when I think I must die, and that I may die every moment, and that, too, a thousand several ways, I am in such a fright as you cannot imagine. I see dangers where, perhaps, there never were any. I am persuaded 'tis happy to be somewhat dull of apprehension in this case; and yet the best way to cure the pensiveness of the thoughts of death is to think of it as little as possible." She proceeds by enumerating the terrors of the fearful, who "cannot enjoy themselves in the pleasantest places, and, although they are neither on sea, river, or creek, but in good health in their chamber, yet are they so well instructed with the *fear of dying*, that they do not measure it only by the *present* dangers that wait on us.—Then is it not best to submit to God? but some people cannot do it as they would; and though they are not destitute of reason, but perceive they are to blame, yet at the same time that their reason condemns them, their imagination

Such is the picture of an ingenious and a religious mind, drawn by an amiable woman, who, it is evident, lived always in the fear of death. The Gothic skeleton was ever haunting her imagination. In Dr. Johnson the same horror was suggested by the thoughts of death. When Boswell once in conversation persecuted Johnson on this subject, whether we might not fortify our minds for the approach of death; he answered in a passion, "No, sir! let it alone! It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives! The art of dying is not of importance, it lasts so short a time!" But when Boswell persisted in the conversation, Johnson was thrown into such a state of agitation, that he thundered out, "Give us no more of this!" and, further, sternly told the trembling and too curious philosopher, "Don't let us meet to-morrow!"

It may be a question whether those who, by their preparatory conduct, have appeared to show the greatest indifference for death, have not rather betrayed the most curious art to disguise its terrors. Some have invented a mode of escaping from life in the midst of convivial enjoyment. A mortuary preparation of this kind has been recorded of an amiable man, Moncriff, the author of "Histoire des Chats" and "L'Art de Plaire," by his literary friend, La Place, who was an actor in, as well as the historian of, the singular narrative. One morning, La Place received a note from Moncriff, requesting that "he would immediately select for him a dozen volumes most likely to amuse, and of a nature to withdraw the reader from being occupied by melancholy thoughts." La Place was startled at the unusual request, and flew to his old friend, whom he found deeply engaged in being measured for a new peruke, and a taffety robe de chambre, earnestly enjoining the utmost expedition. "Shut the door!"—said Moncriff, observing the surprise of his friend. "And now that we are alone, I confide my secret: on rising this morning, my valet, in dressing me, showed me, on this leg, this dark spot—from that moment I knew I was 'condemned to death;' but I had presence of mind enough not to betray myself."—"Can a head, so well organized as yours, imagine that such a trifle is a sentence of death?"—"Don't speak so loud, my friend!—or, rather, deign to listen to me a moment. At my age it is fatal! The system from which I have derived the felicity of a long life has been, that whenever any evil, moral or physical, happens to us, if there is a remedy, all must be sacrificed to deliver us from it—but, in a contrary case, I do not choose to wrestle with destiny, and to begin complaints, endless as useless! All that I request of you, my friend, is to assist me to pass away the few days which remain for me, free from all cares, of which otherwise they might be too susceptible." "But do not think," he added with warmth, "that I mean to elude the religious duties of a citizen, which so many of late affect to condemn. The good and virtuous curate of my parish is coming here under a pretext of an annual contribution, and I have even ordered my physician, on whose confidence I can rely. Here is a list of 10 or 12 persons, friends beloved! who are mostly known to you. I shall write to them this evening, to tell them of my condemnation; but if they wish me to live, they will do me the favour to assemble here at five in the evening, where they may be certain of finding all those objects of amusement, which I shall study to discover suitable to their tastes. And you, my old friend, with my doctor, are two on whom I most depend."

La Place was strongly affected by this appeal—neither Socrates, nor Cato, nor Seneca, looked more serenely on the approach of death.

"Familiarise yourself early with death!" said the good old man with a smile—"it is only dreadful for those who dread it."

During ten days after this singular conversation, the whole of Moncriff's remaining life, his apartment was open to his friends, of whom several were ladies; all kinds of games were played till nine o'clock; and that the sorrows of the host might not disturb his guests, he played the *chouette*, at his favourite game of *picquet*; a supper, seasoned by the wit of the master, concluded at eleven. On the tenth night, in taking leave of his friend, Moncriff whispered to him, "Adieu, my friend! to-morrow morning I shall return your books!" He died, as he foresaw, the following day.

* "Blacks" was the term for mourning in James the First and Charles the First's time.

Adam—and his wife, in the neighbourhood of Perth, were called to a parochial examination. On their way to the church, the worthy man slipped his foot, and upset. Arriving at the Session-house, the clergyman asked the woman, "What was the cause of Adam's fall?" She immediately answered, "By my troth, Sir, I dinna ken what was the cause o' his fa', but it was an unco dirty fa', for he hurstled into the ditch, and his breeks wure a' cla."—*Edinburgh Observer*.

Sweet or perfumed gloves were first brought into England by the Earl of Oxford, who came from Italy in the 14th or 15th year of Elizabeth, during whose reign, and long afterwards, they were very fashionable. They are mentioned in Shakspeare. *Autolycus*, in the *Winter's Tale*, has, among his wares,

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses."

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER.

Thomas Drisdell, the miser, who died a few days ago in Clerkenwell Workhouse, was buried in the ground belonging to St. James's parish, on Thursday last, in the presence of a vast concourse of persons, who were anxious to see his remains consigned to the earth. The funeral was conducted in a very respectable manner, and the corpse was followed by four couple; and Mary Ann Thompson, a little girl about 13 years of age, a natural daughter of the deceased, to whom he has bequeathed the whole of this hoarded wealth, attended as chief mourner.—As the history of this extraordinary man is singularly interesting, we lay it before our readers:—Drisdell was by trade a journeyman scale-maker, and worked for many years with Mr. Wood, in Smithfield. He was always remarkably industrious, but was disliked by the other workmen and most of his acquaintances for his penuriousness. He was always ready to join them in carousing, but was never found to contribute towards defraying the cost, which he would avoid by saying he could not afford it, and that he was deeply in debt. By this method he contrived to hoard the whole of his wages; and whatever sustenance he partook of was obtained from different individuals who were in the habit of associating with him. His disposition became so generally known, that he was called amongst the trade "Poor Tom," and at other times "Tom the Cadger," but it was never conjectured that he had saved any money, and his conduct was supposed to be on account of distress. A few years back he was discharged from Mr. Wood's service, he having got to be a very slow workman, which was attributed to his age; and from that time, till within a short period of his death, he travelled about town as an itinerant, cleaning and keeping shopkeepers' scales in order, and wherever he applied for a job and did not succeed, he would implore the charity of the people of the house, and, by stating himself to be penniless and in the most urgent want, he would obtain the broken victuals, and in this way he existed. On Friday, the 18th inst., information was given to Mr. Scott, the churchwarden of St. James's, Clerkenwell, that Drisdell was perishing for want of sustenance and medical attendance, at a house in Paradise-court, Turnmill-street, and that, unless immediate assistance was rendered, he would not survive many hours. Mr. Scott forthwith dispatched Brown, the beadle, with a chair and two carriers for the dying man, in order that he might be taken care of in the house, and receive the attendance of the parish doctor. On the beadle entering a two pair of stairs back-room, a wretched spectacle presented itself. The floor did not appear to have been cleaned for years, and in one corner of the hovel was Drisdell stretched on a few old rags, and covered with a piece of a very filthy blanket. This, with an old deal table, two bottomless chairs, and a small deal box, made up the entire of the furniture. The box appeared to be filled with old filthy garments, and that, together with Drisdell, who was speechless, were removed to the workhouse. Mr. Scott humanely ordered every comfort to be administered to him, and medical aid was promptly rendered, but he only lingered till next day, when he expired. After his dissolution the contents of the deal box were explored by Mr. Scott and other gentlemen belonging to the parish, when, amongst a heap of filthy rags, they found three silver watches, each wrapped in a piece of rag; on further search they discovered 13 sovereigns, an old stocking half filled with silver, crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, and some of them quite black from age; and a bundle of papers tied round with a piece of string, which on being opened turned out to contain Navy 5 per Cent. Bonds to a very large amount, and other sureties, together with his will, appointing Mr. Wood, his former employer, as sole executor and guardian to his natural daughter, the little girl above-mentioned, and leaving her the whole of his property amounting to 1,700l. When the documents were found, some doubts arose as to their validity, the deceased having led such a wretched life, but on inquiry they were found to be genuine. Mr. Scott immediately set about making inquiries for the little girl amongst those persons who knew her and the deceased; and after much trouble he found her living with a poor woman who obtained a scanty existence by selling water-cresses about the streets. She was forthwith taken from her distressed abode and comfortably clad, and is now under the protection of the executor, Mr. Wood, the scale-maker, in Smithfield; and it is his intention to send her to boarding-school for instruction. What is most extraordinary, the child had never received the least assistance from the deceased whilst living, although she was wandering about the streets an outcast and without a shoe to her foot or a rag to cover her. Drisdell was 56 years of age when he died, and was a bachelor.

A Russian merchant was extremely, even immensely, rich, yet lived in a small obscure room, with hardly any fire, furniture, or attendance, though his house was larger than many palaces, burying his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his great security in the possession of a tremendous large and fierce dog, who used to go round his premises barking every night: the dog, as most dogs will do, died one day. His master was inconsolable; but, remaining strict to his principle of economy, would not buy another, and actually performed the faithful creature's services himself, going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his deceased friend.

Edward the Confessor seems to have been the first in England who made use of a seal, hanging to charters or grants, some of which are preserved to this day. Among those charters prior to his time which are still remaining, it has been observed that there is not any seal found, nor is there any appearance of their ever having had any.

Jervas, the artist, having succeeded happily in copying (he thought, in surpassing) a picture of Titian's, looked first at the one, then at the other, and then, with parental complacency, cried, "Poor little Tit! how he would stare!"

Dr. Brocklesby, who was perhaps best known as the medical friend of Johnson, was, as the then Duchess of Richmond herself used to relate, sent for to see her woman, who was so ill as to be confined to her bed. In the hall he was met by the Duke's valet, who was the woman's husband, and who either by nature or locality was as warm a politician as the doctor. Public affairs being then peculiarly critical, they became so interested in debate, that the patient was little thought on as they ascended the stairs, nor did the conversation relax when they reached the sick woman's chamber. In short, they both left the room, returned down stairs, and the doctor quitted Richmond-house, without either being aware that they neither had looked at the patient, or spoken to her, or of her. . . .

The Duke of Leeds, when Secretary of State, in going home from his office on foot and alone, was one night attacked on Constitution-hill by two footpads, who having taken his money, demanded his watch. It was very valuable, and he had deposited it so secretly, that he thought he might venture to deny having one: he did so; and at the moment, and while the men had their hands on him, the watch itself betrayed him by striking. The hour was unfortunately twelve!—he heard it; and, as he said himself, thought it never would cease striking. He gave his life up for gone; but providentially the men did not hear it, and made off with what they had obtained. A strong sense of this wonderful escape remained on the Duke's mind. . . .

The Duchess of Queensberry, of eccentric memory, at an evening assembly at her own house, wanted to get rid of the late Sir George Warren, who was one of the company. Rude hints from such a personage went for nothing;—perhaps they might be interpreted as favour. To make her meaning perfectly understood, she ordered a servant to bring a broom and follow him, sweeping till the annoyance should be intolerable; and thus she effected her purpose. To have been affronted, or to have shown any resentment, would have been almost to condescend to a level with a person so privileged.

Bishop Hoadley had been Bishop of Bangor, and was thence translated to Hereford, to the great displeasure of the clergy of that see; who endeavouring in every way to affront him, gave publicity to a distich,

‘The Lord in his anger
Sent the Bishop of Bangor;’

and named a dog belonging to some one about the church, ‘Hoadley.’ When he was translated to Salisbury, some of those gentlemen being in London, thought fit to pay him a visit of congratulation there. He received them with the utmost politeness and good humour, and invited them to dine on a future day;—“and pray,” added his Lordship, “bring my namesake with you.”

Description of the famous Holm of Noss, in Shetland.—It is bounded by precipitous cliffs, and divided by a narrow channel from the equally steep rocks on which I was then standing. The traveller is now struck with the appearance of a tremendous gulf, over which ropes are passed, from which is slung a sort of wooden trough named a cradle, large enough for the conveyance across of one man and a sheep. How such a device was first contrived, is naturally one of the first objects of inquiry. The holm, which is little more than 500 feet in length, and 170 in breadth, rises abruptly from the sea in the form of a perpendicular cliff 160 feet in height. The chasm which intervenes between it and the no less precipitous banks of Noss is sixty-five feet across. The original temptation to reach this holm was on account of the visit paid to it during the season of incubation by innumerable sea-birds, such as black and white gulls, skuas, sea-pies, and kittiwakes, when the grass became whitened with their eggs. It was therefore about two centuries ago, that an adventurous fowler was induced, by the tempting offer of a cow, to scale the cliff of the holm. This hardy and almost incredible undertaking he accomplished, bearing with him two stakes, with the intent of fixing them into that part of the bank which was nearest to the opposite rock. The object of the undertaking now was fulfilled, and the fowler was entreated to avail himself of the communication across the gulf: this he refused to do, determined to descend the way that he had climbed, and in so fool-hardy an attempt he fell and perished. When the islanders first availed themselves of this ill-fated hero's success, a stone was fastened to the double of a light cord, and while one man kept in his hands the extremities of the rope, the other threw the part to which the stone was attached across to the holm. By the assistance of a long pole or fishing-rod, the cord was so elevated as to be easily drawn round the stakes; a thicker rope was then attached to the thin cord, and upon the latter being drawn in, the former was in its turn brought round the post. This operation was repeated until a firm cordage formed the medium of transport from bank to bank. In the next place, an oblong box named a cradle was contrived, through the extremities of which two holes were made that allowed ropes to pass along each of its sides, by which means the machine was properly slung. The first visitor of the holm then seated himself in the cradle, and since there was a slight descent towards it, he easily moved forward, and by means of the lateral cords, regulated the celerity of his conveyance. In returning, however, he was assisted by persons stationed on the opposite bank, who were employed in drawing him up by means of a rope that had been for this purpose attached to the cradle. At the present day, the holm is converted into a pasture for twelve sheep. The cradle is slung twice each summer, in a manner, differing little from that which was practised two centuries ago. The box is made large enough for the admission into it of one man and a sheep. When Mr. Low, of Orkney, visited Noss, nearly fifty years ago, it was customary to fasten the double of a thin piece of packthread to a fishing-rod, and to allow a favourable breeze to blow it over the stakes: it then proved the medium by which a thicker cordage could be made to supply its place.—*Hibbert's Description of the Shetland Isles.*

Anecdote of Handel.—Handel being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, replied in his imperfect English, ‘I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself;’ and, indeed, we may well suppose that they must have been ideas little less sublime, that furnished sounds so grand in their combinations.

The Duty of making a Will.

Without tranquillity of mind it is in vain to expect health; and what thinking being can enjoy tranquillity of mind, while he reflects that death may, in an instant, plunge into misery those around him, his contribution to whose happiness has constituted a large part of his own; yet how many, after having endured toil and anxiety for years, to accumulate the means of providing for their families, friends, and dependants, from neglecting to devote a few hours to the arrangement of their affairs, have frustrated the purpose and intention of a long life of labour?

The aversion that persons have to think at all upon this subject is no less true than strange: this must arise from a want of consideration of the importance of the act to themselves, as well as to those who are dependent upon them; the general inattention to this subject can only be attributed to the truth of the observation of the poet Young, that

“All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

It is difficult to suppose any rational creature so void of consideration, as to postpone the arrangement of his affairs, because he is young and healthful.

“Be wise to-day, ’tis madness to defer.”

This most important business can only be done properly when the mind is at ease, and undisturbed by any anxieties about the body; it will be sufficiently disturbed by contemplating the awful event at a distance: what a tremendous irritation must it not produce, when postponed till—“the last hour!” What a painful but imperative duty it is to the friends of a sick person to be obliged at such a time, instead of soothing him with hope, to sink his spirits with hints that they despair of his recovery! The annihilating shock given by the communication that you are not only dying, but leaving those you love defenceless and penniless in the wide world, probably exposed to the horrors of ruinous litigation, to a feeling and sensitive mind, at such a moment, is sufficient to hasten, if not produce death.

Is it not wonderful, that with all this intense stimulus of both “self-love and social” to do this deed of duty, any man should put it off for one month?

Even when the disposal of property, which the law makes in case any one dies without a will, is exactly what the person wishes, still who would forego the satisfaction of leaving that consolation to his relatives, arising from their conviction that the provision made for their future comfort was also the premeditated desire of him for whom they mourn?

“When such friends part, ’tis the survivor dies.”

But how many cases are there, where the disposal ordained by the law may be the very last that it is the intention and duty of the person to dictate?—*Kitchener.*

Gaming-Houses.—The following calculation gives some idea of what must have been made by the points of the game, at all the principal “Hells,” for the last ten years. Three years back there were no fewer than 22 of them: some were occasionally closed, but 15 were in full operation at the same time, such profitable concerns they were sure to prove to their keepers. At some, play was continued with little interruption from one at noon to 12 o'clock at night, and at others all hours throughout the night. They are now reduced to about a dozen in number. The games played at one or other of them are *rouge et noir*; *roulette*; *un, deux, cinque*; and *French hazard*; at all of which a bank is put down agreeably to the means of the parties to be played against, the limitation of stakes varying according to its extent. Thus some play 1s. to £5, others 2s. 6d. to £10, and 5s. to £20, £50, and £100, the bank amounting generally to 20 times the highest limits. The banks have certain points in their favour, upon each of which the stakes of the players in effect lose half: thus each player loses a whole stake on two of those points. Let the stake be 1s. 5s. up to £100, it is all the same. At *rouge et noir* (played with cards) these points come up upon an average two in 68 events, dealt in one hour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per hour against the player. At *roulette* (played with a small ivory ball in a cylinder) two in 38 events turned in half an hour, 3 per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per-half hour against the player. At *un, deux, cinque* (played with a large ivory ball, with 48 spots—21 black, 16 red, and 8 blue), 6 in 48 events rolled in one hour, 6 per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per hour against the player. At *French hazard* (played with two dice and box), 4 in 36 events thrown in one hour, 5 per cent. per stake, or 100 per cent. per stake per hour against the player. The money risked at these “Hells” up to three years ago was much greater than it is now. However, take an average of time and stakes, and we shall not be far off a right judgment. Suppose the hours of effective play at all the “Hells” to have been five hours $\frac{1}{2}$ day all the year round (Sundays excepted), from the year 1814 to 1824, ten years, and that the whole of the stakes upon each event at each “Hell” in the aggregate amounted to no more than £300; then £300 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, £1500 $\frac{1}{2}$ day, £9000 a week, £36,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ month, £168,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ year were worked into the different banks by such certain points alone. Half of this may be said to be composed of money won a-head of the bank, which thus falling from day to day back again to it, is merely nominal; but the other half is hard money from the pockets of losing players by the risk of which they have no chance of winning a penny. The half is £234,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ year, which in the ten years amounts to the vast sum of £2,340,000. This is exclusive of what has been got by cheating, and upon the equal chances, which cannot be remotely guessed at, but it must have been very considerable, as the large masses of plunder gathered by one or other of the keepers are over and above their extravagant expenditure for ten years, which came out of it. There are on an average to each “Hell” three proprietors, four croupiers, and four waiters and porters—in all eleven persons; fifteen Hells, eleven to each, make 165 “Hellites.” The keepers only share the overplus of plunder, after defraying wages and their heavy expenses; and they being three to each, in all forty-five, who sack in the ratio of the extent of their banks. The fortunes, therefore, which have been collected by some of them by this horrid system of robbery are immense. Many of these have been accumulated from banks originally not amounting to more than £500 each, and many from even much less. The heart really sickens at the recital, and at the sad reflection that these vast sums are composed of the patrimonies, in part or all, large or small, of thousands and thousands, all of whom are injured and most entirely ruined.

Mankind (says Bruyere) ought to employ their youth in study and labour, as the republic itself required their information and industry.

Reading is not only the principle of knowledge, but also the most useful of amusements. When the mind has banished trifles from its presence, reading is a powerful resource against vexations which may attack it. This may appear a curious proposition, nevertheless it is a true one; whoever has experienced the iniquity of the world—of corrupt hearts—of base minds—perfidious friends, capricious, sour, and crabbed tempers—the foppish, or follies of humanity—feels how great is the advantage in knowing the secret of retiring from the world, and justly appreciates the mortifications he escapes when in his closet devoted to literature.

My young readers, begin early in life to form your minds; study principles well before you pass to ornaments; however, aspire to that point of perfection which is attainable, and above all, avoid every thing which is defective.

ON MAN.

Every man is a republic in miniature; and although very limited in its parts, yet very difficult to govern. Each individual is a little world, having being like the elements, life like the brutes, and reason like the angels; it seems as though all were happily united in him. He can traverse the vast universe, comprehend the present, past, and future; in him are the principles of life and death, light and darkness; in him, also, are united the most contrary elements and most incompatible qualities.

ON ELOQUENCE.

True eloquence springs from good sense. The greater part of mankind only have a glimpse of things, and then figures and ornaments are introduced in order to convey something like an acquaintance with the subjects. The end of eloquence is to enchant the sense, to govern the passions, to delight the understanding, and to command the will; or, in a word, to exercise upon mankind a tyrannical power, without committing violence. The necessary qualifications for forming an orator are, just pronunciation, action which shall strike the eye, a proper choice of the figures of speech, a discriminate disposition of sentences, powerful touches to win the heart, and a subject to secure the attention of an auditory.

The gift of speaking is by no means universal. There are very clever men, who are only good speakers, others who are only good writers; and but very few who are both. Some have obtained the merit of being accurate thinkers, but from some defect in enunciation have rarely been able to express their conceptions, & have never acquired the talent of good writing.

Clearness, energy, and precision, are essential qualities of eloquence; neither a quick repartee, nor even correct reasoning, would prove the speaker to be eloquent; brilliant replies in conversation or writing exhibit wit rather than eloquence.

In all subjects of speaking there is a kind of eloquence peculiar to each. A sermon, the opening of a court, an academic discourse, in short every public oration, requires something peculiar, or adapted to it. However, eloquence is not limited to great subjects; it may be displayed in a simple narration, or an historic sketch, or even in light conversation; but these last require nice discrimination in the use of language formed on simplicity; whilst in the former, great and noble ornaments and strong figures may be used.

Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon.—In the days of the Stuarts, the chief of the name of Gordon, a good soldier and a steady Catholic, resided chiefly abroad, leaving his Scottish lands to the care of two stewards of his own clan, distinguished among the peasantry by the names of Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon. It happened that one Ramsay rented a small farm on the Gordon's estate; and though the land was stony, and rank with broom and thistles, it was his own birth-place, and that of his ancestors, so he wished the lease renewed. The two stewards had other views; they refused to renew the lease, and the old farmer was about to emigrate, when his Grace of Gordon came unexpectedly from abroad: he asked for, and obtained, an audience. He told his story, tradition says, in a way so characteristic and graphic, that the noble landlord was highly pleased: he renewed the lease with his own hand, and invited him to dinner. The good wine added to the farmer's joy: he told pleasant stories; said many dry and humorous things; and his Grace was so much entertained, that he took Ramsay—a stiff Presbyterian—through his house. From the picture-gallery they went into the chapel, ornamented with silver images of the saints and apostles. The old man looked on them with wonder, and said—"Who may these gentlemen be, and what may your Grace do with them?" "These," said his Grace, "are the Saints to whom we address our prayers, when we wish God to be merciful and kind; they are our patron saints and heavenly intercessors." "I'll tell ye what," said the old man, with the light of a wicked laugh in his eye, "I'll have me, if I would trust them: when I wanted my lease renewed, I went to Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon, and all I got was cannie words, till I made hold, and spake to your Grace. Sae drop Saint Andrew, my Lord, and address his betters." His Grace soon after became a Protestant; and tradition attributes his conversion to the story of Meikle Sandie Gordon and Wee Sandie Gordon; a story that for a century and more has been popular in Scotland.

Nadir Shah's Tent.—Nadir Shah, after his plunder of Delhi, in 1739, had such a profusion of jewels that he ordered a large tent to be ornamented with precious stones. This tent when finished was beyond description magnificent. The outside was covered with fine scarlet cloth, the lining was of violet-coloured satin, upon which were representations of all sorts of birds and beasts, with trees and flowers, the whole made of pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and other precious stones; and the tent-poles were decorated in like manner. On both sides of the Peacock Throne was a screen, upon which were represented the figures of two angels in precious stones. The tent pins were of massy gold. For the carriage of the whole were required seven elephants.

A Quarterly Magazine is now published at Malacca, called "The Indo-Chinese Gleaner," a number of which now before us contains many interesting communications on the language, history, religion, customs, &c. of the Chinese. The imperfect knowledge possessed by the world concerning that singular people, serves far more to sharpen our curiosity than to gratify it. They have preserved the same form of Government for a greater length of time than any other nation, and still seem as little exposed as ever to any fundamental revolution. They have been acquainted with printing and the manufacture of gun-powder for many ages; and their workmen stand unrivalled in some of those arts which require a nice touch and a peculiar faculty of imitation. But this is not all; their spoken language is of a singular and difficult description, and probably more than any other in existence requires the organs of a native to pronounce and to comprehend it with accuracy. It is composed entirely of words of one syllable and of an indistinct pronunciation, which express a great variety of ideas by the most slight and subtle inflections, and present a foreigner with an unusual crowd of discouragements. Yet strange as it may seem, when all these obstacles are overcome, and the student is able to converse with fluency in Chinese, he has not made a single step towards the acquisition of the written language of the country, and has not even gained a single facility for becoming acquainted with a Chinese book: and the reason of it is that the two languages have not the least relation to each other. The written language is not formed of letters, like those of all other nations; but the simplest elements to which it is possible to reduce it, are themselves the signs of ideas, and by composition are made to afford a rich and copious language. All these symbols, simple and compound, have proper names, formed without any reference whatever to the objects or ideas they express, so that a person acquainted with the spoken language only, even if he were a Chinese, would not understand a single word from any one reading in a book. Their written language is established on exactly the same principles that have been proposed for the foundation of an universal language; and the reasonableness of such a project is certainly attested by the fact, that individuals from several nations in the neighbourhood of China can converse by writing, though neither of them can understand a word of what the other speaks.

We are however in a fair way to become more and more acquainted with that country, since the zeal which has been shown by many missionaries in their exertions to acquire an intimate knowledge of the people and their language, for their benevolent purposes. A college was established in Malacca in 1818, to encourage and facilitate the study of the Chinese, as the preparatory step for the introduction of religious and moral instruction into the country; and the work before us clearly shews that the cultivation of Chinese literature, which is one of its leading objects, is at once desirable and attainable. The greater part of the *Indo-Chinese Gleaner* is devoted to the reviews and extracts of Chinese books, accounts of the country, &c. But some of the most interesting articles are relations of passing events, contained in translations from the *Royal Gazette* of Pekin.

"I felicitate myself that I was born in China" said *Teen-ke-Shih*; "I constantly think that if I had been born beyond the seas, in some remote part of the earth, where the cold freezes or the heat scorches; where the people are clothed with the leaves of plants, eat wood, dwell in the wilderness, lie in holes of the earth, are far removed from the converting maxims of the ancient Kings, and are ignorant of the domestic relations; though born into this world, I should not have been different from a beast. But now, happily, I have been born in China! I have a house to live in; have drink and food, and elegant furniture. I have clothing and caps, and infinite blessings. Truly the highest felicity is mine!"

The following is a description of the English on their first appearance in China, and is taken from "A Topographical Account of Canton."

"In the winter of the 29th year of Wan-lee (about 1600,) two or three large ships came to Macao. The people's clothes were red, their bodies tall, and their hair red. Their eyes were blue, and sunk in their heads. Their feet were one cubit two-tenths long. They frightened the people by their strange appearance."

The English were not permitted to land, merely on account of the extraordinary figure they made; but in the 10th year of Shun-che, their Embassadors were received, and "the Emperor, in consideration of the difficulty of the voyage, ordered them to come once in ten years with tribute."

Bon Mot of his late Majesty.—When Judge Day returned from India, the minister represented to his late Majesty that knighthood would not only be acceptable, but that it was an honour to which the judge was entitled. "Poh, poh," said his Majesty, "I cannot turn day into night; it is impossible." At the next levee, which was about Christmas, his Majesty was again entreated to knight Mr. Day. The King enquired if he was married, and was answered in the affirmative. "Well, well," said the good-natured monarch; "then let him be intimated, and I will work a couple of miracles; I will not only turn Day into Knight, but I will make Lady Day at Christmas."

Tigers.—"Some idea may be formed how numerous the tigers must have been at one period in Bengal, from the circumstance that one gentleman is reported to have killed upwards of 360. I heard Mr. Henry Ramus, at the time he was Judge of the circuit of *Bahar*, declare that he had killed that number; and I was told that others fell by his hand before his death.—*Johnson's Indian Field Sports.*

The method these people adopt to catch snakes is as follows:—As snakes never make holes for themselves, but inhabit those made by other animals, such as lizards, rats, mice, &c. In order to ascertain if they are occupied by snakes, they examine the mouth of the holes, and if frequented by them, the under part is worn smooth by the snake passing over it, with sometimes a little sliminess; whereas if frequented by any animal having feet, they cause a roughness in the earth. When they discover a hole frequented by a snake, they dig into it very cautiously, and if they can lay hold of its tail, they do it with the left hand, at the same instant grasping the snake with the right hand, and drawing it through with the left, with astonishing rapidity, until the finger and thumb meet at the head, when they are secure. I have seen them catch them in the same manner when gliding fast on the ground.—*Ibid.*

Mr. Editor.—If you think the following brief notices of Parliaments, their origin, the various places they have been held at, and the state with which they were anciently opened, will be interesting to your readers at this particular period, they are much at your service:—

During the Saxon Heptarchy, the different kingdoms had their Witenagemotes, or assemblies of wise men, wherein laws were made for the use of each; and when laws were made in one of the kingdoms that were remarkably wise and good, the rest of the kingdoms received them as general laws throughout the whole nation; as the laws of Ethelbert, King of Kent; of Ina, King of the West Saxons, and of Offa, King of Mercia. Ethelbert's Laws were made in his Witenagemote by the advice of his *wita's*, which were the landed men, such as were the original sharers of the Britons' lands.

Wightred, King of Kent, 694, held his Witenagemote at Berghemsted, where his Code was made. Offa, held two provincial councils, one at Verulam, and one at Colclyth, in which latter sate Offa and his son, the King of the East Saxons, the King of the West Saxons, the King of Kent, the King of Northumberland, and three Kings of Wales, with fifteen Bishops and twenty Earls.

Egbert held his Witenagemote at Kingston; Ethelwolph, in 855, at Winchester. The Heptarchy being reduced by the former into one monarchy, Parliaments began to be held at more stated times. Alfred the Great had the Nobles of the nation at his Court, at the three great festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, when they assembled as a matter of course, and hence it came to be called a *Court de More*; if the affairs of the nation required a special meeting, summonses were sent to the Nobles, and the cause of summons made known.

King Edgar held his Parliament, or "*Consilia Sapientum*," at Salisbury. These *Sapientes* are defined by Ingulphus, in noticing a summons of King Eldred, 948, for the meeting of a similar assembly, in which they are said to be "*Universi magnates Regni, tam archiepiscopi et episcopi ac abbates, quam ceteri totius regni proceres, et optimates*." Which word *optimates* being used here instead of *Seniores Sapientum*, named in Ina's Laws, Selden thinks may be interpreted to mean the Representatives of the People, or Commons. Edward the Confessor's Laws also, which were admired for their wisdom and equitableness, are said to have been made "*a Rege, Baronibus, et Populo*."

William the Conqueror held the three annual Parliaments called *Courts de More*, at the same periods in the year as Alfred, and appointed them to be held at different places, according to the season, viz., at Christmas, at his Palace at Gloucester; at Winchester, in Easter; and at Whitsuntide, at Westminster; or, according to the words of an old chronicle, "*Thrice in the year he wore his crown*," &c.

The county palatine of Chester, soon after this period, was a singular exception to this custom of general Parliaments; being a little monarchy within the great one of England. Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, created eight Barons, and held Parliaments of his own Barons and tenants, and with their advice and consent made laws for his county of Chester.

In the three succeeding reigns there was scarcely any thing like a regular Parliament. Henry II., in the 11th of his reign (1164), held his first at Clarendon, in Wilts, in which he established various laws to curb the exorbitant power and privileges of the Clergy, which were hence called the Constitutions of Clarendon, and which were afterwards renewed at Northampton. In his twenty-second year (1176) he also held a Grand Council of his Peers at Nottingham, where he augmented the number of Justices Itinerant, whom he had recently established; and eleven years afterwards he held another Grand Council, at his Royal Palace of Gaytinton, in Northamptonshire.

The reigns of John and Richard I. were periods of turbulence and foreign crusade, and add little to our knowledge of Parliamentary history. Henry III., in 1227, held a Parliament at Oxford, where he declared himself to be of full age, and avowed his resolution of taking the administration of his kingdom into his own hands. In the 52d of his reign three Parliaments are particularly noticeable; one, held April 10, at London, was called, on account of the dissensions which took place in it, *Insanum Parliamentum*; another was a Parliament of Barons only, and was held at Marlborough, when the Great Charter was confirmed; and the third was held at Marlebridge, the laws made at which were afterwards distinguished by the name of the Statutes of Marlebridge.

Edward held five Parliaments—viz. at St. Edmond's Bury, Sarum, Carlisle, Lincoln, and again at Carlisle and London, at which the Bishops and Barons were summoned to be present; but no Statute Laws made in his time are found either in rolls or histories. Many other of his edicts and constitutions were made without authority of Parliament.

Edward II. held a Parliament in his first year at Stamford; in his 3d, at York; in his 5th and 9th years, at Lincoln; in his 16th year, at Rippon, in Yorkshire; and in his 18th year, at Sarum and Winchester. Edward III. held Parliaments in his first year at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Lincoln, and York; in his 2d year, at New Sarum (Salisbury); in his 3d and 4th years, at Windsor, Winchester, the Abbey of Oseney, and Nottingham; and in his 11th and 12th years, at Stamford and Northampton. Richard II. held Parliaments in his 2d, 4th, 7th, and 21st years, at Gloucester, Northampton, New Sarum, and Salop. Henry IV., in his 1st, 5th, and 7th years, at York, Coventry, and Gloucester. Henry V., in his 1st and 15th years, at Leicester and Cambridge. Henry VI., in his 31st and 38th years, at Reading Abbey, and near Coventry; and Edward IV. held various Parliaments at York. These were all exclusively of different Parliaments held by the above Princes at Westminster.* The Parliaments of Richard III. and Henry VII. were mostly held at Westminster.

Henry VIII.—Besides various Parliaments held at Westminster in different years of his reign, held three at the Black, or Preaching Friars, Ludgate (*Fratres Prædicatores*.) The first of these were held April 10, in the 14th year of his reign; the second, June 10, in his 18th year; where a question of precedence was determined between the Lords Clifford and Fitzwalter, by the "most Reverent Father in God, the Lord Thomas Walcy, Cardinal Legate de Latere, and Chancellor of England;" and the third was held at the same place, Nov. 3. (*an. regni sui 21.*) The opening of this latter Parliament by King Henry VIII., as a specimen of the grandeur of that age upon such occasions, I shall copy at length from a MS. at the Herald's College, printed by Dugdale—and which the reader may contrast with the pageantry of the present day.

"The 3d day of November, his Grace came from Westminster by water, accompanied with the substance of the Noblemen of this his realm; and many barges and great boats followed him, and landed at Bridewell, or near thereabouts. At which place (the Palace) of Bridewell, his Grace did put on his robes of Estate, and all the Lords did put on their Parliamentary robes." The following was the

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

The Marquess of Dorset bore the Cap of Estate.
The Marquess of Exeter bore the King's Sword.
The Duke of Suffolk (being Earl Marshalls bore the staff of his office, and before him Garter, Principal King of Arms, and before him—

The Archbishop of Canterbury—and
Sir Thomas Moore, then being Lord Chancellor, (whose habit was of scarlet, furred with minever, made of the fashion of the Judges)—on the Archbishop's left hand. And before them—

The Spiritual Lords, according to their estates.

And of every side the Bishops, the Officers of Arms.

And before them, the Judges, and

Sergeants at Law,

And before them the other Noblemen as

Knights and Esquires according to their degrees.

After them followed

THE KING.

The Earl of Oxenford, as Lord Chamberlain of England, bare the King's train, supported by Lord Sands, being Lord Chamberlain of the King. Then followed

The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Treasurer of England. Then followed all the Temporal Lords, according to their estates and ancientries.

And so proceeded to the quire of the Black Friars, where was sung the Mass of the Holy Ghost; all the Spiritual Lords being on the south side of the quire; and the Temporal Lords being on the north side. And at the offering time, the great estates went to attend upon the King's Highness; and after went to their stalls again.

The mass finished, the King went in like order to the Parliament Chamber; and afterwards sate in his seat Royal, both Marquesses standing. The Cap of Estate was on the right hand, and Sword on the left hand; and the King's Chamberlain stood by it, and behind them Garter. The Lord Marshall, and the Temporal Lords sate, according to the order of the Parliament Chamber. The Lord Chamberlain and the Lord Treasurer, stood behind the long settle; the Lord Chancellor on the right hand of the King, and the Lord Treasurer on his left.

The Lord Chancellor then made the propositions according to his office; which, and other ceremonies finished, the King, by the mouth of his Lord Chancellor, adjourned to his Palace of Westminster.

The ceremony at the opening of a subsequent Parliament at Westminster (28th April, 1540) somewhat differed, but was equally pompous. In the processions went first —

All Gentlemen and Esquires,

Knights and Banniers,

Sergeants at Law, and Justices,

Abbots, Bishops, and Archbishops,

Lord Chamberlain of England and the Earl of Sussex.

Lord Chancellor of England,

Lord Marshall of England,

The Duke of Norfolk, with his rod,

(Garter went before him in the King's coat)

Then the King's coat borne by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

The cap of maintenance borne by the Duke of Suffolk.

Then the KING'S HIGHNESS.

And after his Grace, all the other estates, as

Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Viscounts, Barons,

With other, after their degrees, in order two and two.

"After their ancientries on horseback in their robes unto the lighting place, where the Abbot of Westminster in *pontificalibus*, with all the Church, met the King; and from thence, in like order, every man proceeded on foot to the quire, save the Earl of Oxford, Lord Chamberlain of England, to bear his Grace's trayne, assisted by his Vice Chamberlain, Sir Anthony Wingfield, (for default of my Lord Chamberlain of the King's Household.)

"Here again they heard, as on the former occasion, a Mass of the Holy Ghost, which was executed by the Bishop of Carlisle, assisted by two Abbots in *pontificalibus*, and then returned to the Parliament Chamber; where the Parliament being opened with the like ceremonies as before at the Blackfriars, the King's Highness went to dinner. The King's Guards lining each side of the street, unto the Palace gate."

There is nothing particular to observe as to the Parliaments held by succeeding Princes, with the exception of Charles I., who, during his troubles, is well known to have called Parliaments at Oxford and other places. After his reign, Westminster became the stated place of meeting of these Assemblies, and so continues to the present time.

The manner of our ancient Sovereigns, &c. sitting in Parliament, the form and decorations of the Throne, and arrangement of the Peers, &c. are to be seen in various old representations. Edward I., in Parliament, with his tributaries, the King of Scots, and Llewellyn Prince of Wales, shown in a recently published print; Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and his Parliament, in an etching by Hollar; Henry VIII. in the frontispiece to the Bishop's Bible; Elizabeth, in the frontispiece to Sir Dudley Digges' *Comple Ambassador*, and several of our other Princes in different old prints.

* See Dugdale's Summons to Parliament, Origines Juridicæ Hist. of Parliaments, &c.

NEWSPAPERS.—The following singular advertisement, copied verbatim from an old Norwich newspaper, printed by Henry Cossgrave, in the year 1739:—"This is to inform my friends and customers, that on Saturday next, the newspaper will be sold for a penny, and be continued at the price; but advertisements will still be taken in 'gratis,' as formerly. The reason of my rising it to a penny is, because the number I print is too prodigious great to be given away any longer; and I hope none of my customers will think dear of a penny, since they shall always have the best intelligence, besides other diversions."

The following curious account of the customs used by the Peruvians in their confessions, with observations thereupon, by Joseph Acosta, a Spaniard, who was himself many years in South America, are translated from a scarce work, printed in 1597, and dedicated to Henry IV. of France.

The father of evil has even endeavoured to counterfeit the sacrament of confession among the idolaters, by instituting ceremonies very like those used by the faithful. The Peruvians believed that illness and misfortunes arose from the sins which they had committed, and to be cleansed from them, they had recourse to sacrifices; nay even they went so far as to have persons deputed to receive confessions. Penitence was sometimes administered in a very rigorous manner, especially when the sinner was a poor man, and nothing to give the confessor. The office itself was occasionally filled even by women. The usage of these sorcerer-confessors, called Ychuri or Ychuri, was more universal in the Collasium provinces. They believe it to be an enormous sin, to hide whatever they may have been guilty of when under confession. The Ychuris pretend to discover any thing be kept secret, by fate, or by looking at the entrails of some animal; and they chastise the delinquent by throwing stones upon his shoulders until he shall confess every thing; they then administer repentance, and receive the sacrifice. The people have recourse to confession when their children, wives, husbands, or Cacique—a sort of governor in a province—are sick, or when they themselves are in great trouble. But when the Inca (King) is ill, the provinces go to confession. The confessors are obliged to keep secret whatever is told them, except in very rare cases. The sins which are mentioned are killing each other when not at war: this is considered the greatest sin—taking away a wife belonging to another, administering poison, or having recourse to sorcery for injuring enemies; and they consider it a grievous sin to forget penitence for their guacas (chapels;) not observing fasts, making ill of their Incas, or not obeying the laws, are also enormous crimes*. They do not accuse themselves of inward sin. The Inca confesses his sins to no man, but addresses himself to the sun, in order that the sun may relate them to Viracocha†, for the purpose of being pardoned. When the Inca has concluded his confession, he bathes in a river, purifying himself the more, and utters these words:—“I have related my crimes to the sun, receive them, O river; carry them onward to the ocean, and let them for ever remain hidden.”

The inferior persons also bathe, and use certain ceremonies very similar to what the Moacs do, called Guaday, which the Peruvians call Opacuna. When it happens to a man that his children die, he is considered a great sinner, and is often told that for his sins his children have perished. The father then confesses them and bathes, using Opacuna; some monster-looking, ill-shapen Indian proceeds to flog him when naked with sharp nettles.

If the sorcerers or enchanters by their spells or augury inform that the sick man will die, he does not hesitate to sacrifice his own son, although he should be an only child, in order by this to save himself from death; he in the sacrifice repeats that he offers his son instead of himself. This custom has been exercised even since Christians have been settling in the country. It is very strange that this custom of confessing sins should have remained so long a time, considering what rigorous penitence the sufferers have to undergo—fasting, giving clothing, or gold, or silver, remaining exposed in the mountains, and receiving dreadful whippings on the shoulders. Our countrymen relate that in the province of Chiquito they met with that pest of Confessors, Ychuries, and that many sick persons waited upon them, but by the grace of God they were becoming enlightened and felt the great benefit of our holy confession, to which they came with much devotion. This past usage appears as though it had been permitted by the providence of the LORD, for the express purpose of introducing true confession: thus the LORD is glorified, and the devil, who is a deceiver, is himself foiled.

Inasmuch as there is something related, which appears to this history, I shall here proceed to mention the story of a singular confession, which the devil introduced upon, taken from a letter from that place. The letter is thus:—“There are in Ocaca some exceedingly large rocks, very steep, the peaks or points of which are more than 200 fathoms (1,200 feet) in height. Among these tremendous rocks, one of the peaks is so dreadfully high, that even the Xamabuzis (pilgrims) merely look upon it, their limbs begin to tremble, and their hair stands on end, so fearful and terrible is the place. Upon the summit of this peak there is an iron rod of three fathoms (18 feet) long, placed there by a singular artifice. At the end of this rod there is a pair of scales fastened, so large that a man may easily sit upon one of them: the Goquis (who are devils in human shape) command the pilgrims to enter into a scale one after another, until they have all been in the balance; they then, by means of an engine, which is moved by a wheel, force down this iron beam, upon which the balance is fastened, and the scale hangs suspended in the air, with one of the Xamabuzis hanging in the scale, and since there is no weight in the other scale, it suddenly flies up until it is stopped by the iron rod. The Goquis then call from the rock, desiring him to confess the sins he has committed, which are in his recollection; this must be done in a loud voice, that all who are present may hear. When he is confessing, the audience sometimes smile at what they hear, and sometimes shudder. At every sin confessed, the other scale lowers a little, and when all are said, the scales are perfectly even: the Goquis then pull the wheel, and draw the iron rod and the balance back down, and the pilgrim then leaves the scale. This is done until all have been served in the same way. A Japonese, who

was afterwards converted to Christianity, said he had been on that pilgrimage seven times, and had been as often in the balance, from whence he had publicly confessed. He also said, if by chance one who was put into that place did not relate the sin as it was committed, or if he hid one, the empty scale did not lower; and if he still persisted, and would not disclose all his crimes, the Goquis threw him headlong down, and in a moment he was broken into a thousand pieces. This newly-formed Christian's name is John; and he further related, the place was so terrible in its appearance, that all who went there immediately perceived the extreme danger; and when in the scale, there were but few who did not reveal all their crimes. This place is called by the name of Sangerotucoro, which, interpreted, means, a place of confession.”

“From the above letter it will be clearly seen that the devil has endeavoured to usurp for himself the divine service, in making the confession of sins (which the SAVIOUR has instituted for the benefit of mankind) a diabolical superstition, for the loss and perdition of the human race.”

* These people are in general frank and humane: the attachment which they have for their religion renders them rigid observers of its laws; they look upon them as being framed by Mancocapac, son of the sun, which they worship.—Hist. Introduction to Letters of a Peruvian.

† Viracocha, a brother of Mancocapac.—Ibid.

FENELON, the author of *Telemachus*, and Archbishop of Cambrai, used to entertain Protestants as readily as Papists. He was above all the little distinctions of country or religions. He used to say that he loved his family better than himself, his country better than his family, and mankind better than his country, “for I am more a Frenchman,” added he, “than a Fenelon, and more a man than a Frenchman.” The true reason of the Archbishop's being banished from the Court was the honesty he showed in not advising Louis the Fourteenth to own his marriage with Madame Maintenon, to whom he was unquestionably married. The King had asked the Bishop of Meaux his opinion in that affair, who spoke much in praise of the Lady, and advised what he thought would best please the King, but added, that if his Majesty had the opinion of the Archbishop of Cambrai on his side, it would be of much more weight, and use than any one's else. On this the King consulted the Archbishop, who, as his enemies had foreseen, was not courtier enough to say any thing to encourage such a declaration; and on the contrary, gave him some hints of the prejudice it might be of to his Majesty's affairs in their then situation. This soured the King much against him, as he expected it would; and soon after Madame Maintenon and her creatures insinuated to the King that Monsieur Fenelon had the insolence of designing to represent his Majesty under the character of *Idomeneus*, in his *Telemachus*, and both him and the lady, in part, under those of *Pigmalion* and *Astarbe*—and thus completed his disgrace. It was customary with this exemplary prelate and most amiable man to rise by four o'clock in the morning; think for about two hours, and then write. His time was chiefly spent in performing the duties of his function and amusements of charity. As to the latter, it was usual for him, whenever he went into the country to take the air, to call at the poor people's houses, where he would eat and drink, and enter into familiar conversations with them. He would inquire how they lived, and what family they had, advise them what they should do with such and such a child, and often would apprentice out their sons, or give portions for their daughters. It is inconceivable with what pleasure the people expected him where he used to pay those visits, or how much they regarded him whenever he passed; they all loved him, and looked upon him as their common father.

Bishop Latimer having one day preached before King Henry the Eighth a sermon which had displeased his Majesty, he was ordered to preach again on the next Sunday, and make an apology for the offence he had given. After naming his text, the good Bishop thus began his sermon:—“Hugh Latimer, dost thou know to whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty Monarch, the King's Most Excellent Majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest, therefore take heed that thou speakest not a word that may displease. But then consider well, Hugh, dost thou not know from whence thou comest, upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God, who is always all-present, and who beholdeth all thy ways, and who is able to cast both body and soul into hell together; therefore take care, and deliver thy message faithfully;” and then proceeded with the same sermon he had preached the Sunday before, and confirmed it with more energy. The sermon being finished, the Court was full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing Bishop. After dinner, the King calls for Latimer, and, with a stern countenance, asked him how he durst be so bold as to preach in this manner. He, falling on his knees, replied that his duty to his God and to his Prince had enforced him thereunto, and that he had merely discharged his duty and in his conscience in what he had spoken; and that his life was in his Majesty's hands. Upon this the King rose from his seat, and, taking the good man off his knees, embraced him in his arms, saying, “Blessed be God I have so honest a servant.”

Saint Francis de Sales had been very intimate in his youth with Marshal Villeroy, who never could bring himself to call him Saint. Whenever he was spoken of under this title, the Marshal used to say, “I am delighted to hear that Mr. de Sales has been made a Saint: he was very fond of talking obscenely, and of cheating at cards, but withal a very pleasant Gentleman, though a great fool.” The Archbishop of Aix spoke of him in nearly similar terms; and when he was asked—“But, my Lord, is it possible that a Saint should cheat at play?” “Oh!” replied his Grace, “he excused himself by saying, that what he gained he gave to the poor.”

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ROSE.

BY MR. J. L. BRADBURY, OF GLOUCESTER,

A Gentleman celebrated for his knowledge of the Arts and Sciences, and whose invention contributed largely to the Pantomime now performing at Drury-lane Theatre.

In former times, for so the story goes,
There liv'd a Youth who lov'd the fair Miss ROSE,
And she, 'tis said, as ardently return'd
The flame with which young PAPILIO burn'd:
Beauteous she bloom'd, and *flattering gay* the Youth,
And warm their vows of everlasting truth.

One morn he took his leave, with soft adieu,
And on some fashionable visits flew—
Return'd at last, the lovely Maid appears,
Hanging her head, and drown'd in dewy tears;
But more surprise he felt, when she began,
"Are these your vows? unkind and perjur'd man!
Here I must stand, whilst you gad up and down,
Flirting with ev'ry belle you meet in town.
With rich Miss *Mary-Gold*, who blush'd like fire,
Spiteful Miss *Rue*, and vulgar *Madam Brier*—
With *Minionette* all Scent, with *Lady Smoak*,
And gaudy *flourishing Duchess Hollyhock*;
And, Oh! for shame, though innocent you look,
You stoop'd to kiss *Young Marjeram the Cook*."

PAPILIO, as soon as speak he could,
Repl'd, "now catch me, this is dev'lish good—
And, granting, Madam, your assertions true,
Pray what example has been set by you?
You flirted (does that rising blush deny)
With *Captain Wasp* and young *Squire Butterfly*;
With *Merchant Bee*, and, Madam, if you can,
Deny you kiss'd old *Drone the Alderman*.
Your cousin *Mrs. Brier*, tho' you deride her,
Is as well bred, at least, as *Lawyer Spider*.
And, Oh, for shame, can vanity prevail
On that fair cheek, to stoop to *Goodman Snail*!
From hence, farewell! and learn, proud ROSE, from me,
Coquets must never look for constancy."

FRAGMENT,

Found in the Skeleton Case at the Royal Academy, and supposed to have been written & deposited there by a Student.

BEHOLD this ruin!—'twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat;—
This space was thought's mysterious seat;—
What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
Has left one trace or record here!

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,
If social love that eye employ'd—
If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
But through the dew of kindness beam'd,
The eye shall be for ever bright
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
And where it could not praise, was chain'd—
If hold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee,
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envy'd rubies shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can nothing now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod
These feet the path of duty trod?
If from the bow'rs of joy they fled,
To soothe affliction's humble bed—
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
And home to virtue's lap return'd—
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

SONNET.—By LORD HOLLAND.

ON that steep ridge beyond Bayona's Hold
Methought a giant figure did appear
Sun-burnt and rough. He on his limbs did wear
Bright steel, and raiment fairer than of old,
But yet uncouth of speech—"I nothing fear
Yon Braggart's threats," quoth he, "in accents bold,
Let recreant France her fine-spun plots unfold,
And come with Train Barbarians in her rear,
Croat or Moscovite.—My native pride
Wither'd such hosts, when mightier Captains led:
Cæsar, Napoleon, ill with me have sped,
And shall I crouch, now Freedom is my Bride?
No! The Young offspring of that heavenly bed,
Stand England firm, shall 'galust the world make head."

THE GRAVE OF EUSTACE.*

By Mrs. Henry Rolls, Author of "Sacred Sketches," "Moscaw," "the Home of Love," and other Poems.

Night spreads her veil o'er Rome's imperial plain,
And shrouds the ruin'd glories that remain
To speak, where once a queen she reign'd alone,
Whilst conquer'd nations knelt before her throne;
Hush'd are those streets, where once, 'mid shouts of song,
The splendid triumph moved in pomp along,
Where waving banners show'd the pride of war,
And captive monarchs wept behind the car,
And female beauty pour'd her plaints in vain,
By savage conquerors doom'd to drag the chain;
Or if some god's false oracle decreed
A hapless victim at his shrine to bleed.
Where once those shrines,—those temples tower'd on high,
Lo! sunk in dust, the mighty ruins lie,
Or, rodding tow'rs their fall, to man proclaim
Pride, pomp, or glory, but an empty name!

But now dark moving through the shades of night,
What slow procession swells upon the sight.
In awful silence tread the solemn train,
And bend their steps to yonder lofty fane;
As glowing torches spread their distant beams,
Through the long cloisters flash the waving gleams;
Now in low accents breath'd, deep thrilling, flows
The solemn dirge, which speaks the mourners' woes.
Low bends the sable cowl—the funeral vest
Close folded o'er each deeply throbbing breast;
The sable pall that wraps the corpse around,
And spreads its lengthen'd folds along the ground;
The lofty plumes that slowly bend or wave,
All speak the sad procession of the grave!
Uncertain, solemn, darkling, like that hour
When death triumphant shows his utmost power;
When vanquish'd nature sinks beneath his dart,
And the last life-pulse leaves the freezing heart!
As slow their lofty valves the doors unfold,
Say, are these earthly splendours we behold?
What glowing beams of brilliant light appear!
What strains of music burst upon the ear!
Whilst infant forms, array'd in palest white,
Shine like a band of Seraphs on the sight!
Rich gilded shrines and splendid jewels blaze,
And silver lamps diffuse their soften'd rays;
Starting to life, the marble forms arise,
And sculptur'd cherubs seem to seek the skies!
As through the lofty dome, spread the long beams,
And tombs and altars catch the varying gleams,
Whilst sounds celestial from yon organ rise,
And give to earth the music of the skies;
Whilst warbling choristers the notes prolong,
And vaulted roofs return the solemn song,
That tells His triumphs, who victorious rose,
Conqueror o'er death and hell, his vanquish'd foes!
Whose power shall bid the sleeper quit the grave,
Whose blood was shed, the race of man to save.

Now hush'd, in silence sinks the solemn strain,
And dies in distant murmurs through the fane;
Now flows that prayer which dust on dust bestows,
And man's last friendly act to man must close.

But who is he beneath the holy shade
Of Peter's mighty dome in silence laid?
Was he the Hero whose triumphant hand
Late carried fear and slaughter through the land?
Who bade the nations tremble at his nod,
Who crush'd his brethren and defied his God?
Who rose the scourge by angry Heaven decreed,
To bend the proud and make the guilty bleed?
No! in that silent grave a heart is laid,
That loved its brother, and its God obey'd!
Him to no narrow track his creed confined,
He traced the work of God in all mankind!—
Could genius, learning, truth, or virtue, save
One mortal being from th' all-conquering grave,
EUSTACE! thou had'st not press'd th' untimely bier,
Wet with thy country's warmest, purest tear!

* The Rev. John Chetwode Eustace, author of "The Classical Tour in Italy," "A Letter from Paris," &c. died of a Fever in Italy, 1815.

From the Fourth Number of Moore's National Melodies.

NETS AND CAGES.

COME, listen to my story, while Your needle's task you ply— At what I sing some maids will smile, While some perhaps may sigh, & blame Tho' Love's the theme, and Wisdom Such florid songs as ours, & flames, Yet truth, sometimes, like Eastern Can speak her thoughts by flowers. Then listen, Maids, come listen while Your needle's task you ply, At what I sing, there's some may smile, While some perhaps will sigh.	Much CLOE laugh'd at SUSAN's task; But mark how things went on, [ask These light-caught Loves, ere you could Their name and age, were gone. So weak poor CLOE's nets were wove, That tho' she charm'd into them New game each hour, the youngest Love Was able to break through them. Come, listen, Maids, &c.
Young CLOE, bent on catching Loves, Such nets had learn'd to frame, That none in all our vales and groves E'er caught so much small game. While gentle SUE, less giv'n to roam, When CLOE's nets were taking These flights of birds, sat still at home One small, neat love-cage making. Come, listen, Maids, &c.	Meanwhile, young SUE, whose cage was Of bars, too strong to sever, [wrought One Love with golden pinions caught, And caged him there for ever: Instructing thereby all coquets, What'er their looks or ages, That tho' 'tis pleasant weaving nets, 'Tis wiser to make cages.— Thus, Maidens, thus do I beguile The task your fingers ply: May all who hear, like SUSAN smile;— Ah! not like CLOE sigh!

Adapted to a desponding Neapolitan Air.

WHERE SHALL WE BURY OUR SHAME?

WHERE shall we bury our shame, Where—in what desolate place, Hide the last wreck of a name, Broken and stain'd by disgrace! Death may sever the chain, Oppression will cease when we're gone; But the dishonour, the stain, Die as we may, will live on!	Was it for this we sent out Liberty's cry from our shore? Was it for this that her shout Thrill'd to the world's very core? Thus to live cowards and slaves— Oh! ye free hearts that lie dead, Do you not c'en in your graves Shudder, as o'er you we tread?
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HERE SLEEPS THE BARD.

(Probably a tribute to the memory of that honour to his country—BURNS.)

HERE sleeps the Bard who knew so well
All the sweet windings of APOLLO's shell;
Whether its music roll'd like torrents near,
Or died like distant streamlets on the ear.
Sleep—sleep—alike unheeded now,
The storm and zephyr sweep thy lifeless brow—
That storm, whose rush is like thy martial lay,
That breeze, which, like thy love song, dies away.

THE STAGE COACH.

FROM THE LATIN OF VINCENT BOURNE.

Having taken my place in the Birmingham stage,
To visit a friend I had promised an age,
I was rous'd in the morning before it was light,
With the prospect of rumbling and tumbling till night.
On mounting the coach 'twas my luck to be fixt
Two very fat elderly ladies betwixt;
On the opposite seats were a brat and his nurse,
A serjeant, whose joy was to swagger and curse;
And between, à la bodkin, big, burly, and staunch,
Mine host, that of Falstaff might rival the paunch.
We had scarce clear'd the stones, when the road growing hilly,
To and fro, like a ship, roll'd the merciless dilly:
At this my good matrons, who sat at each side,
Were provok'd, one to cough, and the other to chide;
The soldier to swear, spite of check or rebuke,
The landlord to snore, and the baby to—
If such be the charms of a stage, I'll take root;
Or if ever I travel I'll travel a-foot.

A HOT DAY.

[The following lines may have been written on the first hot day, for any thing we know to the contrary. We mean to say, that they are *very old*; but, to oblige a Correspondent, we give them a place:]

What a plague's a summer breakfast,
Eat whate'er you will!
Cold butter'd bread's a nasty thing,
Hot toast is nastier still!
Then, how to pass the time away
Till dinner,—there's the doubt;
You're hot by staying in the house,
You're hot if you go out.
And, after dinner, what to do,
Not knowing where to move:
The gentlemen are hot below,
The ladies hot above.
And now the kettle comes full trot,
That's not the way to cool one;
Tea makes an empty stomach hot,
But hotter still a full one.
Well, then, an evening walk's the thing,—
Not if you are hot before;
For he who sweats when he stands still,
Will, when he walks, sweat more.
So now the supper's come—and come
To make bad worse, I wot;
For supper, while it heats the cool,
Will never cool the hot.
And bed, which cheers the cold man's heart,
Helps not the hot a pin;
For he who's hot when out of bed,
Heats ten times more when in!

LE PATISSIER.

Monsieur grown sick of fricassée,
And England wishing much to see,
To London came, where roasting beef,
And puddings large, surpass belief.
Monsieur found fault with all he saw,
And swore we ate our mutton raw;
So out he pulled his pocket book
And wrote "*De English no can cook.*"
Before the 'Change this Frenchman stood,
Said he, "I do smell something good;"
His nose then led him, slap, bang, pop,
In far-fam'd BIRCH's pastry shop.
Some soup he took, and then a puff,
A tartlett, and a pinch of snuff.
"Ma foi!" said he, "down in my book,
"I mark dis BIRCH de pastry cook."
Mad Bedlam next to view he went,
In front he saw a regiment;
"Sure, invalids," said he, "might do
"To guard such lunatics as you.
"Your Colonel, vat is his name—
"BIRCH, de pastry cook?—the very same;
"Mon Dieu," said he, "where is my book?
"Vat Colonel BIRCH, a pastry cook?"
For Guildhall next his course he steered,
Where bawling out, on high appeared,
An Orator, who boldly spoke
Of Britain's boast—HER HEARTS OF OAK.
"Dat cratur—vat is his name?
"BIRCH—de pastry cook?—the very same.
"Parbleu," said he, "give me my book,
"Vat Cratur—Colonel—Pastry Cook."
St. Paul's he next with wonder viewed,
Its School he entered—no boy rude—
"How quiet," said he, "just like our Church,"
"For that," cried one, "thank Old Tom BIRCH."
"Vat, Monsieur BIRCH, you joke," said he,
But they all cried, "Oui, Monsieur, Oui,
"Professeur BIRCH will fill my book,
"Orateur, Colonel, Pastry Cook."
To Drury Lane he found his way,
The *Adopted Child* was then the play;
When looking at the printed book,
He found 'twas wrote by BIRCH the Cook.
Said he, "when Monsieur BIRCH does die,
"His bones in lead will surely lie;
"To Westminster dey will be took,
"For all he is von pastry cook."

THE LOST PUDDING—A CHRISTMAS TALE. A RECENT FACT.

A pleasant family quite gay,
Some friends had got on Christmas-day;
Both old and young, why not?
Who round the table sat with glee,
To spend the day right merrily
On beef and pudding hot.

The founders of the feast sat there,
And well they filled their two-arm chair,
At bottom and at top.
The beef, all said 'twas wond'rous fine;
E'en Gods on a such a dish might dine;
And pudding from the pot.

Young lips did to each other say,
We'll taste some pudding rich to-day;
And brandy, too, I wot;
When out, alas! oh dire mishap,
The cook appears with fallen chap,
No pudding have I got!

No pudding! all at once did cry,
No pudding! with an inward sigh,
Their efforts could not stop;
No pudding, Betty!—how is this?
Pudding on Christmas-day to miss,
You surely have forgot.

Lord, Sir! as I'm of woman kind,
The pudding no where can I find,
'Tho' I left it in the pot;
But when to take it out I went,
Put in the fork with that intent,
No pudding there I got.

In vain they search both far and near,
But no where can they find the cheer
That's vanished from the pot;
Chins grew as fast as hops in Kent,
As to and fro in haste they went,
But they no pudding got.

Sans pudding that day all did go,
Not best content I well do know,
It is not yet forgot;
But mark the sequel now, I pray,
How pudding was bewitched away
From that same pudding pot.

The maid, when off the fire she took
The well-boiled pudding, in a nook
Had placed the pudding pot,
Where high above the jack-weight hung,
Which, as the jack went round, did come
Down on the pudding top.

Beneath the weight there was a hook,
That of the cloth a fast hold took,
Where dwelt the pudding hot;
The jack wound up, up went the weight,
And up the pudding followed straight,
Till it had reached the top.

So pudding from the pot was gone
Ere you could say Jack Robinson,
And left the empty pot;
The next day the jack went again,
When down the pudding came amain,
And in their view did pop.

THE VISION.—(From the German.)

THE wind was in the East, and the broad street
Resounded with a Horse's clattering feet:
Near and more near, a terror seizes all,
Stones fly, boys halloo, and old women squall.
The furious Rider now in sight appears,
Of ruddy visage and of youthful years.
Through his strange beaver, which a crown had none,
His fiery tresses like a meteor shone;
His upper vest was blue as summer's sky,
His nether garment black as ebony;
His thigh was arm'd with instrument of steel,
And what a dagger seem'd begirt one heel,
Which with eternal motion was applied,
And drew large gore-drops from the Keffel's* side.
Before the Youth was laid, distain'd with blood,
A strange, uncouth, misshapen thing of wood;
In which was seen, just sever'd, raw, and fresh,
A large white limb, that seem'd of human flesh.
In sullen haste the stripling spurr'd his steed,
As if too conscious of the murderous deed.
Onward they rush, and dreadful to relate,
Both horse and rider thunder'd at my gate;
The bell with hasty sounds his presence told,
My hair stood upright, and my blood ran cold,
Till my old Cook exclaim'd, with rapture, 'Lork!
'Here comes the Butcher's Boy, and there's our Leg of Pork!'

* The German name for Horse.

"April with fools, and May with bastards blest."

CHURCHILL.

A custom, says "The Spectator," prevails every where among us on the first of April, when every body strives to make as many fools as he can. The wit consists in sending persons on what are called "Sleeveless errands," for the *History of Eve's Mother*; for *Pigeon's milk*; with similar ridiculous absurdities. He takes no notice, however, of the rise of this singular kind of anniversary.

Poor Robin, (*Almanac* for 1760) says—

The first of April, some do say,
Is set apart for *All Fool's Day*;
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves do know:
But on this day are people sent,
On purpose for pure merriment;
And though the day is known before,
Yet frequently there is great store
Of these forgetfuls to be found,
Who're sent to dance *Moll Dixon's round*;
But 'tis a thing to be disputed,
Which is the greatest fool reputed,
The man that innocently went,
Or he that him design'dly sent.

The paper in the "World," No. 10, speaking of this day, pleasantly observes: "The oldest tradition affirms, that such an infatuation attends the first of April, as no foresight can escape, no vigilance defeat. Deceit is successful on that day, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings; grave citizens have been bit upon it: usurers have lent their money upon bad security; experienced matrons have married very disappointing young fellows; mathematicians have missed the longitude; alchemists the philosopher's stone; and politicians preferment on that day."

The custom of imposing upon, and ridiculing people on the first of April, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1783) conjectures, "may have an allusion to the mockery of the Saviour of the world by the Jews." Something like this, which we call "April Fool's Day," he observes, is practised also abroad in Catholic countries on Innocent's Day, on which occasion people run through the rooms, making a pretended research in and under the beds, in memory of the search made by Herod for the discovery and the destruction of the child Jesus; and his having been imposed upon, and deceived by the Wise Men, who contrary to his orders and expectations, returned to their country another way. This opinion is countenanced by Bellingh, in his etymology of French Proverbs, who remarking on the French All Fool's Day, or first of April, on which they call the person imposed upon an April Fish—"Poisson d'Avril," says, that the word "poisson," is corrupted through the ignorance of the people from *passion*; and that length of time has almost obliterated the original intention, which was, that as the passion of our Lord took place about this time of the year, and as the Jews sent Christ backward and forward to mock and torment him—i. e. from Annas to Caiaphas, from Caiaphas to Pilate, from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod back again to Pilate, this ridiculous, or rather impious custom, took its rise from thence, by which we send about from one place to another, such persons as we think proper objects of our ridicule.

In the *British Apollo*, a periodical paper, (Lond. 1708, No. vi.) is the following query:—"Whence proceeds the custom of making April fools? Answer. It may not improperly be derived from a memorable transaction, happening between the Romans and Sabines, mentioned by Dionysius, which was thus: the Romans, about the infancy of the city, wanting wives, and finding they could not obtain the neighbouring women by their peaceable addresses, resolved to make use of a stratagem; and accordingly Romulus institutes certain games to be performed in the beginning of April (according to the Roman calendar), in honour of Neptune. Upon notice thereof, the bordering inhabitants, with their whole families, flocked to Rome to see this mighty celebration; where the Romans seized upon a great number of the Sabine virgins, and ravished them, which imposition, we suppose, may be the origin of this foolish custom." This solution is ridiculed in No. viii. of the same work, as follows:—

"Ye witty sparks who make pretence,
To answer reasons with good sense,
How comes it that your mouthly Phœbus,
Is made a fool by Dionysius?
For had the Sabines as they came,
Departed with their virgin fame,
The Romans had been styled dull tools,
And they, poor girls, been April fools.
Therefore, if this be 'nt out of season,
Pray think and give a better reason."

The *Public Advertiser* for June, 1789, thus describes what he calls "the humorous Jewish custom of making fools on the first of April."

"This custom," he says, "arose from the mistake of Noah, in sending the dove out of the ark before the water had abated, on the first day of the month among the Hebrews, which answers to our first of April; and to perpetuate the memory of their deliverance, it was thought proper, whoever forgot so remarkable a circumstance, to punish them, by sending them upon some sleeveless errand, similar to that ineffectual message upon which the bird was sent by the Patriarch."

After all it must be confessed that there are mere conjecture, and an anonymous writer in one of the public journals (1792), is perhaps right, when he affirms that "no antiquary has ever tried to explain the custom of making April Fools." "It cannot be," says he, "connected with the Feast of the Ass; for that would be on Twelfth Day,

England, nor with the 'Abbot of Unreason,' in Scotland, for these frolics were held at Christmas." The writer recollects that he has met with a conjecture somewhere, that April day is celebrated as part of the festival of New Year's Day. That day used to be kept on the 28th of March. "All antiquaries," he says, "know that an octave or eight days, usually completed the festival of our forefathers. If so, April Day, making the octaves close, may be supposed to be employed in fools-making, all other sports having been exhausted in the seven days."

Mr. Maurice (*Indian Antiquities*), speaking of the first of April, or the ancient Feast of the Vernal Equinox, usually observed in India and Britain, has assigned as probable an origin to this custom as any writer we have seen, though we do not call it a full and satisfactory explanation: this still remains to be given, notwithstanding the proceeding observations.

This, says he, was a high and general festival, in which an unbounded hilarity reigned through every order of its inhabitants: for the sun, at that period of the year, entering the sign Aries, the new year, and with it the season of rural sport and vernal delights, was then supposed to have commenced. The proof of the great antiquity of the observance of this annual festival, as well as the probability of its establishment in the Asiatic region, arises from the evidence of facts afforded us by astronomy. Although the reformation of the year by the Julian and Gregorian Calendars, and the adaptation of the period of its commencement to a different and far nobler system of theology, have occasioned the festival of sports, anciently as celebrated in this country on the first of April, to have long since ceased. And although the changes occasioned during a long lapse of years, by the shifting of the equinoctial points, have, in Asia itself been productive of important astronomical alterations, as to the exact era of the commencement of the year; yet, on both Continents, some very remarkable traits of the jocundity which then reigned, remain even to these distant times. Of these preserved in Britain, none of the least remarkable or ludicrous is the general practice of making April Fools, as it is called, on the first day of that month:—

"While April's morn her Folly's throne exalts:

When Dob calls Nell, and laughs because she halts;
While Nell meets Tom and says his tail is loose,
Then laughs in turn, and calls poor Thomas goose.
Let us, my Muse, through Folly's harvest range,
And glean some moral into wisdom's grange."

But this, Colonel Pearce (*Asiatic Researches*), he adds, proves to have been an immemorial custom among the Hindoos, at a celebrated festival held on or about the same period in India, which is called the Hali Festival. During the Hali, when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindoos of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the person sent. The Hali is always in March, and the last day is the general holyday. I have never yet heard, says the Colonel, any origin of this English custom, but it is unquestionably very ancient, and is still kept up even in great towns, though less in them than in the country. With us it is chiefly confined to the lower class of people; but in India high and low join in it, and the late Suraja Doulah, I am told, was very fond of making Hali Fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank. They carry the joke here so far as to send letters making appointments, in the names of persons, who, it is known, must be absent from their homes at the time fixed upon, and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given! The least inquiry, says Mr. Maurice, into the ancient customs of Persia, or the minutest acquaintance with the general astronomical mythology of Asia, would have taught Colonel Pearce, that the boundless hilarity and jocund sports prevalent on the first of April in England, and during the Hali festival of India, have their origin in the practice of celebrating with

estival rites the period of the vernal equinox, on the day when the new year of Persia anciently began.

In Ward's "Wars of the Elements," &c. (8vo. Lond. 1708.) p. 55, in his epitaph on the French prophet, whose resurrection was to take place on the first of May, he says:—

"O'th'first of April had the scene been laid,
I should have laugh't t'have seen the living made
Such April fools and blockheads by the dead."

Dr. Goldsmith also, in his "Vicar of Wakefield," describing the manners of some rustics, tells us, that among other customs which they followed, they "showed their wit on the first of April."

So in "The First of April, or Triumphs of Folly," (4to. Lond. 1777)—

"'Twas on the month when April doth appear,
And wets the primrose with its maiden tear;
'Twas on the morn when laughing Folly rules,
And calls her sons around, and dubs them fools,
Bids them be bold, some untry'd path explore,
And do such deeds as fools ne'er did before," &c.

"What is a system?" said a young lady to a man of letters.
"It is," replied he, "a faggot of ideas, well arranged, and neatly bound together."

WALPOLE, in one of his letters to WEST, says, "do you remember the story of the Prince, that after travelling three years brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it; in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the Kings, Queens, Kingdoms, and every thing in the world. After many unfoldings, out stepped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell to dancing a saraband. There is a fairy tale for you."

This festive day appears to have been observed at all periods, and in nearly every nation, as a season of more than ordinary jollity, as the vulgar, says Bowine, are always very careful to end the old year well, so are they no less solicitous of making a good beginning of the new one. The old one is ended with a hearty comotation; the new one is opened with the custom of sending presents, which are termed New Year's Gifts, to friends and acquaintances. He resolves both customs into superstition, as being observed that the succeeding year ought to be prosperous and successful.

The record of rural festivity and amusement, must, as far as it is unaccompanied by any detail of riot or intemperance, be a subject of pleasing contemplation to every good and cheerful mind. Labour, the destined portion of by far the greater part of human beings, requires frequent intervals of relaxation; and the encouragement of innocent diversion at stated periods, may be considered, both in a moral and political point of view, as essentially useful. Unfortunately the license on these occasions is too often abused.

The ushering in of the New Year, or *New Year's tide*, with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was a custom observed during the sixteenth century, with great parade and regularity, and is still kept up in various parts of the country. In old times, the young women in the country, on the New Year's Eve, went about with the wassail bowl, which was the same that is called the gossip's bowl in Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The composition was ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples. It was also called Lamb's wool.

"A massy bowl, to deck the jovial day,
Flash'd from its ample round a sunlike ray
Full many a century it shone forth to grace
The festive spirit of the Anderton race.
As to the sons of sacred union dear,

It welcomed with *Lamb's Wool* the rising year *.

This custom of wassailing, Dr. Milner informs us, ("Archæologia" v. xi.) was not all abolished by the introduction of Christianity among us, though one certainly of Heathen origin. On the contrary, it began to assume a sort of religious aspect; and the wassail bowl itself, which in great monasteries was placed on the Abbot's table, at the upper end of the refectory or eating-hall, to be circulated among the community at his discretion, received the honourable appellation of *Poculum Charitatis*. This in our Universities is now called the Grace Cup. It was practised, as we learn from the collection of Ordinances for the Royal Household, published by the Antiquarian Society, at the Court of Henry VII., at which time it appears that the ancient custom of pledging each other out of the same bowl or cup, had given place to the more elegant practice of each person having his own cup, and that "when the steward came in at the door with the wassel, he was to cry three times, *wassel, wassel, wassel*; and then the Chaplain was to answer with a song."

Another custom still observed in Cumberland on New Year's-eve, is mentioned in Hutchinson's History of that county—"On the eve of the new year," says he, "the children go from house to house, singing a ditty which craves the bounty they were wont to have in Old King Edward's days." There is no tradition whence this custom arose; the donation is two pence, or a pye at every house. We have to lament that so negligent are the people of the morals of youth, that great part of the salutation is obscene and offensive to chaste ears. It certainly has been derived, the author observes, from the vile orgies of heathens."

"Druidian customs of going out to cut the misletoe," Selden says, "some have grounded a custom on, to this day used in France; where the younger country-fellows about New Year-tide, in every village give the wish of good fortune at the inhabitants' doors, with this acclamation—*Au quy l'An Neuf*," i. e. to the misletoe this New Year; which, as I remember, in Rabelais, is read all in one word, for the same purpose."

In Scotland it is still observed as a custom, and particularly at Glasgow, to distribute sweet cakes, and a certain kind of sugared bread, called short bread, for several days before and after the new year, and on the last night of the old year (peculiarly called *Hagmanai*), the visitors and company make "a point of not separating until after the clock has struck twelve, when they rise, and mutually kissing each other, wish each other a happy new year. Of the lower orders many parade the streets, carrying a jug or kettle full of whisky toddy, of which they invite such acquaintance as they meet to partake, seldom parting, if each are of the opposite sex, without a salute. In other parts of Scotland it is customary, upon the last night of the old year, for the children to go about from door to door, asking for bread and cheese, which they call *nog-money*, in these words:—

"Get up, gude wife, and buino sweir (be not lazy),
And deal your cakes and cheese, while you are here;
For the time will come when ye'll be dead,
And neither need your cheese nor bread."

Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, mentions that, within memory, at Abbot's or Paget's Bromley, they had a sort of sport, which they celebrated on New Year's Day, called the *hobby-horse dance*, from a person who carried the figure of a horse between his legs, made of thin boards, and in his hands a bow and arrow. The latter passing through a hole in the bow, and stopping on a shoulder, made a snapping noise when drawn to and fro, keeping time with the music. With this man danced six others, carrying on their shoulders as many rein-deer heads, with the arms of the chief families to whom

the revenues of the town belonged. They danced the heys and other country dances. To the above hobby-horse dance there belonged a pot; all people who had any kindness for the good intent of the institution of the sport giving pence a piece for themselves and families. Foreigners also that came to see it contributed; and the money, after defraying the expense of the cakes and ale, went to repair the church and support the poor: which charges, adds the Doctor, are not now, perhaps, so cheerfully borne.

Prynne in his "*Histrio-Matrix*," speaks with his usual malignity of both Christmas and New-year's sports, but affords us at the same time an insight as to the manner in which it was then customary to celebrate those festivals:—

"Our Bacchanalian Christmasses and New-years' tides with these Saturnalia and Feasts of Janus, we shall finde between them both such near affinitye in regard to time, (they being both in the end of December and first of January) and in their manner of solemnizing, (both of them being spent in revelling, epicurisme, wontonnesse, idlenesse, dancing, drinking, stage-plaies, masques, and carnall pomp and jollity) that we must needs conclude the one to be but the very ape or issue of the other. Hence Polydore Virgil affirms in expresse termes that our Christmas Lords of Misrule (which custom, saith he, is chiefly observed in England), together with dancing, masques, mummeries, stage-player, and such other Christmas disorders now in use with Christians, were derived from these Roman Saturnalia and Bacchanalian Festivals; which (concludes he) should cause all pious eternally to abominate them."

At Bamff, in Scotland, we are told by Sir John Sinclair "on the first night in January, they observe, with anxious attention, the disposition of the atmosphere. As it is calm or boisterous; as the wind blows from the South or the North; from the East or the West; they prognosticate the nature of the weather till the conclusion of the year. The first night of the New Year, when the wind blows from the West, they call *dar-na-coille*, the night of the fecundation of the trees; and from this circumstance has been derived the name of that night in the Gaelic language. Their faith in the above signs is couched in verse (thus translated)

"The wind of the South will be productive of heat and fertility; the wind of the west, of milk and fish; the wind from the North, of cold and storm; the wind from the East, of fruit on the trees."

* Polwhele's Old English Gentleman, p. 117.

Wrought silk was brought from Persia to Greece, 325 years B.C., and from India A.D. 274. It was known at Rome in the time of Tiberius, when a law passed prohibiting the use of plate of massy gold, and also forbidding men to debase themselves by wearing silk, fit only for women. Heliogabalus first wore a garment of silk, in 220. Silk worms were brought to Europe 300 years later. Silk was at first of the same value with gold, weight for weight. The Emperor Aurelian, in 275, denied his Emperress a robe of silk because it was too dear.

The form of the theatres in Shakspeare's time was derived from those buildings which experience had proved to be well adapted to the purposes of the drama. Like the court-yard of an inn, three sides were occupied by balconies, and these, properly divided, were appropriated to the reception of different classes of company. The fourth side formed the stage, and the central area the pit, which was entirely destitute of benches. The common people, who resorted thither, stood to witness the exhibition; hence, they are called *groundlings*, by Shakspeare; and, by Ben Jonson, the *understanding gentlemen of the ground*; in fact, our old dramatists are never weary of the play upon words which this circumstance affords them. Between this class of spectators, and the occupiers of the upper balconies or scaffolds, the gods of modern days, there was no distinction of rank, both being of the lowest description. The lower balconies, or *rooms*, answering to our boxes, were frequented by persons of rank and fashion. "The Lords' rooms," which are often particularly mentioned, appear to have been immediately contiguous to the stage. Independently of the regular *rooms*, there were also, in some of the theatres, private boxes, but their situation is by no means ascertained with precision. Occasionally, also, the public rooms were appropriated to individuals, under the security of lock and key. An upper balcony over the stage constituted the orchestra. The stage was separated from the audience part of the house by paling; and previous to the commencement of the performance, was concealed by a curtain, which being divided in the middle, could be drawn from the centre to the sides; and the materials of which varied, according to the opulence of the house, from woollen to silk. Like the floors of private houses in the Elizabethan age, the stage was usually strewn with rushes, and to this custom we meet with innumerable references in our old plays. On occasions of extraordinary ceremony, it was, however, sometimes covered with matting. At the back of the stage there was a balcony, or upper stage, on which those characters entered who were required to appear in elevated situations as *Juliet* in the balcony, and *Romeo* and *Juliet* aloft. When not in use for the purpose of the scene, the balcony stage was also concealed by a curtain. When a play was exhibited within a play, the balcony was made use of, either for the scenic audience, or a stage for the performance of the auxiliary play. Shakspeare furnishes us with an instance of each of these practices. *Sly* would sit in the balcony to witness the performance of the *Taming of the Shrew*, and the play in *Hamlet* was undoubtedly acted on the upper stage.

MR. EDITOR,—The subject of Fairs (particularly of those around London) appearing at this time to engage much of the attention of the Magistrates, who have already put down some, and seem determined to suppress the rest, unless where they are held by Charter*; a slight account of the origin and intention of those establishments, and of such of them as formerly existed in or near the metropolis, may not be unamusing to your readers. The temptations to vice at these places, and the increase of depravity they occasion, may not, in the late animadversions on them, have been over-rated; yet it admits of a question whether the evil is not owing to the abuse, rather than to the use (under proper restrictions) of assemblies of this kind, and how far the vulgar have a right to complain at seeing their amusements gradually wrested from them one by one, while the great are permitted to enjoy theirs (not always the most innocent) with impunity: without debating this question, however, their history, as a mere matter of research, is curious, and as such only I shall notice it.

A fair, according to its original intention, was a greater kind of market, granted to any town by privilege, for the more speedy and commodious providing of such things as the place stood in need of. They are generally kept once or twice a-year. Proclamation was to be made how long they were to continue, and no person was allowed to sell any goods after the time the fair was ended, on forfeiture of double their value.

Wharton tells us, that before flourishing towns were established, and the necessities of life, from the conveniences of communication and the increase of provincial civility, could be procured in various places, goods and commodities of every kind were chiefly sold at fairs. To these, as to one universal mart, the people resorted periodically, and supplied most of their wants for the ensuing year. The display of merchandize and the conflux of customers, at these principal and almost only emporia of domestic commerce, were prodigious: and they were therefore often held in open and extensive plains. And we are further informed by Bailey, that in ancient times amongst Christians, upon any extraordinary solemnity, particularly the Anniversary Dedication of a Church, tradesmen used to bring and sell their wares even in the churchyards, especially upon the Festival of the Dedication; as at Westminster, on St. Peter's Day; at London, on St. Bartholomew's, &c. But riots and disturbances often happening by reason of the numbers assembled together, privileges were by Royal Charter granted for various causes, to particular places, towns, and places of strength, where Magistrates presided to keep the people in order.

At most fairs courts were granted, to take notice of all causes of complaint and disorders committed upon the peace, which were called Courts of Pie Poudre, &c. because justice was done to any injured person, before the dust of the fair was off his feet. Such a court, bearing the same name, is now annually established at St. Bartholomew Fair, Smithfield.

Various customs formerly existed, and still continue at fairs. That of buying and presenting "Fairings," is very ancient, and prevailed in the days of Chaucer, as appears in the subsequent passage in the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*, where she boasts of having managed her several husbands so well:—

"I govern'd hem so well, after my lawe,
That eche of hem full blisfull was, and fawet,
To bring me gay things fro the Feyre
They were full glade," &c.

From a record of the household expenses of the Earl of Northumberland (1512), printed by Dr. Percy, it appears that the stores of his Lordship's house at Uressille, for the whole year, were laid in at fairs. The articles mentioned are, "wine, wax, bieffes, muttons, wheite, and malt."—This proves that they continued then to be the principal marts for purchasing necessities in large quantities. In short, so prevalent were these kind of establishments anciently, that Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, says, that in the seventh and eleventh centuries, on account of the frequent pilgrimage to Jerusalem, an annual fair was instituted on Mount Calvary.

What was called "Pitching Pence," were formerly paid in fairs and markets, for every load of corn.—See *Cole's Dictionary*.

In various parts of the country, servants still continue to attend the different fairs or statutes, in order to be hired, each bearing a badge or external mark of his calling. A carter exhibits a piece of whip-cord tied to his hat; a cow-herd has a lock of cow-hair in his; and the dairy-maid has the same descriptive mark attached to her breast.

Gay gives a pleasant description of the different articles exposed at a country fair:—

"Here pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid;
Long silken laces hung upon the line,
And rows of pins, and amber-bracelets shine;
There the tight lass, knives, forks, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes;
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove and jokes at every packet;
Here raree-shows are seen, and Punch's feats,
And pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats."

Ray has preserved two old English proverbs that relate to fairs:—

"Men speak of the fair, as things went with them there."
"To come a day after the fair."

Of the principal suppressed fairs, in and around London, the following is a slight account:—

MAY FAIR.—This fair began on the 1st of May, from which circumstance it received its name, and was kept about the spot now covered with May Fair Chapel, and several fine streets. It was of some antiquity, if we may judge from a printed Resolution of the Parliament in 1651, which orders, "That the fair usually held and kept yearly at St. James's, within the liberty of Westminster, should be forborne that year; and that no fair should be held or kept there, by any person or persons whatsoever, until the Parliament should make further order." In some accounts it is called Brook Field Fair. An advertisement, April 27, 1700, informs the public, that in "Brook Field market-place, at the east corner of Hyde Park, a fair would be kept for sixteen days, beginning the first of May; the first three days for live cattle and leather, with the same entertainments as at St. Bartholomew Fair; where would be shops to let ready built, for all manner of tradesmen that usually kept fairs; and so to continue yearly at the same time and place." And in 1702, it is stated to have opened with more than common eclat. There was Mr. Miller's booth (Joe Miller's), "over against Mr. Barnes's, the rope-dancers; where was presented an excellent dröll, called *Crispin and Crispianus*, or a *Shoemaker a Prince*; with the best machineries, singing, and dancing, ever yet in the fair."

This fair was attended with such disorders, riots, thefts, and even murders, that in 1708 it was prevented by the Magistrates; about which time also was published *Reasons for suppressing the yearly Fair in Brook-field, Westminster, commonly called May Fair*, recommended to all persons of honour and virtue. These representations, with others of the like kind, occasioned its temporary suppression; and Pennant (*Account of London*) says "I remember its last celebration; the place was covered with booths, theatres, and every enticement to low pleasure." It was finally put down soon afterwards.

SOUTHWARK FAIR.—A fair was held here in the same manner as the Bartholomew Fair, at Smithfield, having players, mountebanks, rope-dancers, &c. A view of this fair, which was holden at the top of the Borough, is given in Hogarth's humorous print called *Southwark Fair*, published in 1733. In it he has introduced Figg, the prize fighter, and most of the enterprising fair heroes of the day, from the monarch of the theatres, to Cadman, flying on a rope from the steeple of a church. The heroine of the piece, a tall handsome woman beating a drum, is one of whom Mrs. Hogarth gave Mr. Ireland this account: that Mr. Hogarth going through the fair, seeing the master of the company beat her, and use her ill, took her part, and gave the fellow a good drubbing. Walker, the original *Mackheath*, is represented in the same print, in the character of *Paris*, in the *Siege of Troy*, being arrested by bailiffs. Rich is said to have met with him here, where he was a performer, and to have transplanted him to the Lincoln's-inn-fields Playhouse.

In September 1743, this fair was confined to three days, and public notice given, that any person who should offer to exhibit interludes, &c. should be taken up and punished as vagrants. It had been usual for many years before, for those who kept booths, or exhibited interludes, to make a collection for the debtors in the Marshalsea, but in consequence of these resolutions, the keepers of booths said they could not afford to send money. This was so much resented by the prisoners that they got together a parcel of stones, and threw them over the prison walls, upon the Bowling-green, by which a child was killed, and several persons wounded and bruised.

So restrained, the performers moved to that lawless place, the Mint, or Southwark-place, and it was not till the September of 1763, that the nuisance was wholly put an end to; when the High Constable, and upwards of one hundred petty constables, by an order from the Justices of Southwark, went there, and caused the persons who had erected booths and stalls, to pull them down, as they had no lawful authority for keeping any fair. This put a total stop to it.

HORN FAIR.—The very tradition of the origin of this fair, says a modern writer (which was held at Charlton and Blackheath) though ridiculously unfounded, was a sufficient cause for its abolition. When we recollect the absurd reference it had to a shocking offence against the laws of society. The frequenters of this fair, went to it prepared to laugh at those injured by seduction; and the exhibition of articles made of horn, invited constant inuendoes, and vulgar *double entendres*.—The same writer, speaking of—

EDMONTON FAIR (lately suppressed), says "accident, this very day afforded me other arguments against fairs. Entering the Kingsland-road, I was astonished at the scene before me; the footpaths and the carriage way were crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, from the humble dung-cart to the hackney-coach; the latter filled with every description of persons, and the whole rushing, impelled by one governing sound, to Edmonton Fair. Dozens of carts and waggons, provided with seats placed on the sides, and others lengthways in the midst, were stationed by the owners in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch church, where several principal streets communicate with the road to Edmonton; and were quickly filled by the infant, its sisters, brothers, parents, the journeyman, the apprentice, the master, and the female servant, all dressed in their best clothing; many of the latter, and the daughters of tradesmen, in white muslin, silk spencers, and new straw bonnets, worth at least thirty shillings each. I would ask what the conversation of five-and-twenty persons thus assembled in a cart or waggon, some of whom consisted of the very dregs of society, could well be about, at noon day, when sober; but what at night on their return, when some at least were intemperate."

He continues, "Many of the pernicious customs which disgrace the populace of London, may, and indeed must continue, while they attend at the various fairs still held near the metropolis. As long as the Legislature thinks proper to permit the exhibition of wild beasts, and the antics of human brutes, the wicked and the curious will attend them; the profligate receives legal authority to continue his baneful and licentious manners, and the curious innocent learns to imitate them. Is it then prudent, much less wise, to send apprentices, youth from school, girls, the offspring of the lower classes, and servants, into these regular scenes of riot and systematic violations of order and decency, where customs must be acquired which will not bear repetition?"

Bow Fair.—This fair, a similar place of resort to the one just mentioned, and which the Magistrates are now about meeting to suppress, is thus noticed by Mr. Lysons, in his *Environs of London*:—"In 1664, at the Earl of Cleveland's request, King Charles II. instituted a weekly Court of Record within the manor of Stepney. The same patent contains the grant of a weekly market at Ratcliff-cross, and an annual fair, on Michaelmas Day, at Mile-end-green, or any other convenient place within the manor. The keeping of the market and fair, with all tolls, &c., was given, under the same grant, at the Earl of Cleveland's request, to Sir William Smith, Bart. and his heirs. The market is now held in Whitechapel, and known by the name of the Hay-market. The fair is kept at Bow. Sir William's right is now vested in the lord of the manor."

Michaelmas, or Mile-End Fair, was presented as a nuisance by the Grand Jury of Middlesex in 1735, which had been extended to seven days beyond the original grant; but was allowed to continue, with a limitation to three days. What will be its fate henceforth, will soon be determined.

* See the advertisements recently published for a meeting of Magistrates to inquire into the right of holding *Bow Fair*. Those at Edmonton, Brook Green, and Lambeth, are quite done away with: Camberwell, a few years ago, through the same interference, was in jeopardy, but still survives. The minor fairs of Stepney and Tottel-fields are squeezed into corners, and will probably soon expire.

† Glad, or joyful.

Upon its being remarked, in a sarcastic manner, to a Lady (a friend of Mr. Pelham), that Mr. P. wore a shabby coat, the Lady promptly quoted the Rev. C. C. Colton's remark as follows:—"It is not every man that can afford to wear a shabby coat. Worldly wisdom dictates to her disciples the propriety of *dressing* somewhat *beyond* their means, but of *living* somewhat *within* them, for every one sees how we *dress*, but none see how we *live*, except we choose to let them. But the *truly great* are by universal suffrage exempted from those trammels, and may live and dress as they please."

Of the many anecdotes of the lower classes that have come to our notice, none, perhaps, is more characteristic than that of a Newhaven fisherwoman. A gentleman happened to pass just as she was stepping out of her husband's boat, and, eager to communicate the felicity which she had enjoyed, she exclaimed—"Oa, Serr! I hae seen the King—our ain King George; an' a' bonnie, sonsie, wiselike carle he is. Gow bless him! Gin I war a man I wad fetcht for him mysel, as lang as there was a muscle shell in my creel." —*Edinburgh Star*.

Timber, by the process of charring, or burning the surface, may be preserved for an indefinite time, even though exposed to damp, or buried in the earth. The utility of charring timber used for posts or water-works is so evident, that we are surprised it is not more generally attended to. The most wonderful proof of indestructibility of charcoal timber is given in *Watson's Chemical Essays*, where we are informed "that the beams of the theatre of Herculaneum were converted into charcoal by the burning lava which overflowed that city; and during the lapse of 1,900 years they have remained as entire as if they had been formed but yesterday. This property was well known to the ancients, as the famous temple of Ephesus was built on piles charred to preserve them from decay; and some years ago piles were found in the Thames, charred, in a perfect state of preservation, in the very spot in which Tacitus relates that the Britons drove in piles to prevent the attack of the fleet of Julius Cæsar."

One of the Masters at Eton, who was very much attached to a young widow, whose son being at the school, had received great assistance from him, was on one occasion pressed by the Lady to accept of a present. This he rejected, adding, from Ovid, without recollecting that his instructions had been given to the son and not to the mother, "*Præmia nulla peto, nisi te.*" The Lady begging him to translate, he, recovering himself, said, "Oh, I beg your pardon; it was merely to say *I seek for no reward, unless it be a dish of TEA* some evening when I call your way."

This reminds us of a remark made by a maiden lady of strong Anti-Gallican prejudices, who was passionately fond of history, but, like the politician in the London Paper, somewhat lax in her geography. Arriving at the passage, "the French evacuated Spires and Worms," she read it, the French evacuated *spiders and worms*, and immediately exclaimed "Oh, the nasty beasts, it's just like 'em!"

SIR,—The following account of *Harlequin*, *Mime*, and *Pantomime*, may be amusing to the lovers of the mimic art.

Harlequin, in *Italian Comedy*, signifies a buffoon dressed in party-coloured clothes, similar to a merry-andrew, or jack-pudding, in our drolls on mountebank stages, &c. We have introduced the Harlequin upon our theatres, and it is one of the standing characters of modern pantomimic fun. The term took its rise from a famous Italian comedian, who came to Paris in the reign of Henry III., and who frequenting the house of M. de Harley, his companions used to call him *Harlequin*, i. e. *little Harley*; a name which has descended to all those of the same profession. *Mime* is a term in ancient comedy, signifying *buffoon*, or *mimic*, who acted by gestures suitable to the person or subject he represented. The *Mimes* usually acted without socks or stockings, their heads were shaved close, like the fools on mountebank stages; their dress, like that of our Harlequins, was composed of bits of cloth or linen of different colours. They sometimes appeared in magnificent senatorial robes of purple, to divert the people by the ridicule and contrast of a senator's robe, and a shaved head and socks. Thus Harlequin is sometimes on our stage bedight in the garb of a gentleman. To this dress they neglected nothing that could amuse the populace. This kind of amusement was given even at funerals, and the actors were called *Archimimes*. They went before the coffin, and described by gestures the action and manners of the deceased, as well as his virtues and vices. Julius Cæsar was a great admirer of pantomimic farce, and made a celebrated mimographer a Roman Knight, and conferred on him the privilege of wearing gold rings. *Pantomime*, was a person who could imitate all kinds of actions and characters by signs and gestures, without speaking.

The pantomimes made a part of the theatrical entertainments of the ancients; their chief employment was to express in gesture and action whatever the chorus sung, changing the countenances and behaviour as the song varied. Under the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, the pantomime was the favourite amusement of the people, they were moved, and wept at it, as much as at tragedies, and the passion for it was so strong, that laws were obliged to be made for restraining the Senators from studying the mimic art. The English received the first plan of their drama from the French, among whom it had its first rise towards the end of the reign of Charles V. under the title of the *chantry*, which consisted of pieces of verse, composed in honour of the Virgin, or some of the saints, and sung on the stage. The humour of those pieces took wonderfully among the people, inasmuch, that in a short time, there were formed several societies, who began to vie with each other in them; and one of these to engage the town from the rest, began to intermix various incidents and episodes, which they distributed into *acts* and *scenes*, and had as many different persons as were necessary for the representation. Their first essay was in the Bourg St. Maur, and their subject the *Passion of our Saviour*. The Provost of Paris prohibited its continuance; they made application to Court; and to render it the more favourable to them, erected themselves into a friary or fraternity, under the title of "Brothers of the Passion." The King on seeing and approving some of their pieces, granted them letters of establishment in 1402, upon which they built a theatre, and for an age and a half acted none but grave pieces called *moralties*, till the people growing weary of them, they began to intermix farces or interludes, taken from profane subjects. This mixture of farce and religion displeased many; they were re-established by an Act of Parliament in 1548, on condition of their acting none but profane, yet awful and decent subjects, without intermeddling with any of the mysteries of religion; and thus were the Brothers of the Passion despoiled of their religious character, upon which they mounted the stage no more in person, but brought up a new set of comedians, who acted under their direction. Thus was the drama established, and on this foundation arrived in England.

We have the following anecdote from a witness of the examination. A short time since, an honest Hibernian was appointed guardian of the night in the environs of London, but was shortly brought before the sitting Magistrate, charged with neglecting his duties. Pat being questioned as to the cause of absence from his station, gravely replied, "Plase your Honour, they set me to watch, and I watched and waited a long time, plase your Honour, but nobody came, so I thought I'd go home to bed!"

A gentleman of Whitehaven, being in an inn at Keswick, last week, heard the following conversation between a butcher and his customer—"Weel, is to gan to tak' a joint o'me, this week?" "Na!" says the other, "my father has kilt hissel, an' aw mann tak' a joint o' him!"

A gentleman, passing through Fleet Market, was surprised at being hailed from the well-known *College* by a friend, who, it appeared, was "in durance vile." "Ah, Tom, why how came you there?" asked the gentleman. "O, a very rascally piece of business; I am imprisoned for telling a lie." For telling a lie! impossible, there must be some mistake. "No, it's true enough; I promised to pay my tailor's bill, and I didn't!"

At the judgment of Clodius, Cicero gave in evidence upon oath, and when the Jury, which consisted of fifty-seven, had passed against his evidence, one day in the Senate, Cicero and Clodius being in altercation, Clodius upbraided him, and said, "The Jury gave you no credit." Cicero answered, "Five-and-twenty gave me credit; but there were two-and-thirty that gave you no credit, for they had their money beforehand!"

[From D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.]

"Proverbs peculiarly national, while they convey to us the modes of thinking, will consequently indicate the modes of acting, among a people. The Romans had a proverbial expression for their last stake in play, *rem ad triarios venisse*, 'the reserve are engaged!' a proverbial expression, from which the military habits of the people might be inferred; the *triarii* being their reserve. A proverb has preserved a curious custom of ancient coxembry, which originally came from the Greeks. To men of effeminate manners in their dress, they applied the proverb of *Unico digitulo sculpsit caput*. Scratching the head with a single finger was, it seems, done by the critically nice youths in Rome, that they might not discompose the economy of their hair. The Arab, whose unsettled existence makes him miserable and interested, says, 'Vinegar given is better than honey bought.' Every thing of high esteem with him, who is so often parched in the desert, is described as *milk*—'How large his flow of milk!' is a proverbial expression with the Arab, to distinguish the most copious eloquence. To express a state of perfect repose, the Arabian proverb is, 'I throw the rein over my back;' an allusion to the loosening of the cords of the camels, which are thrown over their backs when they are sent to pasture. We discover the rustic manner of our ancient Britons in the Cambrian proverbs; many relate to the *hedge*. 'The cleanly Briton is seen in the *hedge*; the horse looks not on the *hedge* but the corn; the bad husband's *hedge* is full of gaps.' The state of an agricultural people appears in such proverbs as, 'You must not count your yearlings till May day;' and their proverbial sentence for old age is 'An old man's end is to keep sheep!' Turn from the vagrant Arab and the agricultural Briton, to a nation existing in a high state of artificial civilization; the Chinese proverbs frequently allude to magnificent buildings. Affecting a more solemn exterior than all other nations, a favourite proverb with them is, 'A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the *palace of the soul*.' Their notion of government is quite architectural. They say, 'A sovereign may be compared to a *hall*; his officers to the steps that lead to it; the people to the ground on which they stand.' What should we think of a people who had a proverb, that 'He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog!' we should instantly decide on the mean and servile spirit of those who could repeat it; and such we find to have been that of the Bengalese, to whom the degrading proverb belongs, derived from the treatment they were used to receive from their Mogul rulers, who answered the claims of their creditors by a vigorous application of the whip! In some of the Hebrew proverbs we are struck by the frequent allusions of that fugitive people to their own history. The cruel oppression exercised by the ruling power, and the confidence in their hope of change in the day of retribution, was delivered in this Hebrew proverb—'When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!' The fond idolatry of their devotion to their ceremonial law, and to every thing connected with their sublime Theocracy, in their magnificent Temple, is finely expressed by this proverb—'None ever took a stone out of the Temple, but the dust did fly into his eyes.' Peyssonel, who long resided among the Turks, observes, that their proverbs are full of sense, ingenuity, and elegance, the surest test of the intellectual abilities of any nation. He said this to correct the volatile opinion of De Tott, who, to convey an idea of their stupid pride, quotes one of their favourite adages, of which the truth and candour are admirable: 'Riches in the Indies, wit in Europe, and pomp among the Ottomans.'

M. D'Israeli is a great believer in the doctrine that men's characters and tempers may be traced in their *hand-writing*; yet he often meets with puzzling exceptions, as for example:

"I am intimately acquainted with the hand-writings of five of our great poets. The first in early life acquired among Scottish advocates a hand-writing which cannot be distinguished from that of his ordinary brothers; the second, educated in public schools, where writing is shamefully neglected, composes his sublime or sportive verses in a school-boy's ragged scrawl, as if he had never finished his tasks with the writing-master; the third writes his highly-wrought poetry in the common hand of a merchant's clerk, from early commercial avocations; the fourth has all that finished neatness which polishes his verses; while the fifth is a specimen of a full mind, not in the habit of correction or alteration, so that he appears to be printing down his thoughts, without a solitary erasure. The hand-writing of the *first* and *third* poets, not indicative of their character, we have accounted for; the others are admirable specimens of characteristic autographs."

Perhaps some of our readers may like to be told that Mr. D'Israeli alludes to Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Rogers, Campbell, and Southey.

Anecdote of Hogarth's "Lady's last Stake."—This painting represents a young woman of distinction in the perilous occupation of deep play with a gay and youthful man of fashion and intrigue; the lady has been unsuccessful, and lost (like Francis I.) all—except honour,—which, the Moral Artist intimates, is in danger. The late Mrs. Piozzi told me, (says the correspondent in the *Gentleman's Magazine*,) that when she was nearly sixteen, about the year 1756, she was an inmate at the house of her uncle Cotton; that Hogarth paid a visit, and in the course of the evening turned to her, then Miss Salisbury, and said, "he hoped she would never waste her hours or hazard her repose, in the pursuit of *Gaming*;" made a sketch of her, and informed her she should hear more from him at that point at a future time. Soon after he shewed her the *Lady's last Stake*;"—"in which," said he, "Miss Salisbury, the lady is a likeness of yourself, because I wanted a pretty subject; and wished to give a lesson of wisdom to one who, I trust, capable of understanding its force." Mrs. Piozzi added, that the portrait was considered a good resemblance.

Wonders of Littleness.—Mr. Beedell, residing at Ottery St. Mary, Devon, having observed in the *Percy Anecdotes* that a gentleman now living has written Goldsmith's Poem of the Traveller (488 lines) in a space of 3½ inches by 3½ inches, resolved to excel this performance, and wrote in the same space Goldsmith's Poem of the Traveller, Deserted Village, Retaliation, Stanzas on Women, Stanzas on the taking of Quebec, and a Sonnet, without any abbreviation whatever, the whole comprising 1038 lines, and about 40,000 letters!! It may be distinctly read with a magnifying glass. It will be placed in the British Museum.

—The following entertaining description of this annual exhibition of gaiety and motley groupes, is extracted from a private letter from the above capital, dated Feb. 12:

"In consequence of its being the time of Carnival, several ladies and gentlemen attended Lady A'Court's tertulia on Monday evening, in fancy dresses. The young Marquis of Santa Cruz appeared very elegantly dressed as a Moorish Prince: His mother, the Marchioness, who is yet in the prime of life, and who, before her marriage, was considered the most beautiful woman in Spain, was arrayed in a vest and turban of silver tissue. His eldest sister, the young Marchioness of Alcanisas, presented herself in the ancient dress of Andalusia; which, without being costly, is extremely beautiful. Her two younger sisters appeared also in provincial dresses, which became them remarkably well, particularly that of the youngest, who was dressed as a native of Majorca; this young lady, though scarcely sixteen years of age, is the admiration of every circle in which she moves; there is a certain grace and animation about her which throw mere beauty into the shade, and realise those ideas which romance readers are apt to entertain of a high-born Spanish maiden. The Duchess of Frias was attired as Cleopatra, with a long flowing white veil, her bosom starred with diamonds. Several others of the company were fancifully arrayed; amongst the ornaments were observed a profusion of diamonds, and elegantly wrought gold and silver crosses, the favorite decorations in all Catholic countries. Lord Francis L. Gower looked to great advantage in his splendid full dress uniform as a cornet of the Guards. Messrs. Ward and Elliot appeared also in military uniform. Lady A'Court, who was attired in a rich lace dress, sprigged with silver, presided with her usual dignity over this animated and elegant scene. The company began to pour in at ten o'clock. Soon after that hour the rooms were crowded, and dancing commenced. It was an extremely interesting sight to view the various Spanish provincial dresses, set off by so many fine forms, mingling together on this gay occasion.

"The number of masques on the Prado on Monday was greater than on the day before, but yesterday 'all the world and his wife,' to use the Spanish saying, were out. There were at least from four to five hundred persons of both sexes, young and old, masqued, who traversed the Prado in groups; a task which they would have found difficult enough, on account of the vast crowd which attended, if every disposition had not been shewn to accommodate them. One of the first groups which appeared was headed by a watchman, who held before him an old iron lantern: some of this group were dressed in a very fantastic manner. Another group was headed by a musician, who played on a broken old guitar with one string. In another quarter were seen Don Quixote and his man Sancho. One masque excited great amusement, who had a stuffed figure so attached to him that he appeared to be riding upon a man's back. In the conception of these and innumerable other masques, a great deal of the spirit of broad comedy prevailed. But the group which afforded the greatest amusement of all was one of five masks, one of whom was seated on an ass, his face turned towards the animal's tail. By an inscription affixed on his hat, it appeared that he was intended to represent a Diplomatist of Verona. He held in his hand some sheets of bank paper, and he observed a most important silence. On his right hand he was attended by a masque, the representative of the Regency of Urgel; and on his left the Russian and Prussian Ambassadors. The King of France was stationed at the ass's tail. They were received with shouts of laughter wherever they appeared. An old clothes-man, with a bag on his shoulder, and a hat of rush-matting, with a leaf a yard wide, presented also a droll appearance. From the Prado he pursued his way into the street, stopped before the balconies where he saw any ladies, viewed them for awhile through his immense tin eye-glass, and then ran off to another part of the street. A mask with the face behind, giving the idea of a man walking backwards, ridiculous as it may seem, shook the sides of all the old women with laughter. Some grave masks appeared on horseback; others in caleches, giving curious ideas of contrasts; and, in fact, all Madrid seemed to have taken leave of their senses on this occasion. It was observable, however, that, in all this crowded scene, not the slightest disturbance occurred, no altercation of any sort, no picking of pockets (as would be expected in London, if such a scene were exhibited there), and, above all, not the least approach to indecency was to be discovered. Every body appeared to be actuated by an innocent spirit of mirth, and, immense as the crowd was, the police deemed it unnecessary to take the least precaution for securing public order. The weather was delightfully fine.

"The masquerade at the Teatro del Principe was as crowded last night as on Sunday night. The theatre was not cleared until eight o'clock this morning; but here all the joviality of the carnival terminated. This being Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, the Prado presented a very different aspect from that of the last three days. A penitential stillness reigns in the streets, and the churches are crowded with those persons, who, during the last three days, were the gayest of the gay."

Genuine Anecdote.—A short time since, a respectable Medical Practitioner, not a hundred miles from Ludlow, was called up in the night by a labouring man, residing at a few miles distance, to attend his wife, who was in childbed. Mr. W., who had often attended under similar circumstances without obtaining any remuneration, asked the man who was to pay him. The countryman answered, that he possessed five pounds, which, kill or cure, should be his reward. Mr. W. consequently paid every attention to the poor woman, who notwithstanding died under his hands. Soon after her death, Mr. W. met the widower at Ludlow, and observed that he had an account against him. The man appeared to be greatly surprised, and inquired for what? On being informed, he replied, "I don't think I owe you any thing;—did you cure my wife?"—"No, certainly," (said the apocryphal,) it was not in the power of medicine to cure her."—"Did you kill her, then?" said the countryman. "No I did not," was the reply. "Why then," (said the countryman,) as you did not either kill or

[From Miss Hawkins's recently published work.]

Lady Lucy Meyrick was by birth the Lady Lucy Pitt, daughter to the Earl of Londonderry, and sister to the last holder of that title. Losing her parents very early in life, she was left under the guardianship of an uncle, who lived in James-street, Buckingham-gate. This house was a most singularly uncouth dismal dwelling, in appearance very much like the Vanburgh style of building; and the very sight of it could justify almost any measure to get out of it. In this mansion, which looked against the blank window side of the large house in St. James's Park, twenty years ago Lord Alford's, but backwards into a market-gardener's ground, as Lady Lucy Meyrick to reside with her uncle and his daughter, a girl a little older than herself. The young ladies, who had formed a strict friendship, were kept under great restraint, which they bore as two lively girls may be supposed to have done. Their endurance soon reached the ear of two Westminister scholars of one of the Welsh families of Meyrick, who, in the true spirit of knight-errantry, concerted with them a plan for escaping, which they carried into effect. Having gone thus far, there was nothing for the courteous knights to do, but to marry the fair damsels to whom they had rendered this essential service;—and for this purpose they took them to the Fleet, or to May-Fair, in both which places marriages were solemnized in the utmost privacy. There the two couples presented themselves; a baker's wife attending upon the ladies. Lady Lucy was then, and to the end of her life, one of the smallest women ever I saw: she was at the same time not more than fourteen years of age; and, being in the dress of a child, the person officiating objected to performing the ceremony for her. This extraordinary impudency was distressing; but her Ladyship met it by a very reply—that her cousin might be married first, and then add her gown, which would make her look more womanly: at I suppose her right of precedence was regarded; for she had to say herself that she was at last married in the baker's wife's gown. Yet even now, if report be true, an obstacle intervened: the young ladies turned fickle, not indeed, on the question "to be or not to be" married, but on the choice of partners; and I was assured that they actually eluded—Lady Lucy taking to herself, or acquiescing in taking, the elder brother. What their next step was to have been I know not: the ladies, who had not been missed, returned to their place of endurance—the young gentlemen to school; where they remained, keeping the secret close. When the school next broke up, they went home: and, probably, whilst waiting for courage to avow, or opportunity to disclose, or accident to betray for them the matter, a newly arrived guest, fresh from London, in reply perhaps to the usual question—What news in town? reported an odd story of two Westminister scholars, names unknown, who had (it was said) married two girls in the neighbourhood of the school. The countenances of the two ladies drew suspicious upon them; and, confession being made, Lady Lucy was fetched to the house of her father-in-law. The lady, seeing her so very much of a child in appearance, said, on receiving her, in a tone of vexation—"Why, child, what can we do with you? Such a baby as you are, what can you know?" With equal humility and frankness Lady Lucy replied—"It is very true, Madam, that I am very young and very ignorant; but whatever you will teach me I will learn." All the good lady's prejudice was now overcome; and the lady Lucy's conduct proved the sincerity of her submission. She lived seven years in Wales under the tuition of her mother-in-law—conforming to the manners, tempers, and prejudices of her new relations.

Tunnels.—The earliest tunnel for the purpose of inland navigation was executed by M. Rignet, in the reign of Louis XIV. The object was to convey the canal of Langue through a mountain near Beziers. This required no inconsiderable art and labour: it is cut into a lofty arcade, and lined with freestone the greatest part of the way. The first excavated in this country was by the ingenious Mr. Brindley, in the Duke of Bridgewater's navigation near Manchester. The next was the justly celebrated tunnel of Harecastle-hill, Staffordshire, excavated also by Mr. Brindley. The plan and execution were masterly, and admirably suited to the purpose: it passes more than seventy yards below the surface of the earth, and is carried through a variety of strata, quicksands, &c.; its length is 2880 yards. The object was to pass a canal through it, from the Trent to the Mersey; this has since been called the Grand Trunk.—Another work of prodigious skill, and a great exemplification of ingenuity, was the tunnel of Sapperton. Much ability appears in the execution of this design; the tunnel here was carried through two miles of solid rock; its extreme length is two miles and three-quarters. By conveying an inland navigation through it, the rivers Thames and Severn were united.—In the Great Drift or tunnel, about four miles above Newcastle, the art of excavation may be considered as having ascended to the highest state of improvement. This was finished in 1797, and is three miles and a quarter in length; a great part of it perforated through hard rock of whinstone, nearly equal in density to the hardest granite. It reaches from the banks of the Tyne to near Kenton.

Dogs.—The late Mr. Tresham informed me, that, while he resided at Rome, there was a dog who was in the habit of frequenting a certain coffee-house; and, on any person throwing him a piece of money, he would run with it to a shop for bread, which bread he would bring to the coffee-house, and eat it before the person who gave the coin; as if in order to shew he had put his money to a proper purpose. A gentleman at Mr. T.'s related the following:—A dog used to be sent by his master every morning to a baker's shop, with a penny in his mouth, to purchase a roll for breakfast: he had continued to do this for some time, when, at length, the baker having changed his journeyman, the dog was unheeded. Expecting at thus waiting for his breakfast, he barked aloud, and picking up the penny, ran to the master of the shop, who scolded the man for attempting to hurt the dog, who persisted having the penny taken from him. The fellow took the dog in dudgeon, and resolved, next time this comical customer appeared, to be funny with the dog; accordingly, he made a roll hotter than the rest, and, when the dog arrived he proffered it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bread, but, finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it: he tried it again, and it burned him; at length, guessing at the trick, he jumped on the counter, caught up his penny, and changed his

HELL'S BRIDGE.—A deadly feud subsisted almost from time immemorial between the families of M'Pherson of Bendearg, and Grant of Cairn, and was handed down 'unimpaired' even to the close of the last century. In earlier times the warlike chiefs of these names found frequent opportunities of testifying their mutual animosity; and few inheritors of the fatal quarrel left the world without having moistened it with the blood of some of their hereditary enemies. But in our own day, the progress of civilization, which had reached even these wild countries—the heart of the north Highlands—although it could not extinguish entirely the transmitted spirit of revenge, at least kept it within safe bounds; and the feud of M'Pherson and Grant threatened, in the course of another generation, to die entirely away, or at least to exist only in some vexatious lawsuit, fostered by the petty jealousies of two men of hostile tempers and contiguous property. It was not, however, without some ebullitions of ancient fierceness, that the flame which had burned for so many centuries seemed about to expire. Once, at a meeting of the county gentlemen, on a question of privilege arising, Bendearg took occasion to throw out some taunts aimed at his hereditary foe, which the fiery Grant immediately received as the signal of defiance, and a challenge was the consequence. The sheriff of the county, however, having got intimation of the affair, put both parties under arrest; till at length, by the persuasions of their friends—not friends by blood—and the representations of the magistrate, they shook hands, and each pledged his honour to forget—at least never again to remember in speech or action the ancient feud of his family. This occurrence, at the time, was the object of much interest in the country side; the rather that it seemed to give the lie to the prophecies of which every highland family has an ample stock in its traditionary chronicles, and which expressly predicted that the enmity of Cairn and Bendearg should not be quenched but in blood; and on this seemingly cross-grained circumstance, some of the young men who had begun already to be tainted with the heresies of the lowlands, were seen to shake their heads as they reflected on the tales and the faith of their ancestors; but the grey-headed seers shook theirs still more wisely, and answered with the motto of a noble house, 'I bide my time.' There is a narrow pass between the mountains in the neighbourhood of Bendearg, well known to the traveller who adventures into these wilds in quest of the savage sublimities of nature. At a little distance it has the appearance of an immense artificial bridge thrown over a tremendous chasm; but on nearer approach is seen to be a wall of nature's own masonry formed of vast and rugged bodies of solid rock, piled on each other as if in the giant sport of the architect. Its sides are in some places covered with trees of a considerable size; and the passenger who has a head steady enough to look down the precipice, may see the eyries of birds of prey beneath his feet. The path across is so narrow that it cannot admit of two persons passing alongside; and indeed none but natives, accustomed to the scene from infancy, would attempt the dangerous route at all, though it saves a circuit of three miles. Yet it sometimes happens that two travellers meet in the middle, owing to the curve formed by the pass preventing a view across from either side; and when this is the case, one is obliged to lie down, while the other crawls over his body. One day, shortly after the incident we have mentioned, a highlander was walking fearlessly along the pass; sometimes bending over to watch the flight of the wild birds that built below; and sometimes detaching a fragment from the top, to see it dashed against the uneven sides, and bounding from rock to rock, its sound echoing the while like a human voice, and dying in faint and hollow murmurs at the bottom. When he had gained the highest part of the arch he observed another coming leisurely up on the opposite side, and being himself of the patrician order, called out to him to halt and lie down; the person, however, disregarded the command, and the highlanders met face to face on the summit. They were Cairn and Bendearg! The two hereditary enemies, who would have glowed and rejoiced in mortal strife with each other on a hill side, turned deadly pale at this fatal rencounter. "I was first at the top," said Bendearg, "and called out first—Lie down, that I may pass over in peace." "When the Grant prostrates himself before M'Pherson," answered the other, "it must be with a sword driven through his body." "Turn back, then," said Bendearg, "and repass as you came." "Go back yourself, if you like it," replied Grant; "I will not be the first of my name to turn before the M'Pherson." This was their short conference, and the result exactly as each had anticipated. They then threw their bonnets over the precipice, and advanced with a slow and cautious pace closer to each other: they were both unarmed. Stretching their limbs, like men preparing for a desperate struggle, they planted their feet firmly on the ground, compressed their lips, knit their dark brows, and fixing fierce and watchful eyes on each other, stood there prepared for the onset. They both grappled at the same moment; but being of equal strength, were unable for some time to shift each other's position—standing fixed on the rock, with suppressed breath, and muscles strained to the top of their bent, like statues carved out of the solid stone. At length M'Pherson, suddenly removing his right foot so as to give him greater purchase, stooped his body and bent his enemy down with him by main strength, till they both leaned over the precipice, looking downward into the terrible abyss. The contest was as yet doubtful, for Grant had placed his foot firmly on an elevation at the brink, and had equal command of his enemy—but at this moment M'Pherson sunk slowly and firmly on his knee, and while Grant suddenly started back, stooping to take the supposed advantage, whirled him over his head into the gulf. M'Pherson himself fell backwards, his body hanging partly over the rock—a fragment gave way beneath him, and he sunk further; till catching with a desperate effort, at the solid stone above, he regained his footing. There was a pause of deathlike stillness, and the hold heart of M'Pherson felt sick and faint. At length as if compelled unwillingly by some mysterious feeling, he looked down over the precipice. Grant had caught with a death-gripe by the rugged point of a rock—his enemy was yet almost within his reach! His face was turned upward, and there was in it horror and despair—but he uttered no word or cry. The next moment he loosed his hold—and the next his brains were dashed out before the eyes of his hereditary foe: the mangled body disappeared among the trees, and its last heavy and hollow sound arose from the bottom. M'Pherson returned home an altered man. He purchased a commission in the army, and fell bravely in the wars of the Peninsula. The Gaelic name of the place where

PREVENTION OF FIRE.—M. Cadet Vaux, considering that fires in dwelling-houses begin, in very numerous instances, in the chimney, and that means cannot always be applied in time to extinguish the fire at its commencement, turned his thoughts to the discovery of some method for effecting this purpose. He reflected that combustion cannot be carried on without the presence of vital air, and consequently if the air in a chimney on fire could be rendered mephitic, the fire must go out. This object he obtained by the simple means of throwing flour of sulphur on the fire in the grate, the mephitic exhalation of which extinguished the fire, as it would suffocate any living creature. A Roman nobleman has not only repeated this experiment with entire success, but, being desirous of ascertaining whether an ignited body suspended in the chimney would be extinguished in the same manner, he caused a faggot to be suspended in a chimney nearly at the summit, and set on fire; though by its situation it was nearly in contact with the external air, the flames were instantaneously extinguished by throwing a handful of flour of sulphur on the coals below.—*Italian Jour.*

BOOKS.—There are three capital mistakes in regard to books:—First, Some persons, through their own indolence, and others, from a sincere belief of the vanity of human science, read no book but the Bible. But these good men do not consider, that, on the same principle, there ought to be no sermons.

Second—Some collect great quantities of books for show, and not for service. Of such as these, Louis XI. of France aptly observed, that "they resembled hunch-backed people, who carried a great burden, which they never saw." This is a vain parade, even unworthy of reproof. If an illiterate man think by this art to cover his ignorance, he mistakes; for while he appears to affect modesty, "he dances naked in a net," &c.

Third—Then there are others, who purchase large libraries, with the sincere design of reading all the books; a very large library, however, is but a learned luxury. Nations may sometimes become celebrated by such accumulations—but the individual is likely to be overwhelmed with the vastness of his stores. *Book-collecting & book-reading* are two very different things.

ORIENTAL APOTHEGMS.—Vain is science to him who has not adored the feet of the ineffable BEING, who every where exists.

He who does good, and whose heart is pure, has known the essence of virtue; foolish ceremonies are no part of it.

The truly great man forgives an injury; he even does good to his enemy.

Politeness and modesty are becoming in all men, but especially in those whom fortune has raised above others.

He who, lord of tree with ripe and savoury fruits, eats only of the green and hard, is a fool. Then why speak with rudeness, when it is as easy to express yourself with sweetness and kind words.

Affability is the ornament of power; pride only becomes the unfortunate.

Who would attempt to chain the wild buffalo with a garland of flowers? He is not more wise who would pacify the brutal and the proud by reason.

FUNERAL DIRECTIONS.—Diogenes said one day to his disciples, "That he desired when he died, not to be buried, as the sun and rain would the sooner consume him." His disciples remarked, that "If he remained above ground, he would be devoured by dogs." "Then," replied Diogenes, "you must put a stick in my hands, that I may drive them away."—"But," resumed his followers, "when dead, you will neither see nor feel any thing." "You see," said Diogenes, "what fools you are; for if that be the case, what signifies by what I am devoured, or what becomes of me, as I shall be insensible to every thing."

Among the moderns, few have exhibited more of the same feeling with Diogenes, in this respect, than George Buchanan. When dying, he called for his servant, and asked him "how much money he had remaining?" Finding that it would not be sufficient to defray the expenses of his interment, he desired that it should be distributed among the poor. "But who then," said the servant, "will be at the expense of the funeral?" Buchanan replied, "That he was very indifferent about that; for if he were once dead, if they would not bury him, they might let him lie where he was, or throw his corpse where they pleased."

CENSORSHIP OF BOOKS.—In the primitive church, ere the sound principles of religion became corrupted, the bishops and councils were wont to declare what books were not commendable, proceeding no further, but leaving it to each one's conscience to read or lay by. This was founded on the principle, that in religious matters every man must govern himself, his judgment furnishing a plain and certain rule for his conduct. This usage prevailed till after the year 800, as we learn from Padre Paolo, that great unmasker of the Trentine Council. After which time, the Roman pontiffs, engrossing into their own hands all authority in spiritual matters, were for burning and prohibiting to read whatever opposed their interests. Yet, for a while, they were sparing in their censures, and not many books were so dealt with, till Pope Martin V. proceeded to excommunicate the readers of heretical books,—the Hussites and Wickliffites growing numerous about that time. Leo X. and his successors followed his example, till the Council of Trent brought forth their Expurgatory Index. To complete the measure of encroachment, their last invention was to ordain that no book should be printed, unless it had been licensed under the names of two or three friars. The popes introduced this custom into England; and, though a great and crying abuse, it was sanctioned by the English Presbytery during the long Parliament.—In our own age we have seen a society erected, which has impudently taken on itself the odious powers of censorship, under the cautioning pretence of suppressing vice; and similar canting has always been the hypocritical means of keeping up this vassalage of the human mind. It is good policy in a government to put forward its tools in apparently independent associations, whenever it desires to effect any odious purpose.

Mr. Hoffmann, a Professor in the University of Warsaw, has discovered a new apparatus for swimming. It consists of a copper jack with linen fastenings on the feet, giving resemblance to those of a fowl swimming. With the assistance of this machine the most inexperienced can save themselves in the most rapid torrents. It cannot but be of great utility in cases of shipwreck, and in the removal of troops from one side of a river to the other. The result of experiments proves that 120 steps can be made by a person using it in a minute.

SEALS.—Seals were formerly worn fastened to a riband, and tied about the wrist; and a similar custom prevailed with miniatures, for in *The Newes*, No. 8, Jan. 21, 1663-4, we have, as lost, a gold enamelled bracelet, with a small blue picture-case at the end of it.

The following was written on the back of a 10*l.* Bank of England note, which, among others, was received by a tradesman in Oxford-street last week, and may serve as a monitor to other prodigals of the present day:—"Let those into whose hands this note may pass sympathize with him from whom it is just going; it is the last out of 5,000*l.* which, in the short period of two years, his folly has dissipated; but he will severely suffer, and shortly too."

In 1776 a bill was introduced for the better watching of the Metropolis, to effect which object, one clause went to propose that the watchmen should be compelled to sleep by day, Lord Nugent, with admirable humour, got up and desired that "he might be personally included in the provisions of the Bill, being frequently so tormented with the gout, as to be unable to sleep either by day or night."

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE Unpolished.—The following notice is exhibited in a shop window at Brighton:—*Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, &c.* taught by ———, No. ——— street, *House Agent, Stationer, Bookseller, &c.* **BLACKING WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.** *Evening School on the lowest terms.*—Had we a child to be educated, we should indubitably send him to this learned Theban."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF ANIMAL VITALITY.

—Among the woods imported into this country, for veneering and other ornaments of furniture, one of the driest, hardest, and most beautiful, is the zebra wood. In December last, in adzing the edges of an inside plank of this tree, about two inches within the edge of the plank, a species of *Cerambyx* was discovered. Its position was longitudinal with the grain of the wood; and the sides of the cavity containing it were smooth. The wood itself was perfectly dry, and had been brought to the saw-mill, near Stratford, in Essex, from the London Docks, where it had probably lain many years. On the 31st of December the specimen was carried to that able naturalist, Mr. Clift, College of Surgeons; it was then in a torpid state, and apparently dead; but on that gentleman's bringing it near the fire, it recovered its vivacity, and ate brown sugar very greedily. Being placed in a warm situation, it lived till the 15th of January, taking very little nourishment except milk or water. There was another specimen in the same log of wood, which was destroyed by the teeth of the saw. The animal thus remarkably found and revived in our climate, is two inches long. The colour darker than a cinnamon brown; and what, considering his habitat, was the most wonderful, his head was armed with two delicate feelers, twice the length of his body. How these tender filaments were disposed in the hard wood puzzles conjecture: while alive, it usually carried these antennae over its back, but occasionally brought them forward. Having ten joints in each, it had the power of folding them on its body.—Some of our readers may, perhaps, remember an instance somewhat resembling the present, and which also originated under very singular circumstances. A clerk in one of the courts at Guildhall had been often staggered, if not frightened, during his labours, by the sound of something like what superstition has named the *death-watch* too near his desk to bode any good to him. The old desk had been a court appendage for a number of years: and our clerk's astonishment may be surmised, when one day, his attention being peculiarly attracted by the ticking noise, he first saw a minute hole perforated to the surface from the inner wood, and soon after a portion of the insect instrument by which this operation was performed, protruded. With his penknife he carefully enlarged the orifice, and dug out an animal resembling the *Cerambyx* of the zebra wood, but of brilliant colours and smaller dimensions. This specimen was presented to Sir J. Banks, and is, we presume, still in the collection left by him. The desk was of American oak.

THE BEST OF FROLICS.—The profligate Duke of Wharton being one day in company with Swift, recounted several extravagances he had run through.—Swift kindly observed to him, "You have had your frolics, my lord, let me recommend one more to you; take a frolic to be virtuous; take my word for it, that one will do you more honour, than all the other frolics of your whole life."

SWEDISH CHILDREN.—Mr. M'Donald, in his Travels through Sweden, says: "Young children, from the age of one to that of eighteen months, are wrapped up in bandages, like cylindrical wicker baskets; which are contrived so as to keep their bodies straight, without interfering much with their growth. They are suspended from pegs in the wall, or laid in any convenient part of the room, without much nicety, where they exist in great silence and much good humour. I have not heard the cries of a child since I came to Sweden."

A dog having been run over by a carriage, had his leg broken, and a humane surgeon passing, had the animal brought home, set his leg, and, having cured his patient, discharged him,—aware that he would return to his old master: the dog, whenever he met the surgeon afterwards, never failed to recognize him, by wagging his tail, and other demonstrations of joy.—One day a violent barking was heard at the surgeon's door, which was found to be occasioned by this dog, who it appeared was striving to procure admittance for another dog, who had just had his leg broken!

COTTON.—This beautiful fabric, says a late elegant writer, seems destined to become the clothing of the whole world. Scarcely known or thought of half a century ago, it is now the staple manufacture of Europe, and the prominent branch of British industry. In our foreign trade, it is so important an article, that it furnishes one half of all the British exports; which, however, is scarcely equal to half of its home consumption. The great centre of the cotton manufacture is Manchester, and the grand emporium of the raw commodity is Liverpool. These great towns have been called the two eyes of Lancashire, and they may be called the two eyes of British trade. This single article constitutes more than one-half of the trade of Liverpool, which is more than one-fifth of that of the whole empire. There are at Liverpool no less than eighty-four cotton brokers, or houses wholly employed in the purchase and sale of cotton, exclusive of merchants, exporters and importers.

A VALUABLE CURIOSITY.—It is stated in the National Intelligencer, that Mr. Rich, Consul of the United States at Valencia, has obtained possession of the original manuscript of Columbus's account of his First Voyage to America. This is worth all the manuscripts of Herculaneum; and to the inhabitants of the new world it will be a most interesting document. Mr. Rich resides not far from the port from which the illustrious navigator took his departure, on his first voyage of discovery. The manuscript, it is said, will be translated and published in the Spanish and English languages, and the original deposited in the Capitol of the United States, at Washington.—*American Paper.*

MR. OLDYS.—The historian Oldys having been for several years in the Fleet Prison, had contracted such habits and connexions, that when he was at length enlarged, he made it a frequent practice to spend his evenings there, and lodge with some friends all night.—Knocking at the gate of the Fleet Prison, one night rather late, the keeper reprimanded him for giving him such constant trouble, adding, that though he had a great regard for him, yet if he kept such hours in future, he must be under the necessity of locking him out.

JEWISH YEAR.—The following is an account of the Jewish New Year, which takes place early in September (or Tisri), and has (lately) been the cause of the non-attendance of Jews at the Stock Exchange, &c.

The Jews believe that God created the world in September (or Tisri), and that, at the revolution of the same time yearly, he sitteth in judgment, and out of the book taketh reckoning of every man's life, and pronounces sentence accordingly. That day, which their great Sanhedrim ordained the new year's festival, God received intelligence by his angels, as it is written in Daniel. All things provided in the most solemn manner, the three books are opened—one of the most wicked, who are registered in the Book of Death; the second of the just, who are enrolled in the Book of Life; and the third, of the mean sort whose judgment is deferred until the day of reconciliation (the 10th of Tisri); that if, in the mean time, they repent, and their good exceed their evil, they are entered in the Book of Life; if otherwise, in the Book of Death. In the morning and evening they sound a trumpet, made of a ram's horn, to warn them of the judgment. The day before, they rise soon in the morning, to repeat their prayers for remission; and when they have done in the synagogue, they go to the graves, to testify that if God does not pardon them, they are like to the dead, and praying that he will pity them, and there they give large alms. In the afternoon they shave, adorn, and bathe themselves, that they may be pure the next day. They begin this feast with a cup of wine and new year's salutations, and on their tables, have a ram's horn—in remembrance of the ram which was offered in Isaac's stead. Fish they eat, to signify the multiplication of their good works, and make themselves merry in assurance of the forgiveness of their sins; and after meat they resort to some bridge, to hurl their sins into the water,—as it is written, "He shall cast all our sins into the bottom of the sea." At night, they renew their cheer, and end this feast. From this day to the tenth day is a time of penance or lent. The Jewish year is a lunar year, consisting, in common years, of 12 months, but of 13 in embolismic years. The names of the months are—Tisri, Marchesvan, Cisleu, Tebeth, Schebeth, Adar, Veader, in the embolismic year—Nisan, Icar, Sivan, Tammuz, Ah, and Elul. They compute the beginning of the year from Tisri; all their bills and bonds, and all other civil acts and contracts, are still dated, among them, according to the same computation; likewise all their jubilees and sabbatical years.

The celebrated Hadyn composed from his 18th to his 73d year, 113 overtures; 163 pieces for the viola di Gamba; 20 divertissements for various instruments; 3 marches, 24 trios, 6 violin solos, 15 concertos for different instruments, 30 services, 83 quartetts, 66 sonatas, 42 duets, 5 German puppet-operas (a performance which the Empress Maria Theresa was much attached to), 5 oratorios, 366 Scotch airs, and 400 minnets and waltzes. He was born in 1730, and died May, 1809.

According to a Statistical Chart, published in a Neapolitan journal, the universal population of the globe is 632 millions, thus subdivided—172 millions in Europe; 330 millions in Asia; 70 millions in Africa; 40 millions in America; and 20 millions in the other parts.

A FRENCH DEFINITION OF A WHIG OR A TORY.—"Pray, Monsieur de Vergennes," said Louis XVI. one day at his levee, "what do you take to be the difference between a Whig and a Tory?" "Please your Majesty," replied the minister, "I conceive the difference to be merely nominal—the Tories are Whigs when they want places, and the Whigs are Tories when they have got them."

HOLLINSHED says that the best wive was to be found in monasteries, for "that the merchant would have thought his soul would go straightway to the devil, if he should serve monks with other than the best."

BONAPARTE'S RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.—(From *Las Cases's Journal*.)—The Emperor, after having spoken for some time with warmth and animation, said,—"Every thing proclaims the existence of a God; that cannot be questioned; but all our religions are evidently the work of men. Why are there so many? Why has ours not always existed? Why does it consider itself exclusively the right one? What becomes, in that case, of all the virtuous men who have gone before us? Why do these religions revile, oppose, and exterminate one another? Why has this been the case ever and every where? Because men are ever men; because priests have ever and every where introduced fraud and falsehood. However, as soon as I had power I immediately re-established religion. I made it the groundwork and foundation upon which I built. I considered it as the support of sound principles and good morality, both in doctrine and in practice.—Besides, such is the restlessness of man, that his mind requires that something undefined and marvelous which religion offers; and it is better for him to find it there, than to seek it of Cagliostro, of Mademoiselle Lenormand, or of the other soothsayers and impostors."—Somebody having ventured to say to him, that he might possibly in the end become devout, the Emperor answered with an air of conviction, that he feared not, and that it was with regret he said it; for it was, no doubt, a great source of consolation; but that his incredulity did not proceed from perverseness or from licentiousness of mind, but from the strength of reason. "Yet," added he, "no man can answer for what will happen, particularly in his last moments. At present I certainly believe that I shall die without a confessor; and yet there is such a one (pointing to one of us) who will, perhaps, receive my confession. I am assuredly very far from being an atheist, but I cannot believe all that I am taught in spite of my reason, without being false and an hypocrite. When I became Emperor, and particularly after my marriage with Maria Louisa, every effort was made to induce me to go with great pomp, according to the custom of the Kings of France, to take the sacrament at the church of *Notre Dame*; but this I positively refused to do: I did not believe in the act sufficiently to derive any benefit from it, and yet I believed too much in it to expose myself to commit a profanation."

At a recent meeting at Edinburgh of the Wernerian Society, a stuffed specimen, and a skeleton of the Dugong were produced to the Society. This animal is of the whale tribe, inhabiting the seas about Java. It wants the blow-hole of the whale. The anterior part of the skeleton has much resemblance to that of quadrupeds. The head exhibited many peculiarities. It has large mammae in the anterior part of the body. It frequently raises itself out of the water; and its round face together with the mammae have given rise to the fable of the mermaid.

The Academy of Medicine in Paris, department of surgery, has given as a prize subject, "To determine by observation, experience and reason, what is the preferable mode in the treatment of wounds penetrating the breast." The treatise to be written in Latin or French, before the 1st of June, 1824. The prize is a gold medal of the value of 1000 francs.

GROWTH OF LONDON.—(From the *Percy Histories*.)—Politicians and legislators have at various times expressed considerable uneasiness and alarm at the growth of the metropolis.—It has, notwithstanding, still continued advancing, amidst all impediments and obstructions, to a most gigantic size. Conjecture even dares not affix its limits; for every succeeding year we see some waste ground in the suburbs reclaimed and covered with dwellings, some little village, or hamlet in the suburbs united by a continuous street to the metropolis, until what once, and that at no remote period, was London and its environs, is now one great compact city,—going far to verify the prediction of James the First, that "England will shortly be London, and London England."—It appears by the census of 1821, that London, including the borough of Southwark, contained the vast number of 161,905 houses, and that 3437 other houses were then building, and when we consider that every month brings a large addition, it probably would not be too much to estimate the metropolis as at present containing 170,000 houses; nor are its limits likely to stop here, but to be extended considerably in succeeding ages.

When the English were good Catholics, they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass every day after dinner—*au bon pere*, whence the word *bumper*.

SHAM CAPONS AND HAMS.—The ingenuity of the Chinese is too often exercised for the purpose of fraud. Sometimes you will buy a capon, as you think, of a Chinese, but find you have the skin of the bird only, which has been so ingeniously filled, that the deception is not discovered until it is prepared for being dressed.

The Chinese also make counterfeit hams. These are made of pieces of wood cut in the form of a ham, and coated over with a certain kind of earth, which is covered with hog's skin: and the whole is so ingeniously prepared, that a knife is necessary to detect the fraud.

A gentleman travelling in China some few years ago, purchased some chickens, the feathers of which were curiously curled. In a few days time he observed the feathers straight, and that the chickens were of the most common sort. The Chinese had curled the feathers like a wig, a little before he sold the brood.

AN IRISH WITNESS.—A number of Irish labourers were tried at the Middlesex Sessions, on Tuesday, for riot and assault. Six of them were found guilty. On the trial G. Hebert, a witness for the prosecution, said—"When attacked by the men at the bar, I was alone by myself, and I've a witness will prove it. He had nothing by Jasus in his hand but his fist, and that was in his pocket. The defendants were all hallooing 'Huzza for the Ardras boys, and down with the Newcastle men.' He had no party but himself at the time. He was taken to the hospital, and was dead for a fortnight, he was so sadly kill!"

THE KING'S ACCEPTANCE OF RELICS OF THE PRETENDER.—We have noticed the respect that his MAJESTY bears to every thing relative to the Royal Family of the House of STUART. The KING has many relics of them, and to these he has now to add another, presented by a lady of this city upon the recent royal visit. We are forbid to mention the lady's name, who belongs to a highly respectable family, and has been alluded to in works connected with the events of 1745. The Prince LEOPOLD was presented with a ring that belonged to MARY Queen of Scots, by the same lady, when he visited Edinburgh. His MAJESTY wished to obtain a dirk that had belonged to Prince CHARLES, but the Chieftain in whose possession it was, having declined to part with it, (as we have heard,) the lady alluded to declared her intention to present a knife, fork, and spoon, which had belonged to the Prince, to his MAJESTY, if he visited Scotland. These relics were placed in the hands of Sir WALTER SCOTT, to be presented by him, along with the gift of the Sisters of the Silver Cross. The KING received them most graciously, and desired his warmest thanks to be conveyed to the lady, with the expressions of his regard for every remembrance of the "unfortunate Chevalier," as he called him. At the Drawing-room, and the Ball, the KING took particular notice of the Lady, and always speaks of her present in a manner which shews his esteem for the donor, and the high value he sets on the gift. The knife, fork, and spoon, are of the finest silver; their handles are richly embossed with the thistle, and the ends of them are adorned with the rose. The letters C. S. are shortly and conspicuously marked on them. They were manufactured in Holland, and consequently are impressed with the Dutch plate stamp. They were contained in an old ease, which the lady intended to have replaced with a modern one of Morocco leather, but his MAJESTY's good taste preferred their ancient garb.—*Edinburgh Observer.*

VESTRIS, who was made a fool of here, was, by the Parisians, styled *Dieu de la danse*. His most famous attitude was standing on one foot for a long time, with the other leg extended horizontally. This gave rise to a portrait of him, with a goose also on one leg, its common attitude.—The younger VESTRIS being sent to the Prison of the Hotel de Force, for some misconduct, exclaimed, "Alas! this is the first squabble of OUR house with the House of BOURBON." He subsequently threatened to quit Paris; but, as a contemporary journalist expresses it, on "a day ever memorable in the annals of the Opera," was prevailed on to remain.

The following literary *morceau* is a literal copy of a note transmitted to Mr. —, in reference to a servant's situation:—"April 4th 1823.—Mr. — If you please to inform Mrs. — to shute here shelph with a sarvant As I have ingaicht in a Nother place where the wighlis will answer better."—*Liverpool Courier.*

GEORGE ROOKE sailed as a volunteer with Lord MUSKERRY to Newfoundland. The young sailor was sadly addicted to lying, for which he was reproved by the Noble Lord. "I can't help it," said ROOKE. "Poh!" says my Lord, "it may be done by degrees—suppose you were to begin uttering one truth to-day."

A wealthy cowkeeper, hearing that a house had failed in which he had placed a large sum of money, told a friend in his distress; "that he should now be reduced to live quite like a private gentleman."

A Baronet, who promises to attain a high rank among the *girouettes* of his age, once solicited from Lord LIVERPOOL the privilege of nominating to an office of some importance, hinting, at the same time, how necessary it was, at that particular juncture, to strengthen the hands of Government. His Lordship coolly answered, that had the Baronet recommended to him any person as *worthy* of filling the office his recommendation would have had every attention paid to it; but that he was greatly mistaken, if he thought the Government was to be supported by entrusting the nomination of its officers to speculating politicians, or needy adventurers. The Baronet, in his hours of conviviality, protests, that he could forgive the refusal; but the manner of it, he never will.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

Some one writing against gravity, says, "the gravest beast is an ass; the gravest bird is an owl; the gravest fish is an oyster; and the gravest man is a fool."

In the list of Subscribers to "Keith's History of the affairs of Church and State in Scotland," published in Edinburgh in 1734, there occurs, amongst the names of a considerable portion of the Nobility and Gentry of the kingdom, that of "ROBT. MACGREGOR, alias ROB ROY." It would thus appear that this well-known freebooter was at one period of his life possessed of a degree of literary taste and knowledge.

HOW TO ESCAPE THE TORTURE.—Several soldiers of Montgomery's Highland Regiment were taken prisoners by the American Indians. ALLAN MACPHERSON, one of them, witnessing the miserable fate of his fellows, who had been tortured to death by the Indians, and seeing them preparing to commence the same operations upon himself, made signs that he had something to communicate. An interpreter was brought. MACPHERSON told them, that provided his life was spared for a few minutes, he would communicate the secret of an extraordinary medicine, which, applied to the skin, would cause it to resist the strongest blow of a tomahawk or sword, and that if they would allow him to go to the woods with a guard, to collect the plants proper for the medicine, he would prepare it, and allow the experiment to be tried on his own neck by the strongest and most expert warrior amongst them. This story easily gained upon the superstitious credulity of the Indians, and the request of the Highlander was immediately complied with. Being sent into the woods, he soon returned with such plants as he chose to pick up. Having boiled these herbs, he rubbed his neck with their juice, and laying his head on a log of wood, desired the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his tomahawk, when he would find that he could not make the smallest impression! An Indian, levelling a blow with all his might, cut with such force, that the head flew off to the distance of several yards. The Indians were fixed in amazement at their own credulity, and the address with which the prisoner had escaped the lingering death prepared for him: but instead of being enraged at this escape of the victim, they were so pleased with his ingenuity, that they refrained from inflicting further cruelties on the remainder of the prisoners.—*Colonel Stewart's Sketches.*

General — was one of the parvenus, lifted, by the French Revolution, from obscurity—his father having held the situation of Swiss, or porter, to LOUIS XVI. When appointed by BUONAPARTE Ambassador to the Court of Russia, he was much in the habit of boasting, in society at Court, of his estates and possessions in Languedoc, Champagne, &c. &c.; upon which a very witty and beautiful lady, the Countess VALERIEN ZOOBOFF, said to him with great *naivete* "*Languedoc, Champagne! mon cher General, et moi je vous croyois toujours Suisse.*"

A Gentleman at the table of the great CONDE, having related several wonderful stories of a King of Prussia, whose Highness requested him to continue his recital of the life of so great a man; but the Gentleman perceiving the servant had begun to clear the table during his narrative, in order to regain his lost time, replied, "This Prince died suddenly."

SENECA relates of one CANIUS JULIUS, that he was playing at chess when the Centurion, who led a troop of condemned men to death, commanded him also to join the game. Having scarcely finished his game, he counted his men and said to the person with whom he played, "Beware when I am dead, that thou beliest me not, and say thou hast won the game." Then bowing to the Centurion he said, "Bear me witness that I have the advantage of one."

According to Holinshed, the following ordinance punishing seamen, was issued by Richard Cœur de Lion:—"If any man be taken with theft or pickpocketry, and thereof convicted, he shall have his head polled and hot pitch poured upon his pate, and upon that feathers of some pillow or cushion shaken aloft, that he may thereby be known for a thief, and at the next arrival of the ships to any land, be put forth of the company to seek his adventures, without all hope of return unto his fellows."

An eminent Grocery Company in Dublin, announce the newspapers of that city, that they have whiskey on hand which was drank by his Majesty while in Ireland.

When Norway was invaded by the Swedes, in the year 1716, an officer who commanded a fortified place on the frontiers, was waiting with great distress and anxiety, for succours from Denmark, which by some accident were delayed; his distress and danger were soon known, and before his reinforcement arrived from Denmark, he was agreeably surprised by a body of 300 grey-headed farmers, each having a complete set of military accoutrements, and three weeks provision in his knapsack, who offered him their services in this laconic address: "Good-day, father. We hear that you have got some unwelcome guests that you want to get rid of; if you are willing to make use of us, tell us what we must do, and you shall find that we are men." The offer was thankfully accepted; an officer was appointed to command the volunteers, and, at their own request, they defended a pass of great importance, where they repulsed a numerous body of the Swedes, killing more than two hundred, without the loss of a man.

LIBEL.—In the golden days of good Queen BESS, those halcyon days, to which every Englishman affects to look up with rapture, the punishment for libel was the loss of the right hand to the libeller. A Mr. PAGE, who had presumed to write a pamphlet on the subject of the QUEEN's marriage with the Duke of ANJOU, was prosecuted for, and convicted of, libelling her MAJESTY, and suffered the punishment. When on the scaffold, he made the following manly and spirited speech:—"FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—I am come here to receive the law, according to my judgment, and thank the GOD of all, and of this I take GOD to witness (who knoweth the hearts of men) that as I am sorry I have offended her MAJESTY, so did I never mean harm to her MAJESTY's person, crown or dignity; but have been as true a subject (as any was in England) to the best of my ability, excepting none." Then holding up his right hand, he said, "This hand did I put to the plough, and got my living at it many years. If it would have pleased her Highness to have taken my left hand, or my life, she had dealt more favourably with me, for now I have no means to live; but GOD, who is the father of us all, will provide for me. I beseech you, good people, to pray for me, that I may take my punishment patiently."—He then laid his hand upon the block, and prayed the executioner to dispatch quickly. At two blows his hand was taken off: when, lifting up his bleeding arm, and pointing to the block, he said to the bye-standers, "See, I have left there a true Englishman's hand;" and then went from the scaffold stoutly, and with great courage. What would be said to such a punishment in the present day?

At the entrance of ISABEL of Bavaria into Paris, wife of CHARLES VI., a Bavarian fastened a rope from the top of the tower of Notre Dame, to one of the houses within the 'Change Brige; he descended, dancing upon the rope, with a lighted flambeau in each hand; he passed between the blue taffety curtains, ornamented with large golden fleurs-de-lis, which covered the bridge; he fixed a Crown upon ISABEL's head, and re-ascended upon his rope into the air. The chronicle adds, as this was done in the night, he was seen in all parts of Paris and its environs.

In the Island of Borneo, the inhabitants know little of medicine; and, however desperate the case of a patient is, bleeding is considered by them a circumstance of a most alarming nature. Capt. BECKMAN, who was once under the necessity of submitting to the operation, says, "one day being indisposed, I ordered the surgeon to bleed me; CAY DEPONATTE, a native, with several others being in the room, and strangers to the operation, were in great amazement to know what we were about, till at length the vein being opened, they saw the blood gush out; on this they were so frightened, that they immediately ran out of the room, crying out 'Oran, gela attee,' that is, the man's heart or mind is foolish; after which they told us, that we let out our very souls and lives willingly. To this I replied, that their diet being mean, and their drink only water, they had no occasion for bleeding, but that we, who drank so much wine and punch, and fed upon flesh, which rendered the blood hot and rich, were absolutely obliged to resort to that operation to prevent illness. CAY DEPONATTEE replied, 'I think that shows you to be still greater fools in putting yourselves to such expensive charges, on purpose to receive pain for it.' This was certainly a very just observation, and fully evinced that, if they wanted faith in the utility of this expedient, they were not defective in natural understanding."

In an old play-bill of the performances given at the Worcester Theatre, February 12, 1767, Mr. J. P. KEMBLE's name appears as *James, Duke of York*, in a tragedy called *Charles the First*, in which Mrs. SIDDONS performed the young *Princess Elizabeth*, and sung between the acts.

The following petition, says the *New York Advertiser* of the 11th ult. from PETER HARRIS, one of the Catawba tribe of Indians, was presented, a few days ago, in the South Carolina Legislature:—"To the Councils of South Carolina—I am one of the lingering embers of an almost extinguished race—our graves will soon be our habitations. I am one of the few stalks that still remain in the field, when the tempest of the revolution is past. I fought against the British for your sake—the British have disappeared, and you are free: yet, from me, the British took nothing—nor have I gained any thing by their defeat. I pursue the deer for my subsistence—the deer are disappearing, and I must starve. GOD ordained me for the forest, and my habitation is the shade—but the strength of my arm decays and my feet fail in the chase. The hand which fought for your liberty, is now open for your relief. In my youth, I bled in battle that you might be independent—let not my heart, in my old age, bleed for the want of your commiseration."

PETER HARRIS.

HINDOO SOLEMNIZATION.—A ceremony was performed on Monday last by a party of Hindoos, lately arrived in this country. It is the custom, when a ship is in want of hands, to supply the places with individuals of the above country, who are ready to take a voyage to this country; for such persons an asylum has been established in the New-road, Ratcliffe-highway, and is called the Barracks. At an early hour in the morning the present occupants made every preparation for the occasion; by forming banners, decorated in a peculiar manner; and at a certain hour they hurried to the New-road, where they formed themselves into a line. The appearance of such a body of persons, about forty in number, was calculated to collect an assemblage of Englishmen, and the pavements, &c., were lined with spectators; but the Hindoos seemed to pay little attention to any thing else but what they had fixed their minds upon. After going through various forms, and talking together, they formed into procession. At the head was a Hindoo, attired in a peculiar dress, with a drawn sword in his hand; he was followed by another, attired in a similar manner, supporting an immense banner, neatly decorated, and from which hung two long pieces of white paper. A third followed, with an instrument answering the purpose of a drum, but which appeared to be half of a tub, with the top covered with parchment. After him followed about thirty (Hindoos), who were quite silent until the drum commenced playing. Another Indian closed the procession, holding a banner, on which were suspended two sabres, fixed across. Every thing being arranged, the person at the head commenced waving his sword, on which the drummer beat the newly-invented instrument, and it was thought by the multitude he was going to strike up the *dead march*; but, after inflicting on the parchment several blows, he commenced a quicker tune, on which the latter began brandishing his sword, and sang to the sound of the drum, *see-saw*, or something to that effect. This seemed to be the signal for the rest of the procession, and they proceeded along repeating the same words, and stamping their feet on the ground. In their way they proceeded at intervals of the day until they arrived at their barracks. In the evening they concluded their ceremony by indulging themselves in a little revelry. The inhabitants of this part of the town could not account for the ceremony, not having before witnessed such a scene in their remembrance, but upon inquiry we have ascertained that it was the celebration of a festival which was established by the Hindoos, in consequence of an ancient victory they obtained over the enemy, and which is annually celebrated by the inhabitants of an Indian country.

The Virginia Company in 1620, sent over 160 girls "young and uncorrupt" and well recommended to become wives to the planters. The price of a wife at first was one hundred pounds of tobacco, but increased to one hundred and fifty pounds, the value of which in money, was three shillings per pound. All debts contracted for wives were ordered to have precedency over all other debts and be first recoverable. It was this year also in which a Dutch ship putting into Virginia sold twenty Negroes to the colony. Those were the first negroes imported into Virginia.—*American Paper*.

CROWLE was a noted punster. Once, on a circuit with PAGE, a person asked him if the Judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know; but I am sure he was never just before."—*Lord Orford's Memoirs*.

The Rev. Dr. P. visiting a country Clergyman, requested permission to preach to his congregation, which his friend consented to, on condition that he adapted the language of his sermon to the illiterate capacities of his parishioners, and that he used no hard words. After the sermon was over Dr. P. asked his friend whether he had not strictly observed the conditions? The other replied that he had used several words beyond the comprehension of his hearers, and instanced the word *felicity*, for which he would have substituted *happiness*. Dr. P. contended that one word was as plain as the other; and, to prove it, proposed calling in the ploughman, and putting it to him, which was done. "Well, ROBIN, do you know the meaning of the word *felicity*?" "Ees, Sir," said ROBIN (scratching his head, and endeavouring to look wise), "ees, Sir, I thinks as how I does." "Well, ROBIN, speak up." "Wy, Sir, I doesn't *disactly*, but I thinks it's some at inside of a pig!"

W. WHISTON computed the period of the world to be twenty years from his own time, (1712,) and yet asked thirty years' purchase for an estate which he had to sell.

Lord NORTH, during a severe illness, said to his physician, "Doctor, I am obliged to you for introducing me to some old acquaintance that I have not met with for many years!" "Who are these, my Lord?" said the Doctor. "My ribs," replied his Lordship, "which I have not felt for many years until now."

SONGS OF THE CID.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Cid's Death-bed: a Ballad.—[From the New M. Mag.]

It was an hour of grief and fear,
Within Valencia's walls,
When the blue spring-heaven lay still and clear
Above her marble halls.

There were pale cheeks and troubled eyes,
And steps of hurrying feet,
Where the Zambra's* notes were wont to rise
Along the sunny streets.

It was an hour of fear and grief,
On bright Valencia's shore,
For Death was busy with her chief,
The noble Campeador.

The Moor-king's barks were on the deep,
With sounds and signs of war,
But the Cid was passing to his sleep,
In the silent Alcazar.

No moan was heard through the halls of state,
No weeper's aspect seen;
But by the couch Ximena sate,
With pale, yet steadfast mien.

Stillness was round the conqueror's bed,
Warriors stood mournful nigh,
And banners, o'er his glorious head,
Were drooping heavily.

And feeble grew the mighty hand,
And cold the valiant breast;
—He had fought the battles of the land,
And his hour was come to rest.

What said the leader of the field?
His voice is faint and low,
The breeze that creeps o'er his lance and shield,
Hath louder accents now.

"Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart;
The Moor must hear no dirge's tone,
Be ye of dauntless heart!"

"Let the slymbal-clash and the trumpet strain
From your walls ring far and shrill;
And fear ye not, for the Saints of Spain
Shall grant you victory still.

"And gird my form with mail-array,
And set me on my steed;
So go ye forth on your funeral way,
And God shall give you speed.

"Go with the dead in the front of war,
All arm'd with sword and helm;
And march by the camp of King Buear,
For the good Castilian realm.

"And let me slumber in the soil
Which gave my father's birth;
I have closed my day of battle-toll,
And my course is done on earth."

—† Now wave, ye stately banners, wave!
Through the lattice a wind sweeps by,
And the arms o'er the death-bed of the brave
Send forth a hollow sigh.

Now wave, ye banners of many a fight,
As the fresh wind o'er you sweeps;
—The wind and the banners fall hush'd as night;
The Campeador—he sleeps!

Sound the battle-born on the breeze of morn,
And swell out the trumpet's blast!
Till the notes prevail o'er the voice of wail,
For the noble Cid hath pass'd.

* Zambra, a Moorish dance.

† See the Spanish Ballad, "*Banderas antiquas, tristes, &c.*"

GREEK SONG.—THE VOICE OF SCIO.

[BY THE SAME.]

A voice from Scio's Isle,
A voice of song, a voice of old,
Swept far as cloud or billow rolled,
And earth was hushed the while.

The souls of nations woke!
Where lies the land whose hills among
That voice of victory hath not rung,
As if a trumpet spoke?

To sky, and sea, and shore,
Of those whose blood, on Ilion's plain,
Flow'd from the rivers to the main,
A glorious tale it bore!

Still by our sun-bright deep,
With all the fame that fiery lay
Threw round them in its rushing way,
The sons of battle sleep.

And king's their turf have crown'd!
And pilgrims o'er the foaming wave
Brought garlands there; so rest the brave,
Who thus their bard have found!

A voice from Scio's Isle,
A voice as deep hath risen again!
As far shall peal its thrilling strain,
Where'er our sun may smile!

Let not its tones expire!
Such power to waken earth and heaven,
And might and vengeance, ne'er was given
To mortal song or lyre.

Know ye not whence it comes?
—From ruined hearths, from burning fanes,
From kindred blood on yon red plains,
From desolated homes!

'Tis with us through the night!
'Tis on our hills, 'tis in our sky—
—Hear it, thou Heaven! when swords flash nigh,
O'er the mid waves of fight.

WINTER.

By BERNARD BARTON, the Quaker Poet.

Thou hast thy beauties; sterner ones, I own,
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too; although
Thou art austere—thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes Nature, till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

PATRIOTIC SPANISH ODE.

(From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.)

To the wind, to the wind, your banners rear!
Awake!—nor lie in sloth reclining—
Arise—nor shrink in craven fear—
Lo! France's thousand blades are shining—
She comes—but not as friend she comes—
Death—ruin—rapine in her train—
To arms!—rouse up your warning drums—
Ho!—to the combat, Spain!

Our sires were great in ancient days,
No loftier power on earth allowing;
Shall we their mighty deeds erase,
And to the dust our necks be bowing?
They strove for fame—for Liberty—
On fields where blood was spilt like rain;
Hark! how they call us from the sky—
Ho!—to the combat, Spain!

Castile and Arragon, arise!—
The tempest cloud of war is hewing;—
Burst through the shades that veil your eyes—
Are ye asleep while this is doing?
Lo! armies crowd the Pyrenees:
They carry with them thralldom's chains—
Will ye ignobly crouch to these?
Ho!—to the combat, Spain!

Look forth on every well-known spot—
On field and forest, rock and river;—
Then draw the sword, but sheathe it not,
Till these from foreign feet ye sever—
The trampling feet of foreign hosts,
Who march in power, and proud disdain;
Haste—homeward send their shrieking ghosts—
Ho!—to the combat, Spain!

And are we, then, so lost—so low—
That strangers can alone restore us?
Lo! Earth regards our every blow—
The eye of Heaven is watching o'er us!—
By Spanish might, the Spanish land
Its freedom only can retain,
And crouch we to the oppressor's hands?—
Ho!—to the combat, Spain!

THE SPANIARD TO THE BOURBON.

Who comes o'er our mountains again from afar,
Unfurling the flag to the tempest of war?
Who comes o'er our mountains with scourge and with brand
To drive out that freedom that hallows our land?

The Saracen comes not, for ours was the shore
Where his glory was smote that it flourish'd no more;
Our fathers struck down his dark yoke from the land,
And Spain rose from ruin, young, lovely; and grand.

And we swear by the shades of the heroes that bled
Till the Pagan forsook our bright valleys and fled,
We will meet the invader as proudly this hour,
With the answer that Freemen give insolent power.

He comes not, the Chief that in war won a name
More splendid than all in the pages of fame—
He comes not, whose eagle soar'd fearless and far,
Till the pale kings of earth dragg'd their chains at his car.

Yet he found in Spain, that, though kings were o'erthrown,
A people too strong who had Freedom alone;
And there was the voice of the battle that gave
His empire its bounds, and his glory a grave.

Who comes as a foe o'er our mountains again,
To waste the bright fields and fair valleys of Spain?
'Tis the Bourbon, who, trembling and pale, fled afar
From the face of the Chief whom we vanquish'd in war.

Behold his white banners—no honour shines there—
No bright recollections of glory they bear;—
Though the bigot has blest them, they'll sink in the fight,
With the deep stains of crime on their delicate white.

And we swear by the altars we freed from the flame
Which priestcraft had kindled through ages of shame,
We will never again let that foul wizard's rod
Make Religion a curse and the tyrant of God.

Then, Child of the Bourbon! take back thy array,
Lest thy lilies be strewn on a desolate way;
Lest the God thou blasphemest may cast that pale flower
In deadly repose in the grave of thy power.

TO THE SULIOTS.

REMEMBER the days that are past,
When ye fought on your mountains alone,
And your brethren of Greece in their bondage were cast
At the foot of the Ottoman Throne:
Remember those days when ye rush'd to the shock
Of the battle below—like the stream from the rock.

When virtue and glory seem'd gone,
Ye sought, with the eagles on high,
The rocks where the last beam of freedom still shone,
Where the last of her martyrs might die;
And the poets of Greece in far ages shall tell
How ye could not live on, but where freedom might dwell.

Ye are men whom the Turk could not chain,
When he smote all the flower of the land;
In the day that the verdure of valley and plain
Was red from his merciless hand:
Remember that day when ye rush on the foe,
With your brethren of Greece to lay tyranny low.

When slavery settled around,
And Greece wept in chains and disgrace,
Then the tyrant looked to your mountains, and found
No slave of the Suliot race;
Through long years of peril, of danger, and gloom,
On your brows was the waving of Liberty's plume.

But the stain dies away from the land;
Greece starts into virtue once more;
Oh! 'tis glorious to see how the slave's lifted hand
Strikes the foe where he revell'd before!
From the garden of mind, which he trampled in wrath,
His steps shall be far on a desolate path.

Then onwards, ye Suliot race,
That ye who had stood by the side
Of Freedom, when sorrowing, now may embrace
Her banner, in Victory's pride!
For the spirit that wander'd your mountains alone,
Shall tread on the dust of the Ottoman Throne.

On the Productions of two Gentlemen who were namesakes.

Two Harveys had a separate wish
To please in separate stations;
The one invented Sauce for fish,
The other Meditations.

Each has his pungent powers applied
To aid the dead and dying,
That relishes a Sole when fried,
This saves a Soul from frying.

*The Age of Bronze; or, Carmen Seculare, et Annus
haud Mirabilis.*

This is a satirical poem, from the pen of Lord Byron, who has repeatedly shown, by digressions from the main subjects of his poetry, how deep an interest he takes in passing political occurrences. His vein for satire is well known to be strong and rich. He here gives loose to it, and includes in this work all the most prominent subjects of public interest. His Lordship has proved himself an attentive and curious observer of the times, for in *The Age of Bronze* no subject of political importance has escaped his notice. The Holy Alliance obtains peculiar attention, and each of the despots occupies the same "bad eminence" in the satire to which they have raised themselves in Europe. We have not room to enter largely into the subject of the poem; a few extracts, we are sure, will please our readers better. The following apostrophe to Napoleon, abounding in forcible contrasts, is one of the finest passages in the poem:

"But where is he, the modern, mightier far?
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris, whose unharnessed kings,
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawled of late,
Chained to the chariot of the Chieftain's state.
Yes! where is he, the Champion and the Child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires and whose stakes were thrones?
Whose table, earth—whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile,
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
Smile to survey the Queller of the Nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning as he dines,
O'er curtailed dishes and o'er stunted wines;
O'er petty quarrels upon petty things—
Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
A surgeon's statement, and an earl's harangues!
A bust delayed, a hook refused, can shake
The sleep of him who kept the world awake!
Is this indeed the Tamer of the Great,
Now slave of all could tease or irritate;
The paltry jailor and the prying spy,
The staring stranger with his note-book nigh?
Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great:
How low, how little was this middle-state,
Between a prison and a palace, where
How few could feel for what he had to bear!
Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his bill,
His food and wine were doled out duly still:
Vain was his sickness,—never was a clime
So free from homicide—to doubt a crime;
And the stiff Surgeon, who maintained his cause,
Hath lost his place, and gained the world's applause.
But smile—though all the pangs of brain and heart
Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art;
Though, save the few fond friends, and imaged face
Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
None stand by his low bed—though even the mind
Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind.
Smile—for the fettered eagle breaks his chain,
And higher world's than this are his again."

We give part of the portrait of the Emperor Alexander, who has of late attracted a large share of public attention from his desire to have a slice of Turkey:

"Resplendent sight! behold the cockcomb Czar,
The Autocrat of waltzes and of war!
A° eager for a plaudit as a realm;
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But hardened back when'er the morning's raw;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the Imperial Dandy prates of peace,
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free Greece!
How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain;
How royally show off in proud Madrid
His goodly person from the South long hid;
A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
By having Muscovites for friends or foes."
Home politics are not omitted: the landlords and country gentlemen are lashed with a severity which must make them writhe again:

"Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now uncourteous gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing must fall,
Kings, conquerors, and markets, most of all.
And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Bonaparte's reign?
He was your Triptolemus; his vices
Destroyed but realms, and still maintained your prices;
He amplified to every lord's content
The grand Agrarian Alchemy hight *rent*.
Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt,
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt.
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day."

"Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle,—why? for Rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent.
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions,—why? for Rent!
They roared, they dined, they drank, they swore they meant
To die for England;—why then live? for Rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was Rent!
Their love of country, millions all mis-spent,
How reconcile? by reconciling Rent?
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with every thing, and up with Rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion—Rent, Rent, Rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess:
Thou should'st have gotten more, or eaten less;
Now thou hast swilled thy pottage, thy demands
Are idle: Israel says the bargain stands."

"Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations:—pray, who made it high?"

The following lines are the conclusion of Lord Byron's spirited observations on BONAPARTE, in his Poem, *The Age of Bronze*.

HEAR, hear, Prometheus from his rock appeal
To Earth, Air, Ocean, all that felt or feel
His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
A name eternal as the rolling year;
He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
So oft, so vainly—Learn to do no wrong!
A single step into the right had made
This man the Washington of worlds betrayed;
A single step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
The reed of Fortune, and of Thrones the rod,
Of Fame the Moloch or the demi-god;
His country's Caesar, Europe's Hannibal,
Without their decent dignity of fall.
Yet Vanity herself had better taught
A surer path even to the fame he sought,
By pointing out on history's fruitless page
Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage,
While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth:
While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air:
While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
Forgets Pizarro, to shout Bolivar!
Alas! why must the same Atlantic wave
Which wafted Freedom gird a tyrant's grave—
The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave;
Who burst the chains of millions to renew
The very fetters which his arm broke through,
And crushed the rights of Europe and his own,
To flit between a dungeon and a throne?

THE Museum, in noticing "*Napoleon, and other Poems, by Bernard Barton*," the Quaker poet, says, "In the days of the apostasy of genius, when more than one of the eminent poets of the age abuses his talents in stimulating the passions, in misleading the judgment, and in undermining the faith of his fellow men, it is with no slight satisfaction that we find a writer, gifted with such talents as Mr. B. possesses, strenuously exerting himself in the good work of improving his readers in true wisdom and happiness. This is the sanctifying use of genius, which when true to the purposes for which it is bestowed on man, mingles no intoxication in the draught it offers to its followers. Well, therefore, did the fablers of antiquity symbolise the stream of poetical inspiration by the clear gushes of a pure fountain. But a more fuming and dangerous fluid mantles occasionally in the urn of poesy, than was drawn from the bright fount of Hippocrene; and the mind is poisoned from the vessels which if right should minister its holiest and most wholesome beverage. Mr. B., however, has drank of the genuine and salubrious stream, soberly, and not unsparingly, but sufficiently for the purpose of invigorating his imagination without disordering it. And we venture to predict that he will drink yet more deeply, and unfold powers not yet fully developed."

"In his Ode to the Sun, Mr. B. puts forth his strength. The poem opens thus:

MONARCH of Day! once reverently adored
By virtuous Pagans, if no longer thou
With orisons art worshipp'd, as the lord
Of the delightful lyre, or dreadful bow;
If thy embodied essence be not now,
As it once was, regarded as divine;
Nor blood of victims at thine altar flow,
Nor clouds of incense hover round thy shrine,
Yet fitly may'st thou claim the homage of the Nine."

"He then shews that an object of worship was necessary to the human heart; and then proceeds:

Even I, Majestic Orb! who worship not
The splendour of thy presence, who control
My present feelings, as thy future lot
Is painted to the vision of my soul,
When final darkness, like an awful scroll,
Shall quench thy fires;—even I, if I could kneel
To aught but Him who framed this wondrous whole,
Could worship thee; so deeply do I feel
Emotions, words alone are powerless to reveal.
For thou art glorious! when, from thy pavilion
Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging wide
Its curtain-clouds of purple and vermilion,
Dispensing light and life on every side;
Brightening the mountain cataract, dimly spied
Thro' glittering mist, opening each dew-gemm'd flower,
Or touching, in some hamlet, far deserted,
Its spiral wreaths of smoke, that upward tower,
While birds their matins sing from many a leafy bower."

And more magnificent art thou, bright Sun!
Uprising from the ocean's billowy bed:
Who, that has seen thee thus, as I have done,
Can e'er forget the effulgent splendours spread
From thy emerging radiance? Upward sped,
E'en to the centre of the vaulted sky,
Thy beams pervade the heavens, and o'er them shed
Hues indescribable—of gorgeous dye,
Making among the clouds mute, glorious pageantry."

Then, then how beautiful, across the deep,
The lustre of thy orient path of light!
Onward, still onward, o'er the waves that leap
So lovelily, and show their crests of white,
The eye, unsated, in its own despite,
Still up that vista gazes; till thy way
Over the waters seems a pathway bright
For holiest thoughts to travel, there to pay
Man's homage unto Him who bade thee *RULE THE DAY*."

And thou thyself, forgetting what thou art,
Appear'st thy Maker's temple, in whose dome
The silent worship of the expanding heart
May rise, and seek its own eternal home:
The intervening billows' snowy foam,
Rising successively, seem steps of light,
Such as on Bethel's plain the angels clomb;
When, to the slumbering patriarch's ravish'd sight,
Heaven's glories were reveal'd in visions of the night."

Nor are thy evening splendours, mighty Orb!
Less beautiful: and oh! more touching far,
And of more power thought, feeling to absorb
In silent ecstasy, to me they are:
When, watchful of thy exit, one pale star
Shines on the brow of summer's loveliest eve;
And breezes, softer than the soft guitar,
Whose plaintive notes Castilian maids deceive,
Among the foliage sigh, and take of thee their leave.
O! then it is delightful to behold
Thy calm departure; soothing to survey
Through opening clouds, by thee all edged with gold,
The milder pomp of thy declining sway:
How beautiful, on church-tower old and grey,

Is shed thy parting smile! how brightly glow
Thy last beams on some tall tree's loftiest spray,
While silvery mists half veil the trunk below,
And hide the rippling stream that scarce is heard to flow!

(From the last Number of the New Monthly Magazine.)

3 A. M.—Looked out of bed-room window into Gracechurch-street, and called "Sweep" to a boy with a soot-bag. Saw him peep about him at the corner of White Hart-court, and then look on. Halted him three times in the same way. Tied a fourth, and popped my head out at the wrong moment. Boy, in a great passion, threw a turnip, which broke me a half-crown pane, and woke my wife. Swore I knew nothing about it, and sneaked down to breakfast.

9 A. M.—Went to table-drawer and slyly pocketed three little snips of alabaster. Returned and took my seat at breakfast-table, if nothing had happened. Put alabaster at top of blue sugar-son, and, to my great delight, saw Kitty put one into each of the children's cups. Children hammered and pushed and wondered what would not melt. Thought I should have died: three of my best silver tea-spoons bent as crooked as rams' horns. Very demure Mrs. Gander came down to breakfast. Never attack wife;—carpet sweepers have some reason for not meddling with a certain species of whale, as being too fierce.) So says Guthrie's Grammar.

10 A. M.—Went behind counter to serve. Asked Jack Mitten, my foreman, if any body had blacked his face. Jack answered, "Not to my knowledge," and went to looking-glass. I replied, "Nor to mine either." Laughed very much, but Jack did not see much in it. Sam Snaffle, the driver of the Clapham, looked in to see what places were booked. Told him one inside, a lady, to be up at Sean's manufactory this side the Elephant. Saw him off, one short, and thought I should have died. Took pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter as if from Dobbs the druggist to Lawyer Lynx, telling him to arrest Shuffe the shoemaker for 23s. 10s. Goods sold and delivered. Gave it to ticket-porter, and told him he would pay the postage.

11 A. M.—Went back into the shop to serve. Sold a white cotton night-cap to an exciseman, and told him it was the fellow to six pence, which I had parted with to half a dozen other gentlemen who were to set off on a journey from the Old Bailey to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. He did not seem to see much in it, but I laughed amazingly. Saw Jack Mitten serving a lady with a red elastic purse, at the other counter. Took up a newspaper and read loud enough for her to hear, "Dreadful depravity! an Irish fruit-woman in St. Giles's, scraped her child to death with an oyster-shell." Lady screamed and went into hysterics. Gave her a glass of water, and told her "it was a shame that oyster-shells were suffered to lie about the streets." Thought I should never have done anything.

12.—Sent Molly to Spa-fields to see a live radical. Told her to buy me a straight book in her way home, at Peter Pull-gill's in Cooked-lane. Told her I should also want a glass ink-born; and that a male mermaid was expected to swim down Fish-street-hill at 10. Wife overheard, and called me an old fool. Did not see much in it. Molly laughed.

1 P. M.—Asked Jack Mitten who was the father of the sons of Noah; where Moses was when the candle was blown out; and which was most, half-a-dozen dozen, or six dozen dozen. The poor fellow could not answer one of them. Took the steps, climbed up to the clock, and pushed the hands two hours forward. Heard a fe, who caught a glance of it, rait at the cook for not putting down a leg of mutton, telling her it only wanted an hour of dinner-time. Clock struck a hundred and one: found I had done mischief, and stole away to Elieot to get him to repair it.

2 P. M.—Took a turn upon Change. Told Rothschild I hoped he liked Columbian bonds. Did not much like his looks, so stole away and entered the rotunda of the Bank. Buzz, the broker, asked me to hold his umbrella, while he went to sell two thousand, 75s. Dropt two handfuls of saw-dust into his umbrella. On his return, walked out with him into Bartholomew-lane. Luckily rained hard; Buzz flung open his umbrella over his head, and covered himself with saw-dust. This made me laugh till I cried. Buzz blew back a handful of saw-dust into my left eye: this made me cry till I laughed.

3 P. M.—Looked in at Batson's. Talked with Bluefish, the broker, about indigo, saffras, gum, oakum, and elephants' teeth. Called for pen, ink, and paper: wrote a letter from Jolter inviting Scraggs to dine off a fine hare and sweet sauce: ditto, vice versa, Scraggs to Jolter to dine off real turtle. Gave waiter a shilling to take both letters and be sure not to tell. Took a walk over London-bridge to Horsemonger lane sessions. Looked over Sessions paper, and saw indictment. The King against O'Bludgeon, about thirty off. Went into front yard, and hawled out, "The King against O'Bludgeon is just called on." Such a rush of barristers, bar-keepers, and witnesses into court! Two ap-pearances upset, and a barrister's whig trampled under foot. Roared out "April fools." Dodged off through Gny's Hospital, and walked homeward chuckling. Halted on London-bridge. Tide running up. Looked through balustrades towards Custom-house: clasped my hands in agony, exclaimed, "They'll every one of them be drowned," and ran across to look through balustrades on opposite side. Mob in a fever: all traffic at a stand-still: hundreds of necks craned out to peep at the sufferers. Bawled out "April fools," and dodged round one of Meux's drays. Butcher's boy saw me, and ve the view balloo. Scudded off to Bridge-foot, mob at my heels: picked into Tower-street: slid up St. Mary's-hill: entered Cannon-street: upset a kit of pickled salmon, and brushed into a hackney-coach, which conveyed me home—hit in two places, and covered with mud. Changed clothes: went out again determined to be more wary. Entered Auction-mart, at corner of Throgmorton-street. Chucked fruitwoman under chin, and went up to auction-room. Saw ab, the auctioneer, moult pulpit. Took a stand at farther corner of room, and tried my tongue at ventriloquy. Beat Matthews hollow. Did in seven different voices from various parts of room, and saw ab knock down seven articles to seven innocent bystanders; viz. a whing-piece to a fat widow; a pair of stays to a ward deputy; a gig to a waiting-woman; O'Keefe's Works to a Methodist parson; a complete set of John Bull to Alderman Wood; a Greek grammar to a stock-broker; and a Chapel of ease to a servant-maid of all work.

4 P. M.—Dinner. Asked Jack Mitten to take a glass of sherry, and poked vinegar-cruet into his paw. Made him sputter out liquid, and lion's head at Aldgate pump. Swore it was all his own doing, and did for once in a way got believed. Told wife I had been at Batson's; was asked by her what news? Answered the French had taken Umbrage. More fools the Spaniards, replied Mrs. Gander, for not fortifying it better. Noise at front door. Sam Snaffle in a fine talking at my hoax in the morning; swore would not quit house till he had paid him for his one inside: paid him eighteen pence, and as he threatened to have me "pulled up," gave him another shilling to sink my health.

5 P. M.—Polite note from Lawyer Lynx, telling me that hoazing an attorney was felony at common law, and that he meant to indict me at the ensuing Old Bailey Sessions, unless I paid the costs in Dobbs v. Shuffe, according to inclosed account. Perused bill: attending plaintiff by appointment, when he asked me how I did, and eightpence: attending, answering him, pretty middling, six

pettifoggers, and gave bearer a check for the amount. Muffin-man with bell: bawled out Muffins, and bobbed. Aimed at Perriwinkle with a pea-shooter, and chalked, "Mangling done here," upon Slice the surgeon's window-shutter. Visit from bowing bobbing waiter from the City of London Tavern, "Beg pardon, sir, but here's the bill, sir." "What bill?" "Mr. Jolter, sir, and Mr. Scraggs, sir, them as you April-fooled this morning; met and compared notes, sir; knew your hand; went to my master's tavern together, City of London, sir; ordered your own dinner, sir; turtle and roast hare for two, sir, and told me to bring you the bill, sir." Swore I would not pay it: looked out of window, and saw Jolter and Scraggs walking up and down by the Wandsworth coach, and flourishing a brace of horsewhips. Set it down for no joke, and told waiter to call to-morrow for his money.

6 P. M.—Tea and toast. Determined to play the fool no more, not quite approving of the expense. Put on velvet cap and slippers. Made a leg arm-chair for little Nancy. Wife busy reading Doctor Kitchener's cookery; and Lætitia deep in Peveril of the Peak, with her legs up on the sofa. Rat-a-tat at front door, loud enough to wake defunct Sir Thomas Gresham. Rattle and slap of a hackney-coach step. Hearts sunk within us. Rustling of silk gown on the stairs. Little Nancy despatched as a light troop, to watch the enemy's motions; rushed back, exclaiming with an awful face, "Mrs. Deputy Kildarkin." General scramble to hide objectionables: buttered toast, piled up like planks in a deal-yard, chucked into the cupboard; Peveril canted into the coal-scuttle; bowl of brown sugar carefully crammed into table drawer, and best lump substituted; Lætitia's legs put perpendicular, and wife's vinegar visage varnished with a proper coating of sweet oil to greet visiter. Parlour-door opened: enter Mrs. Deputy Kildarkin.

7 P. M.—Bows and smiles. Coffee and hard rusks. Found we had been hoaxed. Card in wife's name inviting Mrs. Kildarkin, apologizing for short notice, but mentioning that Mr. Bochsa and his thirteen harps could not be had on any other evening. Suspected Alderman Arrowroot, and vowed to be even with him this day twelvemonth. Listened to a deal of high life from Mrs. Kildarkin and daughter Lætitia. Comparative merits of Miss Taylor of the Circus and Miss Brunton of the West London: glass curtain at the Cobourg: Mr. and Mrs. Fitzwilliam: monthly assembly at the Horns, Kennington: the new turnpike in the Borough road, and what a different thing Trinity-square was from old Tower-hill. Nodded assent with my eyes shut: wife kicked my shins to keep me awake.

8 P. M.—Music. Mrs. Kildarkin and Lætitia went through the orthodox routine. Mrs. Kildarkin swore she had no voice, and Lætitia only wished she had half as good a one. Lætitia vowed she could not finger a note; and Mrs. Kildarkin said, if she could only play a quarter as well, she should think herself a finished performer.—Preliminaries thus adjusted, both sat down together and thumped overture to Lodowska, till the poor piano trembled on its legs.

9 P. M.—Whist. Wife and I against Lætitia and deputy's lady. Head running upon take-in of tavern-bill: missed deal with queen of diamonds at bottom: wife kicked my left shin. Second deal: at my old tricks: asked Mrs. Kildarkin if she had heard the news? Answered, No: what news? Told her that Ferdinand had dissolved the Cortes in hot water. Played a spade, and thought it was a trump: another kick from wife. Licked my thumb to deal better, and got a third kick.

10 P. M.—Whist again: seats changed to change luck. Long dispute between Mrs. Kildarkin and Mrs. Gander, the one asserting that Lord Byron should never marry a daughter of hers, and the other that he should. Head bothered by Beppo, Mazeppe, and Aleppo. Trumped my partner's lead. Fourth kick from wife, luckily intercepted by Mrs. Kildarkin's off-ankle. Wife begged pardon. Another rat-tat-tat, and another rattle and slap from hackney-coach step, announced the arrival of Mrs. Deputy's equipage: bows and curtesies: shawls, simpers, and ceremonious exit, Mrs. Kildarkin vowing, with a yawn, that she had never passed a pleasanter evening.

11 P. M.—Bed Candles. One made by me, consisting of a round pole of cut turnip, tipped with charcoal, unluckily selected by my wife. Much poking with snuffers before, trick detected. Glance of vengeance; exit wife upstairs, husband following.

12 P. M.—Listened to curtain-lecture fifty-nine minutes, and then fell asleep.

The following anecdote has been sent us by a correspondent. We think we have seen something of the same kind before; but a good story is never the worse for being twice told:—During the American revolutionary war, a country laird made his appearance in a certain market town not 100 miles distant from the border. A few idlers, (no very unusual thing) were lounging in front of the shop of the Baillie of the burgh, amongst whom the laird espied the village Esculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him: "How's a' wi' ye the day, Doctor? Ona political news?" "Nothing very particular," replied the Doctor; "only, it is said, the Dutch have taken umbrage at —." Here the Doctor got a touch on the shoulder from his shop-boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political laird.—"Taken Umbrage!" exclaimed the laird; "L—d preserve us! hae they ta'en Umbrage? Baillie, ken ye if its a wa'd town or no?" "A wa'd town!" says the Baillie; "nae sic thing; it's a sugar island, and ane o' the sweetest o' them; the article's up already; but ye shall hae a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price."—"Weel minded, Baillie, weel minded!—we'll talk about that o'er a halt nutchkin."—Hech, Sirs! the Dutch ta'en Umbrage, and General Burgoyne tint at Saratoga! The country's in a hopeful way."—*Dumfries Courier.*

The following interesting obituary is extracted from the *Edinburgh Courier* of the 10th instant:—"Died at Glenalbert, on the estate of Dalguise, Perthshire, on Sunday the 22d ult., in her 100th year, Mrs. Margaret Low, widow of the late James Stewart, Esq. of Tulloch, near Blair. Her husband was a Captain in one of the Athol regiments, under Lord George Murray, and carried the Royal standard of Prince Charles Edward, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746. Of that unfortunate Prince Mrs. Stewart had a most perfect recollection, and, till within a few days of her death, spoke with the fondness of long cherished reminiscence, and with the accuracy of a mind and memory perfectly entire, of his dress, manner, and appearance. It was at Dunkeld, on his way to Edinburgh, in September, 1745, that she had seen the Prince, and presented a pair of brogues to his Royal Highness, of which (to her) momentous occurrence she had a complete remembrance. After the forfeiture of Mr. Stewart's estate, he retired to the village of Glenalbert, and died there in 1807, at the advanced age of 96. His widow continued to occupy the same humble cottage, and to live in respected retirement, on the small part of her fortune which had been saved, until the day of her death. As far, if any, now living, can relate, from personal observation, the occurrences of 1745, it is probable that this must have been one of the last remaining links of

COURT OF REQUESTS.

LORD MANSFIELD'S WIG.—WILLIAMS V. LAWRENCE.

This was a case which, by the parties concerned, was considered of no small importance; and which, to the auditors, in the course of its discussion, excited no small merriment.

Mr. Williams, who is what is vulgarly called a barber, but in more refined language is termed a perruquier, appeared in this Court a few days back, and obtained a summons against the defendant, who is clerk to Mr. Reeves, an attorney in Tottenham-court-road, calling upon him to attend on a given day, to show cause why he should not pay a debt of 39s. 11½d.

Mr. Williams, who spoke with a sort of lisping squeak, garrulously addressed the Commissioner. "He had (he said) been a hair-dresser, man and boy, for 68 years. He had served his time in the Temple, where he had had the honour of making wigs for some of the greatest men as ever lived—of all professions, and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and commoners—churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate men as well as literate men; and, among the latter, he had to rank the immortal Dr. Johnson; but of all the wigs he had ever set comb to, there was none on which he so much prided himself as a full state wig which he had made for Lord Mansfield: it was one of the earliest proofs of his genius: it had excited the warm commendation of his master, and the envy of his brother shopmates; but, above all, it had pleased, nay, even delighted, the noble and learned judge himself." "Oh! gemmen," exclaimed Mr. Williams, "if you had known what joy I felt when I first saw his noble Lordship on the bench with that wig on his head!" (In an undertone, but rubbing his hands with ecstasy). "Upon my say so, I was fuddled for the three days after!"

The COMMISSIONER.—What has this wig to do with the defendant's debt?

Mr. Williams.—A great deal: that's the very bone of contention.

The COMMISSIONER.—Doubtless; but you must come to the marrow, if you can, as soon as possible.

Mr. Williams.—I will. Well, as I was a saying—where did I leave off?—Oh! when I was fuddled.

The COMMISSIONER.—I hope you have left off that habit, now, my good man.

Mr. Williams.—Upon my say so, I have, trust me; but as I was a saying, to make a long story short, in course of time I left my master in the Temple, set up for myself, and did a great stroke of business. Ay, I could tell you such a list of customers. There was—

COMMISSIONER.—Never mind, we don't want your list; go on.

Mr. Williams.—Well, then, at last I set up in Boswell-square. Lawk me! what alterations I have seen in that square, surely, in my time. I remember when I used to go to that old Lord—

COMMISSIONER.—For God's sake, do come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams.—Well, I will. Where was I? Oh! in Boswell-court—[Commissioner, aside: I wish I were there now.]—Well, then, you must know when Lord Mansfield (God rest his soul!) died, his wig—the very, very wig that I made—got back to my old master's shop, and he kept it as a pattern for other Judges' wigs; and at last, who should die but my master himself. Ay, it's what we must all come to.

The COMMISSIONER.—Go on, go on, man, and come to the end of your story.

Mr. Williams.—I will, I will. Well, where was I? Oh! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress gave me—carried—oh, poor soul! how I loved it—this identical wig; and I carried it home with as much delight as if it had been one of my children. Ah, poor little things! they're all gone before me.

The COMMISSIONER.—Come, if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after them.

Mr. Williams.—Dearee me! you put me out. Well, as I was a saying, I kept this wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill-luck would have it, that ere Mr. Lawrence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it to him to act with in a play—I think he called it Shylock, or Shylock, for he said he was to play the Judge. I long refused, but he over-persuaded me, and on an unlucky day I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eye with his white apron) seen it since.

The COMMISSIONER.—And so you have summoned him for the price of this wig?

Mr. Williams.—You have just hit the nail on the head.

The COMMISSIONER.—Well, Mr. Lawrence, what have you to say to this?

Mr. Lawrence (with great pomposity).—Why, Sir, I have a great deal to say.

The COMMISSIONER.—Well then, Sir, I desire you will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here whose time is very precious.

Mr. Lawrence.—Not more precious than mine, I presume, Sir. I submit that this case is in the nature of an action of trover, to recover the possession of this wig; and, this admitted, Sir, I have humbly to contend, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited; for, Sir, you will not find one word of or concerning a wig in his declaration. The plaintiff must not travel out of his record.

COMMISSIONER.—What record?

Mr. Lawrence.—The record in Court.

COMMISSIONER.—We have no record.

Mr. Lawrence.—You have a summons, on which I attend to defend myself; and that is, to all intents and purposes, *de facto*, as well as *de jure*, a record, similar to, and of the essence of, a record in the Court above.

COMMISSIONER.—Sir, we are not guided by the precedents of Courts above here. Our jurisdiction and our powers are defined by particular acts of Parliament.

Mr. Lawrence.—Sir, I contend, according to the common law of these realms, that I am right.

COMMISSIONER.—I say, according to the rules of common sense, you are wrong.

Mr. Lawrence.—Sir, I have cases.

COMMISSIONER.—Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr. Lawrence.—What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings?

The COMMISSIONER.—And pray who is Kitty?

Mr. Lawrence.—The most eminent pleader of the present day.

The COMMISSIONER.—I never heard of a woman being a special pleader.

Mr. Lawrence.—He is not a woman, Sir; he is a man, Sir, and a great man, Sir—and a man, Sir—

The COMMISSIONER.—Do you mean Mr. Chitty?

Mr. Lawrence.—I mean the gentleman you call Chitty, and most erroneously so call him; for you ought to know that the *Ch* in Italian sounds like an English *K*; and Mr. Kitty, by lineal descent, is an Italian. It is a vulgar error to spell his name with a *y* final, it ought to be *i*, and then it would properly sound *Kitte*.

The COMMISSIONER.—I should rather take Mr. Chitty's authority for this than yours.

The COMMISSIONER.—Sir, I will bring this case to a short issue. Did you borrow this man's wig?

Mr. Lawrence.—I did.

The COMMISSIONER.—Do you choose to return it?

Mr. Lawrence.—It is destroyed.

The COMMISSIONER.—How destroyed?

Mr. Lawrence.—It was burnt by accident.

The COMMISSIONER.—Who burnt it?

Mr. Lawrence.—I did, in performing the part of the Judge in Shakspeare's inimitable play of the *Merchant of Venice*. While too intent on the pleadings of *Portia*, the candle caught the curls, and I with difficulty escaped having my eyes burnt out.

The plaintiff here uttered an ejaculation of mental suffering, something between a groan and a curse.

The COMMISSIONER.—Well then, Sir, I have only to tell you, you are responsible for the property thus intrusted to your care; and, without farther comment, I order and adjudge that you pay to the plaintiff the sum of 39s. 11½d., which is the sum he is prepared to swear it is worth.

Mr. Williams.—Swear! Lord love you, I'd swear it was worth a Jew's eye. Indeed, no money can compensate me for its loss.

COMMISSIONER.—I cannot order you a Jew's eye, Mr. Williams, unless Mr. Lawrence can persuade his friend Shylock to part with one of his: but I will order you such a sum, in monies numbered, as you will swear this wig was fairly and honestly worth.

A long dispute followed as to the value of the wig, when Mr. Williams ultimately agreed to take 20s. and costs, and the parties were dismissed, mutually grumbling at each other.

In an assault case at York Assizes, a witness named John Labron was thus cross-examined by Mr. Brougham:—What are you?—I am a farmer, and melt a little. Do you know Dick Strother?—No. Upon your oath, Sir, are you not generally known by the name of Dick Strother?—(Much confused.) That has nothing to do with this business! I insist upon having an answer; have you not, from the notoriety of your character as a liar, obtained that name?—(Very reluctantly.) I am sometimes called so. (Laughter.) Now Dick! as you admit you are called so, do you know the story of the hare and the ball of wax?—I have heard of it. Then pray have the goodness to relate it to his Lordship and the Jury.—I do not exactly remember it. Then I will refresh your memory by relating it myself:—Dick Strother was a cobbler, and being in want of a hare for a friend, he put into his pocket a ball of wax, and took a walk into the fields when he soon espied one. Dick then very dexterously threw the ball of wax at her head, where it stuck, which so alarmed the poor puss, that in the violence of her haste to escape, she ran in contact with the head of another: both stuck fast together, and Dick! lucky Dick! caught both. (Reiterated laughter.) Dick obtained great celebrity by telling of this wondrous feat, which he always affirmed as a truth, and from that time every notorious liar in Thorner bears the title of Dick Strother. Now Dick—I mean John—is not that the reason why you are called Dick Strother?—I may be so. Then you may go.

Almost everybody has heard the hacknied Joe Miller joke of the Irish footman, who refused to tell his master's name when he called at the post-office for his letters. This, however improbable, is equalled by the following fact, which occurred in this country not many years ago. A countryman residing between Arbroath and Montrose was in the practice of depositing small sums occasionally in the bank at Arbroath. At last, from some motive which he deemed prudential, he conceived it might be as well to make his next deposit in the bank at Montrose. He accordingly went there, and handing a certain sum across the counter, inquired if they would keep that for him. "O yes," replied the banker. "What is your name?" "What's your business with my name, Sir? Just give me a bit o' paper," said the countryman, with an indignant air. "We cannot give a receipt till we know your name and place of abode," replied the banker. "O'd, you're ower quizzing folk for me!—Provost — of Arbroath never speers my name, nor yet where I bide: he just gies me a paper at ance. Sae Sir, either give me a paper or my siller back again, ony of them you like." "Would you let us look at one of Provost —'s papers?" said the banker. "O ay, Sir." A receipt from the bank in Arbroath was now produced: in consequence of which they were enabled to give a proper voucher for the deposit. "Now, Sir, could ye no dun that at first, an' saved yoursel' a' that fasherie?" said the countryman putting up his papers without looking at them.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

The following amusing anecdote is from the little book called *Paranythia*, from which we made some extracts two or three days ago. The author is an English artist, who was a long time resident at St. Petersburg: Doyen was a French artist, settled in the same city:—"The Empress Catherine wishing to possess a picture by our immortal president, Sir Joshua Reynolds, gave him an order to paint one, leaving the choice of the subject to his own better judgment. He selected that of the infant Hercules strangling the serpent, in allusion to the infant exertions of the colossal empire of Russia. The subject was generally well chosen, and certainly not inapplicable; but I am rather disposed to think it was not entirely pleasing to her Imperial Majesty, who perhaps did not quite agree with the painter, that her empire was in its leading-strings. Be that as it may, the picture was placed in the Hermitage for her Majesty's inspection; and when she came with her courtiers, Doyen and myself were present. Her Majesty spoke to me of the great talents of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whom she admired, not only as a painter, but as an author; and gave me a copy of his excellent discourses to the Royal Academy, which she had read, and caused to be translated for the use of the students in her Imperial Academy of Arts. The picture was not so much admired as it ought to have been. The style was new to them, and his mode of loaded colouring not understood; in short, it was too voluptuous for their taste; for, however exquisite his feeling may be, his undecided drawing, and his distribution of effect, light, and shadow, are certainly not in the severe classic style of N. Poussin. Doyen was asked his opinion of it; when, in somewhat of a sarcastic style, he kept up a running fire of short pepping exclamatory petards (as that delicate accomplished nation call them). *Superbe tableau*, splendid picture; *magnifique*, magnificent grand effect, great effect; *beau colori*, finely coloured; *plein d'expression*, full of expression. Then, after some little hesitation, he added with emphasis, '*Renversez le, c'est toujours un beau tableau*.' I could have strangled him. In short, turn it topsy-turvy it is always a fine picture."

In the journal of North Brabant, for the year 1819, there is a curious narrative of the complete removal of a windmill, over a space of 5,520 feet. The removal of the mill was effected in 12 days, from its original site to that which was subsequently chosen for it. No part of this large mass was shaken, and the mill continued in full work during the operation. Even a glass, filled with water, placed in the gallery, suffered no agitation, although the mill advanced each day a distance of 460 feet. In the same manner was effected the transportation of a house attached to the mill, 23 feet deep and 27 long. This house was chiefly built of stone; its removal was effected in five days. The machinery for the purpose is said to have been constructed in the simplest manner. The engineer who directed the operation was M. Hombert d'Ostervich.

that the tears of Jacob, dropping on the ground whilst he was in search of his son, turned the white stones black, and they in consequence call these stones Jacob's tears.

A pleasant alternative.—There being no Khan for travellers at Tabaria, I went to the Catholic Priest, and desired him to let me have the keys of the church, that I might take up my quarters there; he gave them to me, but finding the place swarming with vermin, I removed into the open church-yard.

Jews.—It may easily be supposed that many of the Jews are discontented with their lot. Led by the stories of the Missionaries to conceive the most exalted idea of the land of promise as they still call it, several of them have absconded from their parents to beg their way to Palestine; but no sooner do they arrive in one or other of the four holy cities, than they find, by the aspect of all around them, that they have been deceived. A few find their way back to their native land, but the greater number remain, and look forward to the inestimable advantage of having their bones laid in the holy land. The cemetery of the Jews of Tiberias is on the declivity of the mountain, about half an hour from the town, where the tombs of their most renowned persons are visited much in the same manner as are the sepulchres of the Mussolmen saints. I was informed that a great Rabbi was buried there, with 14000 of his scholars around him.

Danger from combustion of dry grass in the East.—In returning from Kalaat Haman, I was several times reprimanded by my guide for not taking proper care of the tobacco that fell from my pipe. The whole of the mountain is thickly covered with dry grass, which readily takes fire, and the slightest breath of air instantly spreads the conflagration far over the country, to the danger of the peasant's harvest. The Arabs who inhabit the valley of the Jordan invariably put to death any person who is known to be the innocent cause of firing the grass; and they have made it a public law amongst themselves, that even in the height of intestine warfare, no one shall attempt to set his enemies' harvest on fire. One evening while at Tabaria, I saw a large fire on the opposite side of the lake, which spread with great velocity for two days.

Fig tree of Cana.—Here we rested under an immense fig-tree, which afforded shelter to a dozen men, and as many horses and mules.

Nazareth.—One of the principal towns of the Pachalick of Akka; its inhabitants are industrious, because they are treated with less severity than those of the country towns in general: two-thirds of them are Turks, and one-third Christians; there are about 90 Latin families: together with a congregation of Greek Catholics, and another of Maronites. The house of Joseph is shewn to pilgrims and strangers, but the principal curiosity of Nazareth is the convent of the Latin Friars, a very spacious and commodious building. Within it is the Church of the Annunciation, in which the spot is shewn where the angel stood when he announced to the Virgin Mary the tidings of the Messiah; behind the altar is a subterraneous cavern divided into small grottoes, where the Virgin is said to have lived; her kitchen, parlour, and bedroom are shewn, and a narrow hole in the rock in which the child Jesus once hid himself from his persecutors; for the Syrian Christians have a plentiful stock of such traditions unfounded upon any authority of scripture. The church is the finest in Syria, next to that of the holy sepulchre in Jerusalem, and contains two tolerably good organs. The yearly expenses of the establishment amount to upwards of £900 sterling. The whole annual expenses of the Terra Santa Convents are £15,000; they have felt very sensibly the occupation of Spain by the French, and little has been received from Europe for the last four years. So that if Spain be not immediately liberated, it is to be feared that the whole establishment of the Terra Santa must be abandoned. This would be a great calamity, for it cannot be doubted that they have done honour to the European name in the Levant, and have been very beneficial to the cause of Christianity under the actual circumstances in the East.

When the French invaded Syria, Nazareth was occupied by 6 or 800 men, whose posts were at Tabaria and Szafad. Two hours from hence General Kleber sustained, with a corps not exceeding 1500 men, the attack of the whole Syrian army, amounting to at least 25,000. He was posted on the plain of Esdrelon, near the village of Toule, where he formed his battalion into a square, which continued fighting from sunrise to mid-day, until they had expended almost all their ammunition. Bonaparte, informed of Kleber's perilous situation, advanced to Kleber's support with 600 men. No sooner had he come in sight of the enemy, and fired a shot over the plain, than the Turks, supposing that a large force was advancing, took precipitately to flight, during which several thousands were killed, and many drowned. Bonaparte dined at Nazareth, the most northern point he reached in Syria, and returned the same day to Akka. After the retreat of the French from Akka, Djeddar Pasha resolved on causing all the Christians in his Pachalick to be massacred, and had already sent orders to that effect to Jerusalem and Nazareth; but Sir Sidney Smith being apprized of his intentions, reproached him for his cruelty in the severest terms, and threatened that if a single Christian's head should fall, he would bombard Akka, and set it all on fire. Djeddar was thus obliged to send counter orders; but Sir Sidney's interference is still remembered with heartfelt gratitude by all the Christians, who look upon him as their deliverer. His word, I have often heard both Christians and Turks exclaim, was like God's word, it never failed.

The late Queen of France.—It is remarkable that at the period of the misfortunes of Maria Antoinette, she felt the utmost anxiety respecting the opinion of Mr. Pitt.—"She would sometimes say to me," observes Madame Campan, "I never pronounce the name of Pitt, but I feel death at my shoulder. (I repeat here her very expressions.) That man is the mortal enemy of France; and he takes a dreadful revenge for the impolitic support given by the cabinet of Versailles to the American insurgents. He wishes, by our destruction, to guarantee the maritime power of his country for ever, against the efforts made by the king to improve his marine power, and their happy results during the last war. He knows that it is not only the king's policy, but his private inclination, to be solicitous about his fleets, and that the most active step he has taken, during his whole reign, was to visit the port at Cherbourg. Pitt has served the cause of the French Revolution from its first disturbances: he will perhaps serve it till its annihilation."—*Campan's Memoirs.*

The savage Indians frequently carry off by force some of their Christianized brethren, and display an inveterate antipathy to civilization. The tribes on the northern bank of the Parahiba, bordering upon the Portuguese establishments, are considered much more cruel than those on the southern, and have afforded various and recent proofs of cannibalism. On some occasions they lie in ambush near pathways, and, with their arrows, pierce the stranger to the heart, and feast upon his body. A proprietor of a sugar-work was carried off about three years ago, and devoured by them; and since that time, three or four Negroes have shared the same fate. They are addicted to plunder, and commit at times great devastation amongst the sugar-plantations, advancing in bodies of fifty or sixty from the woods, and cutting down the canes, which they carry off to their retreats. They are great cowards, and on those appointed to keep watch giving the alarm of the approach of a single individual, they fly precipitately.

In the province of Rio Grande do Sul, the cattle undergo a sort of military drill, and seem to take a pleasure in doing their exercise.

For the management of a fazenda of five thousand head of cattle, it is said six men are sufficient, with one hundred horses at least; the whole of which pasture together in troops of 20, with a tamed mare, from which they do not usually stray. From the sandy nature of the soil, as in many other parts of Brazil, particularly in Pernambuco, no expense is incurred by the owners for shoeing them. In each establishment, or tract of land, there is commonly a small hill, or the most elevated land is selected, as plain and even at the summit as possible, which is known by the name of *rodeio* (a certain compass of land,) and is capable of receiving the whole flock, when brought together. For this purpose, the shepherds on horseback distribute themselves round about the cattle, and cry out loudly "*Rodeio, rodeio, rodeio*;" at whose voices the cattle march at full trot towards the *rodeio*, in files, divided into droves or bands of fifty to one hundred according to the numbers that pasture together. This mode of forming them early into troops is indispensable, in order to put on the mark of the dono or proprietor upon such as have it not, and with more facility to select those that are upwards of four years old for the market, or for *carne-secco*, or jerked beef.

The mode of shepherding sheep is as follows:—For the purpose of shepherding a flock of one thousand, two cur-dogs are sufficient, bred up in the following mode. As soon as they are whelped, the lambs of a ewe are killed, the puppies are put to her, and she suckles them until she becomes habituated to treat them as her young, when, upon opening their eyes and seeing no other benefactor, they attach themselves to her, and play with the lambs as if they were of the same species. Nothing is ever given them to eat: they are shut in the fold with the sheep, and on attaining strength and vigor to attend the flock, they are suffered to go at large, when they accompany it to the field. In a little time, and without more instruction, they are so familiarized with the sheep, that they never separate from them. When it happens that a ewe lamb is in the field, and the lamb cannot accompany the mother, in consequence of its not yet having sufficient strength to follow her, one of the dogs watches near, and if he finds that the lamb cannot follow its mother to the flock, he carries it in his mouth, without doing it the least harm. No other animal or unknown person can approach the sheep, of which these dogs are guardians, without the risk of being attacked.

The Rival Statesmen.—An anecdote is stated of the Duke de Cazes and the Duke de Richelieu, which is very curious: it tends to shew the difference of character between these ex-ministers, one of whom has paid the debt of nature. When the King was advised to accept the resignation of the Duke de Richelieu to make room for De Cazes, the former was waited on by M. de —, who very politely, and with an affectation of sympathy, told him he was desired to ask for the portfolio of office. The Duke appeared thunderstruck, and for many minutes was incapable of speaking: at length, in a fit of indignant rage, he said, "Go, Sir, and tell the King that I regret to leave him in the hands of a set of scoundrels." Some time afterwards, when De Cazes was turned out, or, in the courtly phrase, had his resignation accepted, the same personage waited upon him. De Cazes was in bed, and on hearing the name announced, desired the servant to "draw the curtains." M. de —, who had received many favours from the Duke, was still more cautious with him than he had been on a former occasion with M. de Richelieu. He took a chair by the bedside, regretted to find his Excellency indisposed, remarked how unpleasant a task he had to perform, trusted that things would come round, uttered a great many unmeaning sentiments of compliment and condolence, and ended by stating that his Excellency was no longer his Excellency. De Cazes heard him patiently, and without expressing more surprise or agitation than if he had merely been informed of the state of the weather. When the message was completed, he called his servant to "draw the curtains," and fell asleep as if nothing had happened.

French Politeness.—M. Caulincourt, Duke de Vicenza, formerly a favourite Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon, met, some time back, at Prince Talleyrand's, the celebrated Abbé de Pradt, the author of several works, in one of which he gave to Napoleon the nickname of *Jupiter Scapin*. This expression of the ex-Archbishop of Malines, fit fortune as they say, and was repeated by every one, but has fallen into disfavour. At the Prince Talleyrand's (who is, at present, the most inveterate hater of the memory of Napoleon), the conversation turned upon the deceased Emperor, and the Abbé de Pradt, who had risen to go away, most unfortunately quoted himself, and made use of the expression *Jupiter Scapin*, on hearing which the Duke of Vicenza became so transported with rage, that he forgot altogether the respect due to himself, his host, and the character of the speaker, and actually applied a vigorous kick to that part of the Abbé's body in which honour is supposed to lie, the force of which sent the ex-Archbishop of Malines against the wall, which was five or six paces distant. On the instant, the Duke de Vicenza, who is usually the coldest and most punctilious of men, felt the horrible outrage of which he had been guilty, and made a thousand excuses to Prince Talleyrand, and even expressed his regret and repentance for having so far forgot himself with regard to an aged man and a priest; but he said he found it impossible to restrain his fury at the presumption and impudence of *cet arlequin*.

"A curious scene occurred on board the *Sans Pareille* on the morning of the 1st of June [Lord Howe's action]. Capt. Trowbridge, who had been recently taken in the *Castor* with his convoy, bound to Newfoundland, was a prisoner on board the French ship above named, where Rear Admiral Nieueilly had his flag flying: after Lord Howe had obtained his position, and had drawn his fleet into a line parallel to that of the enemy, he brought to, and made the signal to go to breakfast. Trowbridge knew the purport of the signal, and telling it to the French Admiral, they took the advantage of the time allowed them for the same repast. Trowbridge (whose appetite never forsook him on these occasions) was helping himself to a large slice from a brown loaf, when the French captain observed to him by an interpreter (for Trowbridge would never learn their language), that the English Admiral shewed no disposition to fight, and he was certain did not intend it. 'What!' said the English hero, dropping his loaf, and laying his hand almost too emphatically on the Frenchman's shoulder, while he looked him furiously in his face, 'not fight!—stop till they have had their breakfasts:—I know John Bull d—d well, and when his belly is full you will get it.' In a few minutes after this the fleet bore up to engage. Trowbridge was sent into the boatswain's store-room, where for a length of time he leaned against the foremast, and amused himself in pouring forth every invective against the French, and the man appointed to guard him. Suddenly he felt the vibration of the mast, and heard it fall over the side; when grasping the astonished Frenchman with both his hands, he began to jump and caper with all the gestures of a maniac. The *Sans Pareille* soon after surrendered, and Trowbridge assisted in setting her to rights and taking her into port."

"When the squadron lay in the Scheldt [in 1794], co-operating with the army and protecting the transports, a curious incident occurred, highly characteristic of the manners and customs of the British navy. Capt. Savage, of the *Albion*, of 64 guns, laying at anchor before Flushing, in company with the Dutch squadron, under the command of Rear-Admiral Vangler, a friendly intercourse was kept up between them. Capt. Savage was dining with the Dutch Admiral, when the latter received a message which occasioned some agitation; the Admiral went on deck, and returning soon after to his seat, informed Capt. Savage that he had caused two of the crew to be taken out of his (Capt. Savage's) barge, and to be put in irons, as they were found to be Dutch subjects: Capt. Savage quietly observed, without interrupting his dinner, 'you had better put them back again into the boat, Admiral.' 'Why,' asked the Admiral, in some warmth, 'had I better do so?' 'Because,' rejoined the British veteran 'if you do not, I shall order my first lieutenant (and he seldom disobeys my orders) to bring the *Albion* alongside the *Utrecht*, and (raising his voice just so much as to harmonize with the subject) d—n me if I don't walk your quarter-deck till he sinks you.' It is scarcely necessary to add, the men were immediately returned to their boats." [This brave officer (admiral) died lately.]—*Brenton's Naval History*.

Naval Anecdote.—Capt. Bligh, in the *Alexander*, and Capt. C. P. Hamilton, in the *Canada*, both of 74 guns, were fallen in with off Cape Clear by a French squadron of five sail of the line and three frigates; against such superior numbers valour was unavailing; the Captain of the *Canada* was directed by Capt. Bligh to provide for the safety of his ship, himself in the *Alexander* being determined to make the best defence he could, and thereby ensure the escape of his consort. The action soon began, and was kept up by the *Alexander* with great spirit, until the two ships which had gone in pursuit of the *Canada* were recalled to assist in the attack. Capt. Bligh, perceiving that the *Canada* was safe, and his own ship so much disabled in her rigging that she became unmanageable, decided on surrendering: to have continued the fight would only have caused a sacrifice of brave men, without the probability of gaining any advantage; accordingly, the colours were hauled down, and the ship, having 40 men killed and wounded, was taken and carried into Brest. Here the population insulted the prisoners as they marched to the place of their confinement: officers and men shared the same lot; they were denied the commonest rations of provisions, and reduced to starvation. A wretched dog that had crept into the cells was killed, and his head alone sold for a dollar to satisfy the cravings of nature: a prisoner, in a state of delirium, threw himself into the well within the prison walls; and his dead body, after lying some time, was taken out, but no other water allowed to the people to drink: an English lady and her daughters, confined along with the men, had no separate apartment, and all their privacy was supplied by the generous commiseration of the British sailors, who standing side by side close together, with their backs towards the fair captives, formed a temporary screen while they changed their garments. *Brenton's Naval History*.

American Liberty.—A gentleman in a State where slaves are kept, engaged some carpenters from a neighbouring free State to erect a barn. On the day of their first arrival they ate along with himself. On the second day the family took breakfast a little earlier than usual, and caused the table to be covered anew for the mechanics, previous to their coming in. They were so highly offended with this imaginary insult, that they went off without finishing their work. This affair became so well known, that the gentleman could not procure other workmen for some time.—*Flint's Letters*.

Dinner Hour.—The modern hours of eating have reached an excess that is perfectly ridiculous. Now what do people get by this? If they make dinner their principal meal, and do not wish to pall their appetite by eating before it, they injure their health. Then in winter they have two or more hours of candlelight before dinner, and in summer they are all at table during the pleasantest part of the day; and in this all at table during the pleasantest part of the day; and in this to get a long morning—for idle people, to whom one would suppose the shortest morning would be too long! In the Northumberland household book for 1512, we are informed "that the family rose at six in the morning. My Lord and my Lady had set on their table for breakfast at seven o'clock, a quart of beer, a quart of wine, two pieces of salt fish, half a dozen red herrings, 4 white ones, and a dish of sprats. They dined at ten, and supped at four in the afternoon. The gates were shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted."

In spite of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," the Appenines are the dullest set of hills I ever beheld, bare, tame, woodless, and unpicturesque—the green of summer sheds no beauty on them, and the snows of winter no sublimity. But the descent to Florence repays a world of ennui. The city itself is small, but the myriads of shining villas that crowd the whole vale of the Arno towards Pisa and Pistoia, assume the appearance of one vast and extended metropolis. The fields are covered with the olive and the vine; nor does the soil confine its fertility to those objects of luxury, for beneath their shade the humbler crops of corn and herbage spring up in luxuriance. The

Farmer, who was for first the time reminded of England on descending from the Jura, into the neat, cultivated, subdivided territory of Geneva, is here again struck with a resemblance, though perhaps a fainter one. The olive and the vine are indeed strange to him; but the enclosures, the frequent villas, and neat farm-houses, together with their happy inhabitants, are sufficient to recall the memory of Old England. Nor is the comparison altogether fast on entering the city, and observing its cleanly, well-paved streets, its industrious population, and the sombre materials of its architecture. The Arno and its quays put me in mind of the Liffey and Dublin, though much grandeur must be subtracted from the latter to allow of the comparison; the pebbly bed of the Arno, with the distant Appenine, must be substituted on one side for the shipping, custom-house, and bay of the Irish metropolis; but the "strait-waistcoated stream," and the glimpses of the country on the other, will hold good of both. Yet, for the beauty of surrounding country and scenery, if we except the Italian sky and climate, how vastly superior is Dublin, and an hundred other towns of our own islands, whence the silly inhabitants run to affect rapture in foreign climes! But a name bewilders us—we first sigh to visit the land of the vine. We set out,—and find that, nine months out of twelve, the vine is, in its most picturesque state, a bare and distended shrub, and this even in Italy; while in the great wine countries—in Burgundy, Champagne, Bordeaux, there is no distinguishing a vineyard from a field of beans. So much for the picturesque: and as for the substantial, John Bull will infallibly gather from his travels that the best wine he ever tasted, was that which he paid for at home. Few will deny the olive to be the ugliest of all evergreens, and of the fruit we are not much enamoured. So much for the two shrubs that have such an effect on our imaginations. Were we to believe our poets, we should suppose that the soil of Italy was covered with flowers, whereas those gifts of gay nature are more rare here than in any country I know of. In summer there is not a blade of green grass in the field, much less a flower in the garden, and in more temperate months I have seen two shillings given for a rose. And this country has been called, not in irony, the garden of Europe, a country, burned to aridity six months of the year, and a great part of it frozen during its winter with a cold more rigid than our's,—a country, one half of which is by nature incapable of cultivation, and a remaining quarter, perhaps without it, from the ignorance and laziness of its inhabitants.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Anecdote of Voltaire.—A quaker from Philadelphia, called Claude Gay, travelling in Europe, stayed some time at Geneva; he was known as the author of some theological works, and liked for his good sense, moderation, and simplicity. Voltaire heard of him, his curiosity was excited, and he desired to see him. The quaker felt great reluctance, but suffered himself at last to be carried to Ferney, Voltaire having promised beforehand to his friends that he would say nothing that could give offence. At first he was delighted with the tall, straight, handsome quaker, his broad-brimmed hat, and plain drab suit of clothes, the mild and serene expression of his countenance; and the dinner promised to go off very well; yet he soon took notice of the great sobriety of his guest, and made jokes, to which he received grave and modest answers. The patriarchs, and the first inhabitants of the earth were next alluded to: by and-by, he began to sneer at the historical proofs of Revelation; but Claude was not to be driven away from his grounds, and while examining these proofs, and arguing upon them rationally, he overlooked the light attacks of his adversary when not to the point, appeared insensible to his sarcasms and his wit, and remained always cool and always serious. Voltaire's vivacity at last turned to downright anger; his eyes flashed fire whenever they met the benign and placid countenance of the quaker, and the dispute went at last so far, that the latter, getting up, said, 'friend Voltaire! perhaps thou mayest come to understand these matters rightly; in the mean time, finding I can do thee no good, I leave thee, and so fare thee well!' So saying, he went away on foot, notwithstanding all entreaties, back to Geneva, leaving the company in consternation.—*Simond's Switzerland*.

Voltaire under the Jesuits.—Voltaire was educated by the Jesuits in Paris; and even under their little rule, the boy gave bold indications of what the man would be under a greater. Juvenci, the excellent editor of an expurgated edition, with very correct notes, of the Roman authors, for the use of schools, happened to be at the head of the rhetoricians when Voltaire studied in that class. One day the professor proposed for an exercise an Oration against Julian the Apostate. The hour of composition elapsed, the themes were gathered in, and the learned father began to read aloud, and correct them, as was his custom. Voltaire's happened to be the first paper he took up; it was a long and earnest defence of the emperor! Much to the surprise of the class, Juvenci proceeded without interruption to the close of the speech. He then rose from his elevated seat; threw the young philosopher his fearless essay; and, with clerical solemnity, observed, 'Young man, you will live the enemy of religion and truth!'

Conscriptions.—Forced enlistments have ever been in use among republics as well as monarchies, both with the ancients and the moderns. The peasants being slaves in Russia and Poland, men are levied in those countries as horses are in others. In Germany, every village has its lord, who names the recruits, without regard either to their rights or convenience. In France, the recruiting of the army has always been determined by lot; under Louis XVI. Louis XV. and Louis XVI. it was called drawing the Militia; under Napoleon, drawing the Conscription. The privileged classes, were exempt from the former, but no one from the latter.

The Emperor Kea-King died on the 2d of September, 1820, in consequence of a cold he caught on his annual journey into Tartary, undertaken to escape the hot weather at Peking, and to amuse himself with hunting. An universal mourning was immediately decreed throughout the empire. The proclamation received at Canton soon after the event declared that the "Dragon on horseback," on the 25th of 7th moon, at Jeho [the Warm River] became a guest in heaven; and therefore all persons were ordered, on pain of death, immediately to pluck the red fringe hairs from their caps, put on mourning dresses, and to abstain from shaving, playing on musical instruments, marrying, and sacrificing for an hundred days. All red papers posted up in the streets were to be pulled down, and all edicts were to be written in blue ink. The mourning at court was to be expressed by the removal of ornaments, cutting off the hair, stamping with the feet, &c. and the successor to the throne was to act as chief mourner. Libations also were to be poured out before the coffin, and every demonstration of sorrow was strictly enjoined.

The title of Kea-king was Ning, which means Repose; and the written character expressing it has been altered, that it may be distinguished from the word in a common application. The posthumous title, by which he is to be known in the Hall of his Ancestors, is "The supremely benevolent and most intelligent Emperor."

The Coronation of Taou-Kwang, his son and successor, was performed with great pomp on the 27th of the 8th moon; and an edict, published at Peking, and translated in the *Indo Chinese Gleaner*, has furnished us with the materials for drawing the following general picture of the ceremonies.

It is proper, however, to premise that the ceremony is called in Chinese the *Ascension*, and not the *Coronation*, as the new Emperor, instead of being crowned, mounts the steps to "the Dragon's Seat," or the imperial throne. We shall follow the translator, however, and adopt the expression more agreeable to European ideas.

The days of universal mourning, customary on the decease of a Monarch, were infringed upon at this time for twenty-four hours, in order to give place for the splendid ceremonies; though the successor declared he was strenuously opposed to such a measure, and had been finally induced to give his consent to it only by the persuasion of the Board of Ceremonies. In the morning the foot guards were marched in, and stationed at the city gates. The Board of Rites, and the Members of the Hung-loo office, assembled in the Imperial council chamber, and placed the seal table, the report table, the edict table, and the writing table, in their proper places.—The yellow table was set on the red steps at the foot of the throne.

The Imperial guard then placed in order, the Imperial travelling equipage in front of the Temple of Peace, the foot-chariot (drawn by men), without the palace gate, the five Imperial carriages without the Woo-gate, with the docile elephants standing south of them.

The horse guards were formed in a double line along the middle avenue of the vestibule; and the Imperial Canopy and the cloud-capt basin were set within the vestibule.

The Members of the Board of Music then ranged along the palace causeway the ancient musical instruments used by Sheen, and those which are used on common state occasions were deposited within the palace. Just without the Woo-gate were placed other musical instruments, together with the canopies or umbrellas, called the Dragon dome and the Incense dome.

Under the direction of the Board of Public Works, the Golden Phoenix was put in the middle of the gate of Celestial Repose; and a stage erected in the first chamber on the east side of it.

The petition, requesting the Emperor to ascend the throne, was then laid on the report table in the Council Chamber; the Proclamation on the edict table, and the pencil and ink on the writing table. This done, the members of the Council Chamber, with the Prime Minister at their head, proceeded to the gate of his Majesty's private apartments, called the gate of Celestial Purity, to beg for the Imperial Seal; and returning to the Council Chamber, laid it on the seal table in the middle of the apartment south of the throne.

The Kings, Nobles, &c. of the Imperial kindred, down to the eighth generation, were then introduced, and placed round the elevation at the foot of the throne; while the great civil and military officers ranged themselves according to their rank in the vestibule.

The President of the Board of Rites went at an appointed hour to entreat his Majesty to put on his mourning, and come through the gate of the eastern Palace, into the left door of the middle Palace. There he presented himself before the altar of his father, declared that he received the decree; and kneeling three times, and bowing nine times, returned to the side Palace; and soon afterwards went in his robes to pay his respects to his mother, who was also arrayed in her robes and on her throne. Here also his Majesty knelt three times and bowed nine times.

The golden chariot was then brought up before the door of the Emperor's apartments; and the officer of the Mathematical Board, whose business it is to "observe times," came and announced that the chosen and felicitous moment had arrived! when the Emperor came out at the left door of his apartments, and mounted his chariot, to proceed to the Palace of Protection and Peace.

The President and ten great officers of the Board of Rites preceded the chariot; twenty chief officers of the Leopard-tail Guards, half armed with swords, and half with spears (perhaps muskets), walking on both sides, and two officers of the personal guard closing the procession.

When his Majesty had descended and sat down in the Royal middle palace, the President of the Hung-loo office led out the Great Officers of the Interior, and ranged them according to their rank; the officers of the Imperial Guard, the Council Chamber, the National Institute, the Chin-sze Office, the Ke-ken Office, the Board of Rites, and the Censor Office, and called on them to kneel thrice and bow nine times.

The President of the Board of Rites then besought his Majesty on his knees to ascend the throne; when the procession moved on as before to the Palace of Peace, and his Majesty mounted the seat of gems, and sat down upon the throne, and the bells immediately began to ring and the drums to beat at the Woo-gate.—"Strike the whip!" cried the Chief of the Imperial Guard, and a brazen rod was struck at the foot of the throne. The attendant Ministers then ranged themselves in ranks, and the Kings and Dukes took their places on the red steps at the foot of the throne, and the civil and military officers in the vestibule. The Master of Ceremonies, that their motions might be simultaneous, cried with a loud voice, "Kneel three times! bow your heads to the ground nine times, rise and retire!" Which done, they took their former places.

Next appeared the Prime Minister, who took the proclamation, and carried it with great formality, first to the middle table, where it was sealed, and then to the Palace of Peace, where the President of the Board of Rites received it, and taking it back again, laid it on the table at the foot of the throne, with a profound reverence, and rising, placed it in the cloud-capt basin over which the officers of the Imperial Guard spread out the yellow canopy, and proceeded with it out of the palace. The civil and military officers likewise went out; and the Emperor returned to his private apartments, when, changing his robes, he resumed his mourning.

The seal was returned to the imperial residence, and the proclamation placed in the dragon dome at the Woo-gate. After several ceremonies, the proclamation was laid on a yellow table, upon a high stage, and the two domes were set down in front of the gate of Celestial Repose: The Civil and Military Officers formed themselves in ranks facing the north, at the south end of the Golden Bridge; and the venerable Elders of the People, in the same manner, behind them. "An edict!" cried the Master of Ceremonies; and the whole assembly fell on their knees. The Herald read the proclamation in the Chinese language, and at the words "Bow! Rise!" the people made three genuflexions and nine prostrations. The proclamation was then put into the cloud-capt basin, and suspended by an ornamented cord from the bill of the golden phoenix, which was set in the dragon dome; and the Imperial insignia proceeded, as before, through the gate of Celestial Purity, succeeded by the board of music, with their instruments silent on account of the mourning, and the whole assembly in order. On arriving at the office of the Board of Rites, the Judges knelt thrice and bowed nine times before an incense-table, and thus concluded the pompous ceremony of the ascension.

When Mr. Dempster was in danger of being ousted from Perth, one of the boroughs he had long represented, owing to a party made against him by the Magistrates, his friend Mr. P., was very active in his interest, and knowing that the Provost, Mr. Stewart, was violently against him, he hit upon an expedient to win over to his interest. Dr. Carmichael Smythe was known to be Mr. Dempster's physician, and a relation to the Provost. Mr. P. accordingly applied to Dr. Smythe, to know confidentially whether Mr. Dempster's health would be endangered by a residence in Bengal, stating that he knew it was the determination of Government to appoint him Governor-General, provided Dr. Smythe thought his health good enough to stand the climate. The bait took; Dr. Smythe with great gravity assured Mr. P. that India would agree very well with Mr. Dempster's constitution. The Doctor immediately wrote to his relative, the Provost, assuring him most positively, but most confidentially, of Mr. Dempster's appointment, and stating that he must support his interest at the approaching election, by all the means in his power, if he expected the promotion of his son in India. The Provost eagerly caught at so good an opportunity, and in the expectation of making the fortunes of his house, devoted all his interest to Mr. Dempster, and secured his election.—*Perthshire Courier*.

Bonaparte, conversing one day upon the fame of artists, asked how long a valuable picture might be preserved?—and being answered, "Possibly, four hundred years," exclaimed contemptuously, "What an immortality!"

The famous Duke of Buckingham could afford to have his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he chose to shake a few off on the ground, he obtained all the fame he desired from the pickers-up, who were generally *les dames de la cour*; for our duke never condescended to accept what he himself had dropped. His cloaks were trimmed with great diamond buttons, and diamond hatbands, cockades, and ear-rings, yoked with great ropes and knots of pearls. This was, however, but for ordinary dances. "He had 27 suits of clothes made, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk-velvet, silver, gold, and gems, could contribute; one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were also his sword-girdle, hat, and spurs." In the masques and banquets with which the Duke entertained the Court, he usually expended for the evening from one to five thousand pounds. To others I leave to calculate the value of money. The time of this gorgeous wastefulness, it must be recollected, occurred before this million age of ours.—*Curiosities of Literature*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

SIR,—Having observed in your papers of Tuesday and Wednesday last, a statement of some particulars respecting the above extraordinary man, I have copied for the amusement of your readers an anecdote of him from a work, intitled, "Original Anecdotes of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia; translated from the French of Dieudonne Thiebault, Professor of Belles Lettres in the Royal Academy of Berlin." The same anecdote, with many others of a similar nature, has been stated in other publications; but I prefer to give you M. Thiebault's version of it, because he, as a French *Savant* of the school of Voltaire, cannot be suspected of any predilection in favour of the subject of it. The story was very much talked of at the time it happened. It is also related in *Grimm's Correspondence*; but I have not that work at hand.

M. Thiebault's work contains anecdotes of various illustrious persons connected with the Court of Frederic II., and among others, of his sister, Louisa Ulrica, Dowager Queen of Sweden; a Princess who, like her brother, was a professed *esprit fort*; which I mention, as necessary to account for the contradictory remarks with which she concludes her narration.

M. Thiebault says, "I know not on what occasion it was that conversing one day with the Queen on the subject of the celebrated visionary, Swedenborg, we (the members of the academy) expressed a desire, particularly M. Merian and myself, to know what opinion was entertained of him in Sweden. I on my part related what had been told me respecting him by Chamberlain d'Hanion; who was still alive, and who had been Ambassador from Prussia both to Holland and France. It was, 'that his brother-in-law (the Count de Marteville), Ambassador from Holland to Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery, which she remembered had been paid in her husband's life-time. That the widow, not being able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, had been advised to consult with Swedenborg, who, she was told, could converse with the dead whenever he pleased; that she accordingly adopted this advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity; and at the end of a few days Swedenborg informed her, that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day, at such an hour, as he was reading such an article in Bayle's Dictionary in his cabinet; and that his intention being called immediately afterwards to some other concern, he had put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he left off, where in fact it was found, at the page described.' The Queen replied, that though she was but little disposed to believe in such seeming miracles, she nevertheless had been willing to put the power of M. Swedenborg, with whom she was acquainted, to the proof; that she was previously acquainted with the anecdote I had related, and it was one of those that had most excited her astonishment, though she had never taken the pains to ascertain the truth of it; but that M. Swedenborg having come one evening to her court, she had taken him aside, and begged him to inform himself of her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for the Court of Stockholm. She added, that what he had said was of a nature to render it impossible that the Prince could have repeated it to any one, nor had it ever escaped her own lips; that some days after Swedenborg returned, when she was seated at cards, and requested she would grant him a private audience; to which she replied, he might communicate what he had to say before the company; but Swedenborg assured her he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses; that in consequence of this intimation the Queen became agitated, gave her cards to another lady, and requested M. de Schwerin (who also was present when she related the story to us) to accompany her; that they accordingly went together into another apartment, where she posted M. de Schwerin at the door, and advanced towards the farthest extremity of it with Swedenborg; who said to her,—'You took, madam, your last leave of the Prince of Prussia, your late august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day, and at such an hour of the afternoon; as you were passing afterwards through the long gallery, in the castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again; he then took you by the hand, and led you to such a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said to you these words: ———.' The Queen did not repeat the words, but she protested to us they were the very same her brother had pronounced, and that she retained the most perfect recollection of them. She added, that she nearly fainted at the shock she experienced, and she called on M. de Schwerin to answer for the truth of what she had said; who, in his laconic style, contented himself with saying, 'All you have said, madam, is perfectly true—at least as far as I am concerned.' I ought to add," M. Thiebault continues, "that though the Queen laid great stress on the truth of her recital, she professed herself at the same time incredulous to Swedenborg's supposed conferences with the dead." "A thousand events," said she, "appear inexplicable and supernatural to us, who know only the immediate consequences of them; and men of quick parts, who are never so well pleased as when they exhibit something wonderful, take an advantage of this to gain an extraordinary reputation. M. Swedenborg was a man of learning, and of some talent in this way; but I cannot imagine by what means he obtained the knowledge of what had been communicated to no one. However, I have no faith in his having had a conference with my brother."

I leave the above anecdote to the reflections of your readers without any comment, because I have no wish to convert your columns into an arena for theological discussions.

readers, to be presented, in Swedenborg's own words, with a statement of his sentiments respecting the mode of man's existence after death; it affording a view, which, if true, would fully settle the question that has so often been agitated among philosophers and divines, respecting the possibility of a communication between departed spirits and men on earth. But although Swedenborg fully believed such communication to be possible, he constantly affirms that it is very rare, and, in general, by no means to be wished for, as it would, instead of serving the cause of genuine truth, open a door to much enthusiasm and delusion.

"That man, after death," says he, "is as much a man as he was before, although he is no longer visible to the eyes of the material body, may be concluded from the angels that appeared to Abraham, Hagar, Gideon, Daniel, and some of the prophets; and also from those that were seen in the Lord's sepulchre, and afterwards frequently by John, as he relates in the Revelation. But it may appear still more evidently from the case of our Lord himself; for HE proved himself to be a man both by the touch and by eating before his disciples, and yet HE became invisible to their sight. Now, who can be so extravagantly absurd as not to acknowledge that notwithstanding his being invisible, HE was still a man, as before? The reason that the disciples saw HIM, was, because the eyes of their spirit were at that time opened, and when this is the case, the objects of the spiritual world appear as distinctly as the objects of the natural world. The difference between a man in the natural world and a man in the spiritual world, is this.—that the latter is clothed with a substantial body, but the former with a material body, within which is his spiritual or substantial body, and a substantial man can see another substantial man as clearly and distinctly as a material man can see another material man. A substantial man, however, cannot see a material man, nor can a material man see a substantial man, in consequence of the difference between what is material and what is substantial; the nature of which difference is capable of being described, but not in a few words."—See Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion*, § 793.

It may be necessary here to observe, that the author does not use the word *substantial* in the common colloquial sense. He means by it that substance which is the immediate seat of the powers of the mind, which is a real substance, though essentially different from matter.

Allow me to add, that whether the above view of a highly interesting subject be correct or not, it at least presents a coherent philosophical theory. Allow me to add further that although in this communication I have only spoken of Swedenborg's pretensions to commerce with the spiritual world, because it was in this character chiefly that you introduced him to the notice of your readers, yet that this occupies but a comparatively small portion of his theological writings, which chiefly consist of expositions of Scripture, and elucidations of important doctrinal tenets. The substance of the whole is condensed by him into two propositions, which are, "That there is ONE GOD in whom is the Divine Trinity, which is not a Trinity of separate persons, but of three Essentials in one Person, answering to what may be called the human Trinity in man, consisting of soul, body, and operative energy; and that in order to salvation man must live a life according to the Ten Commandments, by shunning evils as sins against God." I am, Sir, your's respectfully,

April 3, 1823.

ANTHADDUCIUS.

In the reign of Francis I. of France, a young woman having a talkative lover, ordered him to be dumb. His obedience for two long years made all the world believe that he was sunk in melancholy. One day, in a numerous assembly, the young woman, who was not known to be his mistress, undertook to cure him, and did it with a single word—"Speak."

A very respectable Presbyterian Minister, who was in the constant habit of taking a glass of spirits before going to the pulpit, asked one of his children, one day after dinner, if she would take a dram? She said, "Na, na, papa, it would gar me preach!"

A cause having been tried before Lord Kenyon, and a verdict given for the Plaintiff, the Defendant, not content with the verdict, called the Plaintiff a perjured rascal. An action was brought for slander; and, when brought before Lord Kenyon, one of the witnesses was called to prove the words. "What else did he say?" asked Lord Kenyon. "Why, my Lord, he added, 'you were a rascal, and the Jury all a parcel of d—d fools.'" Upon which the Learned Judge directed a verdict to be entered for the Defendant, as the words (his Lordship said) had been spoken in such blind passion, that he was not likely to be seriously believed.

The late Mrs. Garrick was so conscious of her approaching dissolution, that she ordered the sheets which were on the bed when Garrick died, and which were scrupulously preserved by her, to be aired and put upon her bed.—Whilst the servant was doing this, the old lady expired in her chair.

By the road-side, between Bideford and Hartland, are a few houses called Fairy Cross. One of them is a public-house known by the name of the Swan; and nearly adjoining lives a person who has placed over his door the following verse:—

"Ny the sign of the Swan
Livth a fisherman
Who fisheth for gentlemans pleasure
An every spring tide
Shrimps and Lobsters provide
An makes shoes when he is at leisure."

PATENT BROWN STOUT.

A brewer in a country town
 Had got a monstrous reputation;
 No other beer but his went down,
 The hosts of the surrounding station
 Carving his name upon their mugs,
 And painting it on every shutter;
 And though some envious folks would utter
 Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
 Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
 But owing to his monstrous vat,
 At least as corpulent as that
 At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.
 His foreman was a lusty black,
 An honest fellow;
 But one who had an ugly knack
 Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
 Till he was stupified and mellow.
 One day in this topheavy mood,
 Having to cross the vat aforesaid,
 (Just then with boiling beer supplied,)
 O'ercome with giddiness and qualms he
 Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
 But in his favourite liquor died,
 Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.
 In all directions round about
 The negro absentee was sought,
 But as no human noddle thought
 That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
 They settled that the rogue had left
 The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
 Meanwhile the beer was day by day
 Drawn into casks and sent away,
 Un til the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
 When, lo! outstretch'd upon the ground,
 Once more their missing friend they found,
 As they had often done—in liquor.
 See, cried his moralizing master,
 I always knew the fellow drank hard,
 And prophesied some sad disaster;
 His fate should other tipplers strike,
 Poor Mungo! there he welters, like
 A toast at bottom of a tankard!
 Next morn, a publican, whose tap
 Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
 Not having heard of the mishap,
 Came to demand a fresh supply,
 Protesting loudly that the last
 All previous specimens surpass'd,
 Possessing a much richer *gusto*
 Than formerly it ever used to,
 And begging, as a special favour,
 Some more of the exact same flavour.
 Zounds! cried the Brewer, that's a task
 More difficult to grant than ask.—
 Most gladly would I give the smack
 Of the last beer to the ensuing,
 But where am I to find a Black,
 And boil him down at every brewing?

YORK KIDNEY POTATOES.

One Farmer Giles, an honest clown,
 From Peterborough had occasion
 To travel up to London town
 About the death of a relation,
 And wrote, his purpose to explain,
 To cousin Jos. in Martin's lane;
 Who quickly sent him such an answer as
 Might best determine him to dwell
 At the Blue Boar—the Cross—the Bell,
 Or some one of the caravanseras
 To which the various coaches went,
 All which, he said, were excellent.
 Quoth Giles, "I think it rather odd he
 Should write me thus, when I have read
 That London hosts will steal at dead
 Of night to stab you in your bed,
 Pocket your purse, and sell your body,—
 To 'scape from which unpleasant process
 I'll drive at once to cousin Jos's."
 Now cousin Jos. (whose name was Spriggs)
 Was one of those punctilious prigs
 Who reverence the *comme il faut*;
 Who deem it criminal to vary
 From modes prescribed, and thus "monstrari
 Pretereuntium digito."
 Conceive him writhing down the Strand
 With a live rustie in his hand,
 At once the gaper and gapee,
 And pity his unhappy plight
 Condemn'd, when tête-à-tête at night,
 To talk of hogs, nor deem it right
 To show his horrible *ennui*.
 Jos. was of learned notoriety,
 One of the male Blue-stocking clan,
 Was register'd of each Society,
 Royal and Antiquarian;
 Took in the Scientific Journal,
 And wrote for Mr. Urban's Mag.
 (For fear its liveliness should flag)
 A the-mometrical diurnal,
 With statements of old tombs and churches,
 And such unreadable researches.
 Wearied to death one Thursday night,
 With hearing our Northampton wight
 Prose about crops, and farms, and dairies,
 Spriggs cried—"A truce to corn and hay,—
 Somerset House is no great way,
 We'll go and see the Antiquaries."
 "And what are they?" inquired his guest;
 "Why, Sir," said Jos. somewhat distress'd
 To answer his interrogator,—
 "They are a sort—a sort—a kind
 Of commentators upon Nature"—
 "What, common 'tatoes!" Giles rejoind,
 His fist upon the table dashing,
 "Take my advice—don't purchase one,
 Not even at a groat a ton,—
 None but York kidneys does for mashing."

Once the MAID at the PUMP-ROOM, BATH;

By the late LORD LYTTLETON.

THOUGH royal Bladud's healing spring,
 To palsied age relief can bring,
 Ne'er minister'd in vain:
 On me their salutary power
 Is lost—while each revolving hour
 Brings care, brings anxious pain.
 For thee I grieve, for thee I pine,
 For all those lineaments divine,
 To misery allied:
 How can I patient view thee sit,
 While steams from yon sulphureous pit,
 Consume thy beauty's pride!
 That brow was form'd by nature's hand,
 Was form'd to threaten and command,
 And shed majestic grace:
 I stand amaz'd, when I behold,
 That form compell'd to toil for gold,
 Shun honour, title, place.
 Art thou not like some lily pale,
 That shrinking from the southern gale,
 Imbibes the Lybean pest?
 E'en so alas! by morbid breath,
 Exhal'd from various forms of death,
 Thy beauty's bloom's oppress!
 Hasten then, that Lazar house forsake,
 And equal joys transported take,
 Within thy Strephon's arms!
 While the rose lingers in thy cheek,
 While yet a thousand beauties speak
 A thousand nameless charms.
 And may the spirit which presides,
 Prolific o'er those healing tides,
 Eliza's patron prove:
 O! may his influence benign,
 Show'r on the Priestess of his shrine,
 The nectar'd sweets of love!

Inscribed on the Stone of

PATRICK WHACKUM.

Weep Irish Lads—all true and fair Men,
 Here rests the LEADER of the Chair Men!
 Reader, rejoice that here lies PAT,
 For were he up, he'd lay you flat!
 In Fame you'll never see his Brother,
 —It reach'd—from one POLE to the other!
 And would you know him, when an Angel fair—
 You've nothing more to do, than call—"CHAIR!"
 CHAIR!"

The following *Jeux d'Esprit* lately passed between
 Dr. WOLCOT, (the celebrated PETER PINDAR) and
 Mr. PRATT. Dr. WOLCOT had just returned from
 Cornwall, and he announced his arrival to his Friend,
 Mr. PHILLIPS, the Bookseller, in these pleasant
 Rhymes:

GREAT PATRON of the Muses, say,
 The hour precisely, and the day,
 On which thou askest me to dine?
 And empt thy bottles, and thy jars,
 Amidst the host of brother stars
 That in thy BRIDGE-STREET ZODIAC shine.

May 24, 1806.

J. WOLCOT.

TO A. PHILLIPS, ESQ.

EXTEMPORE.

ANSWER,

BY MR. PRATT, WHO HAPPENED TO BE DINING WITH MR. PHIL-
 LIPS, WHEN DR. WOLCOT'S EPISTLE WAS OPENED.

O MIGHTY Czar of modern satire,
 Thy Muse less social than thy nature,
 By me, great PHILLIPS of the City,
 Chief Patron of the wife and witty,
 Hails thy return, and swears, while able
 To place a bottle on his table,
 Genius and worth, of every class,
 Shall never want a welcome glass.
 Of course the Age's tuneful *bumper*
 May always claim an ample bumper!
 He adds a vow, to tell thee *when*
 The Bards in Bridge-street meet again,
 And till that day of mental treating
 I pray accept the GLEANER's greeting.

May 25th, 1806.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING HERALD.

SIR,—Meeting with an account of the peregrinations of Robin Conscience, describing his progress through court, city, and country, with his bad entertainment at each several place, and which account was printed at Edinburgh, in the year 1683, it occurred to me that poor Robin might find a more worthy reception from the readers of the MORNING HERALD. The following extracts will be found to contain some of the best specimens of the satire of this whimsical production:—

I have been quite through England wide,
With many a faint and weary stride,
To see what people there abide,
That love me.

Poor Robin Conscience is my name,
Sore vexed with reproach and blame;
For all, wherever yet I came,
Reprove me.

To think that Conscience is despis'd,
Which ought to be most highly priz'd!
This trick the Devil hath devis'd

To blind men—
'Cause Conscience tells them of their ways,
Which are so wicked now-a-days,
They stop their ears to what he says,
Unkind men!

I first of all went to the Court,
Where Lords and Ladies did resort;
My entertainment there was short—
Cold welcome.

As soon as e'er my name they heard,
They ran away full sore afraid,
As though some goblin had appear'd
From hell come.

Conscience (quoth one), begone with speed;
The Court few of thy name doth breed;
We of thy presence have no need;
Be walking.

Thou tell'st us of our pride and lust,
Which, spite of thee, we follow must,
So out of Court was Conscience thrust—
No talking!

Thus banish'd from the Court, I went
To Westminster incontinent,
Where I, alas! was sorely shent
For coming.

The lawyers did against me plead:
'Twas no great matter, some there said,
If Conscience quite were knock'd i' th' head.
Then running

From them, I fled with winged haste,
They did so threaten me to baste:
I thought 'twas vain my breath to waste
In counsel.

For lawyers cannot me abide,
Because for falsehood I them chide,
And he, that holds not on their side,
Must down still.

Robin then hies into the City, but finds the shopkeepers of his day very little more inclined to receive him favourably, than are ours, should he intrude in the course of the year 1823. He proceeds to Smithfield.

I told them of a cheating trick,
Which makes the horses run and kick
By putting in an eel that's quick
I' th' belly.

Another which they use full oft,
To bear their lame jades heads aloft,
And beat their buttocks, till they're soft
As jelly.

Proceeding through the City he describes his severe treatment from brokers, butchers, bakers, &c.

Thus chid of them, my way I took,
Unto Pye-corner, where a cook
Glanced at me, as the devil did look
O'er Lincoln.

Conscience, quoth he, thou show'st not wit,
In coming to this place unfit;
I'll run thee thorow with a spit;
Then think on

Those words to thee which I have said;
I cannot well live by my trade,
If I should still require thy aid
In selling;

Sometimes one joint I must roast thrice
'Ere I can sell it at my price,
Then here's for thee (who art so nice)
No dwelling.

Perforce he drove me backward still,
Until I came unto Snow-hill,
The salemen there with voices shrill
Fell on me.

I was so irksome in their sight,
That they conjured me to flight,
Or else they swore (such was their spite)
They'd stone me.

From thence I turned down Bread-street,
A cheesemonger I there did meet,
He hied away with winged feet
To shun me.

How now, quoth I, why run ye so?
Quoth he, Because I well do know,
That thou art Conscience, my old foe;
Thou'st done me

Great wrong; while I made use of thee,
And dealt with all men honestly,
A rich man I could never be;

But since then
I banish'd have thy company,
And use deceit with those that buy,
I thrive, and therefore, Robin, hie
Thee hence then!

Amongst other places, Robin visits the Exchange, where even the merchants are strange to him.

I, seeing all the City given
To use deceit, in spite of Heav'n,
To leave their company was driven
Perforce then.

So over London-bridge in haste,
I, hiss'd and scoffed of all men past,
I unto Southwark took, at last,
My course then.

We extract the following to show that brewers at least were then better acquainted with Robin than they are in more modern days—

I being sore a-thirst did go
Unto an ale-house in the row,
Meaning a penny to bestow
On strong beer;

But 'cause I for a quart did call,
My hostess swore she'd bring me small,
Or else I should have none at all.
Thus wrong'd there,

I bade her on her license look,
Oh! Sir, quoth she, you are mistook,
I have a lesson without book,
Most perfect.

We inquire, when reading the following, where were the police?

Through Blackman-street I went, where w—s
Stood gazing there in many doors,
There two or three bawds against me roar—
Most loudly;

And bade me to get hence apace,
Or else they'd claw me by the face;
They swore they scorn'd me and all grace
Most proudly.

Poor Robin leaves London quite dejected by the treatment he has experienced; neither is his condition bettered in the country.

Alas! what shall I do, thought I,
Poor Robin! must I starve and die?
Aye, that I must, if nobody
Respect me.

At last I to myself bethought,
Where I must go; and Heaven brought
Me to a place, where poor folks wrought
Most sorely;

And there they entertained me well,
With whom I ever mean to dwell,
With them to stay it thus befel,
Though poorly.

These still keep Conscience from grim Death,
And ne'er gainsay whate'er he saith;
These lead their lives so here, beneath,
That dying,

They may ascend from poverty,
To glory and great dignity,
Where they shall live and never die:
While frying

In Hell the wicked lie, who would
Not use true Conscience as they should:
This is but for a moral told
You in it.

He that observes may somewhat spy,
That savours of divinity,
For conscionable folks did I
Begin it.

THE WASHING DAY.

BY E. WARING.

Hark! 'tis th' important day of washing;
Discord, clack, incessant splashing;
Soap-suds all around are dashing,
Unceasing.

The rooms all tumbled inside out;
Linen in heaps is thrown about;
And all is racket, noise, and rout,
Displeasing.

See, close around the fire-side,
Wet garments hanging to be dried,
Hose, and a hundred things beside,
Wet dropping!

O wretched day beyond expressing;
To me a day the most distressing;
Tho' 'tis our women's greatest blessing,
His slopping.

In vain we seek for comfort round;
Comfort is no where to be found;
On these days 'tis forbidden ground
To any.

And when one washing day is o'er,
Our pleasure's damped by dread of more;
O! joy to some, but sorrow sore
To many!

The most intense curiosity was excited by the appearance of the names of three females on the calendar, on a charge, under Lord Ellenborough's Act, of maliciously cutting and stabbing an old woman, a reputed "Witch," with intent to murder her. The Grand Jury, however, after consulting the learned Judge upon this singular case, threw out the bill on the capital charge, and returned a true bill against the three prisoners for an assault.

Elizabeth Bryant, the mother, aged 50, Elizabeth Bryant, the younger, aged 22, and Jane Bryant, aged 15, the two daughters, were charged with having maliciously assaulted Anne Burgess.

Mr. Erskine (the son of Lord Erskine) stated the case to the Jury. The parties, he said, resided at Wiveliscombe, in this county, and the prosecutrix was a very aged woman. The elder prisoner was a married woman, residing in the same neighbourhood. She had three daughters who lived with her, two of whom were the prisoners at the bar. One of these had been afflicted by fits, and the mother, with a degree of delusion and credulity that appeared to belong to the spot, firmly believed that these fits were the workings of some malignant spirit upon her daughter, and in order to counteract or break the spell, she applied for advice to a reputed sorcerer, or conjuror, named Baker, residing, and exercising absolute sway, in a remote part of Devonshire. This fellow (over whom it was to be hoped the laws would cast, before long, a spell that all his incantations could not break), advised her that her daughter was bewitched by a particular person in that neighbourhood, and that to get rid of the charm, it was necessary to make a certain preparation, of which he gave her the recipe; this preparation was to be burnt, with certain ceremonies and prayers. But the advice went beyond this, and the wretched prisoners were actually possessed with the horrible notion, that to dissipate the charm effectually, it was necessary to draw blood from the witch! There was no difficulty in finding the object; and whether from a staid deportment, reservedness of manners, or old grudge, did not appear, but the prosecutrix was immediately fixed upon as the witch, and as such published throughout the enlightened town of Wiveliscombe, by the elder prisoner, who positively declared that her daughter had been bewitched by her for more than twelve months! The prosecutrix, alarmed at the general impression which appeared to be raised against her, went, on the night of the 26th of November, to the house of the elder prisoner, whom she met in the dark passage of her house, and said, in a very simple manner, that she came to know the foundation of those reports which had been circulated respecting her. The prisoner viewed the visit as a providential one for executing her purpose of drawing blood, and with horrible imprecations seized the old woman. The two daughters, upon hearing the noise, rushed out, and instantly fell upon the prosecutrix, who was dragged to the floor, and one of them fetched a nail, as the first thing in the way, and began to lacerate the old woman's arm in the most ferocious manner, whilst the other two held her. It might be said, in defence of the prisoners, that their intention went no farther than to draw blood; but it would be shown that, from the savage manner and expressions of the elder prisoner, if a person who had accompanied the old woman had not, on hearing her screams, exerted herself vigorously to rescue her, it would have ended in murder.

The reputed witch, Ann Burgess, was then called. She is a fine, hale-looking old woman, 68 years of age, of rather imposing gravity. She deposed—"I know the prisoners, the mother and the two daughters. They live about a quarter of a mile from me. On the 26th of November, I went to her house (Mrs. Bryant's), and met her in the passage, which is dark. I said 'Betty Bryant, I have come to ask you a civil question, whether I have bewitched your daughter?'—(Laughter.) She said; 'Yes, you have, you d—d old witch, you have bewitched her for the last 12 months;' and she said she was 10% the worse for it, and she would be totally d—d if she would not kill me. The little daughter drew out my arm and held it, whilst one of the others cut at it. The eldest of them said, 'Bring me a knife, that we may cut the flesh off the old witch's arms.' They tore my arms all over with an iron nail. The old woman here described the manner in which the prisoners performed the operation. She was ill from the wounds on her arm; there was a woman who accompanied witness, who came in, and dragged her away from their fury. It appeared further, that witness and her friend cried out murder, as loud as they could, and a mob assembled in the street round the door, but they did not choose to interfere, as it was exclaimed that the old woman, on whom the prisoners were exercising their fury, was a witch! Two of the prisoners, the mother and the elder daughter, continued to hold the old woman, as she struggled on the ground for her life (as she expressed it), whilst the younger daughter, with the first instrument which came to her hand, a large nail, lacerated her arm in a dreadful manner.

Cross-examined.—Do not the people of Wiveliscombe (whether truly or falsely, I don't say) account you to be a witch?

The old woman (with great agitation) "Oh, dear! oh, dear! that I should live to be three score and eight years old, and be accounted a witch at last. Oh, dear, 'what will come of me?'"

"Well, it is very hard certainly; but do they not account you to be a witch?"

It was some time before the old woman could give an intelligible answer, but she said that she had never been accounted a witch in her life (God forbid) by any one, before the prisoners circulated it about the town that she was, and that she had exercised her infernal influence over one of them. She always tried to live righteously and peaceably, without doing any harm to any one. She was greatly afflicted at the injurious supposition.

The apprentice to Mr. North, a surgeon, at Wiveliscombe, deposed, that on the night in question, the prosecutrix came to him to dress her arm, which he found dreadfully lacerated. There were 15 or 16 incisions upon it, of about a quarter of an inch deep, and others an eighth of an inch.

The Counsel for the prisoners said, he did not mean to deny the fact of the assault; but he wished to show the infatuation under which they acted.

Mr. Erskine said he could adduce evidence which would show the gross delusion under which the prisoners had laboured; and he was perfectly willing that they should have any benefit they might derive from it.

An old woman, Elizabeth Collard, was then called, who said she was an acquaintance of the elder prisoner, and met her on the morning of the day on which the assault took place, not having seen her before for a long time. Witness said, we were talking

greater than mine or anybody's troubles, for they were not mortal troubles! She said her daughter had been bewitched for the last twelve months, and that she had been to consult old Baker, the Devonshire wizard, about her case. She said he had given her a recipe against witchcraft, and that blood must be drawn from the witch, to break the charm. She said that old Mrs. Burgess was the witch, and that she was going to get blood from her. She was in such a way, that I thought she would have gone immediately to Mrs. Burgess, to have drawn blood, but I advised her not, and to let old Baker punish her, if she was really the witch.

Mr. Justice Burrough—Who is old Baker?

Witness—Oh! my Lord, he is a great conjuror, the people say. He is a good deal looked up to by the people in these parts.

Mr. Justice Burrough—I wish we had the fellow here. Tell him, that if he does not leave off his conjuring, he will be caught, and charmed in a manner that he will not like.

The witness resumed—I pitied the woman, she was in such a world of troubles; and, besides that, she has had a great many afflictions with her family, but she appeared to feel the bewitching of her daughter very deeply. I asked how the witchcraft worked upon her, when she told me, that when her daughter was worked upon, she would dance and sing, just as if she was dancing and singing to a fiddle, in a way that there was no stopping her before she dropped down, when the fiend left her. Whilst the fit was upon her, she would look *wished* (wild or frightened), and point at something, crying, there she stands! there she stands (the witch)! I felt for the daughter very much. Her state is very pitiable, my Lord.

Mr. Rodgers addressed the Jury, in behalf of the prisoners.

The Jury then found all the prisoners *Guilty*.

Mr. Rodgers addressed his Lordship in mitigation of punishment, and begged him to consider the delusion by which the unfortunate prisoners had been actuated, and that they entertained no malice against the aged prosecutrix.

Mr. Justice Burrough said, if such a fellow as Baker lived in Devonshire, or in any part of the country, and pursued such practices as were ascribed to him (but which his Lordship in his situation was bound to suppose not to be the case), there was a very useful Act of Parliament recently passed, which provided for the punishment of such offences; and his Lordship hoped and trusted the Magistrates of the county would prosecute him and bring him to punishment. The prisoners were then sentenced to *four months imprisonment each*.

We have seen the Amulet which the man (Baker) gave to the poor dupes to wear as a charm against witchcraft, and also with the recipe or direction for breaking the charm, of which the following is a copy *verbatim ad literam*:—

"The Gar of Mixtur is to be Mixt with half pint of Gen" (i. e. gin) "and then a table spoon to be taken mornings and Eleven O clock four and Eight, and four of the Pills to be taken every Morning fasting and the Paper of powder to be divided in ten parts and one part to be taken every Night going to bed in a little Honey."

"The paper of Arbs (i. e. herbs) is to be burnt, a small bit at a time, on a few coals, with a little hay and rosenary, and while it is burning read the two first verses of the 68th Psalm, and say the Lord's prayer after."

(Signed)

"B. BAKER."

The time at which all this was to be was midnight, and with other attendant ceremonies and circumstances, of which he gave instructions. The verses with which the incantation was to be completed are the following, which it will be agreed are well chosen for effect:—

Exurgat Deus, &c. "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered; let them also that hate him flee before him."

"Like as the smoke vanisheth so shalt thou drive them away; and like as wax melteth at the fire, so let the ungodly perish at the presence of God."

As the preparations were taken by the ignorant creatures, it could not be ascertained what they were, whether medicinal or mere rubbish, as is most probable. But we are positively assured, that after the rights had been all performed, such was the effect upon the imagination of the girl (aged 22), who fancied herself possessed, that she has not had a fit since. The act of drawing blood from the supposed witch, remained to be performed in order to break the charm entirely, and prevent it from returning. That horrible ceremony was soon performed in the manner stated.

Baker, the conjurer, has decamped from the neighbourhood; but, as we have not yet met with any account of his having been hanged, his retreat may perhaps be discovered. The Devonshire *Tread Mill* would be an appropriate magic circle, for the display of his ability.

Butler mentions, that a fellow in the reign of Charles the First, obtained celebrity by detecting witches, and actually caused the death of nearly 60 poor old creatures on charges of witchcraft. The ordeal for the trial of witches, was to tie them up in a sack, and throw them into a river. If they swam, they were taken out and burnt as decided witches. If they sank, why then they were drowned in the experiment. At last the fellow was himself charged with witchcraft, tried, and perished by his own ordeal.

Mr. Editor,—The singular trial in the country, of a mother and her two daughters, for an assault on an aged female suspected by them of witchcraft, inserted in your paper of Monday, having excited a good deal of conversation, some of your readers may feel amused by a few extracts, as to the nature of witches and witchcraft, from old writers. The subject is curious, and, it is lamentable to find, by no means obsolete even at the present enlightened day.

Waiving the consideration of the many controversies formerly kept up on this subject, founded on misconceptions of different passages of Scripture, it will be sufficient to consider it only as a striking article of popular mythology.

Witchcraft is defined by Reginald Scot (in his *Discovery*, &c. p. 284) to be "in estimation of vulgar people, a supernatural work between a corporal old woman and a spiritual devil;" but he adds, speaking his own sentiments, "it is, in truth a cozening art, wherein the name of God is abused, prophaned, and blasphemed, and his power attributed to a vile creature." And Perkins explains it to be an art serving for the working of wonders, "by the assistance of the devil, as far as God will permit." In modern estimation, it is a kind of sorcery (especially in women), in which it is ridiculously supposed that an old woman, by entering into a contract with the devil, is

in many instances to change the course of nature, to raise winds, afflict those that offend them, and do other super-human actions. The term witch, according to Glanville, is derived from the verb "to wit," to know—i.e. "the knowing woman." Wizard he makes to signify the same, only with the difference of sex.

Gale, in his *Select Cases of Conscience touching Witches and Witchcraft* (12mo., 1646), says, "In every place and parish, every old woman with a wrinkled face, a furrowed brow, a hairy lip, a gobber tooth, a squint eye, a squeaking voice, a skull-cap on her head, a spindle in her hand, and a dog or cat by her side, is not only suspected, but pronounced for a witch."

That weak pedant James I., whose writings on this subject gave it a sort of fashionable belief in his day, assigns a curious reason in his *Dæmonology* why there were twenty women given to witchcraft for one man—viz. "For as that sex is frailer than man is, so it is easier to be intrapped into these grosse snares of the devill, as was ever well proved to be true, by the serpent's deceiving of Eva at the beginning, which makes him the homelier with that sex sensine." His Majesty in this work, quaintly calls the devil "God's ape, or hangman."

"A witch," says the curious tract, "round about our coal fire, according to my nurse's account, must be a haggard old woman, living in a little rotten cottage under a hill, by a wood side, and must be frequently spinning at the door; she must have a black cat, two or three broomsticks, an imp or two, and two or three diabolical teats to suckle her imps. She must be of so dry a nature that if you fling her into the river, she will not sink; so hard then is her fate, that if she is to undergo the trial, if she does not drown, she must be burnt, as many have been within the memory of man."

One old author, asserting the improbability of witches being able to control the elements, generally ascribed to them, acquaints us with a number of the charms they were supposed to make use of for this purpose—observing that no one of common sense can believe that a dotting old woman can work these wonders "by casting a flint stone over her left shoulder, towards the west, or hurling a little sea sand up into the element, or wetting a broomtwig in water, and sprinkling the same into the air, or digging a pit in the earth, and putting water therein and stirring it with her finger; or boiling hogs bristles, or laying sticks across upon a bank where never a drop of water is," &c.

Grose laughably describes the method of making a witch—"a decrepit, superannuated old woman, is tempted by a man in black to sign a contract to become his soul and body. On the conclusion of the agreement, he gives her a piece of money, and causes her to write her name and make her mark on a slip of parchment with her own blood. On departing he delivers to her an imp or familiar, in the shape of a cat or kitten, a mole, millerfly, or some other insect or animal." On their sabbaths or general meetings, he continues, "the sisterhood after being anointed with certain magical ointments, provided by their infernal leader, are supposed to be carried through the air on brooms, coal staves, spits, &c. after which they have feasting, music, and dancing, the devil himself condescending to play at them on the pipes or cittern."

The *Connoisseur* says, it is a common notion that a witch can make a voyage to the East-Indies in an egg-shell, or take a journey of two or three hundred miles across the country on a broom-stick.

These, with many others, are among the feats, &c. ascribed to witches and witchcraft, and would, in themselves, only excite risibility, had they been attended with no evil consequences: when one reads, however, of such melancholy instances of infatuation as the one we have mentioned, and thinks of the numerous victims which have been sacrificed to this belief, the subject becomes truly serious and painful.

Henry (*Hist. of Great Britain*), speaking of our manners between 1399 and 1485, says, so prevalent was this belief, that there was not a man then in England, who entertained the least doubt of the reality of sorcery, necromancy, and other diabolical arts. And Strype, in his *Annals of the Reformation*, informs us, that Bishop Jewel, preaching before Queen Elizabeth, in 1558, addressed her in his sermon with, "It may please your Grace to understand, that witches and sorcerers within this last few years, are marvelously increased within your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine away even unto death; their colour fadeth; their flesh rotteth; their speech is benumbed; their senses are bereft. *I pray God they never practice further than upon the subject.*" And Strype, himself, speaking of a Mrs. Dier, taken up, in 1578, for these imaginary practices against the Queen, but afterwards released, says, "whether it were the effect of magic or proceeded from some natural cause; but the Queen was, in some part of this year, under excessive anguish by pains of her teeth; insomuch that she took no rest for live or six nights, and endured great torment night and day."

The Bill brought into Parliament in this reign, making enchantments and witchcraft felony, he supposes to have been occasioned on these accounts.

By Act of Parliament, 33 Henry VIII., the law adjudged all sorcery and witchcraft to be felony, without benefit of clergy. And by statute of the first of James I., it was ordained, "that all persons invoking any evil spirit, or consulting, covenanting with, employing, feeding or rewarding any evil spirit, &c. should be guilty of felony and suffer death."

Numerous were the victims to these absurd Acts. Besides those that perished in the preceding reigns, James I. absolutely appointed an officer with the title of Witchfinder-General, who had a salary for discovering of supposed offenders in this way. Granger, in his *Biographical History of England*, speaking of the engraved print of

this wretch, says, "the old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause nor hire an advocate, all were the victims of his credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in *special marks*, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, which frequently grow long and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps. His ultimate method of proof was by tying the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of a river, by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it, thereby letting the person float or sink at pleasure. The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins in his own way, and he was upon the event condemned, and, it seems, executed as a wizard. Hopkins had hanged in one year no less than sixty reputed witches in his own county of Essex."

The accounts of succeeding executions of this kind are lamentable. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in 1649 and 1650, there were no less than one wizard and fourteen witches put to death, all of whose names are upon record. The Magistrates of this town, following the example set them as above, employed a Scotchman as their witch-finder, to whom they paid twenty shillings a-piece for all he could condemn, and besides allowed him his travelling expenses. And from a relation printed as late as 1716, it appears that a Mrs. Hicks, and her daughter, a child only nine years of age, were hanged for witchcraft in Huntingdon. Similar instances of these horrid executions, both here and in other counties, are numerous.

As the times became more enlightened, the judges began to set their faces against this sort of cruelty. The anecdote told of Chief Justice Holt, may be quoted as an instance of this, and an evidence of his good sense. A woman was brought before him while on the circuit, to be tried as a witch. The Judge asked the witnesses what proof they had to adduce of her being a witch. "My Lord," said they, "she can fly!" "Woman," says he, addressing himself to the prisoner, "can you fly? because if you can, I advise you to fly out of Court as fast as possible—I know of no law against flying."

Of the Lord Keeper Guildford it is also related, that being upon the circuit at Taunton Dean, he detected an imposture and conspiracy against an old man, charged with having bewitched a young girl, thirteen years of age, who, during pretended convulsions, took crooked pins into her mouth, and spat them afterwards into bystanders hands. As the Judge went down stairs out of the Court, an ugly old woman cried out, "God bless your worship!" "What's the matter, good woman?" said the Judge. "My Lord," said she, "forty years ago they would have hanged me for a witch, and they could not; and now they would have hanged my poor son."

By Statute 9 George II. (see Blackstone), it was enacted that no prosecution should in future be carried on against any person for conjuration, witchcraft, sorcery, or incantment. However, the misdemeanour of persons pretending to use witchcraft, tell fortunes, or discover stolen goods by skill in the occult sciences, is still deservedly punished with a year's imprisonment, and standing four times in the pillory. Thus the Witch Act, a disgrace to our code of English laws, was not repealed till 1736.

This, however, did not for some years hinder the outrages of the vulgar, or cure them of their prejudices, and it was not until a severe and exemplary punishment was inflicted, that a stop was in some degree put to the evil. In 1751 an aged couple were tried by *ducking*, by the mob, on a supposition that they were witches; when the poor old woman lost her life, and the husband was with difficulty recovered. The Jury, on the trial of the cause, brought in a verdict of *wilful murder* against twenty-nine of the ringleaders; the most active of whom, Thomas Colley, a chimney-sweeper, was condemned, executed and afterwards hung in chains. This example operated so beneficially, that we read of no duckings afterwards.

This custom of ducking, and that of weighing the suspected persons against the church-bible, were held in the times of superstition to be most effective proofs to try witches by; as was the drawing of blood from them to break their enchantments. Glanville, in his account of the Dæmon of Tedworth, speaking of a boy that was bewitched, says, "The boy drew towards Jane Brooks (the woman who had bewitched him), who was behind her two sisters, and put his hand upon her, which his father perceiving, immediately scratched her face, and drew blood from her. The boy then cried out that he was well."

In Shakspeare's first part of Henry VI., Talbot says to the Maid of Orleans—

"Ill have a bout with thee,
Devil, or Devil's Dam, I'll conjure thee,
Blood will I draw on thee; thou art a witch."

This superstition is also mentioned by much older writers.

The celebrated Professor Blumenbach of Gottingen, has collected a most valuable cabinet of curiosities, which he highly prizes. One morning a friend came to him with a long face, to tell him a very unpleasant circumstance, that he had seen a man get by a ladder into a window of the Professor's house. "Potztausend! (cried Blumenbach) into which window?" "I am sorry to say," replied his friend, "it was your daughter's." "O man," said B. "you almost frightened me! I thought it had been into my cabinet!"

The first consideration with a knave is how to help himself; and the second, how to do it with the appearance of helping you. Dionysius the Tyrant stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massive gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, "Gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer; it behoves us to take care of Jupiter."

A few years ago a young lady was living near Exeter, whose eccentric sympathies and antipathies were the talk of the whole neighbourhood. She had a mortal aversion to colours, except green, yellow, or white, in one of which she always dressed. She has been known to swoon away at the sight of a soldier, and a funeral never failed to throw her into a violent perspiration. She would not eat or drink out of any thing but Queen's ware or pewter; and was as peculiar in what she ate or drank, preferring the muddy water of the Thames to the clearest spring, and meat which had been kept too long to that which was fresh. She preferred the sound of the Jews harp to the most delicious music, and had in every thing a taste peculiarly her own.

ISAAC AMBROSE.

Few works have been more popular with all ranks of people than those of honest Isaac Ambrose, the non-conformist. His thoughts had every year what he called a musing time. It was his regular custom to retire for a month, every summer, to a little hut in a wood, where he shunned all society, and gave himself up entirely to contemplation. When death came to put an end to his labours, he had so strong a presentiment of its approach, that he went round to all his friends at their own houses, to bid them farewell; and after sending his last finished composition, "A Discourse concerning Angels," to the press, he shut himself up in his parlour to die, and there he was the next day found expiring, in the 72d year of his age.

COUNT DE BRANCAS.

The Count de Brancas was walking in the streets, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way to speak to him. "God bless thee, poor man!" exclaimed the Count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him. "Is it not enough," cried the Count, interrupting him, and somewhat in a passion; "is it not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking in the streets." Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh, and awakening the absent man from his lethargy, he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should have taken his friend for an importunate mendicant.

CLOUGH AND SHUTER.

Mr. Clough, the actor, had a very peculiar idea of amusement. The most diverting thing in the world, to him, was a public execution; and he would sooner fail in being at a play-house on the night he was to act, than omit attending the unfortunate culprits to Tyburn, and be a spectator of the horrors of death in their last moments. He was one night at a coffee-house, when hearing the clock strike eleven, he abruptly rose and paid his reckoning: an acquaintance of his, sitting by him, asked "what is the matter, Clough, your hour is not come yet, you never stir till one?" "Aye," replied Clough, "but do not you know there is business to be done to-morrow, and Ned Shuter and I am to attend?" Ned, who had been up all night in a joyous party, was only in his first sleep when Clough called upon him, and could not be prevailed upon to rise; Clough set off for the scene of pleasure by himself, vociferating loudly, "was there ever such a fellow? He has no more taste than a Hottentot!"

MR. CLARK, OF EXETER CHANGE.

Mr. Thomas Clark, the well known proprietor of Exeter Change, where he amassed as large a fortune as was perhaps ever gained by a single individual in the way of retail trade, was one of the most singular individuals of his day. Selling nothing but what was of the best quality, being content to sell at a small profit, and always asking at once the lowest price he would take, he acquired an extent of retail custom unrivalled in the metropolis; and his coffers filled rapidly with the fruits of fair industry. But what perhaps served not less to promote his fortune, was the frugal, or rather penurious, mode of life, which, to his latest hour, he observed. The cost of his dinner, on six days of the week, seldom exceeded ninepence; he took it on the bare board, in a small closet adjoining his range of shops; and after he had finished, would step across to the public house opposite to the west of the Change; take a glass of gin and water, which cost an additional twopence, and then immediately return to resume the business of the day. Such was the even, undeviating tenor of his way, till he approached his 80th year, when he expired, after a short illness. So large were the profits of Mr. Clark's trade, that when the Income Tax was imposed, he returned them at 6000l. The tax-collector conceiving that he had, by mistake, returned, and overrated too, his whole stock, instead of his income, sent back to Mr. Clark his schedule for correction. Mr. Clark added another thousand, and begged to assure the collector, that he had now stated the utmost amount. "Aye, but," said the other, "I want your income, not your property." "Will you be content to take it as my income?" "Oh, yes." "So will I," replied the old merchant, and wished the astonished collector a good morning.—The fortune which Mr. Clark left to his family, is supposed to have amounted to nearly half a million.

JOHNSON'S LAUGH.—It was a kind of good-humoured growl. Tom Davies described it drolly enough: "He laughs like a rhinoceros!"

ANTE-NUPTIAL.—I hate *Blondes*; white-faced horses and women are equally ugly; the "blue-eyed daughters of the north," like the other bleached animals of the same latitude, are apt to be very torpid, sleepy, and insipid, rarely exhibiting much intellect or piquancy. They remind one of boiled mutton without caper-sauce, or water-gruel without wine or brandy. Every one thought the Albinos frightful, and yet people pretend to admire fair women. Brunettes are decidedly handsomer—what is a snow-scene landscape compared to the rich and various colouring of an autumnal landscape! they have a moral beauty about them; their eyes sparkle with intelligence—they possess fire, vivacity, genius. A Brunette Sawney is as rare as a tortoise-shell tom-cat. There is, however, a species of complexion which nature accomplishes in her happier moods; infinitely transcending all others,—I mean a clear transparent olive, through whose soft and lucid surface the blood may be almost seen coursing beneath, while the mind seems constantly shining through and irradiating the countenance. It is generally found accompanied with dark silky hair, small regular features, and a sylph-like form, approximating somewhat to the—Lascar? No.—To the Spanish? No: but to the description which Ovid gives us of Sapho, and to the species of beauty that imagination assigns to the fascinating Cleopatra. M—dear Julia exactly represents this kind of loveliness. I am certainly a lucky fellow in having secured the promise of her hand. . . . Saw Lady Madeleine at the Opera, looking fat, florid, and sphynx-like. It is the fashion to call her a fine creature; so is the prize ox; for the modesty which others assign to her, read *mauvaise honte*. If people admire by the square foot, they can hardly over-rate her merits; but for my own part I would rather marry a Patagonian milk-maid.

POST-NUPTIAL.—Heigh ho!—Three months elapsed without a single entry in my journal.—What an idle fellow I have become, or rather what a busy one—for I have been in a perpetual bustle ever since the expiration of the honey-moon. By the bye, nothing can be more ill-judged than our custom of dedicating that period to rural sequestration, that we may do nothing but amuse one another, while it generally ends in our tearing one another to death. Remember reading of a pastry cook, who always gave his apprentices a surfeit of tarts, when first they came, to insure their subsequent indifference.—Very well for him, but a dangerous conjugal experiment.

Sat next to Lady Madeleine at a dinner party. What a remarkably fine woman she is! quite majestic, after one has been accustomed to dwarfs and puppers. After all, there is nothing so feminine and lovely as a fair complexion, especially when accompanied with that Corinthian air—that natural nobility (if I may so express myself) which at once stamps the high born and high bred woman of quality. If her hand alone were shown to me, I should swear that it belonged to a person of rank. A complexion of this sort testifies the station of its possessor. One sees olives and brunettes trundling mops and crying mackarel; but no menial ever possessed Lady Madeleine's soft and delicate tints. What a charm, too, in that gentle and modest demeanour, forming so happy a medium between rustic reserve and London flippancy.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

NAVAL HEROISM.—Among the many meritorious actions which distinguish that singular and matchless race of men, British sailors, and which actions "are only born to die"—nay, too often to die unnoticed and unfewarded—we have to notice an act of heroism by a seaman belonging to the *Tartar* frigate, sitting out in this harbour. Early on Wednesday morning, during the snow, the captain's clerk, in going up the side, missed his hold from the slippery state of the ladder, and fell into the water. The cry of "man overboard" was soon raised; but the tide running down strong, the hapless object of their concern was carried away before the boat could be got ready. A seaman who was lying snug in his hammock, on hearing the alarm sprung from his bed, and immediately leaping into the sea, succeeded in rescuing the captain's clerk from his awful situation, after he had been in the water above 12 minutes.—Another instance occurred a short time since, when the *Forte* frigate was docked by torch-light. While the men were at the capstan, and all was bustle in the ship and on shore, a scavelman fell overboard. The night was extremely dark and stormy; being incumbered with heavy clothing, and perhaps benumbed with the cold, or too much frightened by his situation, he did not lay hold of the ropes which were thrown towards him, and was on the point of sinking, when a seaman sprung several feet from the main chains, caught him by the neck, and held him till assistance arrived. On the drowning man being brought on board, the seaman, with his wet clothes on, returned to the capstan, and in the bustle of getting the ship into dock, his gallantry was noticed but by very few. It would have given us great pleasure to have brought this anecdote under the notice of the brave fellow's officers during the stay of the *Forte*; for it is to be lamented that such an act, accompanied as it is by so many interesting circumstances, should be forgotten.—

The colloquial language of the inhabitants of London has long been the subject of animadversion and satire, and while it must be admitted, that the conversation of the well-educated Londoner approaches nearer the written language of the country, than that spoken in any other part of the empire; yet, among those who have not had the advantages of a liberal education, or mixed much with the humble classes of the citizens, there is a certain peculiarity which distinguishes the London from all other dialects, and which is known by the name of *cockneyism*.

Of the meaning of the word *cockney* few persons are ignorant, but its etymology no one has been yet able to ascertain with any degree of certainty. Our best philologists differ widely on the subject, but the etymology which seems most probable, derives the word from *cookery*. In France, "*le pays de Cocagne*," means a country of good cheer, and for this London has been always remarkable. Shakspeare, too, in his tragedy of *King Lear*, seems to allude to this interpretation, when he says, "cry to it, nuncle, as the *cockney* did to the cels, when she put them into the paste alive."

Strange, however, as the London dialect may seem, and much as it has been abused, it is the language of our ancestors, which has been here singularly preserved in its original purity; and, as far as antiquity goes, it is easy to get this sanction to all those, now seeming absurdities, which mark the ordinary language of the metropolis, even to the redundant negatives, double superlatives and that most singular of all perversions, the substitution of the *v* for the *w*, and *vice versa*.

Almost every county in England has a peculiar dialect, and some districts speak a language nearly unintelligible. In the colloquial dialect of London there is a mixture of all these, with a variety of words and phrases introduced from a broad; but notwithstanding this Babel-like confusion of tongues, the great body of the language is Saxon. The same authority cannot indeed be given for some of its alleged corruptions, which, however, may easily be proved not to have been of modern manufacture.

The transposition of the letters *v* and *w* is the most prominent error of cockney pronunciation, though the exchanging of letters of the same organ of speech is not infrequent in many languages, particularly the *b* for the *v*. In the province of Gascony, in France, these letters are frequently substituted the one for the other, which amused Joseph Scaliger to say of them, "*felices populi quibus, libere est vivere*."

In several of our old authors we find the *v* and the *w* used almost indiscriminately for each other, particularly in the romance of Sir Cleges, written in the 15th century, and in the works of Thomas Skelton, Poet Laureat Henry VIII. Among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, there is a collection of Poems in the handwriting of Skelton, in which we find *laugh*, *surwave*, and even *wowarer*.

The use of redundant negatives is, no doubt, borrowed from the French, whose "*je ne sçai pas*" is equivalent to the cockney's, "I don't know nothing about it." Dr. Antier, the learned Saxon linguist, however, gives it a greater antiquity, when in his Thesaurus, he says, "*notidum est quod in Lingua Angla Saxonica negatio enuntur per duo negativa*." The use of the double negative in England can be proved to be of old, and even of royal authority. In a proclamation for the apprehension of Sir John Oldcastle, his contumacy in resisting the offers made to him, is thus stated: "be it knowne, as Sire John Oldcastell refuses, *nor* will *not* receave, *nor* sue to *ve none* of the graces, &c." Chaucer, Roger Ascham, and even Shakspeare, afford us examples of this error.—Romeo and Juliet, we have

"a sudden day of joy

That thou expect'st *not*, nor I look'd *not* for."

The "this here" and "that there" of the Londoners is but the *ce-ci* and *ce-la* of the French, and never unnecessary, is intended to mark the subject distinctly, and with more force and energy. The "ourn" of the Londoner, are but the Saxon pronouns possessive, though we cannot say so much in favour of "isn" and "hern," which are unquestionably "town-de."

Most of the other peculiarities of the London dialect admit of an apology so far, that they are not modern innovations. Even as to the double comparatives and superlatives, Shakspeare has "more better," "more happier," and "more sharper;" and in the plays we meet with "most highest;" as in the Acts of the Apostles we do with the "most straitest." The *u* of the word "learn" for "teach," is derived from Anglo Saxons. The substituting of the privatives *un* and *im* is not a new device: Milton uses the words *un* and *im* and *unsufferable*. Sir Henry Neville, in a letter to Robert Cecil, says, "it is an impossible thing for me to do." And Shakspeare not only has *impossible*, but *unpartial*, "unagrecable," &c. &c. "Shall us" also is an authority in Shakspeare; and the words "postes" for "postesses" for posts, are pleonasm in imitation of plurals of the old Scottish writers; even Shakspeare has the dissyllable "mistes" for mists.

Thus it will be seen, that the cockneys are not chargeable with innovation, but with too partial an adherence to the ancient written language of the country.

BLACK SCHOOLMASTERS.—Among the presentments by a Charleston Grand Jury was the following most liberal Christian one:—

"We present, as a grievance, the number of schools which are kept within the City by persons of colour, and believe that a City ordinance, prohibiting under severe penalties such persons from acting as public instructors, would meet with general approbation."

(FROM THE RELICS OF LITERATURE BY STEPHEN COLLET, A. M. LATELY PUBLISHED.)

The writing of anagrams, trivial as this recreation may now appear, was once the favourite amusement of men of learning and ingenuity, and has found an advocate in one of the most learned of our English writers, Camden, who in his "*Remains*" has bequeathed to the world a treatise on this curious subject.

Among modern nations, the French appear to have most cultivated this species of wit, which Camden says "they exceedingly admire, and celebrate for the deep and far-fetched antiquity and mystical meaning thereof." In the reign of Francis the First, when learning began to revive, they "began to distil their wits herein;" and among their first efforts was an anagram on the name of that Monarch.

Frangais de Valoys—De façon suis royal.

Of the success of the Romans in this art we have no examples. Camden only furnishes a single instance of English anagrammatism, which is on James I.

Charles James Stuart—Claims Arthur's seat.

"And this," says the author, gravely "shows his undoubted rightful claim to the Monarchy of Britain, as successor to the valorous King Arthur!"

The three following, which relate to Queen Elizabeth, may be thought worth transcribing: the first is Camden's own.

Elizabetha Regina; —Angliæ hera beata

Elizabetha Regina; —Angliæ eris beata.

Elizabetha Regina Angliæ; —Anglis agna et Hiberniæ lea.

It was in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. as the examples already enumerated may in some degree prove, that this description of wit, together with the study of "rebuses" and "illusions" was in the highest repute.

A happy anagram on a person's name might have a moral effect on the feelings, as there is reason to believe that certain celebrated names have had some influence on the moral character. When one Martha Nicholson was found out to be—soon calm in heart, the anagram, in becoming familiar to her, might afford an opportune admonition. Perhaps the happiest anagram of this sort, was that produced on Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet. She was the Cassandra of the age; and several of her predictions encouraged her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was at length brought by them into the High Court of Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name:—

Eleanor Davies—Reveal, O Daniel!

The anagram had too much by an *l*, and too little by an *s*; yet Daniel and Reveal were in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The Court attempted to expel the spirit from the Lady; but the Bishops reasoned the point with her out of the Scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning text against text, until one of the Deans of Arches, says Heylin, "shot her through and through with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver." Taking up a pen, he hit upon this excellent anagram:—

Dame Eleanor Davies—Never so mad a ladie!

This happy fancy put the solemn Court into a laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirits.

In the following French words will be found an extraordinary anagram—*La Revolution Francaise*. Take from these the word *Veto*, known as the first prerogative of Louis XIV. opposed to the Revolutionists, and the remaining letters will form *Un Corse la finira*—in English, a Corsican shall end it. Buonaparte was rather a fertile subject for anagrams, as will appear from the following examples:—

Napoleon Bonaparte — No; appear not at Elba.

Napoleon Bonaparte — Bona rapla, leno pone.

Lucius Napoleon Bonaparte, } O! sub altero Nerone
Imperator. } arma capiunt populi.

The great rival with Buonaparte in the military glories of the age furnishes a no less appropriate anagram:

Arthur Wellesley Duke of Wellington—Let well foil'd Gaul secure thy renown.

That on the hero of the Nile was still better, and perhaps one of the happiest of modern anagrams:

Horatio Nelson—Honorest a Nilo.

The following one is very descriptive of the melancholy event which it records. The letters P. C. must here be taken to stand for Princess Charlotte.

Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales;—

P. C.

Her august race is lost!

O! fatal news!

The following are amusing, and generally very appropriate:

Revolution — Love to ruin.

Telegraph — Great help.

Catalogue — Got as a clue.

Charades — Hard case.

Lawyers — Sly ware.

When at the General Peace of 1814, Prussia became enriched with a portion of Saxony, the King of Prussia issued a new coinage of rix dollars with the name of that coin, which, in German, is *Reichstahler*, impressed on them. These circulate in the Prussian part of Saxony; and the Saxons, by thus dividing the word *Ein-Reich-stahl-er*, make out a sentence, of which the literal translation is, "He stole a kingdom." The French,

who are very fond of making anagrams, have discovered that *La Sainte Alliance* is nothing more than *La Sainte Canaille*.

A man who wished to pass one of the barriers of Paris, in 1793, was required to give his name, &c. to the persons on duty. "I am Monsieur le Marquis de St. Cyr." "Citizen, there are no Monsieurs now." "Very well, then le Marquis St. Cyr." "You ought to know, citizen, that there are neither nobles, titles, nor *marquissats*." "In that case, de St. Cyr, if you please." "De is not used now." "Then say simply, St. Cyr." "Ah! but all saints, you know, have been abolished." "Well, if it must be so, write *Cyr*." "No, citizen, there are no longer any *Sires*," (the pronunciation is the same.) Thus, piece by piece, the unfortunate Marquis was stripped by the Revolution, till he found himself at the barrier of Paris without a name.

In a company of toppers, whose fancies are always inventive of "a reason fair to fill their glass again," a round of *belles* was proposed. Dr. Barrett, upon being called upon for a fair object of his admiration, gave with much gravity, "the college bell."

A soldier, aged 25, was tried at Paris, during the French Revolution, for polygamy. He had married 26 wives, and had as many children. He was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment.

An honest German being told in his own country that Bonaparte was dead, shook his head, and said to his informant—"Bonaparte dead! Ah, you don't know him."—*Nat. Gaz.*

PENMANSHIP.—Mr. Beedel, of Ottery St. Mary, Devon, has written Goldsmith's Poem of the *Traveller*, *Deserted Village*, *Retaliation*, *Stanzas on Woman*, *Stanzas on the taking of Quebec*, and a *Sonnet*, without any abbreviation whatever, in a square of 3½ inches by 3½ inches, the whole comprising 1038 lines, and about 40,000 letters! It may be easily read with a magnifying glass, and by some without that help. This is probably the greatest feat ever achieved by the pen. The writing is to be deposited in the British Museum.

KING OF OTTER HUNTERS.—Mr. William Williamson, paper-maker, Milnthrop, claims this title, having caught in his life time thirty-six otters, three of which he tamed, to the great admiration of all who saw them, being as familiar with him as lap dogs; they would frequently follow him even miles from home, would at all times obey him, and at his command would perform a variety of entertaining actions. It is positively known, that one of these animals slept with him every night during a whole winter; and it would not suffer any person to molest him. He is considered in his neighbourhood to be the greatest aggressor to otters ever known in this country, and of course the best friend to anglers, neither is he deficient in that science; he has frequently offered, and will now offer, for a trifling wager, to catch otter or trout with any man in Westmorland.

A LITERARY GOURMAND.—A circumstance has recently occurred, which evinces the rapacious literary appetite now excited, no less than the liberal supply of intellectual food which the Libraries in this city furnish—since, on the demise of an elderly lady, doubtless an original of the *Bas Bleu Club*, no fewer than one hundred and ten volumes were found to have been retained during a subscription of ten years, the property of one Library.—*Bath Paper.*

EXTRAORDINARY FANATICISM.—*Switzerland, March 25.*—The follies of the religious sects, of which we had not heard any thing for some time, have just been renewed in the same places that formerly were the theatre of these offensive proceedings. A disgusting scene took place some days ago in the village of Trullikon, in the Canton of Zurich. A dozen individuals, men and women, shut themselves up in a house, under pretext of praying. An hour afterwards a dreadful noise was heard. The people assembled, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood hastened to the spot, and demanded in vain that the house should be opened. Meantime the tumult increased every moment; the door was at length forced open, and these wretched people were all found stretched on the ground in various groups, closely embracing each other. They were all arrested. Their depositions present nothing but instances of deplorable folly: they pretend to be inspired by God, and a girl who is pregnant is always the organ by which his will is manifested to them. Some of them have been taken to the mad-house.

"P.S. It was hoped that the measures taken by the Government of Zurich would suffice to enlighten the fanatics, or at least to restrain them within bounds, but the ridiculous scenes which took place at Trullikon, have suddenly been succeeded by others that are tragical and horrible. In the night of the 14th, a young female visionary pretended that Bonaparte had appeared to her, and had inspired her with the resolution to die, to save several thousands of souls! This apparition inflamed the imagination of several fanatics, and the sacrifice was instantly resolved upon. Men, women, and young girls, immediately prepared instruments for the execution, fastened the unfortunate young woman to a board, and, amidst the cries of joy uttered by the victim, they drove nails into her feet and hands, tore her breast, dashed her head to pieces with a mallet, and sung pious hymns to celebrate her death! The Magistrates being informed, hastened to the spot. Six of the guilty have been arrested, and the investigation is still going on.

"Later accounts, just announce to us, that a sister of this unhappy young woman has also perished in the most cruel tortures, likewise a victim of religious rage. Her brother-in-law has declared himself to have been her assassin, but he pretends to have fulfilled the will of God, and boasts of his crime."—*Journal de Francfort.*

A negro fellow, previous to the revolution, being suspected of having stolen goods in his possession, was taken before a certain Justice of the Peace in the county of Philadelphia, and charged with the offence. The negro acknowledged the fact, and made the following decisive defence:—"Massa Justice, me know me got dem tings from Tom, dere, and me tink Tom teal dem too; but what den, Massa? dey be only a piecaninny knife and a piecaninny cork-screw; one cost sixpence and tudder a shilling; and me pay Tom for dem honestly, Massa." "A very pretty story, truly," said his Worship, "you knew they were stolen, and yet allege in excuse, you paid honestly for them; I'll teach you better law than that, sirrah! don't you know, Pompey, the receiver is as bad as the thief? You must, you black rascal, be severely whipt." "Very well, Massa, if de black rascal be whipt for buyin tolen goods, me hope de white rascal be whipt, too, for same ting, when you catch him, as well as Pompey." "To be sure," replied the Justice. "When den," says Pompey, "here be Tom's massa; hold him fast, constable, he buy Tom as I buy the piecaninny knife, and de piecaninny cork-screw. He know berry well poor Tom be tolen from him old fadder and mudder; de knife and de cork-screw hab neder." Such was the justice, as well as the severity of Pompey's address, that after a short pause, the Magistrate, with the consent of Tom's master, dismissed him, and discharged the action.

The following very remarkable epitaph was copied by a traveller, from a burying ground in Spring Path, over against Port Royal, Jamaica:—"Here lies the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq. who died Sept. 22, 1739, aged 80. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion (being a Protestant), and settled in this island; where, in the great earthquake in 1692 he was swallowed up, and by the great providence of God, by a second shock was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming till he was taken up by a boat and miraculously preserved. He afterwards lived in great reputation, and died universally lamented."

AN ADONIS!—Extract from an United States' Paper:—Advertisement from the *Norfolk Beacon*:—"Ran away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged thirty-five; a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a nose of high burned brick blue, with a lofty bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honourable one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads (that is, takes snuff and tobacco); he is so loquacious, that he tires every one in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a pack of cards in one pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other. He is a great liar, and can varnish a falsehood with a great deal of art. Had on, when he went away, a three-cocked hat, which probably he has since changed for a round one, with a blue body coat, rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last, disguised in a clean shirt.—N.B. It is supposed he did not go off without a companion, as he is a great favourite with the fair sex!"

PULPIT CANDOUR.—A preacher in the West of England preached, during the whole of Lent, in a town where he was never invited to dine. He said, in his farewell sermon, "I have preached against every vice, except that of good living, which I believe is not to be found amongst you, and therefore needeth not my reproach."

EXTRAORDINARY FANATICISM.—*Basle, April 1.*—The proceedings against the fanatics of Trullekon have just commenced before the Supreme Tribunal at Zurich; all the particulars which we have given respecting this deplorable event are unhappily confirmed. An unfortunate young woman, nailed to a board, demanding death as a benefit, and expiring under the steel which strikes her, her sister perishing in tortures, their brother lacerated with frightful wounds, but still surviving blows inflicted by his executioners, these latter covered with blood, alternately praying and striking, singing hymns over the two dead bodies, and believing the work of God accomplished by the most horrible crimes! To this is a religion, simple and mild as its author, perverted by some wretches; such is the tendency of that gloomy and mystical exaltation of those dangerous sects, which in our times afflict reason, and of which the Priests and the faithful will one day perhaps become the executioners or the martyrs. The Meeting in which these murders were committed, was composed of the father of four daughters, (Margaret, Elizabeth, Susanna, and Barbara,) of a brother, named Gaspard; a servant, John Ernot; a maid-servant, Margaret Jaggli; of the brother-in-law, Moser, a shoemaker, at Oerlin-gen; his brother, Conrad Moser; and a girl, Ursula Kundig, with whom he was intimately connected. Margaret (to whom they had given the name of saint) died crucified; Elizabeth expired an hour afterwards; the father and one of the sisters (Susan) are in prison, to which the fourth sister and the two servants are going to be conveyed; the brother, Gaspard, is at the hotel, whence he will be conveyed to the prison of Zurich, as soon as he is cured of his wounds. The bodies of the two victims have been sent to Zurich, as well as a correspondence, and some papers relative to this sect, which, it is hoped, will afford some useful information respecting its origin and frightful progress. The Bishop of Friburg has demanded of the Government the suppression of the system of mutual instruction which has been introduced into the Canton. He has also expressed a wish that the Church may always retain in the schools the influence which belongs to it. His demand has been referred to the Council of Education, whose report is expected immediately.

Heywood, in a tract published in 1609, intitled *Troia Britannica*, says "And why are not play-houses maintained, as well in other cities of England as London? My answer is; it is not meete every meane Esquire should carry the port belonging to one of the Nobility, or for a noble man to usurpe the estate of a Prince: Rome was a *metropolis*, a place whither all the nations knowne under the sunne resorted: *So is London*—I never yet could read any history of any commonweale which did not thrive and prosper, whilst these public solemnities were held in admiration."

Thomas Gainsford, in a scarce book, in speaking of the occupations and amusements of London before the year 1619, in a work intitled "The Glory of England; or a true description of the many excellent prerogatives and remarkable blessings, whereby she triumpheth over all the nations of the world." The author had been instituting a comparison between London and Paris; and he then observes, "With us, our riding of horses, musique, learning of arts and sciences, dancing, fencing, seeing of comedies or enterludes, banquets, masques, mummeries, turnaments, shewes, lotteries, feastes, ordinarie meetings, and all the particulars of man's invention, to satiate delight, are easie expenses; and a little judgment, with experience, will manage a very meane estate to wade through the current of pleasure, although it runne to voluptuinesse."

To return to Heywood, that writer in his second division on the dignity of actors, before and about his time, amidst a great variety of learned matter, to support his point, inserts the following interesting notice of some leading English actors:—"To omit all the Doctors, Zanyes, Pantaloones, Harlaqueens, in which the French, but especially the Italians, have been excellent, and, according to the occasion offered, to do some right to our English actors, as Knell, Bentley, Mils, Wilson, Crosse, Lanam, and others; these since I never saw them, as being before my time, I cannot (as an eye-witness of their desert) give them that applause which, no doubt, they worthily merit; yet, by the report of many judicial auditors, their performance of many parts have been so absolute, that it were a kinde of sin to drowne their deserts in Lethe, and not commit their (almost forgotten) names to eternity. Here I must needs remember Tarlton, in his time, gracious with the Queene, his Sovereigne, and in the people's applause; to whom succeeded William Kemp, as well in the favour of her Majesty, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience. Gabriel, Singer, Pope, Phillips, Sly, all the right I can do them is this, that, that though they be dead, their deserts yet live in the remembrance of many. Among so many dead, let me not forget one yet alive, in his time the most worthy, famous, master, Edward Allen."

This Edward Allen, or Alleyn, was the founder of Dulwich College—a fact that is added to a subsequent edition of the "Apology for Actors," published after Allen's death. The above are curious quotations, as connected with the history of the stage; and many of the performers here mentioned, were original actors in Shakspeare's plays, and many particulars of them have been collected by Maone, by Chalmers in his "Supplemental Apology," and by other writers. In an old play, called "The pleasant and stately Morall of the three Lordes and three Ladies of London," 1590, written by one Paul Bucke (whose name is subscribed at the end "*Finis Paule Bucke*") is a curious tribute to the memory of Tarlton, who had died only a short time before. *Simplicity*, a Clown, a sort of inferior *Autolycus*, enters with a basket, singing ballads; afterwards a Countryman takes what is called "a Picture" of Tarlton out of the basket, and asks who it is: *Simplicity* pronounces an eulogium upon him, ending thus:—

"But it was the merriest fellow that had such jests in store,

"That if thou hadst seen him thou wouldst have laughed thy heart sore."

In the course of the scene, *Wit* and *Wealth*, two personages represented, avow their acquaintance with Tarlton. He was the author of "Tarlton's Jestes."

HOW TO WIN THE LADIES.—The plainest man, who pays attention to women, will sometimes succeed as well as the handsomest man who does not. Wilkes observed to Lord Townsend,—"You, my Lord, are the handsomest man in the kingdom, and I the plainest; but I would give your Lordship half an hour's start, and yet come up with you in the affections of any woman we both wished to win: because all those attentions which you would omit, on the score of your fine exterior, I should be obliged to pay, owing to the deficiencies of mine."

POOR RELATIONS.—*Elia*, in the "*London Magazine*" of the present month, gives the following not very charitable description of poor relations:—"A Poor Relation is—the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride!—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet,—the bore *par excellence*."

"His memory is unseasonable; his compliments perverse; his talk a trouble; his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fully rid of two nuisances!"

(Extracts from Mr. Heckwelder's Letters.)

In the summer of 1770, says Mr. H. while I was fishing under the bank of the Lehigh, I heard, for the space of near an hour, the sound of a ground squirrel, seemingly in distress, on the top of the bank. At length I went up to see what was the matter with the squirrel, when to my utter astonishment, I discovered the animal about half way up a bush, but running sometimes higher up, sometimes lower down, and a very large rattle snake at the root of the bush on which the squirrel was. Here I was immediately struck with the idea that the snake was in the act of enchanting, and I hoped now to be fully convinced that the rattle snake obtained its prey altogether in this manner, as I have often heard reported. I therefore sat down quietly upon a log about six yards distant, where I had a full view of both the snake and squirrel. Sometimes I thought I saw the squirrel going down for the last time, and to enter the jaws of the snake; but it would again return up the bush with the same liveliness it had run down. Finding, finally, no alteration in the squirrel or its motions, and my patience being exhausted, I determined on killing the snake, and examining into the case of the squirrel,—viz. what strength, &c. it yet retained after being charmed for so long a time; for by this time the supposed charm had lasted near three hours. I struck at the snake with a long pole, but missed it; upon which it ran down the bank where I had been fishing. Remaining on the bank by the bush on which the squirrel was, I hailed a man on the opposite side of the river, desiring him to cross in a canoe and kill the snake under the bank, with which he immediately complied; but likewise missing his stroke on account of the bushes, the snake took up the bank again, where I killed it. We now both joined to shake the squirrel down, but it had both strength and sense enough to climb to the very top, I suppose nearly twenty feet high. However, we brought it down to the ground, and though it had fallen about two yards from the bush, it well knew its hole in which it dwelt, and this was at the root of the bush, and exactly at the spot where the snake had lain. Here the mystery was cleared up to us at once. We conjectured that the snake was either watching the squirrel to come down to enter its hole, or for its companion or young which were probably in the hole, to come out, all which were sufficient to cause anxiety to the squirrel on the bush. The dexterity, however, of the squirrel in making its way into the hole, and the very place where we stood, showed plainly that it retained its full strength and sagacity, and had by no means suffered from the charm of the snake."—Dated at Bethlehem, Aug. 5, 1796.

"Having questioned Indians a number of times with respect to snakes having the power of charming, and always being answered in the negative, I was at length desired," says Mr. Heckwelder, "to give the reason the white people had for believing such a thing; which not being satisfactory, Pemaholend (an aged and much-respected Delaware Indian), declared the rattle snake obtained its food merely from slyness and persevering patience. It knows as well where to watch for its pray as a cat does, and succeeds as well. It has and retains its hunting ground. In spring, when the warm weather sets in and the woods seem alive with smaller animals, it leaves its den. It will cross a river and go a mile and further from its den, to the place it intends to spend the summer, and in fall when all the young animals bred this season are become strong and active, so that they are no more so easily overtaken or caught, it directs its course back again to its den, the same as a hunter does to his camp."

"The white people, continued Pemaholend, probably have taken the idea of this snake having the power of charming, from a tradition of ours (the Indians) which our forefathers have handed down to us from many hundred years back, and long before ever the white people came into this country. Then (they tell us) there was such a snake, and a rattle snake too, but there was only *this one* snake that had this power, and it was afterwards destroyed; it hath never been said that any other of the kind had ever made its appearance."

FEMALE GARRULITY.—Some Latin Epigrammatist gives it as a reason why nature has not furnished women with beards as well as men, "*that they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved!*"

A preacher once, in a sermon on Easter Sunday, said, that our SAVIOUR, on rising from the dead, appeared first to women, *that the miracle might be the sooner published abroad.* And another impertinent parson, who had taken his text from the Gospel of the Samaritan, said it was the longest in the Bible, *because a woman speaks in it!*—But "what signifies talking?"

CLERICAL REPARTEE.—Charles the Second, playing at tennis with a dignified prebend, who had struck the ball well, he exclaimed, "That's a good stroke for a Dean!" "I'll give it the stroke of a Bishop," said Mr. Dean, "if your Majesty pleases."

DAYS OF OLD.—In the Memoirs of the celebrated Countess of Dorset, written by herself, is the following curious passage:—"A little after this, my Lady, and a great deale of other companie, went down with my aunte of Warwick to North Hall, and from thence we all went to Tibbal's to see the Kinge (James I.) who used my mother and my aunte very grationslie; but we all saw a great change betweene the fashion of the Court as it was now, and of that in the Queene's, for *we were all louzy* by sittinge in Sir Thomas Erskin's chamber."

Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long."—Milton.

The first of May, from the earliest times, and by almost every nation, has been celebrated as a season of joy and festivity. The name May, is by some supposed to be derived from *Maia*, the mother of Mercury, to whom the ancients offered sacrifices on the first of day of it; and the institution of May festivals to have originated from the Roman *Floralia*, or from the Celtic *Lu Beltine*, which is derived to us from our Gothic ancestors. "This seems to explain (says Audley, in his *Companion to the Almanack*, 1802), a custom which prevails on this day where the writer resides (Cambridge), of children having a figure dressed in a grotesque manner, called a *May Lady*, before which they set a table, having on it wine, &c. They also beg money of passengers, which is considered as an offering to the *Maulkin*, as it is termed, for their plea to obtain it is 'Pray remember the poor May Lady.' Perhaps the garlands, for which they also beg, originally adorned the head of the Goddess. The bush of hawthorn, or, as it is called, *May*, placed at the doors on this day, may point out the first fruits of the spring, as this is one of the earliest trees which blossoms."

The Northern nations, we are told, after their long winter, from the beginning of October to the last of April, have a custom to welcome the returning splendour of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting has approached. And in honour of May-day, the Goths and Southern Swedes had a mock battle between summer and winter, which ceremony is still retained in the Isle of Man, where the Danes and Norwegians had been for a long time masters. In England our May customs are nothing more than a gratulation of the spring, when most houses exhibit some signal of its approach, to testify their universal joy at the arrival of vegetation.

Among our ancestors various ceremonies were observed in honour of this day, most of which are now obsolete. One of these was for all ranks of people to go out early in the morning a MAYING:—"men, women, and children, olde and yong, (says a writer in 1585), even all and indifferently, on this morning are seen going from the townes and villages to the woodes and groves, some to the hilles and mountains, some to one place, some to another, where they spend all the day and night in pastymes, and return in the morning with birch bowes, and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall." And this custom, it appears from other old writers, was not confined to the vulgar, but was observed by Noble, and even Royal Personages. Chaucer, in his *Court of Love*, tells us, that early on May morning, "fourth goth al the Court, both most and lest, to fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch and blome." And Hall, in his *Chronicle*, gives an account of Henry the Eighth riding a maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with Queen Katherine and many Lords and Ladies. The same Monarch is also recorded, in the beginning of his reign, to have rose on May-day very early to fetch may or green boughs, and that he and his courtiers went with their bows and arrows shooting to the woods. Shakspeare, in his play of *Henry VIII.*, alluding to this custom, says it is impossible to make people sleep on May morning; and in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, that they rose early to observe the rites of May.

Eating cakes and cream at Islington and Hoxton, is noticed as a custom on this morning in a tract printed in 1623:—

To Islington and Hogsdon runnes the streame
Of giddie people to eate cakes and creame.

"May," it continues, "is the merry moneth: on the first day, betimes in the morning, shall young fellowes and mayds be so enveloped with a mist of wandring out of their wayes, that they shall fall into ditches one upon another. In the afternoone, if the skie cleare up, shall be a great stir at *Piecke Hutche*, with the solemn revels of morice-dancing and the hobbie-horse, so neatly presented as if one of the masters of the parish had play'd it himselfe. Against this high day likewise, shall be such preparations for merry meetings, that divers dirty sluts shall bestow more in stuffe, lace, and making of a gowne and peticote, than their two yeares wages come to, besides the benefits of candles ends and kitchin stuffe."

The fixing and decorating of MAY-POLES was another ancient custom, which is now only retained in some few parts of the country. "Their cheefest jewell (says the writer in 1585, just quoted from) they bring from thence (the woods) is their Maie-pole, whiche they bringe home with greate veneration, as thus: they have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweete nosegaic of flowers and hearbes, bounde round aboute with stringes from the top to the bottome, and sometymes painted with variable colours, with twoo or three hundred men, women, and children following it; and thus being reared up, with handkerchiefs and flagges streaming on the toppe, they strewe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughs about it, sett up sommer halls, bowers, and arbours hard by it, and then fall to banquet and feast, and to leape and daunce about it," &c.

So Browne, in his *Britannia's Pastorals*, 1624—

As I have seene the Lady of the May,
Sit in an arbour (on a holy day)
Built by the May-pole, where the jocund swaines
Dance with the maidens to the bagpipe's strains.

"In the month of May (says Stowe) the citizens of London, of all estates, eighty in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their severall Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shewes, with good archers, morice-dauncers, and other devices, for pastyme all the day long, and towards the evening they had stage plays, and bonfires in the streets."

And he notices on one of these occasions in particular, in the reign of Henry VI. that the Aldermen and Sheriffs rode to the Bishop's wood at Stebonheath (Stepney), and had a grand dinner, and were presented by Lydgate, the poetical monk of Bury, with a joyful commendation of that season, containing sixteen staves in metre royal."

The May-pole in the Strand, which stood where the New Church is now built, was 100 feet high, and was for several years a well-known object. It was erected at the restoration of Charles II., and was removed in 1718, when Sir Isaac Newton begged it to raise a fine telescope, 125 feet long, which was set up in Wanstead Park. It is thus noticed in some verses written near the time of its erection:—

Fairely we marched on, 'till our approach
Within the spacious passage of the Strand.
Objected to our sight a summer broach,
Ycleap'd a "may-pole," which, in all our land,
No city, town, nor streete can paralell,
Nor could the lofty spire of Clerkenwell.

Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, observes, that during the reign of Elizabeth, the Puritans made considerable havoc among the May games, by their preachings and invectives, and at length, together with the May-pole, completely put the whole to the rout. King James's *Book of Sports* restored some, but in the time of the Commonwealth they were again attacked by a new set of fanatics, and did not recover until the coming in of Charles II.

MAID MARIAN.

Maid Marian, or the Queen of May, the story of which forms the subject of the popular Drama now playing at *Covent-garden Theatre*, was a character always introduced in the celebration of May festivities, particularly in the Morris dances. These were usually performed by five men, and a boy dressed in a girl's habit, whom they called the maid Marion, or perhaps, says Blount, Morion, from the Italian *Morione*, or head-piece, because her head was wont to be gaily trimmed up.

In an ancient stained glass window, containing a very curious representation of this dance, the maid Marian has a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a red pink, as an emblem of summer. Her vesture was once fashionable in the highest degree. Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry VII. was married to James, King of Scotland, with the crown upon her head, and her hair hanging down. Betwixt the crown and the hair was a very rich coif, hanging down behind the whole length of the body. This simple example sufficiently explains the dress of Marian's head in the window alluded to. Her coif is purple, her surcoat blue, her cuffs white, the skirts of her robe yellow, the sleeves of a carnation colour, and her stomacher red, with a yellow lace in cross bars. In Shakspeare's play of *Henry VIII.*, Anne Boleyn at her coronation, is in her hair, or as Hollingshed has it, "her hair hanged down, but on her head she had a coif, with a circlet about it full of rich stones."

The Morris, or Moresco dance, so general at this season, and which was certainly of Moorish origin, is much the same as the modern Fandango of Spain, and is asserted to have been brought into England by John of Gaunt, on his return from that country in the reign of Edward III.; but few if any vestiges of it can be traced beyond the reign of Henry VII.; about which time, and particularly that of Henry VIII., the churchwardens' accounts in several parishes afford materials that throw much light on this subject, and show that the Morris dance anciently made a very considerable figure, as well as the Maid Marian, in the parochial May festivities. Among these, in the accounts of St. Laurence's parish, Reading, is an item in 1534, of "fyve ells of canvas for a cote for Made Maryan, at 3½d the ell;" and in the churchwarden's books of Kingston-upon-Thames, as quoted by Mr. Lysons, are entries near the same period of the following articles: "2 payre of gloyvs for Robin Hood and Maide Maryan, 6s. 8d.; 4 yards of Kendall for Mayde Maryan's luke *. 3s. 4d.; and 2 ells of worsted for Mayde Maryan's kirtle." Besides which there occurs a memorandum of "a fryar's cote of russet, and a kyrtell of worsted weltd with red cloth, for a Mouren's (Moor) cote of buckram; 4 Morres dauncers cotes of white fustian spangelyd," and other similar kind of apparel, used on these occasions, left in the care of the churchwardens. These latter entries are in the time of Henry VIII., when this amusement was so much in fashion, that the King and his Nobles, Hollingshed informs us, would sometimes appear in disguise as Robin Hood and his Men, dressed in Kendall, with hoods and hosen.

After the Morris dance degenerated into a coarse piece of buffoonery, and Maid Marian was personated by a clown, this once elegant Queen of May obtained the name of *Malkin*, as in the following passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's plays:

Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry Malkyn, the May-lady.

Antiently, however, the character was represented by a female, who, according to the Churchwarden's accounts, just mentioned, received a shilling each year for her trouble. "To Mayde Marian, for her labour for two years, 2s."

Antiquaries make this Maid Marian to have been the mistress of Robin Hood; it appearing from the old play of the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon* (1601), that Maid Marian was originally a name assumed by Matilda, the daughter of Robert Lord Fitzwalter, while Robin Hood remained in a state of outlawry.

Next 'tis agreed (if thereto shee consents)
That faire Matilda henceforth change her name;
And while it is the chance of Robin Hood,
To live in Sherwodde a poor outlaw's life,
She by Maide Marian's name be only call'd.
Mar.—I am contented; read on Little John;
Henceforth let me be call'd Maide Marion.

This lady was poisoned by King John, at Dunmow Priory, after he had made several fruitless attempts on her

Mr. Douce considers this story as a dramatic fiction. "None of the materials," he observes, "that constitute the more authentic history of Robin Hood, prove the existence of such a character in the shape of his mistress." There is a pretty French pastoral drama of the eleventh or twelfth century, entitled *Le Jeu du Berger et de la Bergère*, in which the principal characters are Robin and Marion, a shepherd and shepherdess, from which the name has been thought to be derived, and which was performed about the season when the May games were celebrated in England; but there is no other evidence than conjecture, that the English Robin Hood obtained his Marian from this source. Mr. Douce adds in another page, "There can be no doubt that the Queen of May is the legitimate representative of the Goddess Flora, in the Roman festival."

Be this as it may, the introduction of Robin Hood and his companions, among other characters, early took place in the festivities we have noticed, and the former probably suggested the addition of a *King* or *Lord* in them, of which frequent mention is also made in old accounts. *Tuck*, likewise—

The merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and his trade,
was always introduced among his attendants, as was the fool, hobby-horse, &c.

These exhibitions in modern times have dwindled down to Chimney-sweeps and Jacks o' th' Green, which will, probably, themselves only last a few years longer. The milk-maids garland and dance are already extinct. These garlandes, which plenty of people still remember, were very splendid. They were accompanied by the dancers and a fiddler, and latterly carried by two men; but at first only by one of the milk-maids, and sometimes by a man. A pleasing representation is preserved of this custom in one of Hayman's pictures at Vauxhall Gardens. A man carries the garland on his head, which is decorated with plate, flowers, &c. while the girls dance before it, to the scraping of a lame fiddler. They was afterwards made so much larger, as we have stated, as to require two carriers, and were covered from top to bottom with silver plate.

* Supposed to mean a head-dress.

MR. EDITOR.—The following account of divers sorts of false or fraudulent cards and dice may serve as a warning to the juvenile gamblers of the metropolis:—

Marked Cards are those where the aces, kings, queens, and knave, are marked on the corners of the backs, with spots of different number and order, either with clear water, or water tinged with pale Indian ink, that those in the secret may distinguish them. Aces are marked with single spots on two corners opposite, diagonally; kings with two spots at the same corners; knaves with the same number transversed, &c.

Breef Cards are those which are either longer or broader than the rest, chiefly used at whist and piquet.

The *Broad Cards* are usually for kings, queens, knaves, and aces; the *long* for the rest. Their design is to direct the cutting, to enable him in the secret to cut the cards disadvantageously to his adversary, and draw the person unacquainted with the fraud, to cut them favourably for the sharper. As the pack is placed either end ways or sideways to him that is to cut, the long or broad cards naturally lead him to cut to them. Breef cards are sometimes made thus by the manufacturer, but in defect of these, sharpeners pare all but the breefs, with a razor or a pen knife.

Corner bend denotes four cards turned down finely at one corner, to serve as a signal to cut by.

Middle-bend, or Kingston-bridge, is where the tricks are bent two different ways, which cause an opening or arch in the middle, to direct likewise the cutting.

With respect to *Dice*, sharpeners have various ways of fraud, viz.—1. by sticking a hog's bristle into them, so as to make them run high or low, as they please; 2. by drilling and loading them with quicksilver, which trick is discovered by holding them gently between two diagonal corners, when, if false, the heavy side will turn downwards; 3. by filing them. But all these methods fall far short of the arts of the dice makers, some of whom are so dexterous, that sharpening gamblers will give any money for such dice. It is supposed that dice were invented by Palamedes, at the siege of Troy, for the amusement of the officers and soldiers.

P. T. W.

A Frenchman being in company at a tea-drinking party, did not observe that it was customary to put the spoon into the cup when any body had drank enough, and the mistress of the house imagining he was fond of tea, by the omission, sent him cup after cup, till he had drank above a dozen dishes of tea, which he, with the politeness so peculiar to his countrymen, could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach with more, he rose and exclaimed—"Helas, Madame, j'ai bu quatorze, et je n'en puis plus."

The two following articles we find in a Savannah Paper in the shape of advertisements:—

"Acknowledgment.—The writer of W. acknowledges the receipt of fifteen dollars through the medium of the Post Office, for the ear-rings taken on Wednesday last. —March 17."

"The amount of the muslin robe has been received through the medium of the Post Office.—March 17."

Is it possible that these are serious notices? Or are they fictitious—precautionary merely? In any light, they have a suspicious aspect, and are calculated to reflect such credit on the fair and pure sex in Savannah. Surely such things cannot be as are hinted in these notices; we fain would believe them to be a libel on the morals of Savannah.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

(From the London Magazine.)

[There is a very pretty Paper on this subject in the February Number of the London Magazine, written, we understand, by Mr. Barry Cornwall. It is not quite equal, perhaps, to Mr. Lamb's beautiful Essay on Bishop Valentine, in his Volume entitled *ELIA*, but it is natural and simple, and full of pleasant recollections, and delightful early associations. Our youthful readers will be pleased with the following Extracts and Specimens of Valentine Writing with which it closes,—he has oddly enough addressed it to Miss M. Tree.]

Where is the village to which Valentines are unknown?
What *terra incognita* is there—what *Ultima Thule* (barren of love) to which the sun that rises on this day brings no joy—where the postman's double knock was never heard?

The air may no more be free from birds or summer-sporting flies, than the earth from its gay and gaudy mis-sives (its butterflies); the February-haunting Valentines.

When letters shall cease to be written (but not till then), when love shall be no more;—then shall this amorous holiday darken and grow common: then shall it be a mere vulgar root (now, how full of rare and sweet flowers!) in the wilderness of days—a grain in the deserts of time. Valentines pervade all space, like light.

As to its own history, what matters it, whether a day so brave rise in the east or in the west? What care we if it had its birth in Roman superstition or Pagan gallantry! HERE IT IS. Let us not waste the morning in barren speculation, but enjoy the day. It is wiser, surely, to partake of the branching shelter of the summer elms, than to perplex our pleasures by for ever tracing the course of their roots. *That* is for the moles, the etymologists. Green leaves and azure skies for us!

Love!—he is a God
Walking the divine earth,
And where he hath trod
Fine things have their birth.

Fancies, passions, fears,
Subtle and sublime,
Things of pale love years,
Flowers of all time;

Hope, that springs and falls,
Doubts which pass away,
And insatiate fire
Beyond all decay.

It is WE who make the world. No sky is blue, no leaf is verdant. It is our vision which hath the azure and the green. It is that which expands, or causes to diminish, things which are in themselves ever the same. It is our imagination which lifts earth to heaven, and robes our women in the garb of angels. And is this not better and wiser than if we were to measure with the square and the rule, and to fashion our enjoyments by the scanty materials (the clay) before us, instead of subliming them to the uttermost stretch of our own immortal capacity?

So it is, that Valentine's Day, which with the Laplander and the Siberian is clad in a cold grey habit, is with us rose-coloured and bright. We array it beforehand with hues gayer than the Iris. Our fancies, our hopes, are active. Custom has decided that it shall be a day of love; and though Custom is but too often a tyrant and spurned at, in this case he has always willing subjects. A Valentine—who would not have a Valentine?

—Having gossipped thus much, I will e'en conclude my "say," with a Valentine of my own. And I will address it to Miss M. Tree, the pretty Sylvia, the shipwreck'd Viola. Why I do this is of no importance. Perhaps it is because she is (is she *not* the fair Sylvia?) beloved by Valentine. Perhaps it may be because I like her rich under tones, beyond all that Miss — or Miss — can utter. I am a little out of the habit now of writing Valentines (thirty years in a warm climate make a difference in a man now-a-days), so the reader will excuse imperfections.

TO THAT FAIR SIREN, MISS M. TREE,—A VALENTINE.

1.
Why is the rose of the East so fond
Of the bird on the near palm-tree?
'Tis because he sings like the murmurings
Of the river that runs so bright and free.

2.
And why doth the paradise creature sing
To the silent and clear blue air,
When many a sound from the woods around
Doth speak like a spell to entice him there?

3.
'Tis because the blush of his love is rich,
And richer grows in his glances gay;
'Tis because the flower, which fills his hour
With beauty, would pine were he away.

4.
Yet what is the red of the rose to thine?
And what is the nightingale's soft love-eye?
Thy glance is as bright as the clear star-light,
And the blush of thy cheek hath a deeper dye.

5.
Therefore, and because that thy reed-rich song
May vie with the best of the Muses nine,
Do I, a poet (though none may know it),
Choose thee, fair girl, for my Valentine.

To a Sparrow alighting before the Judge's Chambers, in Sergeants' Inn, Fleet-Street.

[Written in half-an-hour, while attending a summons.]

ART thou solicitor for all thy tribe?
That thus I now behold thee, one that comes
Down, amid bail-above and under-scribe,
To sue for crumbs?—
Away! 'tis vain to ogle round the square,—
'I fear thou hast no head—
To think to get thy bread,
Where Lawyers are!

Say—hast thou pull'd some sparrow o'er the coals,
And flitted here, a summons to indite?
I only hope no curs'd judicial kite
Has struck thee off the Rolls!
I scarce should deem thee of the Law—and yet
Thine eye is keen and quick enough—and still
Thou bear'st thyself with perk and tiny fret:—
But then how desperate short thy bill!
How quickly might'st thou be of that bereft!
A sixth tax'd off—how little would be left!

Art thou on summons come, or order bent?
Tell me—for I am sick at heart to know!
Say,—in the sky is there distress for rent
That thou hast flitted to the Courts below?
If thou wouldst haul some sparrow o'er the coals,
And wouldst his spirit hamper and perplex—
Go to John Boddy—he's available—
Sign—swear—and get a bill of Middlesex
Returnable (mind,—bailable!)

On Wednesday after the morrow of All Souls.
Or dost thou come a sufferer? I see—
I see thee "cast thy bail-ful eyes around;"
Oh, call James White, and he will set thee free,
He, and John Baines, will speedily be bound,—
In double the sum,
That thou wilt come
And meet the plaintiff bird on legal ground.
But stand, oh, stand aside,—for look,
Judge Best, on no fantastic toe,
Through dingy arch,—by dirty nook,—
Across the yard into his room doth go:—
And wisely there doth read
Summons for time to plead,—
And frame
Order for same.

Thou twittering, legal, foolish, feather'd thing,
A tiny boy, with salt for Latitad,
Is sneaking, bailiff-like, to touch thy wing;—
Can'st thou not see the trick he would be at?
Away! away! and let him not prevail.
I do rejoice thou'rt off!—and yet I groan
To read in that boy's silly fate my own:
I am at fault!
For from my Attic though I brought my salt,
I've failed to put a little on thy tale.

Paper, Pen, and Ink.

Oh! fairest blossom of a poet's fame,
Which bears to fruit or barrenness his name;
For ever scratching on thy snow-like breast,
His grey goose pen can never let thee rest:
Nay—what a beauty would deem one crime more
For hours—his blacking of thy face all o'er,
And true it is, tho' incorrect he'll write,
Your nature is—to blush both black and white.

Prais'd and disprais'd a leaguer fast with men,
Which lifts them to the skies—thou fragile pen!
Remarking what the feeble brain will think,
Connects with that foul black demon ink;
Bearer of sadness, joy, despair, and fits,
Depriving some of fortune, fame, and wits;
For ever changing like to April weather,
What could be more expected from a feather?

And thou, the very Emperor of Stains,
Which makes more dark, e'en death with all his pains;
How oft the tyrant kills with thy black aid,
But more—the agent to betray the maid;
The statesman with thy help displays his hate
And wily priests give colour to our fate.
Thou spring of vice displaying every evil,
In hue and form, a liquidated devil.

Use then your paper with bright virtue's care,
'Twill give your pen great weight—your words turn
fair. R. V. 1848

A traveller, writing from Milan, favours us with the following transcript from an Ambrosian palimpsest.* The epigram appears to be one of Martial's; and it is the more curious, as it preserves the names of two minor Divinities of antiquity, who appear to have been revered under various titles in almost all ages and nations.

"Quis numerare potest quot stultes decipit Humbug?"

"Tot stolidos Humdrum Diva sopire potest."

On the genuineness of these lines let who will decide: their truth, either sex, all ranks, and all nations, we think will admit,

"How many dolts in chains doth Humbug keep,

"So many clods doth Humdrum hold asleep."

Combien de foux tient Humbug asservis,

Autant de sots tient Humdrum assoupis.

Quanti son matti da Umolingo ingannati,

Tanti son pazzi da Umdrumo addormentati.

Οσοι εν δεσμοις εχει Ουμδρυγος αγκυλομητες,

Τοσοι εν βαθει ρωλις εχει Ουμδρυμος υπνω.

* Parchment, fitted for use a second time, by the erasure of the previous writing.

Daughter of Grog! Distracting Pow'r!
Perturber of my pensive Pate!
Whose fiery claws and torturing hour
These agonizing pains create:
Caught in thy fell malignant toils,
My brain, like devil'd kidney, broils;
While sharpest pangs my pericranium tear,
As if ten thousand Imps were playing leap-frog there!

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, see,
Each social pleasure wings its flight;
Good-humour, mirth, and harmless glee,
And every innocent delight;
My eye-brows moot, my eye-balls roll,
And paint my agony of soul;
Whilst a loose night-cap, roomy, red, and big,
Usurps, alas! the throne of my discarded wig!

One ruthless Imp, his iron claw
Strikes deep above my burning brow;
Another, with a tiny saw,
Or stanning mallet, works below;
A pigmy scalping knife that rears,
This bores a corkscrew through my ears,
While, on my scull astride, a deadlier one
Scrapes, with a red-hot oyster-shell, the bone.

Oh, haste, and from thy suppliant's head
Fair Soda! drive thy baffled foe;
Come, in thy glassy vestment clad,
And bid thy sparkling waters flow.
Oh, haste thee, Nymph! and bring with thee
Thy sister Sal Volatile!
Haste, brightest maid! release me from the rack,
And bring, oh, bring beside—one glass of cogniac!

ON TREAD-MILLS.

These Brixton Mills are fearful ills,
And he who brought the Bill in,
Is threaten'd by the *cribbing* coves,
That he shall have a *milling*.

They say he shew'd a simple pate,
To think of felons mending;
As every *step* which here they take,
They're still in crime *ascending*.

And when releas'd, and in the streets,
Their former snares they're spreading,
They swear 'tis Parliament, which wills
They must their old ways *tread in*.

The Radicals and Huntites think
'Twill touch the Constitution,
For as the *wheel* moves round and round,
It brings a *Revolution*.

But though these snarlers shew their teeth,
And try to vex the nation,
Their actions soon are *tried* and *judg'd*,
And *grinding* is their station.

The *gambling-swells*, who near St. James'
Have *play'd* their double dealings,
Say 'tis not fair that Bow-street should
Thus *work* upon their feelings.

Tom, Jerry, Logic, three prime sprigs,
Find here they cannot *come it*;
For though their *fancy* soars aloft,
They ne'er will reach the *summit*.

Corinthian Kate and buxom Sue
Must change their *warm* direction,
For if they make one *false step* more
They'll have *Cold-Bath Correction*.

The moon-struck youths, who haunt the stage,
And spend their master's siller,
Must here play to another tune,
'Tis call'd the *Dusty Miller*.

Ye bits of blood, (the watchman's dread)
Who love to floor a *charley*,
As you delight to strip and fight,
Come forth and *mill* the *barley*.

John Barleycorn's a stout old blade,
As ever man put trust in,
And you will make no *meal* of him,
But he'll give you a *dusting*.

But here we'll stay, for *puns* they say,
Are bad as stealing purses,
And I to Brixton may be sent,
To *grind* some *floury* verses.

AN OLD OFFENDER

MR. EDITOR,—The following elegant Epitaph on a Westminster Scholar with delight any of your classical readers have either not seen it before, or have forgotten it. 'Tis supposed to speak it, and who is represented by a small statue with a tablet in his hand, and is worthy of the classical tone of the lines which he recites.

*Quid breves te delicias tuorum
Nantis Phæbi chorus omnis urget,
Et mea fulcis subito recisum
Vulnere plangit!*

*En puer, vita pretium ceduca,
Hic tuas custos vigil ad favillas
Semper adstabo, et memori tuebor
Carmine famam.*

*Audies clarus pietate, morum
Integer, multæ studiosus artis,
Hæc frequens olim leget, hæc sequetur
Æmula Pubes.*

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BOW FAIR.

"Bring me the bow-string."

Emperor of all the Turks.

The Bow-bell tolls the knell of Bow-fair fun,
And Richardson winds slowly out of town;
Poor old "Young Saunders" sees his setting sun,
And Gyngeell pulls his red tom-tawdrey down.

Now three cart-horses draw the caravan
Of smooth Mac Adams to provincial fairs;
And pining Showmen, with companions wan,
Make dreary humour, while the hawbuck stares!

No more shall cockneys don their Sunday coats,
Stepney, Brook-green, or brighter Bow to fill;
No more shall folks to Greenwich lie in boats,
And roll in couples adown One Tree Hill!

Girls shall no longer dance in gingham gowns,
Nor monkeys sit on organs at the door;
Gongs shall be turn'd to frying-pans; and Clowns
Take to the country and be clowns no more!

At Scutcheon's dire destruction will be seen!
The trumpet will give up its tragic truths!
The Magistrate, desiring to be Keen,
Will put an end, as usual, to the Boolhs!

No lucky bags, no drums, no three hand reels,
No coeks in breeches, no tobacco sots!
No more shall Wapping learn to dance quadrilles,
Or shake a hornpipe 'mid the pewter-pots!

No more the Fairing shall the fair allure,
For Fairs no more the fairing may expose;
In pleasure-lovers, work shall work a cure,
And Sundays only show the Sunday-elothes!

The Magistrates decree, that "fair is foul,"
And put a stop to profitable sport;
They exercise the Lion's shrilling howl,
And cut the Irish giant's income short.

No more the backy-box, in dark japan,
Shakes on the stick, and lures the rabble rout;
No more the lemon, balanced by the man,
Flies at the touch, and flings its toys about!

There are 34 stanzas, beginning with "no mores" and "no
longers," which, although they drag with a fine tedious pathos
on the ear, we chuse to omit. The last stanza ends with a mo-
ral, like a malefactor's dying speech.

Take warning, then, ye fair! from this fair's fall!
One Act (the Vagrant Act) hath been its ruin!
Listen, oh listen, to Law's serious call,
For fun and pleasure lead but to undoing.

THE LION AT HOME.

(A Geologic Fable.)

'T WAS at a Cavern's giant mouth,
(But whether in the north or south
I own I have not heard,)
Arm'd with huge tools, and faces grim,
And all in scientific trim
Four "Savans" late appear'd.

The personage who topp'd the list
Was an acute Anatomist;
An Artist was the other;
The third, though some might call him oaf,
Was pathless "un grand Philosophe";
The fourth man was his brother,

"A Simple Traveller," as brave
As ever enter'd a dark cave
To stare at monsters dead.
Lo! while they prais'd the cavern's form,
So picturesque, so sung, and warm,
Each felt an aching head,

For with a most tremendous roar
Up rose a Lion at the door,
And ask'd these learned men
"Why thus, sans ceremonie, they
"Could dare approach, in open day,
"His huge and royal den."

All fell upon their knees at once—
The Surgeon laid down all his bones
Close to the lion's feet;
The Painter begg'd that he might draw
His Majesty's fine beard and maw,
It would be such a treat.

The Traveller and brother sage
In their next volumes both engage
To celebrate his Highness.
The Lion all such flattery scorn'd,
And long before it ended, yawn'd,
And shew'd a wondrous shyness;

At length the King laid down the law,
And putting forth his stout fore paw,
Explains his royal mind;
"Hence, quit my cave, a royal den
"Is not a place for idle men:
"You are safe, for I have din'd."

* Naturalists agree in ascribing the ferocity of this animal to hunger alone.
Let bipeds blush at the exception!!!

THE COCKPIT.

Within those sacred bulwarks deep,
Where gallant sailors constant vigils keep,
Lies an abode obscur'd from cheerful day,
Where all their sunshine is a taper's ray;
Yet here, BRITANNIA boasts a youthful band,
Who, for the welfare of their native land,
Leave all the blandishments of joyful ease,
And quit the welcome home for boisterous seas.
Furnish'd with FENNING, BONNYCASTLE, MOORE,
And other books of celebrated lore;
A quadrant—pocket case of instruments complete;
A leather hat, and uniform that's neat;
Equipp'd with these, the stripling leaves his home,
And, anxious, sighs in foreign parts to roam.
Arriv'd on board, his future messmates join,
And ask him in the starboard birth to dine.

The tender Youth, who yesterday was fed,
Perhaps on veal, plum-pudding, and soft bread,
With horror views the cheerful party dine.
On hard salt junk, bad biscuit, and thick wine.
He tastes, indeed, but cannot eat the fare,
'Till thirst and want his appetites prepare.

When night comes on, and round the Cockpit goes
The careful Master, who the lights must close;
His hammock slung above the cable tier,
He well may ask—can mortals sure lie here!
He looks to see who views him—then prepares
To go to bed without his wonted prayers.
All night confus'd, he rolls about and frowns,
Muses, and meditates on these strange things;
Till—hammocks up—proclaim 'tis time to rise,
And hot Burgon his breakfast now supplies.
And here I pause—to mourn in dismal strain,
What sorrows dire await the wretched train;
Who the mid-watch must keep four dismal hours,
And pace the quarter deck 'mid pelting show'rs;
Oh, how I've griev'd, when Quarter-master's yells,
Assail'd the Reefer's ears, with "past eight Bells."
Hear this, ye Landmen, who complain of woes,
Who eat fresh mutton, and get full repose,
And if your lot with Reefers ye compare,
All future tales of sorrows ye may spare.
On Quarter-deck he takes his morning round,
And bows when first he treads the wooden ground;
Oh! magic pow'r that fills an epaulette,
No wonder hundreds for thee dally fret;
At thy command all hands will instant fly,
Tho' harsh the mandate—yet without reply;
But thou, O Reynolds,* one exception claim,
From those who bear of tyranny the name;
And grateful here the Poet now repays,
A faint, but faithful tribute to thy praise.
Eight Bells are struck, and lo! they welcome chime,
A signal for the Midshipmen to dine;
Meals that the sturdy beggar, pleading pain,
With insolent indifference would disdain;
Here urge no generous Reefer to repine,
While he can sport two water grog and wine.
See one with Lunars intricate perplex'd,
Scratching his head to solve the doubtful text;
His mind with tangents, sines, and angles fraught,
Absorb'd in wild variety of thought;
One to the Dear he left in port, rehearses
His amorous sighs in plaintive lover's verses;
Close at his elbow others loudly snore,
Or play the flute, or Dibdin's ditties roar;
While the stern caterer, Master of the mess,
Effays in vain these tumults to repress.
Hail Saturday! most welcome!—social eve,
When harmless sports the morning's toil relieve.
Then Abel Wackets holds his jocund reign,
Or the glass toasts the Singer and his strain.
DIBDIN! thy Muse will cheer the Sailor's heart;
Thy loyal songs their energy impart;
Such ballads rouse the youthful mind to fame,
And fan in loyal breasts the generous flame!
And thus successive years renew their reign,
Till six long twelvemonths ease the Reefer's pain;
When, having pass'd the due examination,
A Wardroom then becomes his future station.
In such abodes immortal NELSON dwell'd,
Whose matchless deeds all Heroes have excell'd.
And here, exulting, may BRITANNIA trace
The infant heroes of a future race,
By none in virtue or in arms surpass'd,
And Save my Country, Heaven! shall be their last!

At the last Kent assizes, an action was tried for slander, in which an Attorney was the Plaintiff, and an honest Farmer the Defendant. The action was brought to recover damages for calling the Attorney a *Rogue* and a *Thief*. The words were proved to have been spoken by the Defendant:—The verdict of the Jury was—"We are of opinion, that as the Plaintiff is an *Attorney*, the action will not lie."

ANECDOTE.—The Emperor PAUL (when he was Grand Duke) posted the Grand Duchess on a height, to serve as a point of attack to his troops, while he defended the approaches.—One day, he placed her thus in the ruinous balcony of an old wooden mansion, and round which he disposed his troops for defence—one party of his troops he had given to Major LINDENER, with orders to make the attack according to his own plan.—This plan was to establish the reputation of the Major, and PAUL prepared for the most able resistance. The Princess, meanwhile, remained fixed on the tower, exposed to a heavy rain. PAUL hastened to every point where he expected the enemy, and pranced about amid the rain as proudly as CHARLES the Twelfth in a shower of musket-balls. One hour passed after another, the rain redoubled its violence, and no enemy appeared.—PAUL entertaining a high opinion of his Prussian, presumed that he had made a skilful march behind the wood to surprize him more effectually; accordingly he visited, changed, and reinforced his advanced posts every moment, and sent out parties to reconnoitre and scour the country.—Frequently a noble impatience getting the better of him or his horse, he galloped a considerable way to meet the enemy, with whose tardiness he began to be dissatisfied. Presently his impatience was changed into rage and vexation. LINDENER had taken the field early, and had made a long round through the estate of SORTIKOFF, to arrive at the village, but he had got his column entangled among the hedges and gardens, which threw it into confusion, and he knew not how to march out while he had not room to form his line: the Aides-de-Camp who came from PAUL every moment to order him to make haste, completely confused his mind, and he could find no resource but to pretend that he was seized with a violent cholic, hasten home and leave his troops to themselves. PAUL enraged at having made such an excellent disposition of his forces in vain, spurred on his horse as hard as he could gallop to the palace, there to digest his rage, leaving his wife, his army, and those whom he had invited to see the famous manœuvre, wet to the skin.

THE HERONS AND THE ROOKS.—A remarkable circumstance, with respect to these birds, occurred some time ago at Dallan's Tower, in Westmoreland, the seat of DANIEL WILSON, Esq.:

"There were two groves adjoining to the Park, one of which, for many years, had been resorted to, by a number of herons, who there built and bred. The other was one of the largest rookeries in the country. The two tribes lived together for a long time without any disputes. At length the trees occupied by the herons, consisting of some very fine old oaks, were cut down in the spring of 1775, and the young brood perished by the fall of the timber; the parent birds immediately set about preparing new habitations, in order to breed again; but as the trees in the neighbourhood of their old nests were only of a late growth, and not sufficiently high to secure them from the depredations of boys, they determined to effect a settlement in the rookery. The rooks made an obstinate resistance; but, after a very violent contest, in the course of which many of the rooks, and some of their antagonists, lost their lives, the herons at last succeeded in their attempt, built their nests, and brought out their young. The next season the same contest took place, which terminated like the former, by the victory of the Herons: since that time, peace seems to have been agreed upon between them; the Rooks have relinquished possession of that part of the grove which the Herons occupy. The Herons confine themselves to those trees they first seized upon; and the two species live together in as much harmony as they did before the quarrel."

THE Widow of a late Worthy Navy Officer, who has kept a house and servant of her own for some years, through many unavoidable losses, and various troubles, is now desirous to obtain a settled place—among the Domesticks of the Prince or Princesses, or Queens Household—in London—She is very healthy—has a genteel stock of cloaths, fit to appear in any company—is of a chearful happy temper, and very tender of sick people—She understands marketing—sitting out a table genteely—understands common accompts—is used to reading, and would be very exact, and careful of any stores, or trust reposed in her care—She could furnish her apartment if required—and is not at all covetous—and would behave with gratitude to any one who would fix and establish her in any such creditable place for her life—and when fixed in it—She would give that friend who obtained the place for her, and fixed her in the house—she would present that friend with Twenty Guineas—and thanks—and the utmost secrecy may be depended upon.—Please to direct a letter with all particulars and sealed up—To Mrs. Parry at Mr. Browns, No 29 White Chapel Road—

And the Partys shall be waited upon where, and when they appoint—As Mrs. Parry is in earnest, she begs no one will answer this by way of joke. The sooner this is obtained, the better.

Curious Collection of Books.—Rimsky Korsakoff was elevated by fortune in a playful mood. This man, who had actually been a serjeant in the Guards, was declared Aid-de-camp General to the Empress of Russia, Catharine II. and was presented with the place of Vassil-schikoff. While in the height of his favour, he began to conceive that a library was necessary in a palace. He accordingly applied to Weilbrecht, the bookseller; and on being asked for a catalogue of the authors he wanted, the quondam serjeant replied—"Oh, as for that matter, I am not difficult; only take care to place great books at bottom, and small ones at top, as you do for the Empress!"

EPITAPH ON A POSTMASTER.—Traveller! hurry not as if you were going post haste: in the most rapid journey you must stop at the Post-house.—Here repose the bones of M. MATTHIAS SCHULZEN, the most humble and most faithful Postmaster of his Majesty the KING of PRUSSIA, at Salzwedel, during the space of 25 years. He arrived 1655; by holy baptism, he was marked on the post map for the celestial land of Canaan. He afterwards travelled with distinction in life's pilgrimage, by making courses in the schools and universities.—He carefully performed his duties as a Christian, in his employment, and the purposes annexed to it. When the post of misfortune was come, he behaved according to the letter of divine consolation.—In the end, his body being enfeebled, he kept himself ready to attend the signal given by the arrival of the post of death. His soul set off on her journey on the 2d of June, 1711, for Paradise; and his body was afterwards committed to this tomb. . . . READER! in thy pilgrimage, always be mindful of the prophetic POST OF DEATH!

DRAMATIC ANECDOTE.—At the rehearsals of *Irene*, which VOLTAIRE always attended, he begged Madame VESTRIS to repeat a couplet, which he thought not well delivered. VESTRIS did so two or three times successively; but VOLTAIRE was not pleased. At last a great Lord, who was present, said, "Indeed you tease Madame; and I think she has delivered the passage very well." "It may be very well for a Duke," replied the Wit; "but it is not very well for me."

An appropriate Anecdote.—In May, 1745, the small island of Anguilla, in the West Indies, was bravely defended by a handful of men against 600 French; on whose approach Governor HODGE is said to have made the following laconic speech to his men:—"Gentlemen, I am an utter stranger to all strict military discipline, so have nothing to recommend to you but to load and fire as fast as you can, and stand by one another in the defence of your Country! So God bless you!"

In 1474, the physicians and surgeons of Paris represented to Louis XI. that several people of distinction were afflicted with the stone, and that it would be of the highest utility to anatomy to examine, in a living subject, that part of the human body which is the seat of this disorder. They therefore requested his Majesty, that he would order a person, named *Franc-Archer*, who had been subject to this malady, and who was condemned to be hanged, to be delivered into their hands. This being granted, the first operation of cutting for the stone was performed publicly at Paris, in the burying ground of St. Severin. The criminal was completely cured in the space of a fortnight, and obtained, besides his pardon, a considerable reward. We cannot help here observing, that this is a striking instance of the vicissitudes of life, since, to be cured of his disorder, it was necessary that this unhappy man should be condemned to the gallows.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.—Sir JOHN RAMSEY, in his "CHRISTMAS CAUTION," observes, that "the weather is unusually cold at this season, and therefore good fires, good *sating*, and good *drinking*, are unquestionably agreeable, and in some measure necessary. Fuel is laid in for external warmth; and generous liquors for internal. The ox is fattening for slaughter; the poultry are put up to feed; the mutton, the venison, are already lung, and the minced meats are in a state of preparation. All this is very right; all this very good. The blessing brought by the season to the Christian world, might well render it a time for perpetual rejoicing—a time of universal happiness.

"But instead of loading our tables, and our stomachs, with an unwholesome variety of the richest viands, let us be content with plain and nourishing food; and with a quantity proportioned to our digestive faculties; and let us consider, while we are cheerfully and comfortably *regaling*, by a good fire, allured by superfluities, to *excess*, whether we have not some *poor*, but *worthy*, *neighbours*, who are exposed, half fed, and, perhaps, half naked too, to all the inclemency of the weather, while their miserable little ones are shivering around a few embers, destitute of even the necessaries of life." By our retrenchments then let them be clothed, be comforted, and fed; and while their stomachs become the depositories of what would only tend to disorder our own, their grateful lips, too often very indifferently employed, will *bless* at once; the *season*, and their *benefactors*. We shall inculcate in our offspring the virtues of Christian charity and benevolence, instead of the heathenish vices of intemperance and excess; and we shall thus secure to ourselves the health, as well as the approbation of our own bosoms, and be at once *qualified* and *entitled* to enjoy a "MERRY CHRISTMAS."

Remarkable discovery of a Robbery.—The Gothic mansion built by Sir Adam Newton, in Kent, is made remarkable by the following event: according to *Dr. Plot*, in the principal dining-room of this house, there was formerly a marble chimney-piece so exquisitely polished, that *Lord Downe* saw in it a robbery committed on Shooter's Hill, and in consequence gave notice to his servants, who apprehended the robber.

SHROVE-TUESDAY.—The following letter from the celebrated Mr. ELPHINSTON, to a young Lady, who asked him the derivation of Shrove-Tuesday, we present to our Readers as a literary curiosity:

My new delicate Disciple,
Understands az wel dhat *Shrove* (or *Shrov*) *Tuesday*, signifies *Confession-Tuesday*, az dhat *Fastens-Even* iz dhe eve or introductres ov dhe *Aurora* or morn ov *Asb-Weddensday*.

Hwy *Pancake* proovs in dhis contry and cappital dhat eves unrivalled food, haz but lately occurred to me, from dhe natural analogy ov aincient and moddern tungs. *Pancake*, far from implying *corporeal feast*, must be owned dhe undoubted offspring ov *Παν κακον* (*pan katon*), all evil, umbly poured soarth in confession, on dhe happy day before LENT.

On *Lents* first sollelemn, so purified holliday, I here hint my hope, no les dhan wish, for my yong frends hevvenly enjoyment ov dhe hoal holy sezon; being, with dhe unfeined az merrited regard ov boath frends here, for herself, with boath wordhy parents, Mis R's moast umbel servant,
JAMES ELPHINSTON
London, N^o 64, Poartland-street, Feb. 21, 1798.

A Gentleman, who last week arrived in London from Petersburg, gives us the following account of the intense cold which he experienced on his journey—He constantly wore two or three pairs of worsted stockings, under and over his boots, and placed his legs in a large fur bag, which fastened round his waist: yet they were, notwithstanding, in general, so cold, that he was unable to move—At night, his breath, as it lodged on his sheets, froze, and by morning rendered them perfectly crisp.

His servant, who travelled in the carriage with him, was mad by the intenseness of the cold. His brain froze, and was thawed by water being continually dropped upon his head; but several days elapsed before he recovered his senses.

We read, that when some French mathematicians wintered at Tornea, in Lapland, the external air, when suddenly admitted into their rooms, converted the moisture of the air into whirls of snow; their breaths seemed to be rent when they breathed it, and the contact was intolerable to their bodies; and the aqueous parts of spirits of wine, which had not been highly rectified, burst some of their thermometers.

Extreme cold often proves fatal to animal life.—Seven thousand Swedes perished at once in attempting to pass the mountains which divide Norway from Sweden. In cases of extreme cold, the person attacked feels himself extremely chilly and uneasy; he begins to turn listless, is unwilling to walk or use the exercise necessary to keep him warm, and at last turns drowsy, sits down to refresh himself with sleep, but wakes no more. Dr. SOLANDER, with some others, when at Terra del Fuego, having taken an excursion up the country, the cold was so intense as to kill one of the company. The Doctor, though he had warned his companions of the danger of sleeping in that situation, could not be prevented making that dangerous experiment himself; and though he was waked with all possible expedition, he was so much shrunk in his bulk, that his shoes fell off his feet, and it was with the utmost difficulty he recovered.

In very severe frosts, and very cold climates, rivers have been known to be frozen over with great rapidity. So hard does the ice become in cold countries, that in 1740, a palace of ice was built at Petersburg, after a very elegant model, and in just proportion of Augustan architecture. It was 52 feet long, and 20 feet high.

Anecdote of FREDERICK the II. of Prussia:—At one period, *WOUVERMANS* painted in so small a size, that some of his pictures, like works in enamel, have been put in toilet and snuff-boxes. FREDERICK the II. King of Prussia, had one of them, representing a *march of cavalry*, painted on copper, and incrustated in a double case gold watch he used to wear, till he gave it to a soldier, by whom he passed one day, as the man was on guard at the palace. The King having remarked that he wore a watch, and doubtful whether his own was set right, stopped and asked him, what o'clock it was? which question threw the soldier into confusion, who wore only a watch chain, and had no watch; but soon recovering, he pulled out a musket-ball, to which the chain was fixed, and said, "My watch, Sire, does not tell the hour, but reminds me, that it is my duty to die fighting in the service of your Majesty." "A brave man, who employs his time so, deserves to know how time goes," replied the King, and he gave the soldier his own watch.

LEGE ET CREDE!—To the disciples of Galvanism we recommend the perusal of the following curious article from a late Frankfort Gazette:—

"In an Imperial city, lately, a criminal was condemned to be decapitated, who had a singular itching to play at nine pins. While his sentence was pronouncing, he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favourite game at the place of execution, and then he said he should submit without a murmur. As the last prayer of a dying man, his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot, he found every thing prepared; the pins being set up, and the bowl being ready, he played with no little earnestness—but the Sheriff at length seeing that he shewed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl. The executioner did so; and the head falling, fell into the culprit's hand, and as he raised himself to see what had occurred, he immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed, By — I have won the game!"

The celebrated ballad of "*My lodging is on the cold ground*," the air of which is so popular in the present day, and which has occasioned several parodies, was originally sung in a play called the *Rivals*, by Mrs. Davis (familiarily called Moll Davis), afterwards mistress to Charles II. This play was acted by Sir William D'Avenant's Company, in Lincoln's Inn-fields. Old Downes, the prompter, tells us that all the women characters were played admirably, but the part of *Celia* (in which this song occurs) was performed so charmingly, that not long after it raised her from her bed on the cold ground to a bed-royal. The mezzotinto portrait, after Lely, of "Madame Davis," shows her to have been a most beautiful creature.

The following is an amusing account, by the same author, of other plays and players in this company:—

"*Hamlet*.—In this tragedy *Hamlet* was performed by Mr. Betterton; Sir William (D'Avenant) having seen Mr. Taylor, of the Blackfryar's Company, act it, who was instructed by the author, Mr. Shakespeare, taught Mr. Betterton in every particular of it, and made him gain esteem and reputation in it superlative to all other plays." This eminent actor (*vide* Tatler) continued to perform the above character with great spirit, and much applause, till the last hour of his life.

Love and Honour, written by Sir Wm. D'Avenant, was remarkable for the richness of its dresses and decorations; "the King (Charles II.) giving Mr. Betterton his coronation suit, in which he acted the part of *Prince Alvaro*; the Duke of York giving Mr. Harris his, who did *Prospero*; and my Lord of Oxford, Mr. Price his, who did *Lionel*, the Prince of Parma's son."

Romeo and Juliet, wrote by Mr. Shakespeare. This tragedy was made some time after into a tragi-comedy, by Mr. James Howard, he preserving *Romeo* and *Juliet* alive; so that when it was revived again, it was played alternately, tragically one day, and tragi-comically another, for several days together.

King Henry the Eighth.—This play, by order of Sir William D'Avenant, was all new clothed in proper habits: the King's was new, and all the Lords, the Cardinals, the Bishops, the Doctors, Proctors, Lawyers, Tipstaves, &c. The part of the *King* was so rightly and justly done by Mr. Betterton, he being instructed in it by Sir William, who had it from old Mr. Lowen, that had his instructions from Mr. Shakspeare himself, that nothing could come near him in the performance of that part. Mr. Harris's performance of *Cardinal Wolsey* was little inferior.

These he informs us, were some of the chief plays acted at Lincoln's-inn-fields, from 1662 to 1671, when the new theatre in Dorset-gardens opened, and continued to be performed in until 1682, at which period the above, then called the Duke's Company, united with the King's Company at the Drury-lane theatre, and the two became one joint company under the title (which is still continued) of "*his Majesty's Servants*." His account of two or three plays only, during this interval, is worth noticing:—

Macbeth.—(Altered by Sir William D'Avenant.) This being drest in all its finery, as new clothes, new scenes, machines, as *flying for the witches**, with all the singing and dancing in it—the first composed by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Priest—and being all excellently performed in the nature of an Opera, it recompensed double the expense.

The *Tempest*, made into an Opera by Shadwell, having all new in it; as scenes, machines—particularly one scene painted with myriads of aerial spirits; and another *flying away with a table*, furnished out with fruits, sweetmeats, and all sorts of viands, just when Trinculo and his companions were going to dinner, and all performed so admirably well, that no succeeding Opera brought so much money.

Of the actors and actresses here, during the run of the above plays, as also those of Drury-lane theatre, which this writer also notices, we have several anecdotes. Our room will only permit us to mention the principal ones:—

At Drury-lane, the famous actor Hart. He was an apprentice or pupil to Robinson, a performer before the civil wars, who afterwards had a Captain's commission and fought for Charles I. Hart soon became so superior as an actor, that he took the lead in all the plays performed at Drury-lane. *Othello* was one of his master parts, and his excellent performance alone saved from condemnation Ben Jonson's *Cataline*, which was never revived after this actor's death. "In the part of *Arbaces*, in *King and no King*," says Downes (*Roscius Anglicanus*, p. 23) "*Amyntor*, in the *Maid's Tragedy*; *Othello*; *Rolla*; *Brutus*, in *Julius Cæsar*, and towards the latter end of his acting, *Alexander*; if he acted in any one of these but once in a fortnight, the house was filled as at a new play, especially *Alexander*; he acting that with such grandeur and agreeable majesty, that one of the Court was pleased to honour him with this commendation, that Hart might teach any King on earth how to comport himself." The great critic Rymer, in his dissertation on tragedy, equally praises this celebrated actor in the following passage:—"The eyes of the audience are prepossessed and charmed by his action, before aught of the poet can approach their ears; and to the most wretched of characters Hart gives a lustre which so dazzles the sight, that the deformities of the poet cannot be perceived." In his old age, on account of his former valuable services, the theatre allowed him a pension until his death.

MOHUN was brought up under Robinson, as Hart and others were. In his youth he acted *Bellamonte*, in *Love's Cruelty*, which part he retained after the Restoration. He was eminent for *Volpone*; *Face*, in the *Alchymist*; *Melanthis*, in the *Maid's Tragedy*; *Mardonius*, in *King and no King*; *Cassius* in *Julius Cæsar*; *Clytus*, in *Alexander*, &c. Rymer, just quoted, pays the following compliment to Hart and Mohun. "We may remember, however we find this

at the theatre we have a good scene acted; there is work cut out, and both our *Æsopus* and *Roscius* are on the stage together. Whatever defect may be in *Amyntor* and *Melanthis*, Mr. Hart and Mr. Mohun are wanting in nothing.—To these we owe what is pleasing in the scene—and to this scene we may impute the success of the *Maid's Tragedy*."

LACY.—Aubrey says of Lacy, that "he was born near Doncaster, in Yorkshire; came to London to the playhouse 1631. Apprentice to Mr. John Ogilby. B. Jonson took note of his Yorkshire words and proverbs for his *Tale of a Tub*. Servant to the Lord Gerrard. He was of an elegant shape and fine complexion. His mastre (Ch. II.) has severall pictures of this famous comedian at Windsore and Hampton Court, in the posture of the severall parts he acted. He made his *exit* on Saturday, September 17, 1681, and was buried in the farthur church-yard of St. Martyn in the Fields, on the Monday following." Langbaine speaks of this actor's admirable representation of *Falstaff*.

KYNNASTON was taken to join the Drury-lane Company from that which acted under Rhodes, the bookseller, at the Cockpit, Drury-lane. Downes says he acted *Arthiope*, in the *Unfortunate Lovers*; the *Princess*, in the *Mad Lover*; *Aglaura*; *Ismenia*, in the *Maid of the Mill*; and several other women's parts; he being then very young, made a complete stage beauty, performing his characters so well, and moved such compassion and pity, that it has been disputable since among the judicious whether any woman that succeeded him so sensibly touched the audience as he. Cibber tells us that it was a frequent practice of the ladies of quality, in the height of his fame, to carry this actor with them in his female dress, after the play (which then began at three o'clock), in their coaches to Hyde Park.

Mrs. MARSHAL was the fist actress of the King's, or Drury-lane Company. She was tricked into a sham marriage by the Earl of Oxford, the particulars of which are mentioned by Grammont. The King obliged him to settle an annual income on her. She is described as a very admired performer.

Mrs. KNIGHT, another actress of this Company, was famous as a singer, and captivated, by that and her fine person, Charles II., to whom she became a mistress, a little while before another noted female performer of this theatre—the lively Nell Gwynn. She was instructed by Hart and Lacy, and soon became eminent in the profession. She acted the most spirited and favourite parts, and spoke a prologue or epilogue with admirable address. The pert and vivacious prattle of the orange-wench, observes Granger, was by degrees refined into such wit as could please Charles II. Indeed it was sometimes carried to extravagance; but even her highest flights were so natural, that they rather provoked laughter than excited disgust.

Of the performers of the Duke's Company, many of whom were equally eminent, we can only give some of the names. They included, among the men, Leigh, Nokes, Joe Haines, Harris, Goodman, Johnson, &c. and among the females, Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Davis (the singer), Mrs. Davenport, and others; but the most famous of all the actors was Betterton.

* In the modern representation of "*Macbeth*," Hecate is the only character that ascends, the three witches who open the play, and who depart with the words "*Hover through the fog and filthy air*," are improperly made to sink through a trap door. Their being raised into the air by a machine, as here described, must certainly be considered as far superior.

A Turk, several years ago, made his appearance in Edinburgh, in the costume of his country. Such a spectacle being a great novelty in the gude town, he was generally attended by a crowd of boys, who amused themselves by pestering him. With these he usually got in a passion, and turning fiercely round would address them by the most opprobrious name in his vocabulary, "*Giaour—Giaour*," (Infidel.) While in one of those moods, an old Scotchman took pity on him, and joined, as he thought, in his expostulation—"Fie, lads, dinna fash the puir body sac—do as he een bids ye—do *gie ower—gie ower*."—(give over.)

Copy of an advertisement from the *Charleston Courier*.—"Twenty dollars reward.—Ran away on the 18th of March, a Negro Wench, named Judy, about 40 years of age, 5 feet 2 or 3 inches high, very small eyes, and prominent lips and teeth; recently purchased from the estate of the late James White. The above reward, and all reasonable charges, will be paid on her being lodged in the Work House in Charleston. Inquire at this office.

Mr. Davenport, a tailor, who had acquired a large fortune, asked Foote for a motto for his coach. "Latin or English," asked the wit. "Poh! English, to be sure; I don't want to set up for a scholar." "Then I've got one from *Hamlet* that will match you to a button-hole—'*List! list! oh, list!*'"

When Sir Walter Raleigh was brought to trial, the "great" Sir Edward Coke, then Attorney-General, addressed him in the following strain:—Coke. "Thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived."—Raleigh. "You speak indiscreetly, barbarously, and uncivilly."—Coke. "I want words sufficient to express thy viperous treason."—Raleigh. "I think you want words, indeed, for you have spoken one thing half-a-dozen times."—Coke. "Thou art an odious fellow; thy name is hateful to all the realm of England for thy pride."—Raleigh. "It will go near to prove a measuring cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney."—Coke. "Well, I will now make it appear to the world that there never lived a viler viper upon the face of the earth than thou. Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face but a Spanish heart. Thou viper! for I thou thee, thou traitor! Have I angered you?"—Raleigh. "I am in no case to be angry."

I will lay down a maxim which has been felt and practised by all great men, and such as have made much stir and noise in the world, though it has not yet been publicly maintained. And my name is John Peter Croft, and I need not be ashamed of my name; and I say and maintain that the world is not yet grown old, and that Sampson was not a whit stronger than one of us; and that we at this day can do just what the ancients could if we only will. All this I comprise in the following maxims, and maintain—

What a man *will* that he also *can*; and that if he collected his whole force together, as Sampson did when he grasped the two pillars, it must go, be what it will; and even though the whole world, nay, Nature itself stood up against him.

And this is my maxim, and I will prove it. For it is well known that a man at certain times is equal to any enterprise, and almost works miracles. A man in convulsions (from which God preserve us!) exerts a force that is not to be overpowered. A person in a violent fit of rage has been known to drive a whole company before him. The passion of love gives a man such vigour, that in a twinkling he is poet, artist, and everything. Salvator Rosa, the painter, gave such strokes to his pictures on coming from drinking, that he was terrified and amazed when sober at the sublime horror of the landscapes he had produced. Therefore, and thus my conclusion follows—the power is in man. The dull and stupid man does not know how to call it forth; and therefore, when he comes to the attack he stands like a statue, not knowing which way to turn, or what advice to follow. But where lies the fault, and what is to blame? It is owing to the want of powerful will, and because there is no confidence. What would you be able to effect if you yourself doubt whether it will succeed? Oh, woe to thee when *doubt* comes on! it blows over thee like a wind from the north, and makes all thy joints to quake. Doubt can render a man so heartless that a child may hunt him round the room.

If I powerfully will, and firmly trust, I should be glad to see what will resist me. Yea, I tell thee, if thou wilt, and have confidence, and thou say to a mountain, “Get you gone!” it must go. And there needs no inspiration or miracle-mongery in the matter, since the power naturally exists in man. I tell thee every thing must yield; and whatever opposes thee is no more than an army of wooden soldiers which thou mayest tumble one over the other if thou wouldst get in among them. Thou mayest break cables as if they were packthread. Yea, the world and death are thine; and princes and potentates shall not prevail against thee.

That Sampson could do every thing was owing to his powerful will, and the immovable confidence he had in his strength.

Speak! ask! demand! what dost thou wish? If thou wilt and trustest, then it must be to thee. Speak; what does thy heart long after—what does thy spirit covet? Perhaps

“Celia is my heart’s desire,
Celia’s all that I require.”

Speak; I must, I will have her; though I fetch her across ten oceans, and though she were the Emperor’s daughter;—and I say unto thee—“She is thine!” Many a one has an impulse to some art, and is afraid of the time it will cost to acquire it, and the expense, and I know not what besides. I say unto thee, if, for example, thou hast a hearty inclination to painting; then step up to Rubens, and it will be to thee as if his spirit spoke to thee from the canvas; and when thou feelest thyself elevated, and, as it were, new born, then do but snatch up the pencil, and scrawl and daub with it, and thy scrawling and daubing will be a beautiful painting.*

Will, power, and confidence: these are the three. The will brings on the power, and this gives confidence. But confidence brings with it perseverance—for that is also an essential requisite: every thing does not always go at the first push, but requires to be tended and exercised. By diligent practice the will too is confirmed, and acquires an invincible force. And thus thou canst equal, in all respects, the great prototype Sampson; and will be master over thyself and the whole world—yea, and over life and death. But this is an important article.

For even death must recoil, if thou wilt; yea, though he sat upon thy lips, and thou sayest that he must and shall yield, then he must let thee alone till thou hast given ear to rational arguments, and accommodated thyself to the order of nature by making room for thy successors; for Nature is not a mother that kills her child. To use a similitude—Life is like a table, at which mankind are entertained by Nature. When thou hast enjoyed thy share, and other guests come with empty stomachs, it is but reasonable thou shouldst give place; and yet it would be very indecent to show thee the door. But when, in all due thankfulness, thou hast drank up the last drop, wipest thy mouth, and sayest “I have enough,” then death, who stands behind thee, draws thy chair away.

But should there be a selfish churl, who would not die at all, there is nothing to be done with such a one; but he must be let alone, till he shall feel at last that after long running about sleep does him good, and he shall fall asleep of himself.

And this is the doctrine of the omnipotence of the human will—a doctrine which has existed as long as there have been great and powerful people in the world, but the decay of whom has been the cause that the people of the present times are so wretched and crippled, and that there

but they are all as if they were thunderstruck. One would think they had all of them had their hair cut off, like Sampson, when he lost his strength: and it is well that now and then a strong fellow comes, and jumbles and shakes them, as I shake myself when I get up of a morning, so that my shaking locks tell me that I am still a Sampson. But of Sampson’s losing his strength, I lay the blame on his understanding—which will likewise be enlightened, if the doctrine be suffered to have its due effect: for he imagined that the comeliness and strength of a man was in his hair; which, however, is very erroneous: and a curly-pated undersized man is to me preferable to a taller, with hair ever so long. Now, on his awaking, after being asleep in the lap of his faithless fair one, he found himself hairless; he was at the same time heartless and spiritless—for where there is no courage and confidence, there also is no power. I hope the world will have understood me, for I have spoken plain enough; but I am not used to say the same thing twice over; and he that does not understand me the first time is like to go without further help from me. However, if any one have yet any doubt remaining, he may write direct to me, John Peter Croft, through the Editor of these sheets, who knows my address, and, God willing, he shall quickly receive the necessary solution. But if any person finds that I have not sufficiently proved my position, or thinks my arguments weak, and chooses to refute me, let him come on. He shall be received according to his rank and quality.

But all ye of feeble and pusillanimous spirit—Oh, ye poor exhausted, efficated, and exanimate creatures! come to me, that I may heartily bow myself over you, and breathe into you a portion of my energy.

* I, John Peter Croft, do presume and aver that many things altogether extraordinary are shut up in painting, and perhaps an opportunity may come for bringing them forth.

In the Monastery of St. Bernard it is the custom to preserve the dead bodies of the Monks, and afterwards place them erect in niches along the walls. This is effected by baking them for five or six months in a very slow oven contrived for the purpose, and they will remain thus preserved for centuries, without changing or being the least offensive. They are dressed in their hoods and cloaks when placed up.

A remarkable instance of absence, or indifference, occurred the other day in high life. The bridegroom, recently united to a most amiable young lady, a near relative of a noble and highly distinguished family, himself heir to a noble title, and one of the largest fortunes in the kingdom, on the evening of his marriage, and previously to the ceremony, was observed loitering over the railings in the park, seemingly perfectly unconscious of the approaching event, when he was suddenly addressed by an intimate friend, “My dear Lord, have you forgotten that you are engaged to dine with the Duke of * * * to-day, and that you are to be married at the same time?” “Good God!” said the noble Lord, “So I am!”

About the commencement of the first American war, it was found necessary in fitting a new bowsprit into the *Atlas* man of war, to cut away part of the globe borne by the personage from whom the vessel was named.—The portion which was moved, happened to be the greater part of North America, and the operating carpenter was an American.

Extract from a United States Paper:—“Advertisement from the *Norfolk Beacon*:—“Ran away from his wife and helpless family, on Friday last, John Spriggs, by trade a tailor, aged thirty-five, a wide mouth, zig-zag teeth, a nose of high burned brick blue, with a lofty bridge, swivel-eyed, and a scar (not an honourable one) on his left cheek. He primes and loads (that is, takes snuff and tobacco); he is so loquacious, that he tires every one in company but himself. In order that he may entrap the sinner and the saint, he carries a *pack of cards* in one pocket, and the *Practice of Piety* in the other. He is a great liar, and can varnish a falsehood with a great deal of art. Had on, when he went away, a three-cocked hat, which probably he has since changed for a round one, with a blue body coat, rather on the fade. He was seen in Bennington on Saturday last, *disguised* in a clean shirt.—N. B. It is supposed he did not go off without a companion, as he is a great favourite with the fair sex.”

The statement of the Queen of France’s hair turning white, in the course of one night, is thus given by Madame Campan, in her ‘*Memoirs of Maria Antoinette*’:—“The first time I saw her Majesty, after the unfortunate catastrophe of the Varennes journey, I found her getting out of bed; her features were not very much altered; but after the first kind words she uttered to me, she took off her cap, desiring me to observe the effect which grief had produced upon her hair. It became in one single night as white as that of a woman of seventy. * * * Her Majesty shewed me a ring she had just had mounted for the Princess de Lamballe: it contained a lock of her whitened hair, with the inscription, “*Bleached by sorrow*.”

A singular old gentleman in the country was waited upon a few days ago with his Surgeon’s Bill, for the purpose of being paid. After cogitating for some time over its contents, he desired the young man who called with it to tell his master, that the medicine he would certainly pay for, but as for the *visits* which he had charged, he should return them!

Louis XVIII. has found leisure to write a pamphlet; being a narrative of his flight from Paris to Coblenz in the year 1791. The detail of his Majesty's escape is given unaffectedly, and it will be read with considerable interest. The book is published already in this country, both in French and English. In Paris, more than six thousand copies were sold in six days. Our correspondent tells us, that it was sent to the press by the express order of his Majesty. It was at first offered to a bookseller of Royalist principles, who refused to publish it, unless he could obtain the authority of the Minister of the Interior. He was answered, that when the King condescended to become author, he did not require the counter-signature of any Minister, and that if he wished for further authority, he must apply at the Palace. It then fell into the hands of Baudouin, who prints the *Memoirs of the French Revolution*, of which collection it will ultimately form a part, when it has gratified public curiosity, and benefited the publisher in a separate shape. There is no doubt whatever that his Majesty has authorized, or rather commanded the publication, and that he is extremely gratified with its reception by the critics. We give a portion of its contents to-day, and shall continue to-morrow.

The reports of the King's intended flight, which were current in the month of April 1790, induced me to think of my own departure. I deemed it expedient to admit Peronnet, who then had the care of my wardrobe, into my confidence, because he was more capable than any other person in my service, of making every necessary arrangement relative to my luggage, and also because I was then as certain of his fidelity, as I am now that he has served me so well. The rumours I have mentioned subsided, and we therefore naturally deferred the execution of our scheme to a more favourable opportunity. I spoke to the Queen on the subject: she assured me that neither the King nor herself had done any thing to justify such a report; but added, that sooner or later it must come to that, and promised to give me timely notice, advising me to keep constantly in readiness.

The persecution which was kindled towards Easter 1791, and the resolution which the King was compelled to adopt, convinced me that I had now only the choice of apostacy or martyrdom: the former I looked upon with horror; and for the latter I felt no great vocation. Madame de Balbi and myself conversed much on the subject, and concluded that there was a third course which might be adopted—namely, to leave a country in which it would shortly become impossible to perform one's religious duties. There was no time to lose: Good-Friday was arrived: Easter day was to be the fatal period. We agreed to set out by night in Madame de Balbi's carriage; that lady, Madame, myself, and some fourth person, were to compose the party. It will readily be imagined that this was not the first time of my thinking of a travelling companion; and I had, in the first instance, thought of d'Avaray, of whom I was as sure as of myself. But surrounded and beloved as he was by a numerous family, living in the utmost harmony together, I thought there would be as many obstacles to his flight as to my own. My principal reason, however, was an apprehension, that from the delicacy of his health, he would be unable to endure the fatigues of such an enterprise. I then cast my eyes on * * * * *; but why name him? Should this account meet his sight, he will find that a refusal, which was grounded on very good reasons, as my respect for truth obliges me to allow, has not induced me to forget a friendship of twenty years; and I flatter myself that he will feel obliged by my silence. I set out for the Tuileries, leaving Madame de Balbi a kind of credential letter for him, and went to inform the King and Queen of my design. They were then occupied with their own project of escape, the plan of which they had not communicated to me: nor had they disclosed their intention to me otherwise than by requesting some materials, which answered no purpose, for the declaration which the King published on his departure. They were apprehensive that my escape would impede their own, and endeavoured to dissuade me from my purpose. My reason was little affected by what they said, but my heart sympathized with them, and I yielded. In the mean time, Madame de Balbi, having met with a refusal from the individual alluded to, found herself in the most cruel perplexity, when Providence (for I will boldly defy the most obstinate sceptic to ascribe the honour to chance) led d'Avaray to her house. It is true that he had long been desirous of doing what he did for me: that he had even insinuated this wish, though diffidently, to Madame de Balbi, more than once; and that he was accustomed to visit her, but he did not usually come at that hour; and I cannot but consider that Providence must have conducted him thither on that day, when his presence was most necessary. She did not hesitate to make him the proposal; and although it was a painful task to be merely the passive agent (if the expression may be allowed) of a scheme which he had not concerted; and although he had not time to take any measure whatever, either on his own account or mine, he accepted it without a moment's hesitation. The only pain he felt arose from my having originally chosen another person instead of him. He instantly hastened to collect for me every thing that the shortness of the time would permit; but on his return to the Luxembourg, he found my determination already altered. Nor was it until I arrived there, that I heard of the refusal and acceptance which had taken place in my absence. The former surprised me; it would perhaps have caused me some agitation, had I been less affected by the latter. I felt, however, a moment's embarrassment on seeing d'Avaray; but his friendship for me, and the pleasure he felt in giving me a striking proof of it, were so well expressed in what he said to me, that he quickly banished from my thoughts the injustice I had done him, in forbearing to obey my first impulse.

Before I proceed farther with this narrative, I think it right to anticipate a reproach which my readers have a right to make me. Aware, as I was, of a great number of the ties which d'Avaray was about to break for my sake, how could I possibly omit to evince any sensibility towards him on this account? and how can it be accounted for, that throughout this relation, I always speak of his joy as if it had been pure, and unmingled with bitterness. Let the reader, ere he censure me, place himself in my situation. My captivity was become so intolerable to me, particularly of late, that I had but one passion left—the desire of liberty. I thought of that only, and saw every object, if I may so express myself, through the prism which this desire placed before my eyes. Those who have suffered the anguish of captivity, or have formed a correct idea of its miseries from the relations of others, will at least consider it an extenuation of my fault, if they cannot entirely acquit me of blame. D'Avaray himself made this allowance for my conduct; his tender friendship for me is the unquestionable pledge of this liberality; and if I represent the state of his mind very different from what it actually was, it is because I describe it, not as it was in reality, but as it appeared to me.

We did not, however, totally abandon our scheme: but having now time before us, we began to reflect seriously upon it, and speedily discovered that it was defective in several points: not

larly in the intention we had entertained of departing together: and it was resolved, according to d'Avaray's advice, that we should separate. He undertook to provide a post-coach for himself and me. He also assisted in procuring the necessary disguise for me; he himself measured me for a wig; but as he could not perform all that was requisite himself, he asked me whether I could not appoint some one to assist him. I pointed out Peronnet, and proposed, as I had done in the preceding November, to admit him into our confidence. This d'Avaray was unwilling to do; and accordingly, whilst he gave him particular orders relative to my dress, he spoke in a very vague manner with regard to the object of his instructions; intending to give him further information at a future period, according to the degree of confidence which he should appear to deserve.

At the same time several things occurred which alarmed us: whether our project had in some degree taken wind, or whether our gaolers were merely become more suspicious, we observed that we were more vigilantly watched, and that M. de Romeuf, aide-de-camp to M. de La Fayette, frequently came to walk in the courts of the Luxembourg. We also heard that the city of Valenciennes, through which we intended to pass, and which had previously been one of the quietest towns in the kingdom, was totally altered; that travellers were stopped and searched there; and that several persons had even been ill-treated. Finding that, on account of the former circumstance, it would be difficult for us to set out from Madame de Balbi's, as we had at first intended, she endeavoured to procure us a country house in the environs of Paris; but without success. Madame de Maurepas refused to lend her her seat of Madrid; M. d'Etioles, who at first wished to let his house at Neuilly, retracted; Lady Kerry thought proper to take that of Mad. de Boufflers at Auteuil; and the agents of the Count d'Artois declined lending Bagatelle without his authority, or at least without that of M. de Bonnières, who at that period was gone to Ulm to meet the Count. All this perplexed us greatly. In the mean time, Madame de Balbi had provided herself with a regular passport to go to Spa, as a measure of precaution which might possibly prove useful. And on the supposition that the moment was at hand, she had thought of borrowing M. de Fontette's house, which adjoins the gardens of the Luxembourg, and by which we could easily go out without being perceived. At the end of May, she received news which induced her to go to pass a few days at Brussels. The Queen, whom I asked whether she had any commands to give her for M. de Mercy, asked me, in reply, whether she intended to make a long stay in the Netherlands? and on my saying she would only pass ten or twelve days there, "So much the better," said she; "but let it not be longer." She set out on Ascension-day (June 2); I expected her to return on Whitsun-eve; instead of which I received a letter from her, informing me that her return was deferred. It will readily be conceived that d'Avaray was not idle in her absence; and as to what relates to Madame, it is as well to say here, once for all, that Madame Gourbillon, her reader, was intrusted with every thing, and acquitted herself with equal intelligence and success.

On Monday in Whitsun-week, as the Queen returned from mass, she said to me, "The King has given orders to go to the procession of Corpus-Christi day, at St. Germain-l'Auxerrois; do you appear to be vexed at it?" These words at first made some impression on me, but it did not last. I did not again see the Queen in private until Thursday, on which day she declared that the departure was fixed for the following Monday. I was in hopes that d'Avaray would attend my *coucher*; but his cabriolet having broken down, he did not come. On the Friday morning I wrote to him to come at 6 o'clock; he came accordingly. "Must we get ready?" said he, as he entered.—"Yes," I replied, "and for Monday." We then entered into the particulars of our project, and considered these principal points: 1st, how to leave the Luxembourg; 2dly, how to quit Paris; 3dly, by what road to leave the kingdom. He was much perplexed about the first of these points, because he was not acquainted with all the localities of my apartments, and thought I had no outlet but through my ante-chamber, which would have been impracticable, or through the garden, which would have been very difficult. I soon restored his confidence, by showing what I called my small apartment, which has a direct communication with the great Luxembourg, where there was no national guard. (I had not informed him of this at an earlier period, because it had not been my intention to make use of it, as I meant to set out from Madame de Balbi's, or from the country.) And here I must stop to express my surprise, that for more than twenty months that I inhabited Paris, this outlet, which was known to several of my people, was never even suspected by my gaolers; and that I did not myself make it known, by using it during the most violent period of persecution, to go to my chapel, which is at the great Luxembourg.

This difficulty being surmounted, there remained another, respecting the carriage we were to make use of, in order to go to that in which we were to travel; for we did not for a moment think of having the latter come to the Luxembourg. A fiacre was the safest conveyance; but fiacres did not enter the court of the Luxembourg; and d'Avaray would never consent to my going out on foot, however well I might be disguised. It was, therefore, necessary to choose between a glass coach and a cabriolet; and we preferred the former, not only because I am a little too heavy to mount a cabriolet, or alight from it with ease; but because it requires a man to attend to it, which did not suit us. This point being settled, we debated whether it would be better to leave Paris with hired horses, or to go post; and we decided for posting:—1st, because it is the way of travelling which excites the least suspicion; 2dly, because, had we hired horses, we must have placed relays on the road, or applied for an order for post-horses: the former course would have excited suspicion, and the second might have had the same effect; besides which, it would have increased the complication of an affair which could not be too much simplified.

Finally, we considered the means of quitting the kingdom. I thought we should want a passport: but the difficulty was to obtain it without compromising ourselves. My first idea was to send for Beauchene, physician to my grooms, who was connected with M. Montmorin and M. de La Fayette; and to tell him that two priests of my acquaintance, who had not taken the oath, being terrified at what had so recently passed at the Theatins, wished to leave the kingdom disguised as Englishmen, and that I instructed him to procure a passport from M. de Montmorin's office. D'Avaray did not relish this idea: he represented that Duchene, who is acute, might have some suspicion of what we were so much interested in concealing, and I relinquished this scheme; but d'Avaray, who was intimately acquainted with Lord Robert Fitzgerald, told me he would try to obtain a passport by his means. As to the road, my first idea was to take that of Douay and Orchies; but, on further reflection, I determined to send Madame by that road, as the safest; and told d'Avaray that we would fix our own on the following day.

On parting from him, I went to the Tuileries, where the Queen showed me the draught of the declaration which the King had prepared, and had just handed to her. We read it together: I found the style incorrect in some instances: this was a trifling inconvenience; but we considered the article not only rather too long, but deficient in an essential point—namely, a protest against all acts emanated from the King during his captivity. After supper, I made some observations to him on his work, which he desired me to take with me, and to return to him the next day. On Saturday morning, I applied myself accordingly; to the most ungrateful task existing—that of correcting another person's work, and of suiting the phrases I was obliged to interpolate, both with the style and turn of thought of the original; the pen every moment fell from my hands; yet I got through the

to Lord Robert; called on his sadder, to see whether the coach was in good condition; and in order to deceive him, and avoid suspicion, had told him that he was obliged to set out for his regiment, and wished to go without the knowledge of his relations; recommending secrecy to him, under this very plausible pretext. He had also made all necessary arrangements, respecting my clothes with Peronnet; and he returned to me at six o'clock.

He was much dejected. Lord Robert had told him, in answer to his application, that he had no longer the privilege of giving passports; and that Lord Gower would certainly give none to any persons who were not English; and other means which d'Avaray had tried had proved equally unsuccessful. Fortunately, Madame de Balbi had left him, on her departure, an old passport which she had obtained from the English Ambassador, in the names of Mr. and Miss Foster; but this passport, which was good only for a fortnight, was dated the 23d of April, and was for a man and woman, instead of two men. I did not conceive it possible to make any use of it; but d'Avaray, who, I am happy to declare, seemed no more perplexed by the difficulties of our situation than if he had been asked by some youth of his acquaintance to take him to the ball at the Opera-house, without the knowledge of his parents—d'Avaray, I say, speedily convinced me that I was in the wrong: he erased the writing; and although the erasure was in a fold, and the paper very thin, in less than a quarter of an hour the passport was in the names of Messieurs and Miss Foster, and dated the 13th of June, instead of the 23d of April. Although this obstacle was now overcome, we were not yet freed from all embarrassment; we knew not whether or not it was necessary that the passport should be inspected by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and we did not think it advisable to produce a paper, the falsification of which might be recognized, notwithstanding all d'Avaray's dexterity, and all the ink which he had plentifully spilt at the back, as well where the erasures were, as in other parts, to create the less suspicion. We resolved to content ourselves with it as it was, hoping it would excite no surprise that two Englishmen, such as we had determined to appear, should have supposed a passport from the English ambassador to be sufficient; and that the municipal authorities, who might have to examine it, would not discover its defects.

We next considered what road we should take; I had relinquished that of Orchies to Madame: that of Valenciennes I declined for the reasons already stated; we fixed on that of Mons, by Soissons, Laon, and Maubeuge, from the following motives;—1st, this line of road was not much frequented, and we therefore hoped it would be the more easy to find horses; 2dly, as far as Soissons it might be thought that we were going to Rheims; and from thence to Laon, that we were going to Givet; which circumstances might mislead our pursuers;—3dly, The fortified towns, in the interior of which the post is fixed, are marked in the book of posts in a particular manner. Now, according to that mark, the post is in Avesnes, and not in Maubeuge; and we calculated, that according to the time of our departure, we should pass Avesnes before the gates would be shut, and should not reach Maubeuge until after the shutting of the gates of that place; that we should have no business with any one but the post-master; and should thus avoid the frontier towns, of which the weakness of our passport made us somewhat apprehensive.

In the evening I carried home my performance to the Tuileries: I asked the Queen whether she thought that a passport from the English ambassador would be sufficient. She assured me that the King himself had no other than that of the Russian Minister, which greatly contributed to calm my apprehensions. (I must certainly have failed to make myself understood; for the passport in the name of the baroness de Korff, which was, indeed, demanded by Monsieur de Simolin, had in reality been made out at the office for foreign affairs; but the Queen had no motive to deceive me: and I would not relate this circumstance, had I not promised to declare every thing.)

The work in which the King had commanded me to assist, contained only the first part, that is to say, the defects of the constitution. There was yet wanting the summary of the personal outrages which the King had suffered since the opening of the states-general. He commanded me to write this summary, which I carried to him the following evening. It might be supposed, according to what is mentioned above, as well as what I am now stating, that the declaration of the 20th of June originated with me. Truth requires me to declare that I only corrected it; that several of my corrections were not adopted; that the whole conclusion of it was added after the end of my task; and that I only became acquainted with it, such as it appears, at Brussels.

With the exception of this work, and two circumstances which I am about to relate, Sunday was a nullity to me: but it was not so to d'Avaray. He was in motion throughout the day; appeared in public only for a moment at the Luxembourg, as we had agreed the preceding day, and we did not see each other in private. This public visit, which we had considered necessary, was very inconvenient to him, as it deprived him of part of the little time he had reserved to himself. For my part, it was painful to me to leave him undistinguished in the crowd, and only to address him in one of those unmeaning sentences which Princes are obliged to use when they hold their Courts; but prudence required me to be a Prince for that moment; and I sincerely promised myself, in my own mind, that it should be the last time I would be so towards him.

He had already placed a partial confidence in Sayer, his English servant, similar to that which he had reposed in the saddler, telling him that he was to set out the following day for his regiment, and charging him to say nothing about it to his relations, or in his house. He added, that having endeavoured to meet with a travelling companion, he had been fortunate enough to meet with one who was a pleasant fellow; but that as there was generally more respect paid to foreigners than to Frenchmen at the post-houses, we had agreed to travel as Englishmen, under the names of Michael and David Foster. After this he introduced him to Peronnet, as Perron, valet de chambre to his fellow-traveller. The names of Michael and David were not adopted without a motive: my linen was marked with an M, and his with D A; and he conceived that in case it should be examined, it would be necessary for our supposed names to correspond with these marks.

I will now relate the circumstances to which I have already alluded. In the morning of this same day, I met Beauchene at Madame's toilette; and he told me that a man had called on Audouin, one of those journalists who daily deal out their twopennyworth of poison in Paris, bringing him a plan for the escape of the King and all the rest of us, which, he declared, he knew to have been adopted at the Tuileries; that he had requested Audouin to insert it in his journal, and that it would appear the following day. This information alarmed me; it is even said that I turned pale on hearing it: I do not believe that, but I am certain that I recovered myself promptly enough to ask Beauchene, laughing, the particulars of this pretended plan. He gave me some details, of the falsehood of which I was so certain, that I clearly perceived, that even if any thing was known, it must be far from the whole truth, and I recovered my spirits completely. The second circumstance was a note mysteriously worded, which I received from d'Avaray in the morning, who complained of a bolt I had put up. I thought myself pretty certain that there was none at the door of my little apartment which adjoins the great Luxembourg: I hastened to ascertain the fact, and

On Monday morning, a report was spread that the Queen had been arrested during the night, as she was escaping in a fiacre with my sister: at first I took no notice of this rumour, but on reflection, I perceived two things in it, which agreed with what Beauchene had told me: the first was, that our gaolers were alarmed; the second, that their apprehensions were vague: hence I concluded that we were yet in time to make our escape; but that the moment was well chosen, and that if we should suffer it to elapse it would never return. I was soon afterwards alarmed by another circumstance. As Madame de Sourdis was coming to Madame, to attend her to mass, she was refused entrance at the little Luxembourg; but I soon found it was a blunder of the porter. This tranquillized me, and I waited for d'Avaray to obtain the explanation of his note. In the mean time I considered that it would be expedient to blacken my eye-brows a little, the better to disguise my face, and I therefore put a cork into my pocket, at dinner, for this purpose.

D'Avaray made me wait for him until near seven o'clock, and I confess that the time seemed long to me; for, besides the anxiety I felt on his account whenever I was separated from him, and the final arrangements which we still had to make, he was the only being to whom I could speak on the subject which engrossed all my thoughts. He explained to me what was meant by the bolt, of which he had complained, by telling me that Peronnet, to whom he had intrusted the key of the little apartment, had carried all my travelling clothes thither, but had been unable to get in, and had thought that there must be a bolt inside. We instantly went to the spot, and finding the bundle, saw that Peronnet must have entered; we next tried the key in the lock, and satisfied ourselves that it turned freely. We then examined the contents of the bundle, which we found very complete. I tried on the boots, which fitted me well; and we placed every thing in order in the place I had resolved to dress in. D'Avaray promised to be with me at eleven precisely; we embraced with hearty good will, and separated to meet no more until the moment of commencing the execution of our scheme. [To be continued.]

In d'Avaray's arrangements, there are innumerable particulars which are well known to him alone, because he alone performed the whole; I leave them to be related by himself, certain that his account will be strictly correct in this point, my object being only to declare what I myself did or saw, and above all to prevent his failing to do himself justice in essential points.

As d'Avaray left my apartments, he was accosted by a man, who, I think, according to the description he gave me, must have been Desportes, usher of my closet, who told him that he had something pressing and important to say to him. He took him into the corridor leading from the little to the great Luxembourg, where this man, after a long preamble about his attachment to the King and me, informed him that one of his friends, a person highly deserving of credit, had told him in confidence, that he had been applied to, to lend money to facilitate the escape of the whole Royal Family, which was to take place that very night; that he thought it his duty to give him this information, and entreated him to return immediately, and communicate it to me likewise. D'Avaray was not put off his guard; he told him that this must be one of the thousand-and-one schemes of flight and counter-revolution with which the public had been amused for the last twelvemonth; but the other persisted, and d'Avaray could not get rid of him, until he promised to mention the subject to me in the evening, at my *coucher*, or the following day at latest. Nevertheless, he thought the matter serious enough to be imparted to me; he went in again through my little apartment, and knocked at the door of my closet, but in vain; I had already set out for the Tuileries. He then considered, whether it would not be best to proceed thither, and to inquire either for the Queen's first *femme de chambre* or for me, in order to inform the Queen or myself of what he had just heard; but he reflected that that would be thought a remarkable circumstance, particularly as he had long abstained from appearing in public, in order to avoid questions; and his being seen at the Tuileries would excite surprise; besides, things had gone so far, that it was no longer possible to recede. All these circumstances induced him to keep the information to himself, and not even to mention it to me until we were in safety; committing the success of our scheme to the care of Providence.

I was the more impatient to reach the Tuileries, as I knew my sister would, at length, in the afternoon of this day, be informed of the secret which I had, with much regret, kept from her so long. I found her calm, resigned to the will of God, content, but without evincing any burst of joy; in short, as cool as if she had been acquainted with the plan for a twelvemonth. We embraced very tenderly; after which she said, "Brother, you are religious; allow me to give you an image, it cannot but bring you good fortune." I accepted it, as may be supposed, with as much pleasure as gratitude. We conversed some time on the grand enterprise; and without being prejudiced by my tender affection for her, I must say it is impossible to reason with more coolness and sense than she did; I could not but admire her. I went down to the Queen's apartments, and waited some time for her, because she was closeted with the three body-guards, who gave both her and the King the last and lamentable proofs of their zeal; at length she appeared; I ran to embrace her; "Do not excite my feelings," said she; "I do not wish it to be observed that I have been weeping." We supped and remained together till eleven o'clock. When the moment of separation arrived, the King, who had not previously informed me whether he was going, called me, declaring that he meant to go to Montmedy, and positively commanded me to go to Longwy, through the Austrian Netherlands. At length, we embraced with great tenderness, and separated, in the firm persuasion, at least on my part, that in less than four days we should all meet again in safety.

It was not 11 o'clock when I left the Tuileries, and I was glad of it, because I was in hopes that the Duke de Levis, who usually attended me home in the evening, would not have arrived, which I wished for two reasons—first, because I did not care to have questions put to me which, however indirect, might have embarrassed me; and 2dly, because I was in the habit of conversing for a long time previously to going to bed, and was fearful, if I should retire immediately, as it was necessary for me to do, that I should excite some suspicion in his mind. My hopes were not fulfilled; he even showed a degree of assiduity with which I would readily have dispensed. I suppressed my vexation, however, and conversed calmly with him the whole of the way. When I got home, I began to undress, at which he seemed surprised; I told him I had slept very ill the preceding night, and that I wished to indemnify myself for the rest I had lost. He was satisfied with this reason; I finished undressing, and went to bed.

Before I proceed further, it is necessary to observe, that my first valet-de-chambre always slept in my room, which seemed to be an impediment to my departure, unless I were to admit him to my confidence. But I had satisfied myself, by an experiment made two days before, that I had much more than sufficient time to rise, light a taper, and pass into my closet, before he could undress and return into my chamber.

Scarce had he left the room, when I got up, closed the curtains of my bed again, and having taken the few articles which I wished to carry with me, entered my closet, the door of which I shut behind me; and thenceforth, whether by a presentiment or through a just confidence in d'Avaray, I considered myself out of the kingdom. I put in the pockets of my robe-de-chambre, three hundred louis, which I intended to take, and entered the little apartment where d'Avaray was waiting for me, after having been greatly alarmed—for

as he came in, the key had refused to turn in the lock. A thousand ideas, each worse than the preceding, had passed through his mind. At length he tried to turn the key inwards, which was precisely the way of the lock. When dressed, by his assistance, I recollected that I had left my cane and a second snuff-box, which I also wished to carry with me. I was for returning to fetch them. "No rashness!" said he. I persisted no longer. The dress fitted me very well, but the wig was a little too tight. However, as it would go on, and as I had determined upon every occasion of consequence to keep a great round hat decorated with a broad tri-coloured cockade, on my head, this inconvenience did not give us much concern. As we crossed the little apartment, d'Avaray said that there was a glass coach similar to ours, in the court of the great Luxembourg, which caused him some anxiety. I tranquillized him by telling him it was for Madame. When we were on the staircase, he desired me to wait while he went to see whether it was still there. Finding it was gone, he returned to me, saying in English, "Come along with me." "I am ready," I answered, in the same language, and we got into the coach, which was a *vis-à-vis*. In getting in, I chanced to seat myself in front. "What!" said he, "compliments?" "Faith," replied I, "here I am." He did not urge the matter; and having ordered the coachman to drive to the Pont-Neuf, we thus left the Luxembourg. My joy at finding I had escaped from my gaolers, which d'Avaray most sincerely shared, made us extremely cheerful. Accordingly, our first impulse, after passing the gate, was to sing a couplet of the parody on Penelope:—

"Ca va bien,

"Ca prend bien;

"Ils ne se doutent de rien."

We met several people, and a patrol of the national guard. No one attempted to ascertain whether there was any person in the coach. Near the Pont-Neuf, d'Avaray ordered the coachman to drive to the Quatre-Nations; we met our carriage, which was waiting for us, between the Monnaie and the Quatre-Nations, in the little street which forms the angles of those two buildings. The coachman, who had already set d'Avaray down there in the afternoon of the same day, thought we were going to the same place, and was about to stop, but d'Avaray told him to stop opposite the College, where we alighted. The coachman asked if we were satisfied? "Quite so," replied d'Avaray; "I shall probably employ you again, the day after to-morrow." We now followed our travelling carriage on foot; d'Avaray recommending me to take care to walk in a lounging manner. At length we reached it; I got in first, Sayer next, and lastly d'Avaray. Perronnet mounted on horseback; we gave orders, in the English accent, to drive to Bouget; and so we started. When we reached Pont-Neuf, we were passed by two post-coaches, at which d'Avaray began to be uneasy; when, after we had changed our course to avoid them, they again passed us at St. Martin's Gate, and he found they were taking the same road as ourselves: he no longer doubted but it was some one of my family, and he was inwardly railing at Princes who, for want of mutual communication, spoil the best arrangements in the world; for he naturally concluded that if we should thus continue to go on close together, we should not only prevent each other from obtaining horses, but excite suspicion, and infallibly get arrested. I did not share his anxiety, because I well knew that it was Madame, and that when once past Bourget, we had nothing more to apprehend; but I could not explain myself before a man who was not in our secret. Fortunately, d'Avaray only spoke of the probable want of horses, and I represented to him that we must be singularly unlucky if these coaches were going precisely to Soissons, as the road on which we were travelling led also to Flanders, Metz, and Nancy. When we had crossed the Chalons road, his anxiety and impatience increased: I then thought it best to speak out a little, and assuming a prophetic tone, I positively affirmed that these two carriages were going to Douay. This calmed him a little, with respect to the chance of our keeping together all the way; but being desirous to gain time, he offered the postilion six francs to pass the two carriages: this succeeded for a moment, but they soon re-passed us, and we reached Bourget together. D'Avaray then made Sayer alight, under pretext of sending him to see who were in those carriages; and when we were alone, I explained to him clearly what I had previously only been able to tell him in ambiguous terms, which entirely tranquillized him. Day overtook us near Nanteuil; Sayer then mounted on horseback, and Perronnet took his place in the carriage; he took from his pocket my diamonds, which he had brought away with him, and we hid them between the back of the coach and the lining, which we fastened up again over them. I also took

the cork, mentioned above, which d'Avaray had taken care to blacken, and painted my eye-brows, without caricaturing, in such a manner as to render it impossible to recognize me: and I took the additional precaution of pretending to sleep at every post, at least until we had reached a great distance from Paris. I had the presumption to foretell, on our leaving each post, from the physiognomy of the postilions, whether they would drive well or ill, and I actually was not once mistaken. We had proceeded wonderfully well as far as Vertefeuille; but there I declared we should go on very ill to Soissons, and I was not deceived. During this post d'Avaray talked to me of his intention to give in the resignation of his regiment. I did not exactly approve of it, but I yielded to his reasons: he then told me he was inclined to send it from Soissons to M. du Portail. I bantered him on the choice of the place, asking whether he thought he should have more time there than at the other posts; I was also unwilling that he should address it to M. du Portail, knowing that the King was to dismiss all his ministers on his departure; but as he intended to date it the 18th of June, I had nothing to say against it. In the mean time the postilion justified but too well the augury I had drawn from his countenance, for it would be impossible to drive worse. We accordingly concluded that he must certainly be president of the Jacobin club of Soissons. But although I jesting thus, I was really alarmed; I had, several leagues back, discovered that I had left the image my sister had given me, at Paris; and although I am as little of a bigot as any one, this loss really vexed me, and gave me much more uneasiness than the loss of my cane and snuff-box.

When we reached Soissons, we were informed that one of the bands of the left forewheel was broken; this was extremely unfortunate, but we soon found reason for still greater anxiety, for on further examination of the wheel, we discovered that the felly also was broken. D'Avaray said nothing, but I plainly saw what was passing in his mind. I, who was no less alarmed, also endeavoured to suppress my emotion. It should seem that I succeeded, for he has since assured me that the confidence he observed in me restored his own. It was proposed to us to have a new felly made; we asked how much time this operation would require, and we were told it would occupy near two hours and a half. Little acquainted with wheelwright's work, and consequently with the other resources which we might adopt, I regarded this loss of time with great pain; and the more so, because, as it was then half-past eight, our flight must have been known at Paris, and we should have lost by every moment's delay, part of the ground we had gained during the night. But d'Avaray, who had, as I have already mentioned, recovered his self-possession, thought of another expedient, namely, to fasten the felly with a double band of iron, which plan it was determined to adopt. Whilst this work was in hand, he first wrote his letter to M. du Portail, which he enclosed in another, addressed

*This does well, this takes; they suspect nothing.

the smith. Being left alone, I looked into his portfolio, which he had forgotten and left in the coach, where I found, with equal surprise and joy, the image which I thought I had left at Paris; but what greatly increased my astonishment, was his afterwards assuring me, that on opening his portfolio, he had been no less surprised than myself at finding it, having no recollection of putting it there. The postmaster was near the carriage, with whom, justly confiding in my English accent, I conversed for some time, without having reason to fear, from any gesture or motion of his, that he had the least suspicion who I was. A last our wheel was repaired, and we were assured that it would still run twelve or fifteen leagues. This was not nearly sufficient for our purpose, for we were still thirty-two leagues from Mous; but we trusted a little to our good fortune, and did not give way to much anxiety. But before I proceed farther, I must relate a danger from which we escaped without knowing of it, and which was certainly the greatest risk we ran.

M. de Tourzel had left Paris on the Thursday or Friday; and to avoid exciting any suspicion, he had passed two days at Haute Fontaine, with the Archbishop of Narbonne. His servant, who was not much inclined to leave France, took it into his head, when intoxicated, to go and denounce him to the Jacobin Club of Attichy, which is very near Haute-Fontaine, as an aristocrat, who was proceeding to a foreign country to effect a counter-revolution. The club instantly forwarded instructions to all the clubs of the neighbouring towns, and to that of Soissons in particular, to arrest all travellers. The chiefs then put themselves at the head of 60 men of the National Guard, and went to Haute Fontaine to secure M. de Tourzel; but on finding that he was a young man of even childish appearance, and travelling quietly in a cabriolet, they treated the servant's information with contempt, and allowed the master to proceed. They must also, in all probability, have given counter-orders to the neighbouring clubs, otherwise we must inevitably have been arrested: but, notwithstanding that, I am perfectly correct in saying this was the greatest risk we ran; and had I been aware of it, we should certainly have taken a different road.

The post of Vaurains, between Soissons and Laon, is a solitary house, where there is absolutely nobody but the people belonging to the post, who were all occupied with their horses. This seemed to me such a fine opportunity for alighting, and stretching my legs a little, that I instantly offered to do so, but d'Avaray opposed it so firmly, that I was obliged to give way. I then proposed to breakfast; we had a pie, and some Bordeaux wine; but we had forgotten to bring any bread. Whilst we were eating the crust with the pie, we thought of Queen Maria Theresa, who, when somebody in her presence was expressing compassion for the poor who had no bread, answered, "Good God! why don't they eat pie-crust then?" D'Avaray then hit upon one of the best expedients in the world, which was to take Sayer into the chaise with us again, and to send Perronnet forward with the measure of our felly, to get a new one made, in case the iron band should give way, in order to avoid a similar danger of waiting two hours, to that we had just escaped. Sayer informed us by the way, that every body was firmly persuaded we really were English; which gave us great pleasure. He added, that he was every-where told we were going to Brussels. Had we passed for Frenchmen, this opinion would have been very disagreeable to us; but our being taken for English rendered it indifferent. D'Avaray seeing him inclined to converse, led him to speak of the affairs of the time, on which he expressed himself very freely, and, amongst other things, he used one expression which has struck me forcibly since, which was, that people began to treat the King as a madman (*fou*); and here it may be proper to observe, that Sayer speaks bad French, and that the English word fool, which he certainly had in view, signifies something very different from *fou* in French. He also made a reflection, which I noticed as just—namely, that it cannot be said that there are in reality either aristocrats or democrats, since the man who has but sixpence (this was his expression) treats him who possesses a shilling as an aristocrat. In the mean time Perronnet had reached Laon above three quarters of an hour before us; but the cartwright was gone to the town, and was not returned when we arrived. We had our wheel carefully examined, and being satisfied that it was in good condition, continued our journey, and thought no more of having a new felly made.

It is impossible to be worse driven than we were from Vaurains, and particularly between Laon and La Capelle. I began to fear that we should not reach Avesnes before the gates would be shut; and I was thinking of going by way of Landrecy, where the post-house is out of the town: it would, indeed, have lengthened our road by four leagues; but this was a trifling inconvenience, compared to that of stopping altogether. But the anxiety I felt on account of the slowness of the postilions, was soon absorbed by a more cruel affliction. D'Avaray, who had for some time appeared serious and taciturn, instead of gay and talkative, as he had previously been throughout the journey, at last confessed to me, between Marle and Vervins, that he was spitting blood; and I saw the proof of it but too plainly on his handkerchief, which I took from him by a sort of mechanical impulse, the moment he made this acknowledgment to me. Conceive, then, what passed in my mind: I could not doubt but that the mental and bodily fatigue he had undergone, in preparing for our departure, added to the sleepless night he had just passed, and the fatigue of the journey, had brought on this accident. I knew that when he suffered these attacks they usually lasted several days; and I am sufficiently acquainted with medicine to know that in such cases rest is the principal and most indispensable of all remedies. God is my witness, that had he not been exposed, in case of arrest, to greater danger than myself, nothing on earth should have induced me to go a step further; but I was but too certain of this distressing truth: thus I looked upon myself, in every view of the subject, as the assassin of him to whom I was attached by friendship before I loved him from gratitude; and who was, at that very moment, giving me proofs of his faithful and courageous friendship. Notwithstanding all my efforts to suppress my feelings, the state of my mind was but too visible in my face. He perceived it; and, forgetting his own sufferings, overcoming the agitation which invariably attends accidents of this nature, he exerted himself in consoling me—in encouraging me with respect to himself—assuring me that it was nothing—that it only arose from his being a little heated, and that he felt that it was going off. I no longer heard what he said: I had turned towards God, and prayed to him with a degree of ardour which I certainly should never have felt in praying for myself: in short, I dare not believe that my prayers were heard. However, the spitting of blood ceased, and did not return. I am unable to describe the sensations that I felt on beholding the saliva entirely white when I inspected his handkerchief, and I continued to examine it every instant. Such details as these will undoubtedly appear low, and even disgusting, to cold and callous hearts, but it is not for them that I write, and those endued with sensibility will consider the matter in another light.

On our arrival at La Capelle, we asked the post-mistress, upon her word and oath, whether we should arrive at Avesnes before the gates were shut. She gave us reason to believe that we should not only enter that town, but even depart from it the same evening—a circumstance that afforded us great delight, as we were persuaded that it was the only place we had reason to dread. I shortly after witnessed a dispute between her and Perronnet, who dismounted at every post to make his payments, and who now had a fresh difficulty to encounter. We travelled with three horses, for which we generously paid thirty sous. The post-mistress insisted (and in this she was right) that as there were three in the carriage, we ought to pay for four horses. The contrary was maintained by Perronnet, but she

rather a pleasant circumstance in our case, to hazard our lives for 40 sous, for that is all the difference between three horses, at 30 sous, and four at 25. D'Avaray told her, that she treated us ill, because we were strangers—"No," replied she; "I am entitled, if such were my pleasure, to make you take six horses." "Well, then," replied I, (being now convinced, by the frequent bursts of laughter that I excited among the postillions, that I was taken for a real Englishman), "if you give us six horses, I will only pay for five." This made the post-mistress laugh. I then turned to Perronet, and addressing myself very seriously to him, "Monsieur Perron," said I, "pay whatever Madame demands. It shall never be said that Michael Foster held any dispute with a lady for the sake of interest." The tone with which I uttered this sentiment, the gravity of my aspect, my gestures and accent, and a thousand other little points which cannot be described, made the scene extremely diverting and comical, but I resolutely resisted every inclination to laughter. We then inquired, what regiment was in garrison at Avesnes; and were informed that it was the regiment of Vintimille. This intelligence was displeasing to d'Avaray, who happened unfortunately to have given an entertainment to the officers of that regiment two years before, but we agreed that he should sit as far back as he could in the carriage, and we then set out. As we proceeded, the sun, which had not before appeared during the whole day, now displayed himself so powerfully as to induce me to draw up the blind in my defence. This little circumstance may appear trifling, but it will be seen how important it afterwards proved.

When we arrived at the gates of Avesnes, we were asked for our names, in the usual form; and whether we were going to make any stay. We replied, that we were two Englishmen, and that we wished to proceed on our journey without delay. We presented our passports, which they scarcely looked at, and made our way to the post-house. But Sayer, who felt much fatigued, and whom every one around him endeavoured to persuade (particularly an Englishman, who happened to be present) that it was madness to go further, as he could not hope to reach Maubeuge, had suffered himself to be convinced by their advice, and had not taken the precaution to order post-horses. We did not, however, fail to call for them, and while we were left between the post-house and a coffee-house frequented by the military, we were detained a full quarter of an hour, and exposed to the view of a number of officers. Happily the blind which I alluded to above, secured us on the side of the coffee-house, while the officers had the politeness to repulse the towns-people, who seemed inclined to peep into our coach. But I felt deeply the sufferings of d'Avaray, whose feelings were divided between the dangers of our present position, and his resentment against Sayer, who had led us into this awkward predicament. I used my utmost efforts to appease him, in which I ultimately succeeded, and at last we set out; and finding ourselves quite clear of the town, we chanted victory in the joy of our hearts.

The postilion who drove us was going on at a good round pace, and seemed to be what we might call a very brisk and pleasant fellow, that was not easily terrified. We observed, however, and with some degree of pain, that he frequently looked behind him, and seemed to discover some apprehension. At last he made a halt, and asked us whither we wished him to conduct us. "To the post-house," cried I. "Very well," said he, "but the post-house is a miserable inn,—but I will take you to the *Grand Cerf*, where you will be well treated." "Good treatment," replied I, "is not the question at present. We do not wish to sleep at Maubeuge." "Where, then, do you wish to go?" cried he. "To Mons," said I. "To Mons!" repeated he, with a laugh; "you will not get there to-day." "Why not?" replied I, in my turn. "Because," replied he, "there is every chance that they will not open the gates to let us in; but if they do, they will certainly not open them again to let us out." What is it to us?" said I, "whether the gates are open or shut, since the post-house is not at Maubeuge?" "It has been fixed there these six months," replied he. "How!" said I, "is there not a road that turns from the town?" "Certainly," replied he. "Well, my worthy friend," added I, "as we are in a hurry, and our horses are good, could you not turn aside from the town, and double the post? We will pay you well." "Not I," cried he; "I would not do such a thing for all the world."

From these words I immediately conceived an idea of all the horrors of our situation, and seeing no prospect of hope, I only thought of resignation to the fate of which I had a clear foresight. My own sacrifice was not painful, but the ruin of d'Avaray engrossed all my feelings. He, however, never lost his firmness, and being always calm in the midst of danger, addressed the postilion in bad French, but with a degree of eloquence which I am unable to imitate; and gave him to understand that we were extremely anxious to reach Mons, as he had left his sister, who was also my cousin, (a charming young woman, equally dear to us both), very ill at Soissons; that the only physician in whom she had any confidence lived at Mons; that if we delayed a moment to procure his assistance, his sister would expire, and we should be both wretched for the remainder of our lives; and that if he passed us through, he would give him a guinea; perhaps two or three.

This speech, with the additional recommendation of the three guineas, produced a miraculous effect on the postilion. He reflected for a moment, and then said, "Well, I'll contrive to pass you." Yet presently afterwards he recommended to us not to enter Maubeuge, but to have the horses brought out. We expressed our apprehensions of the difficulty of that proceeding; but he assured us that he was unacquainted with the road through the suburbs, and would procure himself a guide. We then replaced Sayer in the carriage, and making Perronet mount on horseback, and charging him to keep an eye on the movements of the postilion, we proceeded on our journey.

As soon as we arrived at the suburbs, the postilion stopped, and going into a cabaret to refresh himself, inquired for a guide. There were some females present, whose sympathy he excited by the tragical and interesting narrative he had been told, but they assured him that he could not pass on. "Why not?" said he; "is not the bridge *Pont rouge* in existence?" "Certainly," replied one of the females; "but the works of the *new Sambre* are now going on: there are 300 workmen engaged in them, and there are deep trenches which you cannot cross." "Only give me a guide, and I require no further assistance." The woman who had spoken last then went in search of her brother, who happened to be one of the workmen. He offered to conduct us to the trenches; but he repeated what his sister had asserted about the impossibility of passing them. "If the devil stood in my way," exclaimed the postilion, "I would pass—take a lantern, and lead the way before me." This conversation, it may be presumed, afforded us no entertainment; but the resolution manifested by the postilion contributed to inspire us with confidence. We now proceeded across the fields, within a hundred paces of the ramparts of a fortified town, with nearly a certainty of being stopped in our progress, if there was a sentinel that should see our lantern, and know what his own duty was. We would gladly have consented to have been fired at with grape-shot from the batteries, on condition that no one should come out of the town after us. When we reached the trench, I wished to cross it on foot, but the postilion would not consent. He got down to reconnoitre the passage, and finding a spot which was rather deep, but not wide, he remounted his horse, and brought us over with the utmost dexterity and address. Our guide then conducted us through the fields, and quitted us only when we reached the high road; we then proceeded

towards Mons, with an absolute certainty of reaching it without further obstacle.

Before I gave myself up to joy and exultation, I poured out my acknowledgments to God for my happy escape, and wished to congratulate d'Avaray on our good fortune: as, however, we were not yet out of France, he endeavoured to check my transports, particularly as Sayer did not yet know who I was. But he was immersed in a deep sleep, reclining on my shoulder, and d'Avaray was too well pleased to forbear sharing in my satisfaction. I began by seizing on the cursed tri-coloured cockade, and apostrophising it in the following verse of Armida—

"Vain ornament of ignoble ease,"

I tore it from my hat, and requested d'Avaray to preserve it carefully, as Christopher Columbus preserved his chains. We then discussed the point how we should act on arriving at Mons, which we imagined to be a fortified place, and expected to find the gates closed before our arrival. We determined on halting in the suburbs, in hopes of finding beds; and if we could not procure lodgings, it was resolved that I should write to the commandant in my own name, and request the gate to be opened. We calculated on the possibility of being accommodated with only one bed, and I told d'Avaray, that in that case he should occupy it, and I would pass the night in my arm chair. But he declared positively that he would not consent, and would prefer having a mattress by my bed-side on the floor. I insisted on his sharing the bed, which was yet in idea, and as every thing then assumed the aspect of gaiety in my imagination, I parodied the verses of Hippolytus and Aricia, beginning with—

"Under the standards of Mars,"

and having substituted the word "mattress" for "misery," that improvement threw us into fits of laughter. In the midst of these plans, conjectures, and arguments, the recollections of our journey, and a thousand other little circumstances that appeared interesting to two of the happiest beings in the world, we reached the village of Bossu, which lies within a quarter of a league of Mons. Our postilion, who had never been there before, took it for the suburbs, and we knocked at several doors without being able to prevail on the inmates to open even one. The postilion then said that he could see the cathedral of Mons, but, on a closer inspection, it proved to be a pigeon-house. We continued to advance, however; and found ourselves actually in the suburbs, when a blacksmith, whom we contrived to rouse, pointed us out an inn, but one of so revolting an appearance, that we determined to use it only for the purpose of writing to the commandant of Mons.

I then got out of my carriage for the first time during twenty-four hours; we knocked at the door, the maid appeared, and asked what we wanted: "Only to write a letter," replied I; and upon hearing this, she immediately shut the door in my face. But the postilion, who longed for some refreshment, repeated his knocks till the door was opened, and at last we procured an entrance. I had great need of a little rest, especially as my legs had become entirely stiff, so that it was with great difficulty that I could walk. My first care on alighting, whilst my companions inquired into the means of accommodation which this place might afford, was to throw myself on my knees, to return thanks to God in a more suitable posture than I had hitherto been permitted to adopt. Having paid this sacred tribute, I performed another not less pleasingly obligatory, by clasping in my arms my dear friend d'Avaray, on whom I was now enabled, for the first time, to bestow, without fear or apprehension, the title of my saviour. However, we soon discovered that we could find neither refreshment nor lodging at this miserable inn, and all we could obtain was a little beer of the worst description.

We then formed a resolution to write to the commandant, when Perronet conveyed the letter, and, in the mean time, we began to converse over a wretched coal-fire with our postilion, who boldly placed himself on a chair beside me. I asked him to tell me his name, which he said was *La Jeunesse*. It was not from a motive of mere curiosity, on my part, that I made this inquiry, for it was a matter of concern to me, to be acquainted with the name of a man who had served me so essentially without knowing the real state of the case. I afterwards asked him if there were many of the constitutional clergy at Avesnes, who had taken the oath of adherence to the new system. "We have several of them among us," replied he; "but the great majority remain firm to their duty. A new oath has also been invented for the army, which only sets the officer and soldier by the ears; but God knows how all this will end!" D'Avaray then asked him about the regiment of Vintimille—what disposition it showed under the recent changes? "That regiment," replied he, "is very quiet and peaceable; but it was formerly accustomed to exercise three times a week—it was a pleasure to see it. Now it parades only once a week; they march out at seven o'clock, and return at eight; and you hear neither right-face nor left-face! but the music is playing all the time." I then questioned him about Maubeuge—whether the gates of that place were closed, and to whom it was necessary to apply to have them opened—whether to the commandant or the municipality? "Ah! *parbleu*," replied he, "to the municipality by all means! they have now gained possession of every thing. But what are they? A set of despicable miscreants. Only guess who it is in a village which we lately passed (he then mentioned a village, the name of which I forget) that commands the nation, with two large epaulettes—he is a vinegar-merchant." While amusing us with these particulars, he shrugged up his shoulders, and gave full effect to his narratives by the tones and gestures which accompanied them.

In short, by his conversation he made us forget the fatigue and hunger which distressed us. However, when Perronet announced to us that the gates were opened for our reception, our appetites induced us to receive the intelligence with much satisfaction. *La Jeunesse* then told us that the best inn at Mons was the *Couronne-Imperiale*, whither we directed him to conduct us.

On our entry into the town, we were required to give our names and descriptions. D'Avaray, to whom this question was addressed, hesitated for a while, but I cut the matter short by declaring that I was *Monsieur*, the King's brother; that my companion was the Count d'Avaray, and that we wished to put up at the *Couronne-Imperiale*. The sergeant of the guard then informed us, that we were expected at the *Femme Sauvage*, and that Madame was there already. We could not conceive in what manner, as she travelled by Tournay, she could have reached Mons; however, being highly pleased with this additional instance of good fortune, we gave orders to drive to the *Femme Sauvage*. On our arrival at the door, we met the landlord, who repeated to us the intelligence of our being expected; but after ascending a very disagreeable staircase, we met a servant holding a light in his hand, who, after examining me from head to foot, told me, with some degree of confusion, that I was not the person they expected. The chamber door was open, and a female, who was in bed, exclaimed, "It is not he—do not let him in." The landlord then inspected me in his turn, and asked me if I was the Count de Fersen? "No, truly," replied I; "but as the lady will not accommodate us, cannot you provide us with another apartment?" A cold and repulsive monosyllable of denial was his only answer. We were, as naturally might be expected, greatly mortified by this adventure, which at first promised to be highly agreeable and flattering; and going down stairs, we regained our carriage, and proceeded to the *Couronne Imperiale*; the landlord of that inn also informed us, that he had no room to give us. This unpleasant accident tended to increase our mortification, when a voice, issuing from the house, uttered these words—"M. d'Avaray, is that you?" He did not immediately recognize her, but soon discovered that it was Madame de Balbi. We instantly alighted, and entering the house, Madame de Balbi began to provide some supper

for us. The provisions at the inn were wretched, but she happily had a cold fowl, and a bottle of *Vin de Bordeaux*, with which we regaled ourselves much to our satisfaction. She then had the kindness to resign her bed for my accommodation. D'Avaray occupied that of her waiting-maid, and after a period of twenty months and upwards, I now, for the first time, lay down to rest, without the apprehension of being roused from my slumbers by some fresh scene of horror.

I slept about six hours, and was awakened by M. de la Chatre, who happened to be at Mons, and whose impatience to visit me induced him to break in on my night's repose. Shortly after I rose. I witnessed the arrival of the Count de Fersen, who had conducted the King as far as Bondi. Nothing was now wanting to complete my happiness, being fully persuaded, as I really was, (for I must acknowledge that I knew nothing of the particulars of the plan of escape), that if the King was once clear of Paris, he had no further danger to encounter. I therefore gave way to my exultation, and embraced M. de Fersen with great cordiality and affection. As soon as I was dressed, I received the visits of all the French at Mons, and of all the Austrian officers in the garrison. I was much flattered with the reception that I met with, but I was eager to proceed on the road to Namur. I could, not, however, set off before two o'clock, because the wheelwright, who was employed to mend the felly of the wheel that gave us so much trouble the day before, happened to break the next, so that, in order to proceed, it was necessary to fasten it with a cramp of iron, and we started from Mons in the same condition that we entered it. I made inquiries after *La Jeunesse*. I found that he had been paid ten louis; that he was struck with terror when he learned who it was that he drove, but the sight of so much gold had so delighted him, that he took himself off with wonderful despatch, giving himself no further concern about the business. I afterwards discovered that he extricated himself from all difficulty by declaring that we compelled him by violence to conduct us, and was much pleased to find that he suffered no inconvenience on account of the danger which he incurred in our service. Our journey from Mons to Namur furnishes no details to excite or gratify the curiosity of the public. The mutual felicitations of two friends, one of whom is justly proud of having saved the life of the other, while the other feels his happiness more exquisitely, because he owes it to his friend, possess little interest in the eyes of the rest of the world, however delightful they may be to the parties themselves. We reached Namur very late in the evening, hungry and fatigued. I recollect that the supper, which we had at the *Hotel de Hollande*, was but indifferent, though we found it excellent. But our hearts were full: we had some fine flavoured Rhenish, and we did ample justice to it; and, altogether, I never enjoyed any supper in my life so highly as that at Namur.

In the morning I was visited by General de Moitelle, who commanded at Namur, and by all the officers of the garrison, which was much more numerous than that of Mons. They seemed to me so pleased to have me amongst them, and so zealous for the royal cause, that I must have been the most ungrateful of mankind had I not been duly sensible of their demonstrations of attachment. It gave me no less pleasure to witness their attentions to my friend, d'Avaray, and, in this respect, they seemed to penetrate into the sentiments of my heart, and to judge most correctly, that any mark of respect to him was considered by me as paid personally to myself. In the mean time, though I felt no uneasiness about the King, I was surprised at receiving no news from Montmedy; nor did I think it prudent to run the hazard of repairing to Longwy, before I knew that we were masters of that district. In this view, I determined on requesting General de Moitelle to send an estafette to the commandant of Luxembourg, with orders to report whatever intelligence he might collect, from any quarter, respecting the King, as I was fully determined, if I did not hear from him, to push on to Luxembourg.

Although we had been assured that we should meet with very bad and unpleasant roads, we were, during the first stage, inclined to laugh at these predictions. We found, however, after a short progress, that our previous information was correct. The iron pins that fastened the fore part of our carriage were insufficient to resist the shocks arising from the roughness of the road, and we endeavoured to secure them by cords, but this expedient proved fruitless, and it became necessary to stop at a place called Nattoye to have new ones made. As the sun shone very powerfully on the spot where we halted, I proposed to d'Avaray to retire under the shade, and we removed towards a house, in front of which was a wooden bench, nearly half burnt, a circumstance which excited our surprise. A woman came out of the house, and asked us to come in, and take some refreshment. We declined her offer, but we accepted the loan of some chairs, which she placed before the door. D'Avaray then sent Sayer for his portfolio, and marked with ink the notes of our journey, which he had written with a pencil before. While he was thus occupied, two females, one of them elderly and the other younger, came up to the bench. The young one took her seat on it, and the elderly woman, having laid down a heavy load, which she was carrying, threw herself carelessly on the ground, and seemed to be much distressed. We asked her what was the matter, when the mistress of the inn (for the house happened to be one) told us that they were two German women, from Wurtzburg, who were employed in going errands for the officers of the garrison of Namur. The younger looked at the elder in the most affectionate manner; we could not understand their conversation, but the word "Mamma," pronounced by a voice as sweet as a flute, penetrated our ears, and vibrated on our hearts. We prevailed on the landlady to relieve her, who offered her some beer, but she requested a little brandy. The former replied, that she had none, and that the wife of the blacksmith, who was then repairing our carriage, could have furnished some, but that she was at church. Fortunately, however, some of the boys of the village were passing, and she despatched one of them, who took upon himself, very cheerfully, the office of procuring some brandy. Whilst we were waiting for his return, we expressed our surprise to the landlady, at her having no brandy in her house. "Alas! gentlemen," said she, "you little know what we have suffered in these strange times. I myself have become a cripple, and I will inform you how this accident befell me. During the retreat of the troops, the soldiers seized every thing for their subsistence; so that for two days I remained without any food. I was quite overcome with debility, and on the last day of the retreat I fell from the top of my staircase to the ground, and put my hip-bone out of joint. The patriots came on the following day: my husband took to flight, but, feeble and hurt as I was, I was unable to accompany him. The soldiers, enraged at our admitting the enemy into our houses, took all our furniture, and made a fire with it in the middle of the apartment. They even seemed inclined to throw me into the flames. They afterwards altered their plan, and breaking my crutches, they dragged me about the house and crippled me as you see." As she uttered these words, she made me lay my hand on her hip, and I perceived that the bone was completely dislocated, and could not be set again. At this moment, the boy whom she had despatched came up with a glass of brandy; it was handed to the old woman, who drank a little, and then gave it to her daughter; the latter just wetted her lips, and returned the glass to her mother. We wished to give the boy some money, but the landlady said she had given him twelve sous; we were willing to give him more, but he took himself off so expeditiously, that we saw him no more. We then handed the landlady a six livres piece, and she brought out to the

poor woman some bread, butter, and beer. The elder having recovered her strength, rose, and threw herself on her knees before us and kissed our hands; we raised her up; I took off my hat, and pointing to heaven, exclaimed—*Gott, Gott!* On this she took out her beads, and pressing them to her breast, began to pray with great fervency.

In the mean time, the landlady, with whom we continued to converse about her sufferings, resumed her discourse: "Alas! gentlemen," cried she, "revolutions are terrible things: the changes in my own country afflict me as much as those in France; and I am much concerned about my poor friends and relations. I was born at Frombaine, in the neighbourhood of Givet: I use all my endeavours to induce them to quit that place, but I cannot succeed. This adds still more to my wretchedness! Ah! gentlemen, there is nothing of value but God, our King, and our country." The expressions and behaviour of the old woman brought tears into d'Avaray's eyes; and I myself felt much emotion from the simple narrative of the landlady. "Well, then," said I, "my good woman, since these are your sentiments, pray to God for the King:—his life is now, perhaps, in great danger—he has left Paris." "O God!" cried she, what do you tell me?" "Yes," exclaimed d'Avaray, "this is the King's brother; who escaped at the same time with his Majesty." "And this," cried I, "is the friend who has saved my life." I then threw myself into his arms—our tears mingled together; and even Sayer, who had retired into a corner, began to wipe his eyes. The landlady, deeply affected, exclaimed—"And are you really the brother of the King?" Ah! if I durst touch you—"Do more, my good woman," said I, "embrace me!" By this time our carriage was repaired. I gave a louis to the old woman: she wished to kiss my hand again, but I embraced her: and we set off. This accident had retarded us so much, that we could not now hope to reach Bastogne, where we calculated on passing the night. We therefore resolved to halt at Marche; and we sent Sayer forward to order supper at the post-house, which the post-master of Emptines, who seemed to be a connoisseur in good cheer, had recommended to us as an excellent inn. On our arrival in the town, we were conducted to a house of respectable appearance, and were pleased at reaching so good a place of entertainment, but we soon learned that we were under the roof of an old officer of the regiment of *Ligne*, who wished to receive us, because, notwithstanding the recommendation of the post-master, the post-house was but an indifferent place. This was an unpleasant discovery for me, as I have no high opinion of entertainments provided by friends. I cast a doleful glance on d'Avaray, whose countenance appeared lengthened to the same dimensions as my own. Our melancholy increased, when our host, who had got out of bed (at nine o'clock at night) expressed his regret that he had not been apprised of our approach two hours before, as he could have provided us with some pigeons, *à la crapaudine*, but his pigeons were in the pigeon-house, and his pullets were all alive. He had, however, sent to the posthouse for a leg of mutton, and he promised to furnish us with chops, a salad, and fresh eggs. We thus met with short commons, and, what was worse, his cook came back in a rage against the post-mistress, who refused, as she said, to let her have the leg of mutton. Our host then offered us some veal cutlets, which we were obliged to accept. We were rather alarmed on the score of wine, when chance threw in our way an invoice of a cask of old Volnay wine of the first quality. This discovery afforded us no small pleasure. We turned the conversation on the wine that he usually drank, which he assured us was *Vin de Bar*, but as the last vintage had been unfavourable, he had ordered some Burgundy, which had come to hand a fortnight before, but which he was advised to let quietly repose in the cellar for a month. At this moment we really believed ourselves to be in a Spanish inn, and we were repeating between ourselves that *Marche en Famine* was a very proper name for the town. But, to our agreeable surprise, the supper proved excellent, and M. Donné (that was the name of our host) was very good company, and had the kindness to broach this cask of Volnay, which turned out to possess a very superior flavour. On the following day, the Duke de Laval, his second son, and several young persons of quality, joined us, and attended our levee. M. de Falhouet, a gentleman of Brittany, offered to travel before me, in order to procure intelligence from such couriers as he should meet. I accepted his offer, and we set out, but hardly had we advanced two leagues, when we saw M. de Falhouet returning with the dismal news of the affair at Varennes.

I might here terminate my narrative, as the mission of my dear d'Avaray had been fulfilled, and the character which, after the arrest of the King, I took upon myself, seems rather to belong to the province of general history than to a private narrative like the present. However, I have a few more recollections which I wish to introduce on this occasion, and those who may feel interest enough in the events which I record about myself, to induce them to peruse the narrative to the conclusion, will not be displeased to find them here. The distress and anguish with which the late intelligence oppressed me, may be easily conceived; I regretted the success of my own enterprise. I even felt an inclination to return to France, to submit once more to my captivity, and to share the sorrows of my unhappy relatives; but I reflected that, without being able to serve them, I should ruin, not only myself, but, what was still dearer to me, my friend and saviour, whom nothing could induce to separate himself from me. On his part, as if sensible of my secret deliberations, he declared instantaneously, that if I was bent on returning to France, he conjured me to feel no hesitation on his account, as he was resolved to follow me to any quarter, without the least apprehension. This new proof of his courageous devotion would have been sufficient to decide my conduct, had I not been determined already, and I ordered the postilion to drive us back to Marche. On the road, I met the Duke de Laval, whom I took into the carriage. Tears, which in the first instance would not flow, now came to my relief, and I meditated with more coolness on the mode of proceeding which it was most prudent to adopt, in the new career which lay before me. On our arrival at Marche, we were joined by M. de Bouillé's son, who acquainted us with the details of the late transaction, which dissipated all our hopes. I felt inclined, at first, to take up my residence at Brussels, but as the road from Marche to Namur, which is the shortest way, passes very near the frontiers, and as it was reported that some acts of hostility had taken place, we discussed the point, whether we might not pass by Liege. In the mean time, we inspected our arms, and having found that we had 16 pistol shot to fire, a sufficient defence against a small party, we determined on returning to Namur in the caravan style. I only took the precaution to send forward M. de Betizy, one of the young gentlemen whom I mentioned above, with a message to General de Moitelle, requesting an escort of Hulans. My young friend exerted himself with such activity, the General was so prompt in his good will, and the Hulans so zealous in our cause, that they joined us at three leagues from Namur, and we arrived in that town without any other accident than breaking down once more, through the awkwardness of a postilion.

The joy that I experienced on my arrival in meeting with Madame was unalloyed by reflecting on the state of the rest of our family, and the comparison which I could not refrain from making between their condition and my own. Being determined on joining the Count d'Artois, I wrote him word that I was on my way to Brussels, in expectation of hearing from him, and requesting him to appoint a meeting, I despatched two couriers to him, one by the route of Luxembourg, and the other by that of Aix-la-Chapelle. In the mean time, as I learned that the Bishop of Namur proposed to receive me in his palace, and that the clergy of the Low Countries had misbehaved during the revolution, I consulted General de Moitelle, who

advised me to accept the offer. We therefore quitted our inn, and went to take up our quarters with the bishop: we found a very good supper provided for us, but met with some difficulty in the officious attentions of the bishop, who wished to make us drink more than we thought proper, particularly some anniseed, a species of ratafia, more heady than *kirsch-wasser*. On the following day, before I set out for Brussels, I wrote a letter, addressed at random to the king, the queen, and my sister: this letter I am assured never reached its destination. My plan was now to take up my abode at Brussels, in the inn, but the archduchess would never consent to it, and she lodged us in a small house attached to her palace, as the palace itself was not fit to receive us, having been dismantled of its furniture during the late troubles.

Every Frenchman in that city requested to be presented to me: but I was in too much trouble about my unhappy family, to be in a state to receive anybody. On the following day, I had a letter from the Count d'Artois, announcing his approach. I went out to meet him, and, for a moment, forgot all my past troubles, my present afflictions, and my fears for the future, while I held in my arms a brother and a friend, whom our common sorrows had separated from me for nearly two years. The joy which he expressed at meeting me, gave me, perhaps, less pleasure than the reception which he gave to my dear d'Avaray. In the mean time, as we learned that the King had arrived at Paris, and that the lives of our family were safe, we came to a resolution to appear in public, and the archduchess accommodated us with her grand apartment to receive the French. The satisfaction which they all expressed at seeing me once more, and that which I felt myself, naturally drew my thoughts towards him, who was the author of this affecting scene, and I did not fail to pay the sacred tribute of gratitude, by proclaiming loudly the mighty obligations which I felt towards the saviour of my life. I was well repaid for this expression of my feelings, for, after the levee, all the noblesse went in a body to pay him a visit. Let me be allowed to express my opinion, that of all the flattering things which I have experienced during my life, this is the one which lies nearest to my heart. Self-love, in some degree, certainly entered into the sentiment, but friendship and gratitude were the chief ingredients in my feelings. The week which I then passed at Brussels, was, perhaps, the most busy week of my life. Placed all at once at the head of one of the greatest machines that was ever called into play, I found it necessary, not only to direct the present, but to have recourse to the past, of which, during my confinement, I had no knowledge, and to turn its application to the present crisis. I am persuaded that I should never have been able to master this point without the assistance of the Count d'Artois. Far from feeling any sentiments of jealousy on his side, after all the pains and trouble he had taken on himself, or from being displeased at the arrival of a colleague that might deprive him of a part of his glory, he took every opportunity to give me information, to assist me, push me forward, and procure me every consideration; in a word, he was not like a brother, but an affectionate and dutiful son. It was Charles V. throwing himself into the arms of King John after his captivity. This manifestation of sympathy was exhibited in a very affecting manner at the final audience that we gave to all the noblesse, previous to our quitting Brussels. I shall not pretend to describe the scene; my feelings were too powerful for any expression.

On the 3d of July we set out for Liege, and took up our abode at the *Aigle noir*. As we now had a large retinue, and the house was not very extensive, d'Avaray and myself occupied the same apartment. That circumstance, as it recalled to my mind a period not very distant, in which, travelling in the same country, we alone existed for each other on the surface of the earth, gave me a feeling of satisfaction. On the 4th we arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, where we found the King of Sweden, who, better informed than ourselves about the plan of the escape of the King, had repaired to this town under the pretext of seeking the waters, but with the real view of being near the theatre of those grand transactions, in which his lofty mind led him to wish to engage.

I have forgot to mention, that on his learning the arrest of the King, he had written to me a very charming letter on the subject: and it forms an anecdote of an interesting nature, that this letter was conveyed to me by the Baron de Lieven, the same who, in 1772, had announced to the late King, my grandfather, the news of the revolution that placed the crown on the head of Gustavus III.

We stopped a whole day at Aix-la-Chapelle, to converse more freely with that Prince, whose great and excellent qualities we had every reason to admire. In this town I experienced a pleasure which was highly gratifying to my feelings. The Count d'Hauteafort, the friend of d'Avaray from his early infancy, no sooner heard of my escape, than leaving his family at Heidelberg, where he was established, he hastened to join us, and we met him on our arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle. I was highly delighted with this attention on the part of a man who, at that time, was only, with respect to me, a very agreeable acquaintance, but I was gratified at seeing my deliverer receive a new fruit of his services to me, in recovering a friend whom he had not seen for nearly two years. His self-love may have been gratified more than once, but, in this instance, it was the pure enjoyment of the heart. I could not fail to share in his satisfaction; and since I have become better acquainted with the Count d'Hauteafort, I have myself derived much gratification from the connexion.

On the sixth, we slept at Bonn, in the palace of the Elector of Cologne, whom we saw at Aix-la-Chapelle; and on the 7th we arrived at Coblenz. The elector of Treves, my uncle, had offered the castle of Sconbornslust to the Count d'Artois before my escape, and he had now the same kindness for Madame and myself. I recollected having seen him in France, nearly thirty years before. In beholding him again, I felt a sincere pleasure; and the reception which he gave us, was the forerunner of all the favours which he has bestowed both on ourselves, and on all Frenchmen whom the desire of serving the cause of the throne and the altar had engaged to unite themselves with us. It was at this crisis that my political life properly began. I might again close my narrative at this place; but I should not be content, nor would my readers be satisfied any more than myself, if I had nothing more to communicate. Three weeks had already elapsed after my escape; and, as yet, I had done nothing for my liberator. I suffered more than I can express, from the idea that the Prince should continue ungrateful, while the friend poured out his acknowledgments of gratitude. At last, I received a letter from the Duke de Levis, who after some reproaches for my leaving him in absolute ignorance, concluded by giving in his resignation. As soon as I received the letter, I ran to d'Avaray, who was astonished when I named him the successor of the Duke de Levis, and who thanked me as if I had not acquitted a most sacred obligation by this measure, and as if I had not a thousand times more pleasure in discharging the debt than I had in contracting it.

I know not what may be the destiny of my country or my own; but, whatever may be the dispensation of Providence respecting myself, it can never take from me, as much as it has given me, in the possession of such a friend as my dear d'Avaray.

The following is the dedication:—

DEDICATION.

Louis Stanislas Xavier de France to Antoine Louis François d'Avaray, his liberator, with feelings of the deepest gratitude.

I am aware, my dearest friend, that you are engaged in drawing up an account of the circumstances connected with the period of my

restoration to liberty; no one is more competent than yourself to convey a proper knowledge of what you have done. However, I undertake this also myself; your modesty may possibly restrain you from doing yourself entire justice: to supply this deficiency, is to me a duty as sacred as it is pleasing to fulfil. I should be guilty of ingratitude, were I to suffer any one whomsoever, even yourself, to deprive my liberator of the least portion of that glory which is due to him.

It is, therefore, much more with this view than that of retracing to myself the recollection of events which will be ever present to my thoughts, that I write this account. Receive it as a pledge of my tender friendship—as a testimony of my gratitude. May it serve to acquit a part of that obligation which I have contracted with so much pleasure, although with less than what I feel in thinking that I shall never be wholly discharged from it.

A private letter from Madrid, dated December 8, gives the following account of the present appearance of the Royal Family: "I happened to be walking yesterday near the Palace, when I observed a number of state-carriages going towards the principal staircase. I was told that the King and the Royal Family were just preparing to take their usual promenade, and I had the curiosity to see how they appeared. The Palace is a fine pile of building, after the plan of the Tuilleries at Paris, but upon a less extensive scale. It is not yet much more than half completed; the Royal Family occupied one side of the square, which is built in a light and very graceful style of architecture. In the middle there is a noble gateway, through which any body may pass during the day: it is, in fact, a common thoroughfare. As you pass through, you see on the right hand the principal staircase, on approaching which, I found it lined with battle-axe guards: a party of carbineers, and four or five grenadiers, occupied the lower steps, and stood on each side of the King's carriage, which was in waiting. The infantry guards were drawn up in the square before the Palace, and a body of horse guards, to the number of five or six-and-twenty, were waiting also in the square to escort (i. e. to guard) the royal carriages. In the passage there were two or three military men in undress, and 7 or 8 old women, who were waiting to present memorials to the King. After waiting some time, the King and Queen descended the staircase, attended by several officers of state, all in full dress—that is to say, in dark blue-coats, turned up with crimson, laced with gold, in the usual military fashion, white smallclothes, and white silk stockings. Such was also the dress of the King, in addition to which he wore a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The Queen, a slight genteel figure, appeared in a pink satin hat, very plain, and a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine, which covered the remainder of her dress. Her face has a mild beauty in it, which strongly interests a spectator. It looked on this occasion pale, and oppressed with inward suffering. The face of the King is remarkable for the vacancy, and, indeed, I must say, the deformity of its expression. The chin and lower lip protrude considerably beyond the line of the upper features, and seems scarcely to belong to them. The upper lip is enveloped in mustachio; and yet with these features, almost of the animal tribe, there is a mixture of intelligence, loftiness, and feebleness in his eye, which indicates a very peculiar character." Two of the officers of state placed themselves at each side of the carriage door, offering their shoulders to the assistance of her Majesty, while getting in. I observed that she merely took the hand of the King, and got in, not without some effort, without availing herself of the assistance proffered by the officers of state. She smiled not; she scarcely looked around her, and addressed not a syllable to any body. The King, who is a good portly figure, was as reserved and silent as the Queen. There is only one step, which is firmly fixed outside, beneath the door of the carriage, and this is so high that both their Majesties were obliged to ascend to it by means of a footstool. The footstool was then strapped behind, where it hung dangling as the carriage drove off. But before it left the Palace, his Majesty put out his hand from the window, and received the several petitions which were presented to him. Don Carlos, the King's eldest brother—and very like him, with the exception that his figure is short.—his wife and family, followed in the second coach, equally reserved. Don Francisco and his consort followed in the third. He has a good face, but a short figure. The three carriages rolled away without a cheer, or an expression of any sort, from the persons present. They were immediately joined by three other state carriages, filled with the officers of the household, and the whole cavalcade was attended, by the escort already noticed. The infantry received the King in a respectful manner, the band playing, and the standard lowered as he passed. Thus the King and the Royal Family take their rides every afternoon—the weather permitting." "In a very thin house an actress was speaking very low in her communications with her lover, when the actor, with a face of woful humour, exclaimed, 'My dear, you may speak out, you see there is no one to hear us.'" "It must be indeed very peculiar!"

The following incident occasioned Roger Ascham to write his *Schoolmaster*, one of the most curious and useful treatises among our elder writers. At a dinner given by Sir William Cecil, during the plague in 1563, at his apartments at Windsor, where the Queen had taken refuge, a number of ingenious men were invited. Secretary Cecil communicated the news of the morning, that several scholars at Eton had run away, on account of their master's severity, which he condemned as a great error in the education of youth. Sir Wm. Petre maintained the contrary; severe in his own temper, he pleaded evasively in defence of hard flogging. Dr. Wootton, in softer tones, sided with the Secretary. Sir John Mason, adopting neither side, bantered both. Mr. Haddon seconded the hard-hearted Sir Wm. Petre, and adduced, as an evidence, that the best schoolmaster then in England was the hardest flogger. Then was it that Roger Ascham indignantly exclaimed, that if such a master had an able scholar, it was owing to the boy's genius, and not to the preceptor's rod. Secretary Cecil and others were pleased with Ascham's notions. Sir Richard Sackville was silent; but when Ascham, after dinner, went to the Queen to read one of the orations of Demosthenes, he took him aside, and frankly told him, that though he had taken no part in the debate, he would not have been absent from that conversation for a great deal; that he knew to his cost the truth Ascham had supported; for it was the perpetual flogging of such a schoolmaster that had given him an unconquerable aversion to study, and as he wished to remedy this defect in his own children, he earnestly exhorted Ascham to write his observations on so interesting a topic. It was this circumstance which produced the admirable treatise of Roger Ascham.

At the sale of the Marquis de Marigny's, a lady bought a miniature portrait of the Empress Maria Theresa; it was enclosed in a gilt frame, and on the back of it the brother of the Marchioness had had engraved these words: "The Empress Queen made my sister a present of this portrait; it was surrounded with superb Brazil diamonds." The lady thought it would be an agreeable present to the Queen, but she was deceived. Her Majesty did not appear insensible to her attention, but when the lady retired, the Queen said to me, "Hide from me this proof of my mother's policy; perhaps it was to it that I partly owe the honour of being the Queen of France, but indeed sovereigns are sometimes constrained to act very basely."—*Memoirs of Marie Antoinette.*

FROM THE BUCK TO THE GOAT.
ON MUSICIANS.

I may well say I am escaped out of the very jaws of death, for a long and painful infirmity had almost brought me to the last gasp. I hope, Sir, you will not conclude that my long silence proceeded from any want of affection; but I trust you will rather pity my misfortunes, which oftentimes oblige us to forget ourselves as well as our friends. At present, I thank fate, I find myself out of danger, but nevertheless very weak. My physicians have attributed the cause of my indisposition to melancholy, and therefore have advised me to keep up my spirits, and support nature with cheerful recreations and pleasant pastimes for fear of a relapse, which, they say, would be worse than the disease. I have therefore engaged in my service a musician, who, to give him his due, has very much enlivened my mind by means of his trills, quavers, and graces, insomuch that I am free to confess I never enjoyed so sweet a taste of life before. He has made me truly sensible that music, having its first origin from Heaven, there is no sadness which it cannot alleviate, nor affliction which it cannot disperse. But if his voice has afforded me so much delight, his impertinence has been no less grievous; and in a few days he has not only offended my ears, but almost brought me to my bed again; for changing his services into slights, his civilities into bad words, and the most regulated harmony into a concertless confusion, he is become altogether intolerable. I cannot provide any meat that he is satisfied with, nor drink that pleases him. His stomach is his god, and forsooth must be stuffed with the thrushes of Lucullus, the fish of Vedio Pollione, the dinners of Vitellius, and the suppers of Caligula. If by chance I desire him to sing, to divert my mind, he excuses himself by telling me he has taken cold, or his head aches. In short he never will sing if I wish it, but if he perceives me intent on business, then he is sure to sing out with all his power, and the more I desire him to forbear, the more his song rattles in my ears. I cannot express to you how troublesome, capricious, and fantastical this fellow is; he is "more inconstant than the sea," and more changeable than the moon. I think sometimes to rid myself of his tyranny by discharging him, but then I am fearful he should slander me. To have a poet for one's enemy is a great misfortune, because with his satires he may obscure one's fame; but it is worse to be hated by a musician, for he can express invectives more lively with his voice than the other with his pen. I will not trouble you with any further complaints. Your's, &c.

THE GOAT'S ANSWER.

What enormous crime have you committed, Sir, that you should merit the penance of having a musician for your table companion? Mere good nature obliges me to condole with you more for this misfortune than for the misery you say which has so long tormented you. It is true that music delights the heart and elevates the soul; but in these days it is practised by such mean, proud, and petulant people, that it oftentimes has a contrary effect.—These coxcombs think their art will be better received by denial, and therefore they delight in delaying their performances with affected compliments and lying excuses, and a thousand awkward unwillingnesses, which might even move Heraclitus to laughter. In my opinion these people should be served as Themistocles was, who on being asked to sing, and refusing, was kicked out of the company to make room for better natured men. Thence, I suppose, arose this saying among the Greeks, when they would describe a fool or a madman, to call him a man without music. However, be it as it may, if you intend to live a quiet life, dismiss that fellow immediately; otherwise you may find yourself as much embarrassed as he was, who being almost deafened with the contest of two musicians about the pre-eminence of their voices, was obliged at length (because he would not use them as Apollo did Marsia), to rise and run away, leaving them to the confusion of their obstinacy. I hope you will not be less disposed to bear with the liberties of this musician, than readier inclined to take occasions of commanding me, whilst I heartily profess myself, your's, &c.

WINE DRINKERS.—The City of Oporto exported last year to Great Britain and her dependencies 27,585 pipes of Port Wine, or about 3,855,000 gallons: being no more than 1 gallon per annum for the whole population of the three kingdoms and their dependencies. This shows clearly that there can be but few real Port Wine drinkers among us, whether this word *real* apply to the wine or to the wine toppers, which is a question. The cost of this wine to the country, has been about 900,000*l.* in 1822 only. Some years back it would have cost more than 1,200,000*l.* in Oporto. The expense to the drinkers, when the commissions, freights, charges, DUTIES, importers, dealers, and tavern-keepers' profits are added to its FOREIGN cost, has been about 3,500,000*l.*, without including bottles, broken or aching heads, gout, and apothecaries' drugs!

THE LATE PERTH CIRCUIT.—"Considering the nature of your offence," said the mildest of Judges, in an impressive address to an unfortunate young woman, who had pleaded guilty to the charge of concealment of pregnancy—"considering the nature of your offence, it will be allowed, by all at least but yourself, that the Court awards a lenient punishment, when it sentences you to fifteen months' pregnancy!" A smile played upon the faces of the hearers; it became reflected from that of the Judge; and, with the best grace in the world, he corrected his curious *lapsus*, and pronounced the less astounding sentence of "fifteen months imprisonment."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON AN ITALIAN POPULACE.

[FROM "MEMOIRES DE L'ABBE MORELLET, SUR LE 18ME SEICLÉ ET SUR LA REVOLUTION."]

Since I am on the subject of the impression produced by the arts, I will mention what I remarked at Rome and Naples respecting the effect of music on Italian ears; an effect which shows the total difference between such a people and ourselves, who pretend to relish music, destitute as we generally are of the peculiar taste to which sounds are addressed; and as Caraciale, the Neapolitan Ambassador observes of us, "having our ears lined with morocco."

It was the custom for the Ambassador of France on the Fete of St. Louis, to give an illumination and concert to the people. The Bishop of Laon, our Ambassador, had erected an orchestra for stringed instruments in front of the palace of the French Embassy, and another for wind instruments opposite, each composed of more than a hundred performers. The street, which is called the *Corso*, and the square, were filled with people. The two orchestras played alternately together. In these magnificent *lutti* the effect was admirable, and the silence of the people was so deep that one might have applied to them with justice

"Densum humeris bibit aure, vulgus."

But you should have heard at the end of each piece, the exclamations of delight and of sensibility of this multitude, *O, benedetto! O, che gusto! Piacer da morire!* I have seen some who, unable to controul their feelings, have embraced the carriage horses in the crowd; and it is well known, that Italian horses are not so gentle as the English, or even as our own. During this delirium, the greater part of us Frenchmen heard nothing but the noise, and were far from paying any attention to, or receiving any gratification from the music.

ITALY.—(From the Letters of a late Traveller.)—"For the beauty of surrounding country and scenery, if we except the Italian sky and clime, how vastly superior is Dublin, and a hundred other towns of our own islands, whence the silly inhabitants run to affect rapture in foreign climes! But a name bewilders us—we first sigh to visit the land of the vine. We set out, and find that, nine months out of twelve, the vine is, in its most picturesque state, a bare and distated shrub, and this even in Italy; while in the great wine countries, in Burgundy, Champagne, Bordeaux, there is no distinguishing a vineyard from a field of beans. So much for the picturesque: and as for the substantial, John Bull will infallibly gather from his travels, that the best wine he ever tasted, was that which he paid for at home. Few will deny the olive to be the ugliest of all evergreens, and of the fruit we are not much enamoured. So much for the two shrubs that have such an effect on our imaginations. Were we to believe our poets, we should suppose that the soil of Italy was covered with flowers, whereas those gifts of gay nature are more rare here than in any country I know of. In summer there is not a blade of green grass in the field, much less a flower in the garden; and in more moderate months, I have seen two shillings given for a rose. And this country has been called, not in irony, the garden of Europe,—a country, burned to aridity six months of the year, and a great part of it frozen during its winter, with a cold more rigid than ours,—a country, one half of which is by nature incapable of cultivation, and a remaining quarter, perhaps, without it, from the ignorance and laziness of the inhabitants."

AMERICAN SMOKERS.—Twelve millions four hundred and seventy-eight thousand segars were imported in the last year into the United States. "It is calculated," says the *Philadelphia Democratic Press*, "that the value of all sorts of segars consumed in the United States, in one year, is about fifty millions of dollars!"

ASIATIC SPORTING.—A letter in the last Asiatic Journal, dated Meerfit, June 29, 1822, gives an account of the author's shooting operations for the three preceding months, and certainly he had not been idle. The following is the conclusion of the letter—"I have now done with shooting. I can boast of what I believe few others can; having shot an elephant dead with a single ball, twice killed tigers, right and left, and once lions right and left. On looking over my game book, I find that I have killed, since the regiment has been at this station, two elephants, two lions, four lionesses, seventy-two tigers and tigresses, and caught a young elephant, a young lion and lioness, and a young tiger."

A COSTLY SUBJECT.—A surgeon and apothecary, not 100 miles from Salishury, desirous of having a *subject*, for the benefit of his pupils, agreed with some of the *all-night* people to procure him one. At about half-past eleven on Saturday night last, a *subject* was accordingly brought, and placed in the parlour for the night.—The surgeon retired to rest; and early on the following morning he went to the parlour for the purpose of removing his purchase to the dissecting-room. The bag was there—but the subject had left, most uncourtously taking with him plate to the amount of 40*l.*

A GOOD AND WISE THING.—A Gentleman told Dr. Johnson that he had bought a suit of lace for his lady. "Well, Sir, you have done a good thing and a wise thing." "I have done a good thing" (said the Gentleman) but I do not know that I have done a wise thing." "Yes, Sir, (replied Johnson), no money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people; and a wife is pleased that

The travels and researches in Italy have brought into notice many curious particulars and publications since the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte; amongst them may be recorded a characteristic conversation between Bonaparte and a descendant of the celebrated Capponi, the Italian Patriot. The name of Capponi was long in Florence what that of Russell still is in England, a watchword of liberty. Agostino Capponi was the William Russell of his country; both met similar fates, having been engaged in similar causes; and it is gratifying to be able to observe that their descendants appear to be not unmindful of the principles of their ancestors. We learn from Lady Morgan's *Italy*, (and we give the curious dialogue, not recollecting to have seen it before) that when the Marchese Gino Capponi (then a very young man) was introduced at the Thuilleries, Napoleon, who had passed by attendant Kings with but a slight and transient notice, was fixed by the recollections connected with the name of Capponi; and, pausing, the Emperor abruptly observed, "I know your family." After a moment's pause he added, "Your family have stirred up Revolutions."

Capponi replied, "Formerly, Sire." The conversation continued as follows (which Lady Morgan states to have taken place partly in French and partly in bad Italian):—

Napoleon.—Formerly—yes, yes. There are no Revolutions in Italy now. At present you are very quiet. You are the best subjects I have. Things were different in Italy formerly. I have read your history. I have calculated that Italy might once have armed sixty thousand horse; but I do not know where they could be found now. (Then turning his back, and apparently wrapt in profound reflection.) Why are there not sixty thousand horse in Italy now? (He turned again without attending for an answer, and repeated the same question a third time.)

Capponi.—I believe, Sire, that Italy never produced sixty thousand horse; but as we were then at war on our own account, we caused horse to be brought from abroad, as your Majesty now has them brought to France.

Napoleon.—How did you manage to grow so rich as you were?

Capponi.—By trade, Sire.

Napoleon.—What trade did you carry on?

Capponi.—A direct trade with the Levant.

Napoleon.—And how did you do this? (at the same time entering into some details himself on this subject). I once had some thoughts of restoring this trade. I am a Tuscan myself. We are descended from a family of Condotieri. My ancestors were the lords of San Miniato. I had an old uncle there whom I saw when I went to Tuscany. An old play had been discovered in the library written by one of my family. It is, like all the plays of that age, licentious. Like the *Calandria* of Cardinal Bibiena, and many others. They are all of the same stamp.

Capponi.—Machiavel's plays are in that style also.

Napoleon.—How! Did Machiavel write plays too? What an extraordinary man! His *Decades* are admirable. When I went to Tuscany, I took the road from Modena to Pistoga. I did not know of any other. It was a very bad one. I had some trouble in getting my troops through it. Have I not made you a road to unite the two seas?

Capponi.—Your Majesty has greatly improved all the grand communications. You have announced the design of making a new road to Romagna.

Napoleon here entered into details of the mode of drawing the plan, and spoke at some length on the subject of roads. He then continued.—Your Leopold has done many good things. His criminal code is excellent.

Capponi replied that there was a time when there were no criminals at all; and that the prisons were open for some days.

Napoleon heard this communication with much astonishment. He next spoke of the Finances, and said—I have paid your public debt. He then made some inquiries respecting particular persons, and pursued his course.

CANNIBALISM.—Extract of a letter from Mr. J. Williams, to his father; dated at anchor in Kororadica Bay, New Zealand, riding out a gale of wind, April 23, 1822.—"I went on shore the other day, and saw the head of a very great Chief, belonging to the River Thames, with whose party Shungee has gone to war. The Chief's name was Hinakee, a very large fine man; it is said he received four balls before he fell. Immediately after he fell, Shungee, with a revengeful glee, caught his blood as it was streaming from his veins, and drank it with all the eagerness possible. But this is not all; they cut him limb from limb, roasted him, and ate a delicious meal of him. The large canoes are now returning from the war in every direction. The day before yesterday three returned, one or two of which had a man's head at the head and stern, and several prisoners they had taken in the war.—One of our seamen went on shore at a Chief's place, whose name is Pomare, and saw ten heads, all preserved, brought from the war, one of which was a child's, about eighteen months old, probably the child of a great chief. Poor Hinakee had two brothers, the one almost as fine a man as himself; the other a fine young man about 18 or 20 years old—all massacred, and all eaten, except their heads, which they preserve, either as tokens of victory, or to sell to Christians for muskets or powder, to enable them to execute more effectually their wicked deeds."

GOOD INTENTIONS.—No Saint (says Boswell), in the course of his religious warfare, was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Johnson. He said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject,—"Sir, hell is paved with good intentions." This is a proverbial sentence. "Hell (says Herbert) is full of good meanings and wishings."

THE TAILORS.—It is really surprising that the tailors, race of beings who, time out of mind, have been proverbially meek, mild, and long-suffering, should all at once become the most dominating and pugnacious bipeds in existence. Nevertheless such is the fact—as the watch-house-books, and other official documents of the last six months, can abundantly testify. The remark, however, applies only to the *operative*, or journey-men tailors, as they call themselves; for as to the *master* tailors they are, for any thing we know to the contrary, quite as unpugnacious as ever; and that they are equally *long-suffering* (in one sense of the phrase, at least), many, if not all of them can doubtless give *ledger* proof.

A pair of the *operative* class were brought before the Magistrate, yesterday, for "*cheating and beating* a hackney coachman!" Their names we understood to be Timothy Bolt and Thomas Briggs; both of them were exquisitely toggled.—Prussian vest, cossack inexpressibles, and all that sort of thing—very stylish, but scanty withal; marvellously dingy cravattery; hair *a-la-Titus*, matted with *roundy-ken* straws. Bolt, bumbletoed, but very perpendicular.

It appeared by the statement of *coachee* (a tall fellow) that as he was with his *churrot* on the stand, at Kensington, between eleven and twelve o'clock on the preceding night, he was hailed by Briggs, with a "Hallo! coachee, pull up here, and be hanged t'ye!" Coachee pulled up to the pavement, but not getting off his box so quickly as he might have done, Briggs boxed his ears. However, he did not much mind this, "seeing as how the gemmen was *drunkish*," and he civilly asked him what he wanted. "I wants to go to Temple Bar, *stupid*," replied Briggs. "Why, aye, you'll go *stupid* enough, go where you will, for the matter o' that," replied coachee, and then Briggs boxed his ears again. "Come, don't lets ha' so much of that ere naunsense," said coachee; "if you means to go, why jump in and come along; and if you means to staup where you are, why staup; but don't you be arter coming that ere rig up on my ear agen, coz I shaunt stand it." To this very just remonstrance Briggs replied by stating that he and a brother chip (brother *shred* he should have said), did in fact want to be driven to Temple-bar; but, as they had only *two shillings* about them, they wished to know the expense. Coachee told him the expense would be three shillings or three and sixpence at least, besides the gate; and as Briggs could not muster so much he drew his coach on to the stand again, and Briggs went away. By and by Bolt comes out of a house just by with a "Hallo! you coachee! draw up here." "Be you the gemman what punched me about the head a bit ago?" asked coachee. "Punch be hang'd!" replied Bolt; "pull up here instantly, you vip-cordy jarvey, or I'll pull you up somewhere as you vont much like." Honest coachee pulled up as he was directed. By the time he had done so, Briggs made his appearance again; and he and Bolt having both got into the chariot, they told him to drive to Temple-bar as if the d—l kicked him! He drove them to Temple-bar; and there they showed that they had designed to cheat him; for they were no sooner safe out of the chariot than "Here are your two *bob*," said Briggs, "and we'll see you at the d—l before we'll give you more;" at the same time offering him their simple two shillings. Coachee told them his demand was three shillings and threepence—three shillings his fare, and threepence he paid at Hyde Park-gate. "There!" said Bolt to Briggs, "I told you we should be in a mess." "Never mind," replied Briggs, in a loud whisper, "never mind, if he makes any bother, I'll pitch into him!" Coachee did "make a bother"—he told them plainly he "wouldn't stand no nonsense;" upon which Briggs "pitch'd into him;" that is, he ran his head like a battering-ram against coachee's breadbasket; but coachee was awake, and it did not answer. Briggs then bolted; but Bolt's humble toes wouldn't let him follow his example; coachee roared loudly for the watch, rattles resounded on all sides and eventually Briggs and Bolt were both safely bolted down in St. Clement's watch-house.

In their defence they pleaded, firstly, a wedding; secondly, an excess of pork-chops, gin, and mustard; thirdly, an inability to walk, which made them anxious to ride; fourthly, and lastly, the *two shillings* was all they had in the world.

The Magistrate, having first observed that they were a couple of arrant knaves, ordered them to pay, firstly, 3s. 3d. for their fare and the turnpike; secondly, 2s. for the coachman's time in attending to make his charge; and thirdly, 2s. for their discharge fees—in all, seven shillings and threepence.

"Have you any money?" said Bolt to Briggs. "No; haven't you any?" said Briggs to Bolt. "No"—"Then lock them up until they have," said the Magistrate; and they were locked up accordingly.

Before they were removed from the office, however, his Worship asked the coachman whether he intended to indict them for the assault, because in that case he should call upon them to find *bail* as well as the money. To which honest coachee—after a moment's reflection—replied, "Why no, your Honour; they be but two drunken tailors after all, it seems, and I don't want to hurt the poor creturs."

JUDICIAL REPROOF.—At the Leicester Assizes, the Rev. Richard Dawes, being examined as a witness, spoke in so low a tone of voice as to be inaudible on the bench; when Mr. Justice Park said, "Speak up, Sir; I am quite surprised that you do not speak up. This very morning, at Church, you spoke in so low a tone of voice that I could not hear one word from you, near as I was to you. *The Clergyman that does not speak up, is good for nothing!*"

The following fine passage is extracted from a speech of Judge Story, in the late convention of Massachusetts. "In our country, the highest man is not above the people; the humblest is not below the people. If the rich may be said to have additional protection, they have not additional power—nor does wealth here form a permanent distinction of families. Those who are wealthy to-day, pass to the tomb, and their children divide their estates. Property thus is divided quite as fast as it accumulates. No family can, without its own exertions, stand erect for a long time, under our statute of descents and distributions, the only true and legitimate agrarian law. It silently and quietly dissolves the mass heaped up by the toil and diligence of a long life of enterprise and industry. Property is continually changing like the waves of the sea. One wave rises, and is soon swallowed up in the vast abyss, and seen no more. Another arises, and having reached its destined limits, falls gently away, and is succeeded by yet another, which, in its turn, breaks and dies gently on the shore. The richest man among us may be brought down to the humblest level: and the child, with scarcely clothes to cover his nakedness, may rise to the highest office in our government; and the poor man, while he rocks his infant on his knees, may justly indulge the consolation, that if he possess talent and virtue, there is no office beyond the reach of his honourable ambition."

CROOKED COINCIDENCES.—A pamphlet, published in the year 1703, has the following strange title:—"Deformity of sin cured; a Sermon preached at St. Michael's, Crooked-lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookshanks. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripplegate, and by all other booksellers." The words of the text are, "Every crooked path shall be made straight;" and the Prince before whom it was preached was deformed in his person.

SHORT-HAND QUESTION AND ANSWER.—A gentleman, remarkable for his fund of humour, wrote to a female relative the following couplet:

How comes it this delightful weather,
That U and I can't dine together?

To which she returned the following reply:

My worthy friend, it cannot be,
U cannot come till after T.

CHATTYHAM versus CHELTENHAM.—A French gentleman, who, as will be seen, spoke English very *la, la*, went lately to the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-lane, London, to engage a seat for "Chattyham," and paid five shillings—although he thought the charge erroneous, and to the coach proprietor's disadvantage, he said nothing about it, on the ground of retaliation, having been often taken in by the *canaille* of England himself. Upon the coach he conversed with some female passengers, and was much amused for some time, but he could not help observing a very great dissimilarity between the road to Chattyham and the road from Chattyham—but which he accounted for, after a little thought, by ingeniously ascribing it to a change in his own position, having had his face toward London on the one occasion, and his back on the other. This novelty added to his satisfaction; but on arriving at Rochester bridge, his astonishment exceeded all bounds, for in travelling to London he had seen nothing at all of the kind: and upon shifting his position the bridge and the great sheet of water still remained, and to whichever side he shifted they were not convertible into any other description of scenery. He requested his fellow passengers to explain so extraordinary an event as the sudden appearance of a bridge and so large a river. He was told that Rochester bridge had stood there as long as they could remember. "*Roshesthere Bridge!*" cried he—"God bless my soul! what bring me to *Roshesthere Bridge?* Stop coachman and drive me to Chattyham!" "Why so I am," said coachee, "you'll soon be there." To describe his rage on being set down at Chatham and told it was his journey's end, would be impossible—he neither ate nor drank, nor left the coachman until the coach actually returned to London and dropped him in Lad-lane, at the very spot from which he had taken his departure. He abused the clerk who booked him as intelligibly as he could—and at last contrived to explain that he had paid 11, 12s. travelling from the place he wished to reach, to London, and then the clerk found it was to Cheltenham and not to Chatham, the unlucky traveller wished to go. There was now no remedy, but he demanded a retribution for the inconvenience he had suffered, that he should immediately take an *inside place gratuitously* to Cheltenham; but the proprietor, although disposed to abate the 5s. for the error of his servant, refused to mend the matter on such unreasonable terms. Monsieur applied to the Lord Mayor, in the hope of his Lordship ordering him the compensation he so conscientiously demanded in forwarding him to Chattyham, which he declared he had originally pronounced as perfectly and correctly at the Coach-office as now before his Lordship, and that the coachman should be punished for not stopping at *Roshesthere Bridge*, when called. But the Lord Mayor refused to interfere beyond the offer Mr. Waterhouse had made, and which he accepted.

REX.—"Well," said a farming looking man, who was looking at the head of George III. impressed on a halfpenny, "well, its what bothers me is the maning of that word 'Rex' round about the face of the King! Georgius, that's George—the Third! Rex!!" An old woman, one of the exclaimers' companions, (the scene was in a boat which plied on the river Suir, between Waterford and Carrick,) instantly replied in the true Irish style by an interrogative, "Is it that you'd be after axing, agra?" (my dear.) "Faith, then, I'll soon aise your mind, and that without much larning either. Doesn't the whole wide world know, barring yourself, saving your presence, that when the King eomed over from Jarmany his name was *Whelp!* and a dirty, doggish name it was, to spake the honest truth of it; but, my jewel, he was soon shamed out of it; and by way of Englifying it, what did he do but change it to Rex? and no blame to the dacent ould jantleman for it—that's all!"—*Paris Review.*

An American engraving of Barley Wood, the residence of Mrs. Hannah More, is on sale at New York, the profits of which are to be devoted towards establishing a missionary school for females in Ceylon, to be called Barley Wood. "Such a compliment from a

far country," remarks the friend who communicates the circumstance, "must be acceptable even to the Christian humility of the illustrious female to whom it is paid; especially if she be aware of the degree in which her writings have operated for the improvement of the female character on the distant shores of the western world."

CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS.—(From Article No. II. on Spanish Romances, by Mr. Bowring, in *The London Magazine*).—"I love Spain as a country, and Spaniards as a people.—In other lands I single out special objects for my regard, and inscribe their names on the tablets of friendship and sympathy—in Spain my affection pervades and clings to the whole population.—The national characteristic is fine and heroic.—Hospitality, generosity, dignity, valour; these are all Spanish virtues. I have found them elsewhere, it is true; but in the Spaniard they are blended with something indefinable, which gives all these admirable qualities a peculiar energy and relief, of which I only know that it breathes of the olden time, though it makes no parade of its ancestry.—It is romantic, spiritual, omnipresent. It is the soul of song—of song the universal element in Spain.—There is not a hill, nor a valley, nor a streamlet, which it has failed to consecrate. The very beggar decorates his petitions with poetical imagery—he asks 'a blessed alms from tenderness, for one the flower of whose life has been blasted,' or, from whom 'the light of heaven has been shut out by a celestial visitation.'—The muleteer chaunts his ever-varying *cancion* to a strain that varies never; but while the sun shines, and it is seldom clouded, his voice is always heard; and there is scarcely a village where some *repentista* (*improvisatore*) has not his portion of poetry and of praise."

PERKIN'S NEW STEAM-ENGINE.—This extraordinary invention is now completed, and fully answers the expectations of its projector. The London Journal of Arts for April, which describes its principles and operation, states that the space occupied by the engine and all its appendages, does not exceed an area of six feet by eight, though it is calculated to work with the power of ten horses; and it is considered that no part of the apparatus would require enlarging for an engine of 50 horse power, except the working cylinder, which at present is only 18 inches long and two inches diameter. The consumption of fuel is stated to be only two bushels per day; and perfect safety from any explosion is effected by the new mode of generating the steam. A copper bulb is introduced in the steam-pipe which is designed to explode under a pressure upon one thousand pounds upon every square inch, while every other part is proved to sustain a force of two thousand pounds; and this again is intended to be worked at from five to seven hundred.—The efficacy of a safety bulb of this description has been fully proved, several having been actually exploded by overworking the engine in the presence of many persons; and here a most extraordinary circumstance is discovered—the steam, when blowing out of the fissure, is *not sensibly hot*. The generating of the steam, and its condensation, take place so instantaneously, that the piston, when in full work, make about 250 strokes per minute.

GOOD WISHES.—An American paper thus addresses its readers on the commencement of the new year:—"We tender our patrons the usual compliments of the season, wishing them good fires without smoky chimnies, sleigh rides, without overturning, warm garments without empty pockets, arguments without anger, and plenty of good cider, and withal good memories, which will enable them to keep in mind the old adage, that 'short settlements (*particularly with the printer*) make long friends.' And to the ladies we wish more Chinchilla than Leghorn, more flannel than calico, more plaid than crape, more pity than prudery, more patience than petulance, more red cheeks than naked elbows, and, lastly, a complete victory over old bachelors."

A RUSSIAN OPINION ON THE DUTY OF KINGS. Madame Campan vouches for the authenticity of the following extract of a letter from the Empress Catherine, addressed to Marie Antoinette, of France, about the year 1790:—"Kings ought to proceed in their career, undisturbed by the cries of the people,—as the moon pursues her course, *unimpeded by the howling of dogs!*"

THE RULING PASSION OR HABIT.—Haller, the great physician, seems to have been making his very latest sensations and the final struggle of his body, subjects of professional experiment and curiosity. "My friend," said he, to his medical attendant, "the artery no longer beats"—and expired. Few people, perhaps, have lived to announce such a fact of their own system.

Hasted tells us that a gentleman of the name of Northwood entertained King Henry V. on his triumphant return from France, at the Red Lion Inn, at Sittingbourne; and though the entertainment was plentiful and befitting the royalty of his guest, yet such was the difference of the times that the whole expense amounted only to 9s. 9d., wine being then sold at two-pence a pint, and other articles in proportion.

A burial society has lately commenced in the county of Lancaster; the first printed article of which runs thus—"Whereas many persons find it difficult to bury themselves."

THE SCOTCH NOVELS.—Notwithstanding the notoriety of the name of the real author of the Scots Novels in his native city, the mysterious care and caution with regard to the manuscript and the correction of the proof sheets, which were in the first instance so scrupulously observed, still obtain. The manuscript sent to the printer is not in the hand writing of Sir Walter Scott, and, during the progress of each work through the press, two proof sheets are regularly forwarded to the author, by an intermediate person, one of which is returned corrected, evidently in a disguised hand.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and of which they might almost envy man the possession, it is the power of relieving distress.—If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection, that we possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

In 1512, John Ponce de Leon, a Spaniard of distinction, (as we are informed by Herrera) actually took a voyage to Florida for the purpose of bathing in the river Bimini, which he had been told and believed would restore him to youth, like the cauldron of Medea.

Acosta, who was a very good Catholic, relates that the manati, or sea-cow, was very excellent food; "but (continues he) I scrupled to eat it on Friday, being doubtful whether it were flesh or fish.

So little were women regarded formerly in England that the Benefit of Clergy was not extended to them till the days of William and Mary, when an Act of Parliament was made bestowing that privilege on them.—Women, by the law of Hindostan, are not admitted to be witnesses in a civil cause; and in Scotland the same law has not been very long in disuse.

Not many centuries ago, a law was made in England prohibiting the New Testament in English to be read by women, prentices, journeymen, or serving men.

At Haarlem, in Holland, the birth place of Lawrence Coster, the celebrated inventor of printing, who lived in the middle of the 15th century, the house in which he lived is still shown; and the first book he printed is kept in the town house, in a silver case, wrapped up in silk, and is always shown with great caution, as a most precious relic of antiquity.

HAIR POWDER.—Hair Powder was first introduced by ballad-singers at the fair of St. Germaine, in the year 1614; and it was long before it became adopted as a fashionable ornament. In the beginning of the reign of George I. only two ladies of rank wore powder in their hair, and they were laughed at for their singularity; and at the coronation of George II. there were only two hair-dressers in London. How rapidly dressing the hair and wearing powder must have increased, we find from the calculations made by Mr. Pitt, in 1795, when he proposed the hair-powder tax; it was then ascertained that there were in Great Britain fifty thousand hair-dressers; that the flour they consumed annually in hair powder, was to the value of £1,250,000; and that the number of persons wearing it, amounting to 200,000, so that supposing a tax of one guinea a head laid on, it would yield £210,000 per annum. The produce, however, fell far short of this sum, and has constantly decreased. In the first year of the tax, 1795, it only produced £187,085; and in 1803, it had sunk to £44,552.

To the Editor of the BATH JOURNAL.

SIR,—The following extracts from a German paper, The Mannheim Gazette, of January 11th, 1823, will, perhaps, furnish your readers with some new ideas on spending the Sabbath, and give them some notion of comfort on the frozen Rhine and Neckar:

"The present winter, according to the old chronicles, is very similar to that of 1766. A cask was then made on the Rhine, which is still in the possession of *Hieb Bohrmann*, wine merchant.—*Sunday, 12th inst.* A lamb will be played for at a game of nine-pins on the frozen Neckar. Good punch will be served out at 24 Xc. (about 8d.) a schoppen (nearly a pint); wine do. at 8 Xc. (2½d.); good coffee 4 kreuzer (1½d.)"

"We respectfully inform the public, we intend having at our tavern, on Sunday next the 12th inst. in addition to our usual refreshments, a grand display of fire-works. We beg the public to favour us with their attendance. (Signed)

The Society of the Great Rhine."

"*Notice.*—We intend to make a cask of 4 fuder* (about 800 gallons) on the Rhine, on Saturday the 11th inst. which will be heated at one o'clock, and we invite all our friends who wish to see it.

** T. Muller, and G. T. Sperting, coopers-masters."*

* A measure so called, containing about 24 barrels.

"I hereby inform my friends and the public in general, that on Saturday, Sunday, and the following days, I shall give balls on the Rhine in rooms comfortably heated. All kinds of refreshments will be provided; and I respectfully solicit the attention and support of the public. (Signed)

Wetskopf, of Mundenheim, near Mannheim."

"On the 11th and 12th inst. a master shoemaker of this town will make a pair of boots on the Rhine."

I am, Sir, your obliged,

L. R. Bath, Feb. 19, 1823.

S.

PUN LEGAL.—A short time before the removal of the Irish Courts to their present splendid buildings, one of the walls of the old Court-house was in a very tottering condition. While a law argument was going on one day in full court, this assumed so dangerous an appearance as to check the proceedings for a short time; during which a young wag at the Bar addressed the Court, saying, "My Lord, I move for an *injunction to stay the proceedings* of that wall."—"There is no need, (replied Curran)—a *temporary bar* will be sufficient.

GETTING OUT OF A SCRAPE.—The doctrine of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, is still taught by the Brahmins of Malabar; and an English captain had nearly fallen a victim to its effects. Trading along the coast, he one day went ashore, when he unluckily shot a bird called perumel, which is supposed to carry one of their gods of the first rank. A Malabarian saw it, and accused him of the enormous crime; the people in the neighbouring villages immediately assembled, seized the sacrilegious Englishman, and would have sacrificed him on the spot, had it not been for the presence of mind of a Jew, who chanced to be present. He advised the captain to confess the crime, but to assign as his reason for committing it, that his father, who had been dead some time, was thrown into the sea, and was become a carp; the perumel was going to devour the carp before his eyes, when the recollection of his father rushed upon him, and he shot the bird! The judges were struck with the apparent justice of the plea, and instantly pardoned the criminal.

Saturday last, a most beautiful and curiously veined wedge of agate was found on the estate of Claremont, belonging to James Nairne, esq. by Mr. Dean, when digging near the bottom of a steep bank near the south side of his farm, a short distance from the spot where Archbishop Sharpe was murdered. It was discovered embedded in the clay or till, about three feet below the surface, in a horizontal position. Immediately to the westward there is a large whin-stone fixed in the ground—the memorial, probably, of some deed of blood, or the monument of one whose memory it has survived. The wedge measures, in length, exactly 12 inches; from 1½ to 2 inches in breadth, and from 1-4th to one inch in thickness. It possesses a very fine polish, and it is supposed to have been an instrument of sacrifice used in barbarous ages.—*Caledonian Mercury.*

THE STAGE OF LIFE.—One poet has said that

"All the world's a stage!

And all the men and women merely players:

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts."

And another has said, in an imperative style,

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Does he mean by this, that there is as much honour in acting well in an inferior station as in a superior? Pope was inspired, no doubt, and therefore we may expect him to speak the truth; but we have read of "an evil spirit from the Lord," and of "a lying spirit in the mouth of all the prophets;" and we conclude that Pope must have been troubled by one or both of these.

We agree that the world may be considered as a stage; but we deny that honour is to be gained by performing well an inferior part. He who enacts a principal character, if he sustain his part with dignity and propriety, may expect to be rewarded by the plaudits of the audience; but who will applaud the industrious and diligent exertions of the prompter, the scene-shifter, or candle-snuffer? The actor who struts his hour in the character of Othello, Macbeth, or Richard the Third, receives an honorary as well as a pecuniary recompence; but the call-boy and lamp-lighters, however perfect in their parts, can gain nothing but the stipulated hire.—Should any thing go wrong through their mismanagement, they may be saluted by a hiss; but the thundering voice of applause never awakens their love of glory, or rewards the punctual discharge of their servile occupations.—So it is in life, an Alexander and a Caesar, a Brutus and a Cato, a Trajan and an Antonine, perform their parts on the wide theatre of the world, in the sight of admiring nations, who are ever ready to raise the song of triumph, and sing hosanna to the great. Who would not be a hero, when encouraged by the hopes of such a reward? Who would not press forward in the race, when a crown of glory is in view? Who would not encounter death, for everlasting fame?

The obscure individual can have no such motives. He is compelled to tread the ensanguined field, to mount the deadly breach, and face the roaring cannon. If he conquer, he is despised; if he die, he is forgotten.

DEAN SWIFT.—Happening to dine for the first time in company with Lady Burlington, and his gown being rather rusty, she supposed him to be some clergyman of inferior note, and mortified him greatly by taking no notice of him whatsoever. After dinner the Dean said, "Lady Burlington I hear you can sing; come sing me a song." The Lady, being out of her turn, of course peremptorily refused; but after telling her that he supposed he was taken "for some poor paltry English hedge-parson," he actually drove her from the table in tears. On seeing her ladyship next time, he said, "Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured as when I saw you last?" To which she replied, with the greatest good humour, "No, Mr. Dean; I will sing for you now if you please;" and from that moment he treated her with the utmost respect.

SWIFT AMONG THE LAWYERS.—Dean Swift having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was invited to dine with the judges; and having in his sermon, considered the use and abuse of the law, he then pressed a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they knew in their consciences to be wrong. When dinner was over, and the glass began to go round, a young barrister retorted upon the dean; and after several altercations, the counsellor asked him, "If the devil was to die, whether a parson might not be found, who, for money, would preach his funeral?" "Yes," said Swift, "I would gladly be the man, and I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his children."

FAMILY OF MANNERS.—Old Manners, brother to the late Duke of Rutland's father, amassed a large fortune by well and truly performing the character of a gamester. To him the old Duke of Devonshire lost the great estate of Leicester Abbey. He is represented as an usurer in the "Rake's Progress."

Stat. 2. H. 6, cap. 10. By 12 R. 2 cap. 2. it is enacted, that no officer or minister of the King shall be ordained or made, for any gift of favour or affection; nor shall any be put into office, but such as are sufficient. "A law," said Sir Edward Coke, "worthy to be writ in letters of gold, but more worthy to be put in execution;" for certainly justice will never be duly administered, but when the officers and ministers of justice are of such quality, and come to their places in such manner as by this law is required.

EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising at six and rising at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a person to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would, amounts to twenty-nine thousand hours, or three years 121 days and 16 hours; which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years: which is in fact the same as if ten years were added to the period of our lives, in which we might command eight hours every day, for the cultivation of our minds, and the dispatch of business. This is the result of early rising, which, besides, that it contributes so much to our general health, is deserving of serious consideration.

Spare diet was almost always one of the first prescriptions of the celebrated physician Tronchin.—"Tis the best way," said he, "to cut off the enemy's provisions; that is already a great point gained."

Muses' Bower.

LETTER OF ADVICE TO MY COUSIN IN THE COUNTRY, ON HEARING THAT HE WAS APPLYING FOR A SITUATION AT COURT.

IS it true, my dear Bon, that you're coming to town
To endeavour to shake off the ways of the clown,
To learn what is call'd true politeness of breeding,
To stuff out yours with rich soups and high feeding,
To ape at the fashions and to be polite,
Lie a-bed all the day and just get up at night?
Do you really intend a mean courtier to be,
To surrender your freedom for base slavery,
With humble submission, to bow and to scrape,
And learn how to fawn and to flatter the great,
To swear that their vices are harmless enough,
And call all morality damnable stuff?
Think it really no sin to seduce your Friend's wife,
Because it's the fashion with those in high life;
Run in debt without ever intending to pay,
Then run to St. Stephen's to keep duns at bay;
When possessing a seat, watch the Minister's nod,
And attend more to him than you do to your God;
Say AYE, or say NO, as he gives you the wink,
Without on the matter presuming to think.
Should Reform be discussed, or the people complain,
Say Reform is not wanted, and call them insane;
Make a speech on the subject, and vow that you trace
In the measure great danger—of losing your place.
Go to church now and then, take the Sacrament too,
Pray forgiveness of sins, and begin them anew;
Set truth at defiance, and cheat all you can,
To become what the Court styles a high polish'd man?
Oh! no my dear Cousin, I know you too well,
To think, you desire with courtiers to dwell;
Your spirit's too noble, your virtue too strong,
To make you desire to mix in the throng,
Where vice and where folly, in turn take their part,
In debasing the mind, and corrupting the heart;
Where friendship's unknown, tho' to that they pretend,
And with language unmeaning call each other friend:
Where they boast much of honour, but honour have not;
How can they possess it when virtue's forgot?
Take advice from a friend, from your home do not stray,
Still continue to live in your blunt honest way;
Rest assured, that contentment is seldom the lot
Of courtiers; that blessing is found in the cot,
Where the rustic enjoys the sweets of this life,
A stranger to envy, ambition, and strife.
Had I written any one else, my good Friend,
For this letter I should an apology send;
But knowing full well you ambiguity hate,
I thought it were best my mind plainly to state.
So trusting your kindness the faults will forgive,
With this prayer I conclude, long in health may you live.

THE MARCH OF MIND:

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY, JUNE 24, 1814.
BY MISS MITFORD.

Fair Nature smiled in all her bowers,
But Man, the master-work of God,
Unconscious of his latent powers,
The tangled forest trod:
Without a hope, without an aim,
Beyond the sloth's, the tiger's life,
His only pleasure sleep or strife,
And war his only fame.
Furious alike and causeless beam'd
His lasting hate, his transient love;
And e'en the mother's fondness seem'd
The instinct of the dove.
The mental world was wrapt in night;
Though some, the diamonds of the mine,
Burst through the shrouding gloom, to shine
With self-emitted light!
Oh, how the glorious dawn unfold
The brighter day that lurk'd behind!
The march of armies may be told,
But not the March of Mind.
Instruction! child of Heaven and Earth,
As heat expands the vernal flower,
So Wisdom, Goodness, Freedom, Power,
From thee derive their birth.
From thee, all mortal bliss we draw;
From thee, Religion's blessed fruit;
From thee, the good of social law,
And man redeem'd from brute;
From thee, all ties to Virtue dear,
The father's, brother's, husband's name;
From thee, the sweet and holy fame
That never cost a tear.
Oh! breathe thy soul along the gale,
That Britons still, in generous strife,
Knowledge and Freedom may inhale
The mingled breath of life!
So shall they share what they possess,
And shew to distant worlds thy charms;
Wisdom and Peace their only arms,
Their only aim to bless!

ON THE ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

BY JOHN FINLAY, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE POEM OF
"WALLACE, OR THE VALE OF ELLERSLIE."

Why does the melting voice, the tuneful string,
A sigh of woe, a tear of pleasure bring;
Can simple sounds, or joy or grief inspire,
And melt the soul responsive to the wire?
Ah! so, some other charm to rapture draws,
More than the finger's skill, the artist's laws:
Some latent feeling that the string awakes,
Starts to new life, and thro' the fibres shakes;
Some cottage-home where first the strain was heard,
By many a tie of former days endear'd;
Some lovely maid who on thy bosom hung,
And breath'd the note, all tearful as she sung;
Some youth who first awoke the pensive lay,
Friend of thy infant years—now far away;
Some scene that patriot blood embalms in song,
Some brook that winds thy native vales among,
All steal into the soul in witching train,
Till home, the maid, the friend, the scene appear again!
'Twas thus the wand'rer 'mid the Syrian wild,
Wept at the strain he carol'd when a child.
O'er many a weary waste the traveller pass'd,
And hop'd to find some resting place at last;
Beneath some branchy shade—his journey done,
To shelter from the desert and the Sun.
And haply some green spot the pilgrim found,
And hail'd and bless'd the stream's delicious sound:
When on his ear the well-known ditty stole,
That as it melted pass'd into his soul;
"O Bothwell bank!"—each thrilling word convey'd
The Scottish landscape to the palm-tree shade,
No more Damascus' streams his spirit held,
No more its minarets his eye beheld;
Pharpar and Abana unheeded glide,
He hears in dreams the music of the Clyde!
And Bothwell's bank amid o'er-arching trees,
Echoes the bleat of flocks, the hum of bees—
—With less keen rapture on the Syrian shore,
Beneath the shadow of the sycamore;
His eye had turn'd amid the burst of day,
Tadmor's gigantic columns to survey;
That suddenly their length of shadows throw,
On sons of earth, who trembling gaze below!—
'Twas thus when to Quebec's proud heights afar,
Wolfe's chivalry roll'd on the surge of war.
The hardy Highlander, so fierce before,
Languidly lifted up the huge claymore.
To him the bugle's mellow note was dumb,
And e'en the rousing thunders of the drum:
Till the loud pibroch sounded in the van,
And led to battle forth each dauntless clan.
On rush the brave—the plaided chiefs advance,
The line resounds "Lothiel's awa' to France!"
With vig'rous arm the falchion lift on high,
Fight as their fathers fought, and like their fathers die!

THE FOLLOWING BEAUTIFUL STANZAS ARE EXTRACTED FROM MRS. ROBINSON'S WALSINGHAM.

The savage hunter, who afar
On some rude mountain's pathless height,
Sees, in the West, the twilight star
Just peering on the brow of night;
O'er cliffs of ice, and plains of snow,
Still bends his long and lonesome way,
And, as he tempts the famish'd foe,
Anticipates the joys of day:
For he, by hope inspir'd, surveys
The moon's wan lustre gild the dome
That on some jutting point displays,
O blest retreat! his cavern'd home;
Where, when the journeying sun shall fade,
And cold oblivion's reign return,
The torch of love shall cheer the shade,
And, 'midst the frozen desert, burn.
For love can warm the shivering breast,
And bid Siberian fierceness sigh;
Make flinty caves the house of rest,
And mock, with joy, the frowning sky;
But I, who taste no pleasing dreams
To smooth the paths of endless care,
Shall darkness know, 'mid sunny beams,
And find, in bow'rs of bliss, despair!

ON THE MARCH OF THE FRENCH GUARDS FOR SPAIN, FEBRUARY, 1823.

There they stand in their triple ranks,
In the Bourbon Palace-yard;
Playthings for each new tyrant's pranks—
Slaves, soldiers, hirelings, Gauls, or Franks—
The Bourbon Royal Guard.

I saw them once,* when another name
Flung its mighty shadow o'er;
When these sons of war were heirs of Fame,
And glory's rays, not the rust of shame,
Were spread on the chains they bore:—

When Victory, in its manhood's prime,
Like a giant genius stood—
And the fame of "The Guard," as a light sublime,
Shone o'er the burnish'd tide of Time,
A sunbeam on its flood.

How different was their bearing then
To their crest-fall'n brows to-day!
They look'd, as they ne'er shall look again,
Like demi gods more than mortal men,
Drawn out in their fierce array.

By Heavens! 'twas grand to see them spring,
Elastic from the ground;
And to hear the wide courts echoing ring,
As they yelled the name of their Emperor King,
And the clash of their arms went round.

And they seemed, as they waved their helms on high,
And swung their glittering blades,
And swept in clouds their Chieftain by,
Less things of the world than spirits of the sky,
Or warriors from the shades.

While He, as he sat on his war-horse there,
Wrapped in his shroud of pride—
Might be thought some Demon of the Air,
In the gloomy grandeur of despair
The whirlwind's course to guide.

And is that fearful pageant gone—
Has it vanished from the earth—
Have the thousands that then rush'd wildly on
Sunk in the grave, like the Mighty One
Who gave their terrors birth?

And what are those ranks that I gaze on now?
And whose is yon shrivell'd form,
That shivering stands with cringing bow,
Like a dripping bird on some vessel's prow,
That heralds yet hides from the storm?

O spirit of valour, turn your face—
'Tis Henry of Angouleme!
Last scion shot out from the ancient race,
Who fills with his lazy crew the place
Once consecrate to Fame.

And Oh! forgive, ye honoured dead,
Whose deeds raised that proud Arch†
If with listless glance I saw instead
Yon band of slaves, and their faltering tread
Of you and your manlike march.

There are faces there, on which youth's fresh bloom
Is glowing—but not one light
Of hope, to shine through their thoughts of gloom
Like the dim lamp glimmering in a tomb,
Or a torch on a misty night.

And others there are, of time-worn mien,
Where memory's shadows rise
From fields where deep disgrace hath been—
But not an eye looks back on the scene
Of long-past victories.

Not a shout is raised—not a single smile
Plays over one lowering front—
Not a joke goes round the hours to beguile—
Not a prayer is breathed from a single file
That must brave the battle's brunt.

And mark! they move—with sluggard tramp,
Hollow—and dull—and slow—
The ground gives back the heavy stamp
Of limbs, whose nerves seem coiled with cramp,
So limping and lame they go.

And whither they go? Ha! Hold your sides,
Each laughter-loving fiend,
That plunges men down fate's whelming tides—
That tears young bridegrooms from their brides—
That mocks, in storm-clouds screened,

At all the miseries of mankind
Drifting on Passion's seas—
Like a rudderless bark before the wind—
When despots dark and bigots blind
Urge on such things as these.

Let every urchin sprite laugh out
That sports with mortals' pain;
While demons dire send back the shout,
Fierce bursting round th' inglorious rout
That goes—to conquer Spain!!

Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!—
The demon chorus flies—
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!
Echoes o'er Spain—while the loud huzza
Of her legions hosts replies!

"Come on," they cry, "ye men of France,
Come, Tyrants, with your hordes!
Fit light shall shine o'er your advance—
Liberty's broad and burning glance,
And the gleam from Freeman's swords.

"Fit welcome shall wait on each mountain height,
Strong arms and new-dug graves—
And your requiem song be the croaking flight
Of eagles, and ravens, and birds of the night,
O'er the carcasses of SLAVES!"

* At their last review by Napoleon, previous to marching for Waterloo.

† The Triumphal Arch in the Place du Carrousel.

ODE,

ADDRESSED TO THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE, AT THE BE-
GINNING OF THE AMERICAN WAR.—FROM THE ITALIAN OF
ALFIERI.

Oh, thou! deserving not my humble shell,
But the high notes of that immortal lyre,
That made the Theban shores resounding t'ill
Of deeds and names it willed should ne'er expire;
But, like the host of Heaven,
To endless life be given.

Thou, in an age less dark, in climes less rude,
Hast fitter flourish'd.—Rare exotic, say,
By what celestial showers hast thou been d'ew'd;
Whence breathed the gale that fostered in a day
Virtue sublime, in youth mature?

A boy, a slave, a noble, with a soul
That aimed at freedom amid base control?
And was it France that gave this spirit pure?
Not so—not so—from Greece or Latium came
The noble spark of the immortal mind,
That animates the beauteous youthful frame,
Where virtue joys her home with grace to find;
Nor does the laurel on his brow
Its kindred myrtle disavow.

But mark the daring youth with ardour seize
America's first note of warlike sound:
He starts, impatient of ignoble ease,
And, spite of all the servile train around,
Demands a chosen band,
To aid the land where trampled Freedom bleeds;
To give the help an injured nation needs,
With heart and hand.

But not as yet had learned the Christian king,
To grant a yielding ear to such request;
Some proof hereafter might conviction bring,
That right makes arms to succour the oppress'd.
"What dost thou hope to find
"Within a royal mind?

"Sooner the waves shall fail to meet the sea,
"The rivers sooner turn to seek their spring,
"Than gentle charity awakene! be
"Within the flinty bosom of a king.

"Leave the polluted lands:
"Go! go alone—thy arm will bring more aid,
"Than a base mercenary army, paid
"For heartless hands."

Thus Sparta's spirit whisper'd to his heart,
And not in vain the aspiring accents came;
Already does he hasten to depart—
Oh! glorious thirst of everlasting fame!
He leaves the stormy crowd,
And courtly tempest loud,

And leaves, alas! with beating heart beside,
Her, whose young love was now but newly won,
His chaste, his lovely, his caressing bride;
And what he dearest loves appears to shun.
In vain she, mourning, cries,
That death less bitter than his loss appears;
While snatching a last kiss, midst falling tears,
He flies—he flies.

Oh! wherefore weep? Mark him where glory leads,
Treading the daring brilliant path to fame.
No chieftain's rank graces his warrior deeds;
His, 'midst the host, the only Frenchman's name.
See, in the strife of death,
Does he e'er pause for breath?

The sons of Freedom mark their champion's arm;
And wond'ring see one, among bond men bred,
In Liberty's exalted fervor warm—
Surpass'd by none that for her cause had bled:
Is it for this you weep?

Oh! Lady, change the plaint that does him wrong,
To notes of triumph and exulting song,
Nor let your eyes such mournful traces keep.
And now behold him, vested with command,
Yielding a willing ear to veterans tried;
Prudence and valour joining hand in hand,
And gently winning all who with him vied,
Who could resist the charm
Of kindest feelings warm?

Even those who hate, or envy, learn to love.
See him, at length, when troops of warriors came
With Gaul's fair lily on their banners wove,
Is there among them, one to match his name?
Valour and Liberty alike declare.
Their fame eternal rests upon his head:
And nought shall ever quench the beams they shed,
While pure he keeps him from each courtly snare!

The Steam Boat.—We went to Richmond by the steam boat, and I have scarcely yet recovered from the effects of the journey. You know I hated this self-willed machine when first I saw it hurrying and clattering along between the wharfs and coal barges, and through the muddy water, at Blackfriars bridge; but now I have not common patience with it. It is, to be sure, a most atrocious invention, and fit for nothing but to transport convicts to Botany Bay, or condemned souls across the Styx. To see a huge, noisy monstrosity like this, breathing fire and smoke, come insolently trundling itself up the clear stream, beneath the willows and alders, and between the classical banks of Pope's Twickenham, and treating all one's feelings, fancies, and associations, past, present, and to come, with contempt, is intolerable, and ought to be forbidden by Act of Parliament. It jolts worse than a French diligence over the pavé, and roars like a corn mill; and instead of being able to look at the scenery along the banks of the River, which I so much wished for an opportunity of seeing, all I could do was to sit perversely counting the abominable strokes of the steam engine, as they jarred and vibrated on every nerve about me. But really the bodily inconvenience attending a voyage in this new 'infernal machine' is nothing compared with its insolent violation of all one's most cherished notions of keeping and consistency. Think of a drunken Dutch boor in the midst of one of *Claude's reposos*; or imagine a great, rough, cloven-footed Satyr in *Titian's Bath of Diana*; or conceive a herd of porpoises tumbling about in one of the Italian lakes,—and you may gain some idea of the effect of seeing a London steam boat intruding itself upon the Thames at Twickenham.—*Letters on England, by Count de Soligny.*

Anecdote of Goldsmith.—When Dr. Goldsmith had gone his way up to fame, some friends, wishing to introduce him into more and higher society, advised him to give an evening entertainment at his chambers. Ladies and gentlemen were accordingly invited, and the titled and untitled came.

Goldsmith, in a pea-green coat, and other parts of his dress appropriately gay, received his guests with due politeness, and the party amused themselves very agreeably. After tea, &c. cards were proposed: and *Leo*, the fashionable game of that day, soon engaged the attention of its votaries; Goldsmith attending, and enjoying the vicissitudes of their speculations. At length, however, he became exceedingly agitated; he walked round the table, and up and down, with disordered step and a disturbed air. Mr. Bunnbury, one of the gamblers, had a run of ill luck, and had lost several pounds. This so distressed his host that he could endure it no longer, but, shocked to see any one plundered of so immense a sum in his house, he called him out of the room, and slipping a guinea into his hand, entreated him to play no more. The diversion occasioned by this sally was not the least amusing part of the mistakes of that night; and we can vouch for the truth of it as an original anecdote of him who was indeed in 'simplicity a child.'—*Literary Gazette.*

Extraordinary Youth.—A few years since, died the son of Mr. Southey, the Poet-Laureat, who had a most remarkable talent for learning the languages. The boy was only nine years of age at his death; and yet he had attained the knowledge of the *English, Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and German* languages, and in which he had made himself a proficient!—Great, however, as his talents were, they were excelled by a boy whose name was *Robert Wedge*, and who died since young Southey, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. This boy was only seven years of age; and it is certain, that he not only understood all the above languages *grammatically*, but that he could speak them, and almost all the living languages, *fluently*! He had also an intimate knowledge both of the speculative and practical branches of the *Mathematics*, and had given evident proofs of his wonderful proficiency by detecting errors in some of the most celebrated authors. Every branch of *philosophy* was familiar to him; and on this subject he held a regular correspondence with several Fellows of the *Royal Society*, of which Institution he would have been elected a fellow, had he lived only two months longer. But what was the most surprising in the character of this wonderful boy was, that he was eminent in a *science* that only a few men can understand, namely, the *finances* of the country. So expert was he in calculations of this nature, that *Mr. Vansittart*, who had an interview with him, declared that he was as well qualified for the office of *Chancellor of the Exchequer* as himself!

Gaming Anecdote.—The late Duke of Norfolk, in one evening, lost the sum of 70,000*l.* in a gaming-house on the right side of St. James's-street. Suspecting foul play, he put the dice in his pocket, and, as was his custom when up late, took a bed in the house. The blacklegs were all dismayed, till one of the worthies, who is believed to have been a principal in poisoning the horses at Newmarket, for which *Dan Dawson* was hanged, offered for 5000*l.* to go into the Duke's room with a brace of pistols and a pair of dice, and, if the Duke was awake, to shoot him; if asleep, to change the dice! Fortunately for the gang, the Duke snored, as the agent stated, "like a pig;" and the dice were changed. His Grace had them broken in the morning, when finding them good, he paid the money and left off gambling. *Courier.*

IN Dr. Collyer's Lecture on the Comparison of the Ancient Philosophy with Christianity, he says, with equal beauty and sublimity, "As the light of truth increases, the shadows of suspicion will disappear; but when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise in his glory, all the mists of prejudice will be chased away. Then the bow of promise shall be seen on the dark and retiring cloud of idolatry and superstition, of ignorance and pollution. It will be the symbol of the spirit of love, union, peace, and good will pervading the Christian world, and presiding over all their operations. Shade will melt into shade, and colour blend with colour, in clear distinction, but in perfect harmony. Its ample arch shall span the whole heavens, and touch the horizon in both extremities at the same moment. Upon the summit of its bright circumference the sapphire throne of the Son of Man shall be planted, and the shouts of adoring nations roll upwards like thunder—'Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.'"

A Royal Author.—Among the curious events of the day may be reckoned the appearance of a pamphlet by *Lonis XVIII.*, giving an account of his flight to *Coblentz*, in 1791.

It has been erroneously stated in the papers, that Dr. Guillotine, who invented the dreadful instrument of death bearing his name, was the first who fell a victim to its exterminating glave. Mr. Ireland, in his "History of France for the last Seven Years," at p. 307, says, "the whole statement is unfounded; as the person in question died peaceably in his bed, a few years back, having only regretted that his invention should have operated to deprive *Lonis XVI.* of life."

Longevity.—The longest animal life on record is that of a *Swabian fish*, a carp of prodigious size, that was found in the year 1497, in a fish-pond, and had in his ear a ring of copper, with these words in Latin: "I am the first fish that was put into this pond, by the hands of Frederick the Second, governor of the world, the 5th October, 1230." So that this carp must have lived 267 years.—The most famous physicians were famous liverers. Hippocrates lived to the age of 194; Asclepiades, the Persian, to 150; Galen, in complete health, to 104. Besides these, there are instances far more extraordinary, which are tolerably well authenticated. It is recorded, that in Bengal there was a certain peasant who reached the age of 335! In America (beyond the British settlements in Florida) there died some years ago an Indian prince, who had the full use of his faculties and limbs to the last, who remembered the coming of the Spaniards into those parts; consequently he must have been upwards of 200 years old. There is also an account of a man called Francis Secradí Hongo, who, after marrying successively five wives, and having 15 or 20 concubines, arrived at the age of 115 years; and another, of some Hungarians who attained respectively the ages of 172, 185, and 187 years. Old Parr died in 1635, aged 152 years; Lawrence Hutland died in the Orkneys when he was 170; and the famous Countess of Desmond was known to be more than 140 at the time of her death.—*Retrospective Review.*

The spoken language of the Chinese is of a singular and difficult description, and, probably more than any other in existence, requires the organs of a native to pronounce and to comprehend it with accuracy. It is composed entirely of words of one syllable and of an indistinct pronunciation, which are made to express a great variety of ideas by the most slight and subtle reflections, and present a foreigner with an unusual crowd of discouragements. Yet, strange as it may seem, when all these obstacles are overcome, and the student is able to converse with fluency in Chinese, he has not made a single step towards the acquisition of the *written* language of the country, and has not even gained a single facility for becoming acquainted with a Chinese book: and the reason of it is, that the two languages have not the least relation to each other. The written language is not formed of letters, like those of all other nations; but the simplest elements to which it is possible to reduce it, are themselves the signs of ideas, and by composition are made to afford a rich and copious language. All these symbols, simple and compound, have proper names, formed without any reference whatever to the objects or ideas they express; so that a person acquainted with the spoken language only, even if he were a Chinese, would not understand a single word from any one reading in a book. Their written language is established exactly on the same principles that have been proposed for the foundation of an universal language; and the reasonableness of such a project is certainly attested by the fact, that individuals from several nations in the neighbourhood of China can converse by writing, though neither of them can understand a word of what the other speaks.

An old treasurer in the town of Stirling, kept his accounts in the following method:—He hung up two boots, one on each side of the chimney; and in one he put all the money he received, and in the other all the receipts and vouchers for the money he paid at the end of the year, or whenever he wanted to make up his accounts, he emptied the boots, and by counting their several and respective contents, he was enabled to make a balance, perhaps with as much regularity and as little trouble, as any book-

Growth of London.—Politicians and legislators have at various times expressed considerable uneasiness and alarm at the growth of the metropolis. It has, notwithstanding, still continued advancing amidst all impediments and obstructions, to a most gigantic size. Conjecture even dares not affix its limits; for every succeeding year we see some waste ground in the suburbs reclaimed and covered with dwellings, some little village or hamlet in the suburbs united by a continuous street to the metropolis, until what once, and that at no remote period, was London and its environs, is now one great compact city,—going far to verify the prediction of James the First, that “England will shortly be London, and London England.”—It appears by the census of 1821, that London, including the borough of Southwark, contained the vast number of 161,905 houses, and that 3437 other houses were then building; and when we consider that every month brings a large addition, it probably would not be too much to estimate the metropolis as at present containing 170,000 houses; nor are its limits likely to stop here, but to be extended considerably in succeeding ages.—*Percy Histories.*

Offences in England and Wales.—There were committed for trial, in 1816, 9091; in 1817, 13,932; in 1818, 13,567; in 1819, 14,254; in 1820, 13,710; in 1821, 13,115; in 1822, 12,241. Total, in the seven years, 89,910; of whom 75,652 were males, and 14,258 females; and 59,636 were convicted; of whom 8146 received sentence of death, and 51,490 were sentenced to minor punishments. The executions were, in 1816, 95; in 1817, 115; in 1818, 97; in 1819, 108; in 1820, 107; in 1821, 114; in 1822, 95.

France.—From a work lately published in Paris by M. Montveran, it appears that in the year 1801, when the population of France was 34,000,000, the number of persons condemned to death was 822, and in the year 1811, when the population was 42,000,000, the number had diminished to 392. This is about the proportion of 9 to a million. In the same year, in England and Wales, the number of criminals condemned were about 376 out of every million of inhabitants. Thus, in 1811, the condemnations in England, compared with those in France, were as 376 to 9, or as 42 to 1. The report of the state of mendicity in France, compared with that of the parish poor in England, by M. Montveran, also presents a prodigious difference—the French list, in 1812, exhibiting only thirty thousand individuals out of forty-two millions of inhabitants.

Anticipations!—Mr. Colden, of New York, in a recent speech in the House of Representatives, on the Bill for occupying the mouth of the Colombia, made the following remarks:

“Sir, I verily believe, that in 20 years, and if not in 20 in 50 years, a person setting out from London to go to India, will find New York, Albany, and Sandusky, post-towns on his route. By pursuing nearly a west course, he will cross the Atlantic, reach Albany—follow the York canal—embark on Lake Erie—pass through the Ohio canal—and pursue the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri, to the foot of the rocky mountains, over which he will traverse a turnpike of only 75 miles, which will bring him to the waters of the Colombia: upon these he will reach the Pacific, and thence he will cross a ferry to the Asiatic continent—a ferry of some 2 or 3 thousand miles, I admit, but one which, in reference to steam-boat navigation, for which those seas are particularly adapted, would be no more than so many hundred miles would have been some few years since. By pursuing this course, the traveller will have about 120° of longitude to traverse. Whereas, if he proceeded east of London, he could not reach the eastern coast of Asia, without traversing 240° of longitude; and if he pursued the usual route, by doubling either of the Capes, to the difference of longitude must be added the degrees of latitude he must necessarily twice pass over. Is it not reasonable to suppose, that at some period, not very remote, the eastern trade may be pursued in the course I have now designated? And will not the measure, which is contemplated by the bill, accelerate the arrival of that period?”

On the same occasion, Mr. Baylies, of Massachusetts, said, “Gentlemen are talking of natural boundaries. Sir, our natural boundary is the Pacific Ocean. The swelling tide of our population must and will roll on until that mighty ocean interposes its waters, and limits our territorial empire. Then, with two oceans washing our shores, the commercial wealth of the world is ours; and imagination can hardly conceive the greatness, the grandeur, and the power that await us.”

American Judicial Decorum.—Judge Haywood, of Tennessee, concludes a legal opinion (published in the Constitutional Advocate of Nashville on the 11th ult.) as follows: “On all these points I am very clear; but the Judges of this State are such d—d fools, that no man can tell how they will decide.”

Of the power of the House of Commons none of our readers are ignorant; but an instance of the exercise of authority by the Speaker, which is related of Sir Edward Seymour, is, we suppose, without a parallel. His coach broke at Charing-Cross, and he ordered the beadies to stop the next gentleman's they met, and bring it to him. The gentleman in it was much surprised to be turned out of his own coach, but Sir Edward told him it was more proper for him to walk in the streets, than the Speaker of the House of Commons; and left him so to do, without any further apology!

It was pleasantly remarked of Lord Anson, who was not unfrequently duped at play, that he had been round the world, but never in it!

English Travellers.—To assert that a love of foreign travel is an element of the English character in its higher walk, would perhaps be to generalize without sufficient warrant. It may, however, be declared, that the multitude of voyagers and itinerants, who leave the shores of their own happy island at every favourable juncture for emigration, argues a propensity most deeply seated in the national mind, and one that has been increasing from the age of Elizabeth down to that of George the Fourth. But never was the rein given so freely to this propensity, as during the space which has intervened since the termination of the last conflict with our grand political adversary. Scientific research, commercial speculation, scholastic investigation, economical endeavour, professional rivalry, but, above all, pleasure-taking curiosity, burst forth at the settlement of the treaty of Paris; and, like so many currents which had been long confined, joined in a mighty rush, as soon as the touch of the magic wand of peace opened a sluice for their liberation, and inundated with British visitors the choicest spots of France and Italy. The movement was so great and extensive as to exceed all comparison with former instances. It excited little more surprise to encounter an acquaintance in the gardens of the Thuilleries than in the park of St. James's; in the catacombs of Paris, than in the peak of Derbyshire; in the apartments of the Louvre, than in the Shakespear gallery; in the Caffé des mille Colles, than in a London hotel; by the Lake of Lansanne, than by Ulsmere water; in the aisles of St. Peter's, than in those of St. Paul's; while some of the more adventurous of our countrymen took a sail down the Nile, formed a party in the valley of Tempé, looked down on Athens from the height of the Acropolis, or bargained for a temporary sojourn in an uncomfortable cabin at Jerusalem.—*Christian Guardian.*

Swedish Manners, &c.—Parochial schools are universally kept up, under a law of Gustavus III., and there are few among the peasants but what are able both to read and write. For their maintenance when in distress, constant parochial aid is afforded, and a poor-house supported in every parish at the expense of a light rate upon the property of the wealthier inhabitants. The funds arising from charity-boxes, for gratuitous donations, are in part destined to the same purpose, being distributed to a certain number of out-pensioners, as well as the inmates, of the poor-house, portioned in four classes: the sick, the aged, those who have large families, and the helpless from their state of poverty. The honesty of the Swedes is proverbial; for though these charity-boxes are frequently placed in the most exposed situations on the road-side, they are never opened, nor is any other unguarded property, public or private, liable to depredation from the harmless rustic.—*James's Travels.*

Taste for Assafœtida.—The relish of this article is common to the whole Belooche race. A mountaineer who brought two asses' loads of this stinking vegetable, was knocked down in a general scramble for his commodity. Lient. Pottinger was presented with “a young assafœtida plant, stewed in rancid butter,” as a great dainty, by Boodhoo: even the smell was not tolerable, for the green plant is more rank and nauseous than the drug itself.—*Travels in Beloochistan and Sinde.*

War.—Voltaire thus expresses himself on the subject of war: “A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill, or to be killed, by the like number of their fellow-mortals, covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at best, to decide whether a tract of land, to which none of them lays any claim, shall belong to a certain man whom they call Sultan, or to another whom they call Cæsar, neither of whom ever saw, or will see, the spot so furiously contended for: and very few of those creatures, who thus mutually butcher each other, ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial, this has been the way of mankind almost over all the earth. What an excess of madness is this! and how deservedly might a superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nests of such ridiculous murderers!” This from an infidel! We wish the Ministers of the Christian Religion—a religion of peace—had been as decided in the expression of their reprobation of this infernal custom.

We rejoice when battles and sieges turn in our favour: but what a quantity of blood, and how many thousand lives, go to obtain for you one thanksgiving-day? What an harvest does death and destruction reap every campaign? Direful ambition! Moloch was an harmless idol compared with thee: a young child was now and then thrown into its burning arms; but thy lust of empire has filled the world with blood and misery; multiplied the fatherless and widows, whose groans will mix with our thanksgiving joys.—*Dr. Benj. Grosvenor.*

In Huntingdonshire a practice obtains on Shrove Tuesdays, called *Cock-running*, which, tho' not quite so cruel as cock-throwing, is not much inferior to it. A cock is procured, and his wings are cut; the runners pay so much a head—have their hands tied behind them—run after the cock, and are to catch him in their mouths, hold him, and carry him to a certain place or goal, when the bird is his. In this race there is much tumbling and squabbling for the bird, and the one who gets hold of it frequently has his face and eyes very much pecked.

[FROM THIERS' ACCOUNT OF THE PYRENEES.]

"This ignorant, violent, lazy, and poor people must be employed and fed until they become sensible of the advantages which industry procures: but until they acquire a home and the means of regular subsistence, they will fly with joy to the first signal that is given them from the mountains. We need not, therefore, be at all surprised at the facility with which the Regency of Urgel has drawn some villages into insurrection. But if insurrection is easy, the case is otherwise as to its success and duration. In fact, when the Regency thought proper to appoint ministers and generals, and to attempt a regular campaign, it was beaten. It will be said that it might have done against Mina, what the Cortes of Cadiz did against Bonaparte. To this there is but one reply: These Guerillas, who have risen for a moment in the Pyrenees, are good for nothing to excite their passions; on the contrary, the sight of a stranger, differing from themselves in language, dress, and countenance, animates them even to fury. These differences are unpardonable in their eyes, and they pursue them with extreme inveteracy. Add to this the fine uniforms, handsome arms, gorgets, and brilliant buttons, to pillage from foreigners; and there are more than sufficient reasons to make them fight in every defile in Spain. Besides they have an advantage over the enemy which they have not over their countrymen—sobriety, and a perfect acquaintance with the country and its localities. These Guerillas, who are so weak against Mina, will, therefore, be very formidable to foreigners. Providence seems to have ordained, that when it gave men a country they should be able to preserve it, and with that view to have given them an irresistible force on their own soil. There is a great deal of meaning in the fable which says, that a giant, on touching his mother earth, acquired from it new and terrible strength."

"The two most celebrated Guerilla chiefs in Cerdagne are Misas and Miralhis, and what is told of these chiefs is worthy of the most sanguinary civil wars. Miralhis is a farmer of Crebrera, very rich from the extent of his estates and the number of his servants. He is nearly 50, with a pretty good figure and a true Spanish countenance, very ignorant, but possessed of great natural good sense; in short, the most honest and sincere fanatic that can be conceived. This extraordinary man, though continually surrounded by robbers and assassins, has however exhibited the strictest probity and the greatest moderation on the subjects of the opposite party: and he has proved by his conduct in the midst of so many bad examples, that there are natural dispositions truly virtuous. This worthy Spaniard is the tutelary genius of the oppressed Cerdagne, and has exerted himself to oppose his beneficent influence to that of the terrible Misas, who is to this country the genius of evil."

Anecdote of Pope Alexander the Eighth, Ottoboni.—I was told at Rome (says Lord Dartmouth) that he was a man of no religion, but left his family, who were poor before, possessed of above a hundred thousand pistoles a year in church preferments, besides vast wealth in personal estate. When some of the cardinals told him he made too much haste, he answered, that it had struck three-and-twenty, for he was past eighty years of age. Cardinal Ottoboni, who was chancellor of the church, kept a mistress in the chancery, which old Cardinal Alteri told the pope gave great offence: he said that was a fault, and next time he saw his nephew, asked him, why he did not take a private lodging for her. A little before he died, he asked his physicians how long they thought he could live: they said about an hour; then he called for a large draught of lachrymæ Christi, (a wine he loved extremely) and said he could not die much the sooner for that.

Anecdote.—Charles the Fifth, on his return to his camp in Suabia in the year 1547, passing through Thuringia, was solicited by Catherine, Countess Dowager of Schwartzburg, to grant a letter of safe-guard for the protection of her subjects from any depredations of the Spanish army, on its march through her territories. The Emperor complied with her request, and in return the Countess bound herself to supply the Spanish troops who were transported to Rudolstadt with any provisions which they wanted, at a reasonable price. Shortly afterward the Duke of Alva, accompanied by Prince Henry of Brunswick, approaching the city, invited themselves to a breakfast with the Countess, and on their arrival were welcomed with an elegant and plentiful repast; but they had scarcely seated themselves, when a messenger, almost out of breath, called the Countess from the hall, and informed her that several of the Spanish soldiers had plundered some neighbouring villages, and driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Full of indignation, she gave immediate orders that every gate of the castle should be privately barred and bolted; and having also commanded her whole retinue to arm themselves, she returned to the Princes, who were sitting at table. In an animated and affecting manner, she then complained that the imperial word had been violated, and intreated the Duke of Alva to command immediate restoration of the plundered property. He told her, laughing, that such irregularities in a marching army were too trifling to be regarded. "That we shall shortly see," replied the Countess; "my poor subjects must have their own again, or by G—," raising her voice in a threatening tone, "princes' blood for oxen's blood!" With this intimation, she flew out of the room, which was instantly filled with armed men; who, sword in hand, planted themselves behind the chairs of the two Princes, taking place of the previous attendants, but without offering any violence. Alva changed colour, and felt that, cut off from his army, and surrounded by a resolute body of men, he had no alternative but to appease his indignant hostess. Henry of Brunswick first rallied his spirits, and, bursting into a fit of forced laughter, turned every thing which had passed into mirth. He entreated the Countess to be perfectly easy, and took upon himself to answer that the Duke would consent to all that was reasonable. A dispatch was then instantly sent off to the troops, requiring them to restore the cattle, &c. without delay, to their respective proprietors, or to make good the damage. On the return of the messenger with a certificate that every thing was settled to the satisfaction of the peasants, the Countess Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honor which they had done to her castle, and with equal politeness they took their leave.

Ridiculous as the pride of the Spaniards may be, it is productive of the most exalted qualities. It inspires the nation with generous, humane, and virtuous sentiments; it being seldom found that a Spanish nobleman, gentleman, or even trader, is guilty of a mean action. During the most embittered wars they have had with England for near 70 years, we know of no instance of their taking advantage (as they might easily have done) of confiscating the British property on board their galleons and their Plate fleet, which property was equally secure in time of war and peace. This is more surprising, as Philip V. was often needy, and his ministers were far from being scrupulous of breaking their good faith with Great-Britain.

By the best and most credible accounts of the American wars, it appears that the Spaniards, in America, gave the most humane and noble relief to all British subjects who were in distress and fell into their hands, not only by supplying them with necessaries, but money, and treating them in the most hospitable manner whilst they remained amongst them.

When under the yoke of the Bourbons or Bonaparte, by the reports of our officers, they have always shewn a kindly disposition towards the English; and frequently treated those who, in time of war, were daring enough to venture into the interior of the country, with the warmest hospitality.

Heirship and Venality of Judicial Officers in France, before the Revolution.—For some centuries before the French revolution, when the King established a new court of justice, the edict of its creation fixed the number of the magistrates or judges, and the specific sums to be paid by them for grants of the offices, which they should fill. The candidates petitioned the king for them; the grants of them were made by letters under the great seal; and, from that time, the offices were hereditary in the family of the grantee. Where a court was already established, the possessor of any of the offices of which it was composed, might in his life-time, and his heirs might, after his decease, dispose of it by sale; or he might direct by will that it should be sold. When the sale of an office took place, the purchaser petitioned the crown for a grant of it; and, when the grant was signed, he paid, besides the price which the vendor was to receive for it, a sum of money into the royal treasury. The amount of that sum varied from 1000 to 2000 French crowns. The sum which he paid into the royal treasury, was, on a subsequent sale of the office, returned to him or his heirs. Thus the purchaser of an office virtually paid for it no more than the accruing interest of the purchase-money from the time of its payment until the return of it on a resale. But great care was exerted to ascertain that the person, to whom the office was granted should be properly qualified for the discharge of its duties. It was always required that he should have taken the degree of licentiate both in the civil and the canon law; and the taking of such a degree, in a French university, was far from being a matter of course. As soon as a grant of the office was delivered to the purchaser, he presented it to the tribunal to which the office belonged, with a petition, stating generally, his qualifications, and expressly averring that the money, which he had paid for the office, was his own money, and had not been borrowed by him for the purpose. Then a commission issued, composed of lay and ecclesiastical lawyers and other persons of rank, who were to inquire and report upon the learning, morals, political conduct, and general idoneity of the purchaser. The procureur-general of the parliament, within whose resort the office lay, presided over the commission. If the inquiry was favourable to the purchaser, they chose, out of the digest or code, some point of law, upon which, at the end of eight days, he was to come prepared with complete legal information; and he was also then expected to answer, with general sufficiency, on the civil and canon law, and on the ordinances, and customary law of the country. Sometimes, he was declared incapable of the office; sometimes a term for farther probation was allowed him. Till the middle of the last century these examinations were conducted with great strictness. In general, the magistrates were chosen from families of great respectability, and possessed fortunes, which placed them considerably above want. No one was admitted into the parliament of Brittany who could not prove that he was noble by race and extraction, or in other words, who could not prove a century of nobility in his family.

THE OPERA.—The amusements of London are all of a more democratical cast than abroad. In Italy and most parts of Germany the Opera is established on a more exclusive system: at Turin, it is set apart for the nobility exclusively, and the Queen presides over the distribution of the boxes: her list decides the number of quarterings requisite to occupy the aristocratic rows of the first and second circles, and determines the point of *roture* which banishes the *piccoli nobili* to the higher tiers. At Hanover, which is proverbial for the poverty, ignorance, and pride of its nobility, the same exclusive system prevails; and at Berlin, Vienna, and Dresden, where the Operas are managed by the monarchs themselves, the regulations are amusingly tyrannical—no one dares express the slightest dislike. At Copenhagen, ten minutes is allowed for disapprobation at a new piece; the drum beats twice, and whoever hisses afterwards is punished as a public perturbator. At Rome, no mark of dislike is tolerated, and the *chavaleto** would be the inevitable punishment. In France, the Opera is protected by the government: some of the decrees respecting it, even during the time of Napoleon, shew what an air of pomp the French fling over trifles. 1. The Opera is especially consecrated to dancing and singing. 2. There only can be represented pieces which are altogether in music, and ballets of the noble and graceful kind, that is to say, such as have been taken from subjects of mythology and history, whose principal personages are gods, kings, and heroes. 3. It may also give, concurrently with the other theatres, ballets representing scenes of moral or even of common life.—This is sufficiently puerile, but it must be recollected that at an earlier period the Opera engrossed a large share of the attention of the court and people of Paris, and that the theatre exercises no trifling influence over the public mind in that city.

* The *Cavaleto* is the seizure of the offender by the guards, and carrying him to the Piazza Navona, where he is mounted on the stocks or little horse, flogged, and brought back to his seat for the rest of the opera.

Opposition of Tastes, in Eating and Drinking, of the Antients and Moderns.

What modern stomachs but would nauseate dogs, locusts, and crocodiles, the food of the Egyptians? What could relish the black broth of the Spartans, made of the blood and bowels of a hare? But what so dainty as to refuse swine, coney, and hare—rejected by the Jews; or goose, which was held in abhorrence by the antients in the time of Cæsar. Whilst we single out several dishes and reject others, (says Sir T. Browne, in his Treatise on Vulgar Errors,) the selection seems but arbitrary or upon opinion: for many are cried up in one age, which are decried and nauseated in another. Thus, in the days of Mæcenas, no flesh was preferred to young asses; which, notwithstanding, became abominable to succeeding appetites. At the table of Heliogabalus, the combs of cocks were an esteemed service, which country stomachs will not admit at ours. The belly and dugges of swine with pigge, and sometimes beaten or bruised to death, &c.

A Check to Human Pride.—It is rather an unpleasant fact that the ugliest and awkwardest of brute animals have the greatest resemblance to man—the monkey and the bear. The monkey is ugly too, (so we think,) because he is like man—as the bear is awkward, because the cumbersome action of its huge paws seems to be a preposterous imitation of the motions of the human hands. Men and apes are the only animals that have hairs on the under eye-lid. Let kings know this.

Curious Facts.—The Maiden was introduced into Scotland by Earl Morton, and he was the first person who suffered by it; M. Guillotine, a French surgeon, who gave his name to an improvement of the Maiden, died also, at the beginning of the Revolution, by his own invention; and Deacon Brodie, who was executed about 30 years ago, for robbing the Excise office in Edinburgh, and who really was both a man of very genteel birth, and in his manners more of the Macheath than any body that has appeared for the last fifty years: this gay Deacon of the carpenters of Edinburgh invented the drop by which all criminals now suffer in Britain; and, strange to say, he was the first man who was hanged on his own commodious gallows. His friends had some notion that the new invention might not do the business so effectually as the old leap from a ladder in the Grass-market, and they prevailed on himself to adopt some device of a silver tube inserted in the wind-pipe, for the purpose of still further reducing the chances. The Deacon came forth very gaily with his silver tube, a well-dressed picturesque, and a very grand silk waistcoat—but alas! “Brodie’s drop” was too much for Brodie! The Deacon’s body resisted every effort that was made towards producing re-animation.

North American Indians.—“The North American Indians, (observes Mr. Howison in his Sketches of Upper Canada,) possess faculties of observation which are altogether inconceivable to an European. They find their way through the thickest woods, having no kind of compass to guide them but the moss, which always grows on the north side of the trunk of a tree, and seldom fail to arrive at the very point or spot they proposed to reach when they began their journey. They can discover and follow paths, the existence of which no white person would be aware of, and know, by the appearance of the withered leaves, whether any individual or game has recently passed. Most of them are excellent marksmen; and none ever seem to have the least defect in the organs of hearing or seeing. Civilization and its consequences tend powerfully to destroy that acuteness of the senses, and those bodily perfections, which belong to man when in a state of nature, for he loses them in proportion as he ceases to require their aid. But these form the boast and glory of the savage; and the Indians, it is said, often express their pity for the white people, who appear to them to spend life in learning how to live.

“The Indians are in possession of some valuable secrets, which nothing will induce them to disclose to any white person, lest, they say, he should be as clever as they are. They have the art of dyeing with colours more beautiful and permanent than any that we can produce, and are acquainted with various vegetables possessing strong medicinal virtues: they can prepare a bait which never fails to allure certain animals in the traps set for them; and they all know where the salt-springs are to be found, which are the resort of deer and other animals. Their numbers are diminishing; and, as a people, they have lost as much of their original strength and importance as the natives of South America lost after the conquest of Mexico. Mr. Howison entered into conversation with one who spoke English fluently; who made several inquiries about the nature and object of the reform-meetings held in Great-Britain; and who regarded the civilization of Europeans with considerable contempt, observing, that the Great Spirit shewed how much he preferred Indians to any other people by teaching them to live in the woods, to find their way through the forests, and to acquire many wonderful secrets which were denied to white men. ‘I inquired of him,’ says the author, ‘whether the Missionaries had come among his tribe, and converted any of them to the Christian religion. He replied that Missionaries had once visited the chiefs of his nation, but no one would listen to them; for, though they talked much about the superiority of their faith, and its beneficial influence among men, every one knew that they said what was not true; and, as long as the white people got drunk, told lies, and cheated Indians, his nation would doubt the goodness of their religion, and prefer that which the Great Spirit had given to them before it.’”

Nature and Art.—On the subject of natural and acquired genius, Mr. D’Israeli relates the following anecdote:—Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian hard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose. When Dante’s cat was performing its part, Cecco lifted up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted, and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause!

Method of Making the Famous Venetian (Glass) Beads.

The first operations are performed at Murano, near Venice. The furnace and the glass (white glass) are similar to what we see in common glass-houses; but mixed with the glass is a colouring substance, which constitutes the whole secret of the manufactory. This is reduced to a state of fusion, when a certain quantity is taken up with the blowpipe by a workman, and made hollow by the breath; then another person lays hold of the opposite end of the same mass, with a similar instrument, and both run with the greatest expedition to two opposite points, thereby drawing out the glass into rods, varying in thickness, according to the distance, which is often fifty feet or more. For the performance of this operation, there is a long walk (like a rope-walk) close by the glass furnace. As soon as the rods are cooled, they are broken into pieces of the same length, packed and sorted in chests, and sent to the bead manufactory in Venice. If the rods are to be for striped beads, a small lump of coloured glass is taken from another vessel, laid in stripes on the original lump, and then drawn out in lengths. At the factory in Venice, a person selects, from the chests, rods of the same lengths, which are cut into pieces of what size he pleases, in the following manner:—The instrument employed consists of a wooden block, in which is fixed a sharp iron, shaped like a broad chisel; on this the workman lays the glass rods, and with a similar chisel-like tool in his hand, he cuts, or rather chops, them into the sizes that he wants for the beads. Hence they are taken, and put into a mixture of sand and ashes, and stirred till the hollows of the glasses are filled, which prevents them from running together in the fire. They are then placed in a vessel, with a long handle; more sand and ashes are added, and the whole set over a coal fire; stirred continually with an instrument resembling a hatchet, with a round end, by which process they obtain their globular figure. The sand and ashes are removed by sifting, and the beads themselves, after being separated with sieves, according to their sizes, are strung upon threads, packed in bundles, and are ready for exportation. The quantity thus made is astonishing. Many hundred weight stand in casks, ready filled, to be sent to almost all parts of the world, but principally to Spain, and the coast of Africa.

Booksellers.—There are instances on record in which these gentlemen have seriously injured themselves in attempting to drive too hard a bargain with an author. Paley’s Moral Philosophy was offered to Mr. Faulder in Bond-street for £100: he declined the purchase. After the merits of that work were in some degree ascertained, it was again offered to Mr. Faulder for £300: Mr. F. then offered £250. While this treaty was pending, a bookseller in Carlisle happened to go to London, when he was immediately commissioned by an eminent publisher in the Row, to offer Mr. Paley £1000 for the copyright of that work. This offer was instantly communicated to Mr. Paley at Carlisle, and through him dispatched to the Bishop of Confort, who was then in London, and who had undertaken, at Mr. Paley’s request, to negotiate that business with Mr. Faulder. Fortunately for the author, the bargain was not concluded before Mr. Paley’s letter, announcing the above intelligence, reached the Bishop. But mark the sequel. Mr. Faulder was not a little surprised at so great and unexpected an advance in Mr. Paley’s demand; yet this very man who had at first refused to give £100 for the copyright, and on a second occasion had been haggling so long for £50, agreed to give £1000 for the same work, before the Bishop of C. left his house. ‘Never,’ observes Mr. Paley, ‘did I suffer so much anxious fear as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain before my letter reached him. Little did I think I should ever make £1000 by any book of mine.’

Hunting the Chamois.—Few field sports require more muscular strength, a sounder constitution, a keener sight, or a surer footing than that of hunting the Chamois. Hunters, two or three in company, generally proceed without dogs; they carry a sharp hoe to cut steps in the ice, each his rifle, hooks to be fastened to his shoes, a mountain stick with a point of iron, and in his pouch a short spy-glass, barley-cakes, cheese, and brandy made of gentian or cherries. Sleeping the first night at some of those upper chalets, which are left open at all times, and always provided with a little dry wood for a fire, they reach their hunting grounds at day-light. There, on some commanding situation, they generally find a *leugi*, as it is called, ready prepared, two stones standing up on end, with sufficient space between to see through without being seen; there one of the hunters creeps, unperceived, without his gun, and carefully observing every way with his spy-glass, directs his companions by signs. The utmost circumspection and patience are requisite on the part of the hunter, when approaching his game; a windward situation would infallibly betray him by the scent; he creeps on from one hiding rock to another, with his shirt over his clothes, and lies motionless in the snow, often for half an hour together, when the herd appears alarmed and near-taking flight. Whenever he is near enough to distinguish the *bending of the horns*, that is about the distance of two hundred or two hundred and fifty steps, he takes aim; but if at the moment of raising his piece the *chamois* should look towards him, he must remain still, the least motion would put them to flight, before he could fire. Accustomed as the *chamois* are to frequent and loud detonations among the glaciers, they do not mind the report of the arms so much as the smell of gunpowder, or the sight of a man; there are instances of the hunter having time to load again, and fire a second time after missing the first, if not seen. No one but a sportsman can understand the joy of him, who after much toil sees his prey fall; with shouts of savage triumph he springs to seize it, up to his knees in snow; dispatches the victim if he finds it not quite dead, and often swallows a draft of warm blood, deemed a specific against giddiness. He then guts the beast to lessen its weight, ties the feet together, and then proceeds down the mountain, much lighter for the additional load he carries! When the day is not too far spent, the hunters, hiding carefully their game, continue the chase. At home the *chamois* is cut up, and the pieces salted or smoked, the skin is sold to make gloves and leathern breeches, and the horns are hung up as a trophy in the family. A middle-sized *chamois* weighs from fifty to seventy pounds.

We now begin to wish that the Holy Alliance were itself a fable! However, there is a little work published, a due attention to which, by the members of that sacred body, or by so many of them as can read English and feel wit, may prevent the extension of our wish to the great mass of intelligent society. The most attractive part of this work consists of "Fables for the Holy Alliance:" but there are succeeding parts equally witty, though less political. We, on a hasty survey, present our readers with an extract from the former. The author writes under the signature of Thomas Brown the younger. The native spirit, however, soon betrays itself under any mask. There is but one man who is at once distinguished for playfulness of fancy, soundness of principle, and unlimited variety of poetical and humorous phraseology:—

FABLE II.—THE LOOKING-GLASSES.

PROEM.

Where kings have been by mob-elections
Rais'd to the throne, 'tis strange to see
What different and what odd perfections
Men have requir'd in Royalty.
Some, liking monarchs large and plumpy,
Have chos'n their Sovereigns by the weight—
Some wish'd them tall—some thought your dumpy
Dutch built the true legitimate *.
The Easterns, in a Prince, 'tis said,
Prefer what's call'd a jolter-head †—
Th' Egyptians wer'n't at all partic'lar,
So that their Kings had not red hair—
This fault not ev'n the greatest stickler
For the blood royal well could bear.
A thousand more such illustrations
Might be adduced from various nations.
But, 'mong the many tales they tell us,
Touching th' acquir'd or natural right
Which some men have to rule their fellows,
There's one, which I shall here recite:—

FABLE.

There was a land—to name the place
Is neither now my wish nor duty—
Where reign'd a certain Royal race,
By right of their superior beauty.
What was the cut legitimate
Of these great persons' chins and noses,
By right of which they rul'd the state,
No history I have seen discloses.
But so it was—a settled case—
Some act of Parliament, pass'd snugly,
Had voted them a beauteous race,
And all their faithful subjects ugly.
As rank, indeed, stood high or low,
Some change it made in visual organs;
Your Peers were decent—Knights, so so;
But all your common people, gorgons!
Of course, if any knave but hinted
That the King's nose was turn'd awry,
Or that the Queen (God save us) squinted—
The judges doom'd that knave to die.
But rarely things like this occur'd,
The people to their King were duteous,
And took it, on his Royal word,
That they were frights, and he was beauteous.
The cause whereof, among all classes,
Was simply this—these island elves
Had never yet seen looking-glasses,
And, therefore, did not know themselves.
Sometimes, indeed, their neighbours' faces
Might strike them as more full of reason,
More fresh than those in certain places;
But, lord, the very thought was treason!
Besides, how'er we love our neighbour,
And take his face's part, 'tis known
We never half so earnest labour,
As when the face attack'd 's our own.
So, on they went—the crowd believing—
(As crowds well govern'd always do)
Their rulers, too, themselves deceiving—
So old the joke, they thought it true.
But jokes, we know, if they too far go,
Must have an end: and so, one day,
Upon that coast there was a cargo
Of looking-glasses cast away.

'Twas said some Radicals somewhere
Had laid their wicked heads together,
And forced that ship to founder there,
While some believe it was the weather.
However this might be, the freight
Was landed without fees or duties;
And from that hour historians date
The downfall of the race of beauties.
The looking-glasses got about,
And grew so common through the land,
That scarce a tinker could walk out
Without a mirror in his hand.

* The Goths had a law to choose always a short thick man for their king.—*Munster, Cosmog.*, lib. iii., p. 164.

† "In a Prince a jolter-head is invaluable.—*Oriental Field Sports.*"

Comparing faces, morning, noon,
And night, their constant occupation—
By dint of looking-glasses, soon
They grew a most reflecting nation.
In vain the Court, aware of errors
In all the old established mazards,
Prohibited the use of mirrors,
And tried to break them at all hazards.
In vain, their laws might just as well
Have been waste paper on the shelves;
That fatal freight had broke the spell;
People had look'd—and knew themselves—
If chance a Duke, of birth sublime,
Presum'd upon his ancient face,
(Some calf-head, ugly from all time,)
They popp'd a mirror to his Grace—
Just hinting, by that gentle sign,
How little Nature holds it true,
That what is call'd an ancient line,
Must be the line of beauty too.

From Dukes' they passed to regal phizzes,
Compar'd them proudly with their own,
And cried, "How could such monstrous quizzes
"In beauty's name usurp the throne!"
They then wrote essays, pamphlets, books,
Upon cosmetical economy,
Which made the King try various looks,
But none improv'd his physiognomy.
And satires at the Court they levell'd,
And small lampoons, so full of slynesses,
That soon, in short, they quite be-devil'd
Their Majesties and Royal Highnesses.
At length—but here I drop the veil,
To spare some loyal folks' sensations;—
Besides, what follows is the tale
Of all such late-enlightened nations.
Of all to whom old Time discloses
A truth they should have sooner known—
That Kings have neither rights nor noses
A whit diviner than their own.

VENICE.

"Mourn not for Venice—let her rest
In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride
Where'er they trampled freedom died—
No—let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
But from high daring in the cause
Of human rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His powerful sword on land or flood.
"Mourn not for Venice—though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her—she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish every King and State
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in fear, and only great
By outrage against God and man!
"True her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;
When, with her countless barks she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might,
And the Giustinianis sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.
"Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true:
But mourn them not—for vanish'd too
(Thanks to that power who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty great)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad;
Were the Republic's standard stood.
"Desolate Venice! when I track
Thy haughty course through centuries back;
Thy ruthless power obey'd but curst—
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would like steam have burst,
Had stronger fear not chill'd even hate—
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught,
Thy own unblushing Sarpi taught.
"Thy friendship, which o'er all beneath
Its shadow rain'd down dews of death;
Thy oligarchy's book of gold
Shut against humble virtue's name,
But open wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame;
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er every glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each others' eyes
To read their chance of life or death:
Thy laws that make a mart of blood,
And legaliz'd the assassin's knife:
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
And racks and leads, that burnt out life.
"When I review all this, and see
What thou art sunk and crush'd to now,
Each harpy maxim, hatch'd by thee
Return'd to roost on thy own brow.
"Thy nobles, towering once aloft,
Now sunk in chains—in chains that have
Not even that borrow'd grace which oft
The Master's fame sheds o'er the Slave;
But are as mean as e'er were given
To stiff-neck'd Pride by angry Heaven—
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And smiling o'er the wreck repeat
"Thus perish every King and State
That tread the steps which Venice trod;

Strong but in fear, and only great
By outrage against man and God."

COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

One night the nymph call'd Country-Dance--
Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a coquette from France,
A thing, *Mamselle* Quadrille--
Having been chas'd from London down
To that last, humblest haunt of all,
She us'd to grace—a Country Town--
Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.
"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driven
From London's gay and shining tracks--
Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
I've lost, for ever lost Almack's--
"Though not a London Miss alive
Would now for her acquaintance own me;
And spinsters, ev'n, of forty-five,
Upon their honours ne'er have known me.
"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
And—spite of some few dandy Lancers,
Who vainly try to preach Quadrille--
See nought but *true-blue* Country-dancers.
"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
My throne, like *Magna Charta*, raise
Along sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
That scorn the threaten'd *chaine Anglaise*."
'Twas thus she said, as, 'mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.
The Squires and their Squiresse--
With young Squirrels, just come out,
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt).
Already, as she tripp'd up stairs,
She in the cloak-room saw assembling--
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.
She stops—she listens—can it be?
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it--
It is "Di tanti palpiti"
As plain as English how can 'scape it.
"Courage!" however—in she goes,
With her best, swaying country grace;
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
Quadrille, there meets her, face to face.
Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, *Terpsichore*,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.
There stood Quadrille, with cat-like face
(The beau-ideal of French beauty)
A hand-box thing, all art and lace
Down from her nose tip to her shoe-tye.
Her flounces, fresh from *Victorine*--
From *Hippolyte*, her rouge and hair--
Her poetry, from *Lamartine*--
Her morals, from—the Lord knows where.
And, when she dane'd—so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.
Her face the while, too, prim, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Light a bright *pendule's* dial-plate--
So still, you'd hardly think 'twas going.
Full fronting her stood Country Dance--
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English, at a single glance--
English all o'er, from top to toe.
A little *gauche*, 'tis fair to own,
And rather giv'n to skips and bounces;
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing, oft, the dev'l with flounces.
Unlike *Mamselle*—who would prefer
(As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws of character,
To one vile rumple of a frill.
No rouge did she of *Alhion* wear;
Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a *Set*—not *Dian* e'er
Came rosier from a woodland chace.
Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't
Such anger now—whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,
Which English maids call "*Waterloo*")--
Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While—to the tune of "*Money Musk*,"
Which struck up now—she proudly spoke.
"Heard you that strain—that joyous strain?
'Twas such as England lov'd to hear,
Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
Corrupted both her foot and ear--
"Ere *Waltz*, that rake from foreign lands,
Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,
To lay his rude, licentious hands
On virtuous English backs and shoulders--
"Ere times and morals both grew bad,
And, yet unpawn'd from bankers' dockets,
Happy John Bull not only had,
But dane'd to, 'Money in both pockets.'
"Alas, the change!—oh—
Where is the land could 'scape disasters,
With such a foreign Secretary,
Aided by Foreign Dancing-masters?
"Woe to ye, men of ships and shops,
Rulers of day-books and of waves!
Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,
And drill'd, on t'other, into slaves!
"Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,

With elbows, a la *croquette*,
And feet, in—God knows what position.

Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,
Inspectors of your airs and graces,
Who intercept all whisper'd tones,
And read your telegraphic faces.
"Unable with the youth ador'd,
In that grim *cardin* of *Mammus*,
To interchange one tender word,
Though whisper'd but in *queue-de-chats*.
"Ah did you know how blest we rang'd,
Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle--
What looks in *setting* were exchange'd,
What tender words in *down the middle*!
"How many a couple, like the wind,
Which nothing in its course controul'd,
Left time and chaperons far behind,
And gave a loose to legs and souls.
"How matrimony throve—ere stopp'd
By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting--
How charmingly one's partner popp'd
Th' important question in *pousette-ing*.
"While now, alas,—no sly advances--
No marriage hints—all goes on badly--
'Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dancers,
We, girls, are at a discount sadly.
"Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
Declares, not half so much is made
By *Licences*—and he must know well--
Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."
She ceas'd—tears fell from every Miss--
She now had touch'd the true pathetic:--
One such authentic fact as this,
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.
Instant the cry was "Country Dance!"
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birth-right place.
The fiddles, which awhile had ceas'd,
Now tun'd again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.

THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOLY ALLIANCE, A DREAM.

"Methought upon the *Neva's* flood
A beautiful ice palace stood;
A dome of frost work, on the plan
Of that once built by *Empress Anne*,
Which shone by moonlight, as the tale is--
Like an *Aurora Borealis*.
"In this said palace, furnish'd all
And lighted as the best on land are,
I dreamt there was a splendid ball,
Giv'n by the Emperor *Alexander*,
To entertain, with all due zeal,
Those holy gentlemen, who've shown a
Regard so kind for Europe's weal,
At *Troppau*, *Laybach*, and *Verona*.
"The thought was happy—and designed
To hint how thus the human mind
May—like the stream imprisoned there--
Be check'd and chill'd, till it can bear
The heaviest Kings, that ode or sonnet
E'er yet bepraised, to dance upon it.
"And all were pleased, and cold and stately,
Shivering in grand illumination--
Admired the superstructure greatly,
Nor gave one thought to the foundation--
Much too the Czar himself exulted,
To all plebeian fears a stranger,
As *Madame Krudener*, when consulted,
Had pledged her word there was no danger--
So, on he caper'd, fearless quite,
Thinking himself extremely clever,
And waltz'd away with all his might,
As if the frost would last for ever.
"Just fancy how a hard like me
Who reverence Monarchs, must have trembled
To see that goodly company
At such a ticklish sport assembled.
"Nor were the fears, that thus astounded
My loyal soul, at all unfounded--
For lo! ere long, those walls so massy
Were seiz'd with an ill-omen'd dripping--
And o'er the floors, now growing glassy,
Their Holinesses took to slipping--
The Czar half though a *Polonaise*,
Could scarce get on for down-right stumbling,
And Prussia, though to slippery ways
So us'd, was cursedly near tumbling.
"Yet still 'twas, who could stamp the floor most,
Russia and Austria 'mong the foremost--
And now, to an Italian air,
This precious base would hand in hand go;
Now—while old Louis, from his chair,
Intreated them his toes to spare--
Call'd loudly out for a *Fandango*.
"And a fandango, faith, they had,
At which they all set to like mad--
Never were Kings (though small the expence is
Of wit among their Excellencies)
So out of all their princely senses.
"But ah, that dance—that Spanish dance--
Scarce was the luckless strain begun,
When, glaring red—as 'twere a glance,
Shot from an angry southern sun--
A light through all the chambers flam'd
Astonishing old father Frost,
Who bursting into tears exclaim'd,
"A thaw by Jove—we're lost, we're lost!
Run France—a second *Waterloo*,
Is come to drown you—*Sauve qui peut*."

(From *Madame Campan's Memoirs*.)

When the King slept in the Queen's apartment, he always rose before her; the exact hour was communicated to the head femme-de-chambre, who entered, preceded by a servant of the bed-chamber bearing a taper; she crossed the room and unbolted the door which separated the Queen's apartment from that of the King. She there found the first valet-de-chambre for the quarter, and a servant of the chamber. They entered, opened the bed curtains on the King's side, and presented him slippers generally, as well as the dressing-gown, which he put on, of gold or silver stuff. The first valet-de-chambre took down a short sword, which was always laid within the railing on the King's side. When the King slept with the Queen, this sword was brought upon the arm chair appropriated to the King, and which was placed near the Queen's bed, within the gilt railing which surrounded the bed. The first femme-de-chambre conducted the King to the door, bolted it again, and leaving the Queen's chamber, did not return until the hour appointed by her Majesty the evening before. At night the Queen went to bed before the King; the first femme-de-chambre remained seated at the foot of her bed until the arrival of his Majesty, in order, as in the morning, to see the King's attendants out, and bolt the door after them. The Queen awoke, habitually at eight o'clock, and breakfasted at nine, frequently in bed, and sometimes after she had risen, at a small table placed opposite her couch.

In order to describe the Queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that *service* of every kind was *honour*, and had not any other denomination. To do the honours of the service, was to present the service to an officer of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed; thus, supposing the Queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver gilt waiter, upon which were placed a covered goblet and a small decanter; but should the lady of honour come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Countess d'Artois came in at the moment, the waiter went again from the lady of honour into the hands of the Princess, before it reached the Queen. It must be observed, however, that if a Princess of the blood, instead of a Princess of the family, entered, the service went directly from the first woman to the Princess of the blood, the lady of honour being excused from transferring to any but Princesses of the royal family. Nothing was presented directly to the Queen; her handkerchief or her gloves were placed upon a long salver of gold or silver gilt, which was placed as a piece of furniture of ceremony upon a side-table, and was called *gantiere*. The first woman presented to her in this manner all that she asked for, unless the tirewoman, the lady of honour, or a princess, were present, and then the gradation, pointed out in the instance of the glass of water, was always observed.

Whether the Queen breakfasted in bed or up, those entitled to the *petites entrées* were equally admitted; this privilege belonged of right to her chief physician, chief surgeon, physician in ordinary, reader, closet secretary, the King's four first valets de chambre and their reversionsers, and the King's chief physicians and surgeons. There were frequently from 10 to 12 persons at this first *entrée*. The lady of honour, or the superintendent, if present, placed the breakfast equipage upon the bed; the Princess de Lamballe frequently performed that office.

As soon as the Queen rose, the wardrobe-woman was admitted to take away the pillows, and put the bed into a fit state to be made by some of the valets de chambre. She undrew the curtains, and the bed was not generally made until the Queen was gone to mass. Generally, excepting at Saint Cloud, where the Queen bathed in an apartment below her own, a slipper bath was rolled into her room, and her bathers brought every thing that was necessary for the bath. The Queen bathed in a large chemise of English flannel buttoned down to the bottom; its sleeves throughout, as well as the collar, were lined with linen. When she came out of the bath, the first woman held up a cloth to conceal her entirely from the sight of her women, and then threw it over her shoulders. The bathers wrapped her in it, and dried her completely; she then put on a long and wide open chemise, entirely trimmed with lace, and afterwards a white taffety bed-gown. The wardrobe woman warmed the bed; the slippers were of dimity, trimmed with lace. Thus dressed, the Queen went to bed again, and the bathers and the servants of the chamber took away the bathing apparatus. The Queen, replaced in bed, took a book or her tapestry work. On her bathing mornings she breakfasted in the bath. The tray placed on the cover of the bath. These minute details are given here only to do justice to the Queen's scrupulous modesty. Her temperance was equally remarkable; she breakfasted on coffee or chocolate; at dinner ate nothing but white meat, drank water only, and supped on broth, a wing of a fowl, and small biscuits, which she soaked in a glass of water.

The public toilet took place at noon. The toilet table was drawn forward into the middle of the room. This piece of furniture was generally of the richest and most ornamented of all in the apartment of the Princesses. The Queen used it in the same manner and place for undressing herself in the evening. She went to bed laced in corsets trimmed with riband, and sleeves trimmed with lace, and wore a large neck kerchief. The Queen's combing cloth was presented by her first woman, if she was alone at the commencement of the toilet; or, as well as the other articles, by the ladies of honour if they were come. At noon the women who had been in attendance four and twenty hours, were relieved by two women in full dress; the first woman went also to dress herself. The *grandes entrées* were admitted during the toilet; sofas were placed in circles for the superintendent, the ladies of honour, and tirewomen, and the governess of the children of France when she came there; the duties of the ladies of the bed-chamber having nothing to do with any kind of domestic or private functions, did not begin until the hour of going out to mass; they waited in the great closet, and entered when the toilet was over. The princes of the blood, captains of the guards, and all great officers, having the entry, paid their court at the hour of the toilet. The Queen saluted by nodding her head, or bending her body, or leaning upon her toilet table, as if moving to rise; the latter mode of salutation was for the princes of the blood. The King's brothers, also, came very generally to pay their respects to her Majesty while her hair was dressing. In the earlier years of the reign, the first part of the dressing was performed in the bed-chamber and according to the laws of etiquette; that is to say, the lady of honour put on the chemise, and poured out the water for the hands; the tirewoman put on the skirt of the gown or full dress, adjusted the neck-kerchief, and tied on the necklace. But when the young Queen became more seriously devoted to fashion, and the head-dress attained so extravagant a height, that it became necessary to put on the chemise from below—when, in short, she determined to have her milliner, Mademoiselle Bertin, with her whilst she was dressing, whom the ladies would have refused to admit to any share in the honour of attending on the Queen, the dressing in the bed-chamber was discontinued, and the Queen leaving her toilet, withdrew into her closet to dress.

On returning into her chamber, the Queen, standing about the middle of it, surrounded by the superintendent, the ladies of honour, and tirewomen, her ladies of the bed-chamber, the first gentleman usher, the chief equerry, her clergy ready to attend her to mass, the Princesses of the Royal family, who happened to come, accompanied by all their attendants, ladies, and tirewomen, passed in order into

the gallery, as in going to mass. The Queen's signatures were generally given at the moment of entry into the chamber. The secretary for orders presented the pen. Presentations of colonels, on taking leave, were usually made at this time. Those of ladies, and such as had a right to the tabouret, or sitting in the royal presence, were made on Sunday evenings, before card-playing began, on their coming in to pay their respects. Ambassadors were introduced to the Queen on Tuesday mornings, accompanied by the attendant of ambassadors on duty, and by M. de Sequeville, the secretary for the ambassadors. The attendant in waiting usually came to the Queen at her toilet, to apprise her of the presentations which would be made of foreigners. The usher of the chamber, stationed at the entrance, opened the folding doors to none but the princes and princesses of the royal family, and announced them aloud. Quitting his post, he came forward to name the lady of honour, the persons who came to be presented, or who came to take leave: that lady again named them to the Queen, at the moment they saluted her; if she and the tirewoman were absent, the first woman took the place and did that duty. The ladies of the bed-chamber, chosen solely as companions for the Queen, had no domestic duties to fulfil, however opinion might dignify such offices in a monarchical Government. The King's letter in appointing them, among other instructions of etiquette, ran thus:—"Having chosen you to bear the Queen company." There were hardly any emoluments accruing from this place, which was purely honorary.

The Queen heard mass with the King in the tribune, facing the grand altar, and the music, with the exception of the days of high ceremony, when their chairs were placed below upon velvet caperts, fringed with gold. These days were marked by the name of *grand chapel days*.

The Queen named the collector beforehand, and informed her of it through her lady of honour, who was besides desired to send the purse to her. The collectors were almost always chosen from among those who had been recently presented. After returning from mass, the Queen dined every Sunday with the King only, in public, in the cabinet of the nobility, a room which preceded her chamber. Titled ladies, having the honours, sat during the dinner upon sofas placed on each side of the table. Ladies without titles stood round the table; the captain of the guards, and the first gentleman of the chamber, were behind the King's chair; behind that of the Queen were her first maitre d'hotel, her first gentleman usher, and the chief querry. The Queen's maitre d'hotel was furnished with a large staff, six or seven feet in length, ornamented with golden fleurs de lis, and surmounted by fleurs de lis in the form of a crown. He entered the room with this badge of his office, to announce that the Queen was served. The comptroller put into his hands the card of the dinner; in the absence of the maitre d'hotel, he presented it to the Queen himself, otherwise he only did him the honours of the service. The maitre d'hotel did not leave his place, he merely gave the orders for serving up and removing; the comptroller and gentlemen serving placed the various dishes upon the table, receiving them from the inferior servants.

The prince nearest to the crown presented water to wash the King's hands, at the moment he placed himself at table; and a princess did the same service to the Queen.

The table service was formerly performed for the Queen by the lady of honour, and four women in full dress; this part of the women's service was transferred to them on the suppression of the office of maids of honour. The Queen put an end to this etiquette in the first year of her reign. When the dinner was over, the Queen returned without the King to her apartment, with her women; and took off her hoop and train.

The King gave her the Little Trianon, and from that time she employed herself in improving the gardens attached to the seat; but she would not permit the building to be enlarged, or the furniture, which had become very shabby, to be changed; and in 1789 it continued the same as it was during the reign of Louis XV. Every thing was retained without exception, and the Queen slept in an old bed which had been used by the Countess du Barry. The reproach of extravagance which was generally made against the Queen was one of the most extraordinary popular errors that prevailed in the world respecting her character. She had quite the opposite fault: and I could prove that she often carried her economy to an extent that was mean and blameable, particularly in a sovereign. She took great pleasure in visiting her country seat of Trianon. She would walk there alone, followed only by a single footman; but at the chateau there was a suite of servants ready to receive her; a house steward, and his wife, who then filled the place of her dressing woman, besides ladies of the wardrobe, footmen, &c.

When the Queen first took possession of the Little Trianon, it was asserted in some circles that she had changed the name of the country house which the King had given her, by substituting that of Little Vienna, or Little Schœnbrunn. A gentleman attached to the Court, who was simple enough to credit this report, being desirous to take his friends to the Little Trianon, wrote to M. Campan, to obtain the permission of the Queen for that purpose, and in his note he called the seat the Little Vienna. It was the practice to lay all requests of this kind before the Queen just as they were made. She wished herself to give permission to the applicants who desired it, to walk in the gardens, and took pleasure in granting this small mark of her favour. When her Majesty came to the words which I have mentioned in the courtier's letter, she was extremely angry, and exclaimed hastily, that there were too many fools who served the purposes of greater rogues! She added, that she had already been informed that it was reported abroad that she thought only of her native country, and that she preserved an Austrian heart, although what related to France ought alone to interest her. She refused the request which had been so awkwardly made, and directed M. Campan to inform the writer that he should not be admitted to Trianon for some time, and that the Queen was astonished that a man moving in good society could imagine she had done so ill-judged a thing as to substitute foreign for the French names of her palaces.

I feel pleasure in being able to mention here too good qualities which the Queen possessed in the highest degree—namely, sobriety and modesty. She was accustomed to eat only roasted or boiled poultry, and drink nothing but water. She had no particular preference for any kind of food, except for coffee in the morning, and a sort of bread which she had been accustomed to in her infancy at Vienna.

She exhibited extreme modesty with respect to all the details of her toilette. When she bathed, she was covered with a long flannel gown buttoned up to the neck, and she caused a large cloth to be held before her whilst she was assisted from the bath, to prevent her women from seeing her. Yet a man, named Soulavie, has dared to state, in the first volume of his most scandalous work, that the Queen was shamefully immodest; and he relates that she bathed naked, and that, in this state, she once gave an audience to a venerable ecclesiastic. What punishment do those libellers deserve, who dare attempt to give to their infamous lies the character of historical memoirs?

The contrast in this respect (observance of etiquette) between Marie-Leckzinska and Marie-Antoinette was very striking, and it was justly and generally acknowledged. This unfortunate Queen carried her disregard of every thing relating to the strict forms of etiquette too far. One day, when the wife of Marshal de Mouchy was harassing her with questions respecting the latitude which she might please to allow her ladies, to wear or take off their mantles, or to have their lappeets pinned up or left hanging, she replied to her in

born an Archduchess of Austria, can devote so much attention to, or feel as much interested in, such subjects, as a Polish Princess would, were she to become Queen of France."

An indiscreet joke of one of the ladies of the bed-chamber did considerable injury to the Queen. The Marchioness of Clermont-Tonnerre, who was obliged by the duties of her office to stand behind the Queen, being fatigued by the length of the sitting, found it convenient to seat herself on the floor, where she was concealed by the kind of wall which the hoops of the Queen and of the ladies of the bedchamber formed. In this position she endeavoured to attract observation and affect gaiety, by pulling the petticoats of the ladies before her, and by a thousand other waggish tricks. The childishness of this conduct, contrasted with the ceremonious gravity which was observed in the other parts of the chamber, frequently disconcerted her Majesty; she placed a fan before her face to conceal an involuntary smile, and the rigid Areopagites of the old ladies, declared that the young Queen ridiculed all the worthy persons who were anxious to pay their duty to her; that she liked young people only; that she had disregarded all the rules of politeness; and in consequence none of them would again appear at her court. She generally received the name of "the jeerer," and there is none which is more disliked in the world.

On the following morning a very ill-natured song was circulated, upon which the seal of the person to whom it was attributed was conspicuously placed. I recollect only the chorus of the song, which was as follows:

"Petite reine de vingt ans
"Vous qui traitez si mal les gens,
"Vous repasserez la barrière;
"Laire, laire, laire lanlaire, laire lanla."

The errors of the great, or those which malice attributes to them, are bruited through the world with extreme rapidity, and are remembered as a species of traditional history, which the most retired inhabitant of the country loves to repeat. More than 15 years after this event, being in company with some old ladies in the heart of Auvergne, I heard the events of the day, of curtsies for the death of the King described, and amongst other things it was stated that the Queen had rudely laughed outright in the faces of Duchesses and Sexagenarian Princesses, who had conceived that they were bound to appear at the ceremony.

The King and his brothers, the Princes, had resolved to profit by the advantages of inoculation to protect themselves from the fatal disease which had caused the death of their grandfather; but the utility of this new discovery not being at that time generally acknowledged in France, many persons in Paris were greatly alarmed at the intention of the Princes. Those individuals who censured it loudly were pleased to throw all the blame upon the Queen, who alone, they said, could have ventured to give such rash advice, because inoculation was already established in the northern Courts. The inoculation of the King and his brothers was performed by Dr. Jaubertou, happily with complete success.

When the health of the Royal family was perfectly re-established, the Court took up its residence at Marly, which became a scene of great gaiety. Many parties were formed for rides on horseback and in calashes. The Queen conceived the idea of procuring herself a very innocent enjoyment. She had never beheld the rising of the sun, and as it was only necessary to obtain the consent of the King in order to gratify her curiosity, she let him know her desire. He gave her permission to proceed to the heights of the gardens of Marly, at 3 o'clock in the morning; but, unfortunately, being little inclined to participate in her pleasures, he himself would go to bed. The Queen proceeded to put her design into execution, but as she foresaw that some inconveniences might attend this night excursion, she wished to be numerously attended, and even commanded her women to accompany her. But every precaution failed to prevent the attacks of calumny which henceforth endeavoured to weaken the general love which the Queen had at first inspired. A few days after this adventure one of the most scurrilous libels that appeared in the first years of the new reign was circulated in Paris. In this writing the excursion which the Queen had taken, and which is so innocent that there is not a country girl who does not endeavour to undertake it, one for a similar purpose was described in the most odious colours. The verses which appeared upon this occasion were entitled the "Rising of the Sun."

The Duke of Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, was among the number of those who accompanied the young Queen in her nocturnal walk. The Queen at this period appeared to occupy much of his thoughts; but it was the only moment of her life in which there was any approach towards intimacy between her Majesty and this Prince. It is, therefore, without any kind of probability that some writers have attributed to feelings of jealousy or wounded self-love, the hatred which the Duke exhibited against the Queen in the latter years of their existence.

* It was thus that the enemies of Marie-Antoinette welcomed the first days of her reign by libels and defamatory songs. They hastened to render her unpopular. Their object was, without doubt, to get her sent back to Germany; and in effecting this, they had not a moment to lose. The indifference of the King for his amiable and beautiful wife was already a kind of prodigy: one day or another the engaging charms of Marie-Antoinette might render all machinations abortive.

"HIGH-WAYS AND BYE-WAYS; OR, TALES OF THE ROAD SIDE."

A very interesting work has just issued from the Press, under the above title. It professes to contain tales picked up by the road side in the French Provinces, by a Pedestrian Tourist. With much of the vivacity, boldness, and fidelity of the *Sketch Book*, it has the merit of bringing before us scenes of which we have seldom read; yet scenes, of a character so singular, that we could well desire to read of them. The Tales may be fictitious, but they bear the stamp of Truth and Nature—they may be true, but they carry with them all the fascinations of Romance. On these our limits will not allow us to enter; but the following account of the wanderings of the author and his dog in "The Landes," (a sandy desert bordering on the Bay of Biscay), will be found well entitled to the attention of the curious. Having lost his way, he says:—

"I calculated on falling in with some straggling village or hut, where I might repose for the night, if I found it impracticable to reach La Teste, a little town on the Coast, to which I was more immediately bound. As I relapsed into my reverie, I forgot myself again; and I sauntered onwards in this mood until the scene had sunk in a misty and threatening sky. The earth was overhung with clouds, and a wind of evil omen swept gloomily across the desert, and shook the branches of the dark tall pines. I began now, in good earnest, to look about me, and increasing my speed in a straight-

at the wood in which I had so long wandered. My path opened out into an almost boundless plain, but I saw at first no habitation nor living object. I felt excessively fatigued, from the heavy sandy soil, through which I had all day laboured. I was also a second time hungry, and I had besides some inquietudes for Ranger. Those woods around with wolves; and if night had actually closed in, before I got to shelter, we might both have been in jeopardy.

"While I thus communed with myself, I marked on the dusky horizon, two figures of gigantic height which I at first thought two isolated fir trees bending to the blast; but their motion soon betrayed them to be no inanimate production, as with long and rapid strides they were quickly crossing the waste. Determined to bring them to, I discharged one barrel of my gun. They stopped; and, as I concluded that they turned towards me, I quickly fired off the other, and then shouted with all my might, at the same time making towards them. They perceived me, and strided to meet me, with a speed so once ridiculous and appalling; and I may safely say, that since Gulliver was in Brobdingnag, no traveller had reason to think less of himself.

"As they approached, I saw them to be men mounted on monstrously high stilts, and I then recollected the accounts I had read and heard of the shepherds of the Landes. These were the first specimens which had come within my observation; and I had, in my abstraction, quite forgotten what I might so naturally have looked for.

"When these singular beings neared me, I discerned every particular detail of their appearance and costume. The latter was composed of a coarse woollen jacket and breeches, loose at the knees. A round worsted cap, such as is worn by the Aherdeenshire shepherd, was placed on the head. Long masses of lank, black hair flowed over the shoulders, covered with a cloak of sheep skin. Their legs were defended with rude garters of the same, and an uncouth caricature of sandals was fastened to their feet. They both carried long poles, to aid their march and keep them steady; and they each actually held in their clumsy hands a coarse stocking, and a set of knitting rods (I cannot call them needles); thus putting art and industry in the only light in which they could appear a mockery.

"They were both about the middle-age, if I might form a judgment from their bushy beards and furrowed cheeks; but as to their dispositions, capabilities, or propensities (which some theorists are so fond of discovering at a glance,) I could not even guess. They had faces fit for the study of Lavater: no one else could have made any thing of them.

"When they came near me, they made a full stop. I accosted them in French, and asked if they would direct me to an inn, which I understood was some where in those parts?

"A negative shake of the head was their reply.

"I next demanded if I was near La Teste?

"The answer was repeated.

"I then begged them to inform me, whether there was any cottage at hand, where I might obtain shelter?

"A positive 'No' seemed shaken from each silent head.

"I thought this the acme of inhospitality, and so unlike what I had met hitherto in the country, that I could scarcely credit my senses; but the immovable and petrifying unsociability of the faces I gazed on confirmed the worst, and I wished for a moment that I were with a couple of Bedouin Arabs on their native deserts.

"During our short conversation, of which I had all the words, and they the eloquence (as far as it lies in action,) I could not trace a change of muscle, or variation of expression in their countenances. To finish the fruitless and uncomfortable conference, I rather abruptly asked where I was?

"A silent shake of the head left me as wise as before.

"It was not till then that I began to suspect, what my intelligent readers will, by this time, no doubt, be sure of,—that the poor shepherds did not comprehend one word of my discourse. No sooner did this notion strike me, than I strung together such words of Gascon as I had picked up, during my sojourn in the Perigord; but it was now quite as useless as French had been; and I had a new proof of the truth, that in this part of France each district has its own patois perfectly distinct, and scarcely to be understood by the inhabitants of parts almost adjacent. I was thus at length reduced to that universal and natural language, in which fingers supply the use of tongues, and gestures that of sounds. I pointed out, by every possible intimation, my wants of eating and repose. Bless your bright intellects! thought I, as one of the gave me a significant assenting nod, which was silently echoed by the other of his companion. They then muttered something to each other; and, fulfilling the strict forms of desert etiquette, they advanced in mincing strides, beckoning me to follow their guidance. Ranger and I gladly took the hint. Our conductors moderated their pace; we increased ours, and thus contrived to produce a harmony of movement.

"As we went on, in a westwardly direction, the wind blew fiercely, but not freshly, in our faces. It was hot and smothering. The labouring skies seemed preparing to discharge their overloaded breasts; and distant thunder rolled along the horizon, still reddened by the departed sun. The masses of clouds which came upon the earth quickly shut out the day, and rose at opposite extremities into huge mountains of vapour. They were illuminated by filigree flashes of lightning, and looked like giant batteries erected in the heavens. As they rushed onwards from the west, they shot down vivid streams, which at times pierced to the very earth, like quivering blades of fire. Again the electric fluid took a horizontal direction through the skies; and its driving streak sputtered like a radiant streamer, till it lost itself among the clouds. Darkness came on with a suddenness such as I had never before observed, and the gusts of wind were terrific. They swept across the waste like floods of air, lashing the sands like waves, and bearing down all before them. Every single-standing tree within our sight was shivered into atoms; but the crash, when these whirlwinds met the opposition of the pine-woods, baffles description. It appeared as if whole chasms were rent away in the forest; and between each blast we heard the howling of the wolves, terrified at the storm, or probably wounded by the shattered branches, and angry with the element, which must have dashed them at intervals to the earth.

"As for me, my guides and my poor dog, we were in the opening of the tempest repeatedly thrown to the ground. The shepherds were early obliged to quit their stilts, and I found them in every way, on a level with me. Their experience furnished them no resource that I had not at hand; and when at length a desperate gust whirled us round like spinning-tops, I flung myself prostrate on the sands; one hand encircling Ranger, who clung trembling to my bosom, and the other grasping the stem of a newly shattered fir-tree. The shepherds followed my example, and throughout the whole scene showed less presence of mind than stupid apathy.

"This magnificent and awful war of nature continued about twenty minutes. The wind then dropped suddenly still, as if forced from the heavens by the torrents of rain which poured upon us. We raised ourselves up, and the shepherds pursued their course. They mounted again upon their stilts, and I followed their track. Reiterated claps of thunder burst directly over our heads, and the broad lightnings gleamed in liquid sheets through the sea of rain which every cloud cast down.

"I was nearly overpowered with fatigue, for the wet sand was to me almost impassable; while my wooden-legged companions found

but little obstruction from it. My delight may then be imagined, when I saw them stop suddenly before a house, which the darkness of the night prevented my observing, till we were actually against its wall."

THE following is an extract from a letter recently written by a gentleman on the Continent to a friend in this country. It contains some interesting particulars relative to the scene of one of the most important and decisive battles that History records:

Ghent, Oct. 30, 1822.

During my recent tour through the Netherlands, in the course of which I had occasion to pass a few days at Brussels, I accompanied a few friends, whom I accidentally met there, in a visit to the Field of Waterloo. We went under the guidance of Lacoste, who has gained some degree of celebrity, from being mentioned, in all the accounts of the battle, as having been forcibly seized by order of Bonaparte, and promoted to the perilous honour of remaining near him during the engagement. He is a shrewd, intelligent peasant, and related many entertaining anecdotes of the Emperor, pointing out the different positions and evolutions of the contending armies with great accuracy and precision.

The constant state of cultivation in which the ground is kept, and successive harvests, have now entirely obliterated the traces of the dreadful conflict: but the general outlines of this memorable spot remain unaltered; and never did there appear a place better adapted for the theatre of contest.

After passing the village and farm-house of Mont St. Jean, we arrived at the ridge and cross-road on which the British army formed its position. At a short distance behind is the spot which the Duke of Wellington occupied during the greater part of the day. It is no longer distinguished by the celebrated "Wellington Tree," that interesting relic having been purchased, as Lacoste informed us, by an Englishman, named Whitehead, and cut down, for the purpose of being conveyed to England.

On the summit of the ridge, and close to the high road leading to Genappe, which intersects the plain, stands the elegant monument, erected by his brother, the Earl of Aberdeen, and by his surviving sisters, to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, who was killed by a cannon-ball, whilst remonstrating with the Duke on the danger to which he exposed himself. The epitaph inscribed on it is affectionate and pathetic; detailing Sir Alexander's great military services, the many virtues and amiable qualities which adorned his private character, the just and universal estimation in which he was held by his brethren in arms, and the glorious battle in which he so honourably fell. To the memorable occasion on which the bright career of this promising and lamented officer was thus untimely closed, may be happily applied that beautiful reflection of Tacitus on the death of Agricola—"Tu vero felix, Agricola, non vitæ tantum claritate, sed etiam opportunitate mortis."

On the opposite side of the road is a pyramid, with an inscription to the memory of the German Legion, who were all slain in the defence of La Haye Sainte. At a short distance to the left is the tree behind which Sir Thomas Picton fell; and beyond that is the ploughed field in which Sir William Ponsonby was killed by the Polish Lancers. The farm of La Haye Sainte was the key of the British position, being exactly in the centre of the line; so that the French, by gaining possession of it, and throwing off the roof, were enabled to keep up for several hours a most galling and destructive fire on the right and left wings. The farm-house is now completely repaired and inhabited, but innumerable patches in the walls exhibit striking proofs of the tremendous discharge of cannon musketry. This important post was throughout the day the scene of the fiercest contest and most bloody carnage: no less than 4500 men lie buried in front. These were the choicest troops of the French right wing, which, in advancing to attack Sir Thomas Picton's division, was cut to pieces by the dreadful fire of the British artillery. Behind the farm, in an immense pit, 40 feet long, 20 wide, and 15 in depth are interred 1400 more, besides several hundred horses. These graves have now lost the shape of mounds, the frequent action of the ploughshare having entirely levelled them, so that they can no longer be distinguished from the rest of the plain. In traversing the field, however, we found several skulls, bones, and musket-bullets, which the plough had recently turned up.

Ascending the hill from La Haye Sainte up the hollow road through which the Imperial Guard advanced to the last attack made by the French, we arrived at La Belle Alliance, a low farm-house, in one of the rooms of which the Duke of Wellington and Blücher met after the battle was decided. The inhabitants still show the old wooden table on which the two heroes sat, all the chairs and furniture having been removed for some days before the battle. Quantities of bullets, grape-shot, and other small relics of the battle, which are constantly being found, are here offered for sale, and easily obtained for a trifling remuneration.

From La Belle Alliance we proceeded across the field to the left, towards the Chateau of Hougomont. This spot is far more interesting than any other part of the plain, having remained untouched since the battle, and on that account bears more decided and lasting marks of the ravages of war. It was from the beginning to the termination of the engagement the scene of the closest and most deadly warfare that was ever witnessed; every stratagem being resorted to by the enemy in order to carry the position, and the most determined and successful resistance being made by the British regiments entrusted with its defence. Here, as our guide informed us, is the grave of several thousand soldiers, English, Hanoverians, and French, who fell in heaps around and within the Chateau, and were buried where they fell. Here, also, the brave Sir Harry Ellis was killed, whilst advancing with a body of troops to the relief of Hougomont. It was against this important post that Bonaparte directed the first attack to be made, as, by carrying the position, the French would have been enabled to enfilade the whole British line. Notwithstanding their most furious and repeated efforts, they were never, for a single instant, in possession of the Chateau; but it was at last set on fire by the unceasing shower of shells which fell upon it. It is now a complete ruin, no part of it remaining except the bare and blackened walls. The chapel adjoining it, however, is still left entire: the flames reached it, and burnt down the door, but stopped at the feet of a wooden

picture of our Saviour, as large as life, which remained unhurt, notwithstanding the injury to which it was exposed. The walls in the interior of this chapel are covered with the names of travellers who have visited the spot, amongst which we read those of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott and his brother, and many other persons of celebrity. The walls of the garden and orchard surrounding the Chateau retain fearful traces of the deadly strife; the bricks and stones being displaced and thrown down in heaps, and the walls themselves battered with shot, and loopholed for the purpose of enabling the troops stationed within the garden to fire upon the French advancing columns. The trees in the orchard are greatly injured, the branches of some being cut away by cannon-shot,* and others pierced through and through with innumerable balls. It was on the other side of the hedge, beyond this orchard, that Marshal Ney had his horse shot under him, whilst leading on a body of French cavalry.

On our return through the forest of Soignies to Brussels, we went into the little church of the village of Waterloo. Here are several monuments erected to the memory of many English and German officers, who gloriously fell in the battles of Quatre-Bras and Waterloo. In the churchyard are the tombs of Col. Sir Henry Walton Ellis and Col. Fitzgerald. Adjoining is the house in which the Marquis of Anglesea's leg was amputated, and where he remained for nearly three weeks before he could be removed. In the room where the operation was performed is shewn the boot which was cut off at the time of the amputation, and also his picture, representing him on horseback, in the dress of the hussars, and heading a charge of cavalry. The limb is buried in the garden in front of the house, and over it is a small monument, with an appropriate inscription. There is likewise another inscription, in French, recording that "This spot was visited, in September, 1821, by his Majesty George IV. King of England." We are informed that the Marquis of Anglesea also visited the cottage, with his family, about two or three years ago, and resided there for several days.

Our guide related to us a very singular circumstance which occurred at the attack upon Hougomont. A great number of pigeons, belonging to the Chateau, took flight soon after the firing began, and did not return until three weeks afterwards.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY CASE.—Capt. Franklin, in his "Journal," says, "the Chipewyan Indians profess strong affection for their children, and some regard for their relations, who are often numerous, as they trace very far the ties of consanguinity. A curious instance of the former was mentioned to us, and so well authenticated, that I shall venture to give it in the words of Dr. Richardson's Journal:

"A young Chipewyan had separated from the rest of his band for the purpose of trenching beaver, when his wife, who was his sole companion, and in her first pregnancy, was seized with the pains of labour. She died on the third day after having given birth to a boy. The husband was inconsolable, and vowed in his anguish never to take another woman to wife; but his grief was soon in some degree absorbed in anxiety for the fate of his infant son. To preserve its life he descended to the office of nurse, so degrading in the eyes of a Chipewyan, as partaking of the duties of a woman. He swaddled it in soft moss, fed it with broth made from flesh of the deer, and to still its cries applied it to his breast, praying earnestly to the Great Maker of Life to assist his endeavours. The force of the powerful passion by which he was actuated produced the same effect in his case, as it has done in some others which are recorded: *a flow of milk actually took place from his breast!* He succeeded in rearing his child, taught him to be a hunter, and when he attained the age of manhood, chose him a wife from the tribe. The old man kept his vow in never taking a second wife himself, but he delighted in tending his son's children, and when his daughter-in-law used to interfere, saying that it was not the occupation of a man, he was wont to reply that he had promised to the Great Master of Life, if his child was spared, never to be proud, like the other Indians. He used to mention, too, as a certain proof of the approbation of Providence, that although he was always obliged to carry his child on his back while hunting, yet it never roused a moose by its cries, being always particularly still at those times. Our informant (Mr. Wentzel, the guide to the expedition) added that he had often seen this Indian in his old age, and that his left breast, even then, retained the unusual size it had acquired in his occupation of nurse."

Mode of Burial in Italy.—The following account of burials in Italy describes one of the most striking scenes presented to a stranger in an Italian city:

"The corpse is dressed according to the wealth of the family, and one would think that the day on which a nun enters a convent, and that on which a relative is buried, were distinguished by the most marked gaiety of dress. It is not uncommon to see the corpse of a grown woman (and the age makes no difference in the costume) dressed in yellow shoes, white silk stockings, purple silk robe, lace cap, white kid gloves, besides ribbons and jewels, and placed upon a hearse ornamented with the gayest colours, the face uncovered, and generally *rouged*, and at every unequal step of the bearer, the head turning slowly and heavily from one side of the pillow to the other. The funeral usually takes place an hour after sunset; a funeral later than that is a privilege granted by the police only to persons of consideration. In the procession first come long files of those fraternities of which there are so many in Italy associated to bury each other, dressed in red, white, and grey dresses, the face masked, and each bearing a lighted torch, followed by rows of Franciscan and Capuchin monks in their black and dark mantles, the head uncovered, the cowl hanging down upon the shoulders, and the naked feet simply bound with a thick sole of leather. As the procession, thus made so striking and brilliant by the variety of dresses and number of lights, slowly and heavily moves along, the mournful chaunt for the dead, *requiem æternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis*, faintly and irregularly passes through its long files. The corpse lies exposed 24 hours with the feet towards the altar, and all who enter the church during that time are expected to pray for the repose of

the soul. The body is then placed in a coarse coffin and lowered into the tomb, which, however, is not allowed to be near the principal altar."

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SMALL-TALK.

The science of small-talking is as valuable as it is difficult to be acquired. I never had the least aptitude for it myself, yet Heaven knows the labour I have bestowed in order to master it. It is not that I have nothing to say; but when I am in company a sort of spell seems to hang over me, and I feel like some fat sleeper who has a vision of thieves, and dreams that he cannot call out for assistance. It is in vain that I observe others, and endeavour to imitate them; a shallow-headed chatterer will make himself agreeable in society, while I sit by in silence. I have taken very considerable pains in my time to observe the various kinds of small-talk, with a view of turning my knowledge to some account; but, though the scheme has totally failed in my own person, a few remarks upon the subject may not be useless to others.

And, first, of general small-talk. However simple the art of general small-talking may seem, and however plain and intelligible the topics may be upon which it is employed; yet, in fact, it is more difficult than the special kind. The materials out of which it is formed are few in number, and easily accessible. The following is a pretty complete assortment:—The weather—the health of your friends—the funds—any accidents which have happened to any of your acquaintances, such as deaths or marriages—the King—Bonaparte—Lord Byron—the cheapness of meat—any watering-place—the corn-bill—the author of Waverley—and the theatre. These are the coin that will pass current in any society.

II. Of special small-talk; and, first, of such as is purely professional. Under this head I include the conversation of persons who are of the same profession or occupation, and who, therefore, speak a kind of language peculiar to their craft, and frequently unintelligible to the rest of the world. Physicians, lawyers, and merchants may be taken as examples. There is something particularly *piquant* in the small-talk of gentlemen of the medical profession. I well recollect the conversation of two young surgeons, who were sitting in the next box to me in a coffee-house near Great Marlborough-street. "Oh, by the bye, Jenkins, I got the finest subject yesterday you ever saw." "Ay! where did you get it?" "From France, to be sure, and never saw a fellow so neatly packed; by Jove, he was as round as a ball." "What was the damage?" "Oh, the fellow who sent him me said, if I would send him back the hamper full of beef, he should be satisfied; so I sent him a trifle." "Have you any part to spare?" (*Waiter, another chop.*) "Why, you may have a limb reasonable." "Well, then, next week; but just at present I have got a very pretty small subject." "What did you give?" "Two shillings an inch; but the cursed fellow had pulled the child's neck almost out of joint to make it an inch longer. But didn't I tell you of the fun we had at Br—'s? You know we had that fellow who was hanged on Wednesday for murdering his grandmother. Well, he was devilishly ill hanged, and so we thought we'd galvanize him. We got the battery ready (you know it's a pretty strong one), and, as soon as ever it was applied, the fellow—(but won't you have some more porter? *Waiter, another pint of port!*) the fellow lifted up his brawny arm, and threw it twice across his breast. The pupils were all delighted, but our Irishman O'Reilly—you know O'Reilly, who nearly got into a scrape with cracking the crown of the Sexton at St. Pancras—O'Reilly, who was standing by with a stout board in his hand, no sooner saw this motion, than, not quite understanding the affair, and fearing that the fellow was actually coming to life again, he caught him a thwack on the side of the head, which made the cerebellum ring again. 'Is it he's going to walk?' cried Paddy—thwack—and shall justice be *defated*?—thwack—and shall I be *chated* out of my shaving money?—thwack—'By Jasus, I've floored him!' 'Capital!' cried Jenkins, I wish I had been there. 'But have you heard of Astley Cooper's operation?' 'No; what was it?' 'Why, he whipped off a child's leg in thirty-eight seconds and a half; the child didn't know what he was about, and only asked what was tickling it so.' 'Clever that, by Jove. Do you hear who is likely to get St. Thomas's?' 'Why, some say Dr. A. and some say Dr. B. I know B.'s friends have subscribed for thirty new governors. Have you seen the new tourniquet?' 'No; but I'm told it's clever. What do you think of the Moxa?' 'A deal of humbug.' 'Have you a small skull?' 'Yes, I've two.' 'Will you lend me one?' 'Oh, certainly.' 'By the bye, where do you get your knives from?' 'From Millikin's.' 'And your books?' 'I always go to Callow's.' 'By the bye, (whiff, whiff,) I think you haven't changed your dissecting coat, have you?' 'Hush, hush! the people about you will hear—they all think now that it's the woodcock, a little too *gamy* in the next box.' This was quite sufficient for me: I had been for some time aware of a strange odour, but I had laid it to the account of the woodcock. No sooner, however, did I discover the true origin of it; than, throwing down my money and seizing my hat, I hastily sought the open air.

I was once a good deal amused with hearing the chit-chat of two young gentlemen of the long robe. You must know, sir, that I had a sort of cousin seven times removed, who used to reside in a court in the Middle Temple. Poor fellow! he could play the violin beautifully; but as for Coke and Selden, and such people—he troubled them not. Well, sir, I occasionally visited my young relation, and by his kind offices with the very precise lady who holds the key of the Temple gardens, I was admitted whenever I chose to walk in that green retreat. I had seated myself, one warm summer's evening, on one of the benches at the back of the western alcove, when two learned young friends meeting at the entrance and adjourning into the arbour, I had the good fortune to be an auditor of the following dialogue. "What, Styles, my good fellow! Why I didn't know you were back from sessions. How did you get on?" "Infernally, infernally! Only got four soup-tickets at —, and a single prosecution at —. Do you know of a small set of sky-parlours to let, for, by heavens, I shall be ruined!" "What, you are determined then to rise in your profession! ha, ha, not so bad!" "Why you see, my dear Vidian, I don't make quite enough to pay Danby for dressing my wig, which is rather dis-

treassing. But come—let's sit down." (*Here the learned gentlemen seated themselves.*) "By the bye, Styles, have you heard of Gillebrand's nonsuit?—all owing to bad spelling. He put an *s* too much in the plaintiff's name, which has cost that unfortunate gentleman about one hundred and twenty pounds. Good fun that. Gillebrand argued, that it was *idem sonans*, but the judge would not believe him—

And for ever must he dwell
In the spirit of that spell.

But come cheer up, my good fellow, and shew that you have some of 'the blood of the Styles' in your veins. I dare say if you can't get *upon* the Bench, you may get *into* it. Not so bad, eh? Oh, have you heard the new anecdote of Mr. Justice Spark, which is flying about the temple? I told it myself to nine men this morning. You must know that when the learned judge was on his last circuit, an unfortunate dog was tried before him for some offence that was not capital; however, as soon as the jury had brought in their verdict, Rhadamantus seized hold of the black cap, and was pulling it over his terrific brows, when the officer of the court interfered, 'My lord! my lord! the offence isn't a capital one.' 'Oh yes! very true,' said his lordship; 'but—but—you know, it's a good thing to terrify the prisoner a little.' Very ingenious that, of his lordship. But why don't you laugh, Styles?" "In fact, my dear Vidian, I am not altogether in a laughing mood. There is a cursed fellow of a tailor in New Bond-street, who threatens to maintain *assumpsit* against me for goods sold and delivered—then the stable-keeper in Carey-street presented me the other day with a Declaration, in which I find that I am charged with the hire of fifty horses, fifty mares, fifty stanhopes, fifty tilburys, and fifty dennets: and to crown all, a well-dressed man, who resides in Chancery-lane, has got a present for me, which you and I know by the name of a Special Original. Oh what a special fool was I to give those bills to that rascal Samuels! Heigh oh! all my perambulations are now confined to this lawyers' paradise. I have instructed the angel at the gate stoutly to deny admittance to all suspicious strangers, which she promises me." "I am really sorry, Styles, that I can't accommodate you with a hundred or two, or any fractional part thereof; for though my grandfather died the beginning of the year, yet I plead *riens par descende*. Walter, you know, is heir in tail, *secundum formam doni*, being *filius primogenitus*; and to tell you the truth, I am somewhat in the shallows myself. I confess I have of late been studying the law of Debtor and Creditor, which appears to me to require amendment exceedingly. Such have been my professional studies. In my hours of relaxation I have been conjugating the verb to *dun*—no, the passive, to be *dunned*—I am dunned, I was dunned, I shall be dunned, I am about to be dunned. But see, they have opened the gates to the public—good number to-night—that's a gentlemanlike-looking fellow that's coming towards us—who is he?" "Good God! don't you know? Call a boat and help me into it—I must get into Surrey—' Here the two friends, brushing hastily past me, called a boat, and as the tide was high, they easily got into it: the stranger all the while approaching with rapid strides. Poor Styles sate dejected in the boat; but Vidian politely bowed, and "hoped he should be better acquainted with the gentleman."

There is a peculiar richness and high-flavour in the confidential communications of a couple of merchants. "Cottons look lively." "Yes, but ashes are very black." "Pray do you hold much rum?" "Dreadful storm last night—Poor Jones! he underwrote 7000*l.* last week—I met him this morning looking very ill—said he couldn't sleep last night for the wind. By the way, have you heard that K— has been flying kites lately?" "Yes, I fear he will be illustrated by the King's Printer, poor K—!"—*New M. Mag.*

* I have since discovered that the Surgeon receives a crown for shaving and dressing a subject previous to dissection.

† Upon enquiry, I find that soup-tickets are *vocabula artis*, signifying briefs given indiscriminately by the town clerks, &c. at sessions.

‡ The genealogical tree of this noble family may be seen fully set out in the second volume of Blackstone's Commentaries.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PASS OF THERMOPYLÆ.—As we approached the Pass of Thermopylæ, the scenery assumed at once an aspect of more beauty and sublimity. To our left were the lofty and shattered precipices of Oeta, covered with forests, while silver lines of descending springs sparkled in the shade. The luxuriant plain of Trachis, encircled by distant mountains, was expanded in our front, while, on the right, the eye expatiated over the marshes of Thermopylæ, and the Maliae Gulf reaching to the foot of the Thessalian heights. Our way led through a forest-shade of various trees of stately growth, beneath which a dispersion of odoriferous and flowery shrubs scented the air, while the clustering vine hung its fantastic garland from the wide-branching platanus. The scene was one of voluptuous blandishment. No gratification was wanting which the enraptured lover of landscape could desire. Nature here displayed all her multiform charms. The exuberant soil teemed with a captivating wilderness of plants and flowers. The olive, the laurel, the oleander, and the arbutus, the terebinth, rosemary, agnos, yellow jasmine, and lentiseus, the christakanthos, tamarisk, and gum-my cistus, luxuriated on all sides, and seemed to revel in the genial clime. We now approached the spot where the best blood of Greece, and of other nations, had so often been split. A few paces to the left of the road is a green hillock, with a house upon its summit, which was once a derbeni, or custom-house. Here the horizontal surface of the rock is cut into channels, for the reception of the water which comes from the neighbouring springs. The marsh begins immediately on the right, extending about a mile to the sea; but the narrowest part of the pass is further on. The battle raged with the greatest fury in the widest part of the pass, where Leonidas so gloriously fell. After his death, the surviving Spartans and Thespeians, repassing their fortifications, took post upon a hillock at the commencement of the defile, where they made a desperate defence till they were surrounded and destroyed. I conceive the derbeni hill to be the spot to which Herodotus alludes. It is probable, also, that these devoted heroes were buried where they fell, and that this hill served as

their common sepulchre.—*Dodwell's Tour through Greece.*

FRANCE.

The following details of the periodical press and public libraries of France afford a view of the state of literature in that country:—

The legislation on the press is founded on the decree of the National Convention of July 19, 1793; on the decree of Napoleon of 1st Germinal, 13; 5th Feb. and 14th December, 1810; 2d Feb. and 21st of October, 1814; 27th of March and 8th of October, 1819; 17th of May and 9th of June, 1819; 21st of March, 1820; and what has been prescribed by the latest enactments, which are of the most arbitrary and degrading character, tending to destroy discussion, and the benefits which might result from a free press.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN PARIS.

1. The Royal Library has above 700,000 printed volumes, and 70,000 manuscripts.
2. The Library of Monsieur, 150,000 printed volumes, and 5,000 manuscripts.
3. Library of St. Genevieve, 110,000 printed volumes, and 2,000 manuscripts.
4. The Magazine Library, 92,000 printed volumes, and 3,000 manuscripts.
5. Library of the City of Paris, 20,000 volumes.

All these are daily open to the public.

Besides these there are in Paris, and the Departments the following Libraries to which access may be obtained; the principal of which are,—the private libraries of the King in the Tuileries, Fontainebleau, St. Cloud, Trianon, and Rambouillet; the library of the Legislative Body; of the Council of State (30,000 vols.); of the Institute; of the Invalids (20,000 vols.); of the Court of Cassation, formerly the library of the Advocates and Polytechnic School.

Under the Minister of the Royal Household are 10 libraries; of the Interior, 22; of War, 12; of Justice, 5; of Foreign Affairs, 1; of the Marine, 6; of Finance, 2.

The Chambers of the Peers and the Deputies have each a library; that of the latter contains 30,000 vols.

Among the printing-offices, the Imprimerie Royale claims the first place, on account of its extent and admirable arrangement. It prints the Memoirs of the Institute, and all other works which the King causes to be published, as a recompense or encouragement, gratis.

There are at Paris 79 printing offices, 18 lithographic presses, 33 letterfounders, 616 booksellers, 84 dealers in second hand books, 201 bookbinders, 16 book-stitchers, 2 book-repairers, 390 copperplate engravers, 11 woodcutters, 17 map engravers, 17 form-cutters, 17 die engravers, 9 music engravers, 127 copperplate presses, 140 printsellers, 11 mapsellers, 59 music-sellers, 43 wholesale stationers, 9 pasteboard manufacturers, 6 stained paper manufacturers, 4 parchment manufacturers, 6 manufacturers of printers' ink, 4 press-makers, 2 joiners for presses, 3 dealers in printing materials.

Daily and other Periodical Publications.—Political Journals, (14).—*Moniteur*, *Gazette de France*, *Journal de Paris*, *Constitutionnel*, *Journal des Debats*, *Courier Francais*, *Quotidienne*, *Journal de Commerce*, *Drapeau Blanc*, *L'Etoile du Soir*, *Regulateur*.

Advertisers, 4.

Half periodical works, 10.—*L'Ami de la Religion*, *Le Defenseur*, *Lettres Champenoises*, *Lettres Normandes*, *L'Intrepide*, *L'Observateur*, *L'Organisateur*, *Le Parachute Monarchique*, *Le Pilote Europeen*, *O Contemporaneo*.

Religious Journals, (3).—*Chronique Relig.*; *Archives de Christianisme au 19 Siecle*; *Annales Protestantes*.

Scientific Journals, (9).—*Annales des Sciences, des Artes, et des Lettres*; *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*; *Annales des Mines*; *Annales Encyclopediques*; *Annales Francaises des Sciences et des Arts*; *Bibliothèque Physico-Economique*; *Bulletin des Sciences*; *Journal de Physique, de Chimie, d'Histoire Naturelle, et des Arts*; *Journal des Savans*.

Literary Journals, (15).—*Bibliographie de la France*; *Annales de la Litterature et des Arts*; *Archives de la Litterature et des Arts*; *Conservateur Litteraire*; *Courier des Spectacles, de la Litterature et des Modes*; *Galignani's Repertory of English Literature*; *Hermes Classique*; *Journal General de la Litterature de la France*; *Ditto de la Litterature Etrangere*; *Journal des Theatres, de la Litterature, et des Arts*; *le Lycee Francais*; *le Mercure Royal*; *la Minerve Litteraire*; *Revue Encyclopedique*; *Tablettes Universelles*.

Journals relating to law and jurisprudence, 22.

Medical Journals, 14.

Journals for arts and professions, (12).—among which are, *Annales du Musee et de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts*; *Memoires du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*.

Military Journals (2).—*Journal Militaire Officiel*; *Archives Francaises*.

Journals for Education, (2).—*Journal d'Education*; *un Quart d'Heure de Lecture*; *Journal des Villes et des Campagnes*.

Geographical Journals, (2).—*Annales (Nouvelles) des Voyages, de la Geographie, et de l'Histoire*; *Journal des Voyages, Decouvertes, et Navigations Modernes*.

Journals of Fashions, (2).—*Journal des Dames et des Modes*; *L'Observateur des Modes*.

In the Departments there are Public Libraries, 25, with above 1,700,000 vols.; of which Troyes has 50,000; Aix, 72,670; Marseilles, 31,500; Dijon, 36,000; Besancon, 53,000; Toulouse, 30,000 and 20,000; Bourdeaux, 105,000; Tours, 30,000; Grenoble, 42,000; Arras, 34,000; Strasburg, 51,000; Colmar, 30,000; Lyons, 106,000; Le Mans, 41,000; Versailles, 40,000; Amiens, 40,000; 613 printing offices; 26 lithographic printing offices; 5 letter-foundries; 1025 booksellers; 192 paper manufactories.

AMERICAN CRITICISM.—THE WAVERLY NOVELS.—

We have been so rash as to think somewhat less of these compositions than the generality of readers. *Waverly* has all the graphic interest of several of the succeeding, because it breaks open the subjects and the scenes, and governs the tone of those that come after. *Guy Mannering* is the best told story. *The Antiquary*, for character and force, for strong sense and happy situations, for humour and originality, by far exceeds all other productions of this indefatigable author. Between the confused, hasty, and twice-told tale of *Rob Roy* and the masterly and finished characters in *The Antiquary*, there is an immeasurable distance. The fact is, that the *Antiquary* spoiled its author. So great was its success, joined to that of its predecessors, that the author was determined to make money. He wrote as fast as he could sell, and sold as fast as he could write. To read these romances became the fashion; the current set in, and fame was sacrificed to interest. But *Rob Roy* and the *Black Dwarf*, when bound up with our old friend *Monkbarns*, can be compared only to an edition of *Jack the Giant-killer* in company with Smollett's novels. The *Edinburgh Review* compares the invention of the author of the *Waverly* novels to that of Shakespeare!! This is carrying admiration a little into the region of the ridiculous. For facility, however, the author may be compared to Voltaire. Some of his characters are given with high dramatic colouring, and some of his situations, particularly in *Ivanhoe*, are described with the force and fulness of Florian.—*Charleston Courier*.

READING AND WALKING.—A man who boasted that he knew how to employ his time to the best advantage, told a friend that he never walked out without a book in his hand: "Well!" replied the other, "this is the best way to read without advantage, and walk without pleasure."

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE CLERICAL HORSE-DEALER.

A complaint, which has caused a great deal of conversation in Bath, was made a few days ago by a French gentleman, named Lafu, against a clergyman who resides in the neighbourhood of that city, and who is remarkable for dealing very profitably in horses. The Magistrate applied to on the occasion recommended that the circumstances should be stated in a court of law, after having the following account from the lips of the Frenchman:—

"I go to buy a horse from him, and he ask me 40 guinea. I say no, by Gar, I no give that. Well, say the clergyman, I tell you what; you shall have him for 35 guinea; but, d—n my eye, you shall no have him less."

Magistrate.—You could not think of dealing with a clergyman who was so ready to swear.

Frenchman.—*Oui*, I did; I thought a clergyman would not swear any thing but true; so I paid him the money. Well, I got upon him, and he go beautiful. Then I put him up in the Bell's stables, and I ride him next day, but he go upon three leg; so I put him up again, but he still go upon three leg, and then I gave him a doctor; but, by Gar, he walk upon his knee, and so I say, if you walk upon your knee, I do not walk upon your back.

Magistrate.—You mean that the horse was unsound?

Frenchman.—*Oui*, he got the gout.

Magistrate.—The gout! horses don't get the gout.

Frenchman.—But he was a clergyman's horse, and they both have the gout. The horse's leg was *swell*, and so was the master's.

Magistrate.—Well, I suppose you sent back the horse?

Frenchman.—No: the clergyman said, d—n his eye he'd no have him; but I ask Mr. Bell to buy him for thirty-five guinea; but he said no, I not give more than £5: so I keep him in the stable twelve week, and then I send him to besold; and what do you think I got?

Magistrate.—Why, perhaps 5l.

Frenchman.—No, by Gar, I got 15l.

Magistrate.—Well, I think you received more than you had a right to expect in your transaction with this worthy clergyman.

Frenchman.—Receive! Why I receive nothing. I got the 15l. to pay for the dinner.

Magistrate.—For dinner?

Frenchman.—*Oui*. For my horse's dinner for the 12 week in Mr. Bell's stable.

SHOCKING SUPERSTITION IN INDIA.—The following is an affecting instance of the delusive power of idolatrous superstition on the minds of the Hindoos, related in a letter from the Rev. H. Fisher, of Mecrut, to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. A Fakcer was observed, by the road side, preparing something extraordinary, which having never been observed before, excited a curiosity to draw near and examine his employment. He had several Hindoo pilgrims round him, all on their way from the Holy Ghaut, who assisted in preparing the wretched devotee for some horrible penance, to which he had voluntarily bound himself, in order to expiate the guilt of some crime which he had committed long ago. His attendants literally worshipping him, kissing his feet, calling him God, and invoking his blessing. A large fire was kindled under the extended branch of an old tree; to this branch the Fakcer fastened two strong ropes, having at the lower end of each of them a stuffed noose, into which he introduced his feet, and thus being suspended with his head downwards over the fire, a third rope, at a distance towards the end of the branch, was fixed, by which he succeeded with one hand, to set himself in a swinging motion, backwards and forwards, through the smoke and flaming fire, which was kept blazing by a constant supply of fuel, ministered by many of his followers; with the other hand he counted a string of beads, a fixed number of times, so as to ascertain the termination of the four hours, for which he had doomed himself daily to endure this exercise for twelve years, nine of which are nearly expired. A narrow bandage is over his eyes, and another over his mouth, to guard against the suffocating effects of smoke. By this means he says he shall atone for the guilt of his sins, and be made holy for ever. The last half hour of the four hours, his people say, he stands upright, and swings in a circular motion round the fire. On coming down he rolls himself in the hot ashes of the fire. The boys went to see him again in the evening, when he was engaged in his prayers, but to what or whom they could not tell. I asked my little congregation what they thought of all this? They sat silent, with their eyes cast down, and sighed heavily; at length Anund turned to Matthew Phirodeen, and passing his arms round his neck, exclaimed with the most touching expression of affection, as well as of gratitude to God—"Ah my brother! my brother! such devils once were we! but now, (and he lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and elevated his whole person) Jesus! Jesus! my God! my Saviour!" It was very affecting.

LORD CLONMEL.—The late Lord Clonmel, who never thought of demanding more than a shilling for an affidavit, used to be well satisfied, provided it was a *good one*. In his time the Birmingham shillings were current, and he used the following extraordinary precautions to avoid being imposed upon by taking a bad one:—"You shall true answer make to such questions as shall be demanded of you touching this affidavit, so help you God!!! Is this a good shilling? Are the contents of this affidavit true? Is this your name and hand-writing?"—*Birmingham Chronicle*.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.—[From an American paper]

—On the first night of Cooper's performance on the Cincinnati boards, a circumstance happened which should not be lost to the world. *Othello* was the play. The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of person and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom (not knowing her real name) we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen the inside of a play-house. She entered at the time *Othello* was making his defence before the Duke and Senate of Venice: the audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby until she arrived at the door of the stage-box when a gentleman handed her in, without withdrawing his eyes from the distinguished performer; and her beau, a country boy, was obliged to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about for a moment, if doubting whether she was in the proper place; till, casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would have induced her to take the step she did—but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at ease than those among whom she was standing, and withal more sociable; and as fate would have it, just at that moment *Othello* looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed, "Here comes the Lady." The Senators half rose, in expectation of seeing the "gentle Desdemona," and *Othello* advanced two steps to meet her—when lo! the maiden from the country stepped from the box plump on to the stage, and advanced towards the expecting Moor! It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered—the Duke and Senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation: even Cooper himself could not help joining the general merriment: the uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her into the box, helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was agreed on all hands that a lady never made her debut on the stage with more *eclat* than Miss Peggy.

(From Scoresby's Journal.)

A few years ago, when one of the Davis's Straits' whalers was closely beset among the ice at the "South-west," or on the coast of Labrador, a bear that had for some time been seen near the ship, at length became so bold, as to approach alongside, tempted probably by the offal of the provision that had been thrown overboard by the cook. At this time the people were all at dinner, no one being required to keep the deck in the then immovable state of the ship. A hardy fellow, who first looked out, perceiving the bear so near, imprudently jumped upon the ice, armed only with a hand-spike, with a view, it is supposed, of securing all the honour of the exploit of capturing so fierce a visitor to himself. But the bear, regardless of such weapons, and sharpened probably by hunger, immediately, it should seem, disarmed his antagonist, and, seizing him by the back with his powerful jaws, carried him off with such celerity, that, on his dismayed comrades rising from their meal, and looking abroad, he was so far beyond their reach as to defy their pursuit.

A circumstance, communicated to me by Captain Munroe, of the *Neptune*, of rather a humorous nature as to the result, arose out of an equally imprudent attack made on a bear in the Greenland fishery of 1820, by a seaman employed in one of the Hull whalers. The ship was moored to a field of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of his rum, which, in his economy, he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey of about half a league, over a surface of yielding snow, and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being by this time greatly subdued, partly by the evaporation of the stimulus he had employed, and partly by the undismayed and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still. In vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack; his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain, also, he shouted, advanced his lance, and made feints of attack; the enemy either not understanding them, or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to shake, the lance trembled in the rest, and his gaze, which had hitherto been steadfast, began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates still had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being more regardless of consequences, began, with the most audacious boldness, to advance. His high approach, and unshaken step, subdued the spark of bravery and that dread of ridicule that had hitherto upheld our adventurer: he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger. The sailor's flight encouraged the bear in his turn to pursue; and being better practised in snow travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only defence, incumbering him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped, pawed it, bit it, and then resumed the chase. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favourable effect of the lance, dropped a mitten; the stratagem succeeded, and while bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made considerable progress *a-head*. Still the bear resumed the pursuit, with the most provoking perseverance, excepting when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his teeth and his paws, and would no doubt have soon made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was rapidly losing strength and heart, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates, who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onward, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of the ship! Bruin once more prudently came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a reasonable hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat.

DEEP PLAY.—The late General Ogle had an unconquerable attachment to play. A few weeks before he was to sail for India, he constantly attended Pain's, in Charles-street, St. James's-square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each; and also four thousand guineas in *rouleaus*, which he had won. When the box came to him, he shook the dice, and with great coolness and pleasantry said—"Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand: will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven thousand is the main." Then rattling the dice once more, cast the box from him, and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the General did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the gentlemen did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said—"Well, gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him 500l. another 500l.—"Come," says he, "whilst you are making up this money—7,000l.—I'll tell you a story." Here he began to relate a story that was pertinent to the moment; but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short—laid his hand upon the box, saying, "I believe I am set, gentlemen?"—"Yes, Sir: seven is the main." He threw out! Then, with astonishing coolness took up his snuff-box, and smiling, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please."

THE ADVENTURES OF A CAT.—(A true story.)—Two elderly ladies, who for many years resided in Leeds, had a favourite cat which was brought up by them from a kitten. One of the ladies dying in September last, the other shortly after shut up her house at Leeds, and came to reside at Cowley, in the parish of Ecclesfield, about six miles from this town. She brought the cat with her in a small hamper, which was placed under the seat of the carriage. The cat remained at her new residence very quietly for nearly two months, when a servant one day beat her for some fault. On this affront she ran away, and in a few days after was seen at Leeds, by a neighbour, sitting and watching at the kitchen door of the house lately occupied by her mistress. There she remained three days, without intermission. On the evening of the third day she came into the neighbour's house, who fed her, and left her in the kitchen all night. There the servant found her on the following morning, but on opening the kitchen door the cat ran out, and in a few days afterwards returned to her mistress's habitation in a most deplorable state, being almost reduced to a skeleton, and so feeble for several days that she could scarcely take any food. One eye appeared much inflamed, as if from cold, and since then she has utterly lost the sight of it. She is now living, and evinces her attachment to her mistress by sitting daily at her side. The cat was absent about ten days. The

The following article exposes very well one of the many amusing peculiarities arising from the heterogeneous nature of London society. We extract it from the number just published of *The New Monthly Magazine*—a periodical work, distinguished for the variety, as well as excellence, of its original communications. The present number contains many pleasant contributions: among others, some humorous poetry, by no every-day hand. We miss, however, the entertaining lucubrations of Don Leucadio Doublado: we hope he is collecting materials for more descriptive letters: he is a worthy rival of the author of the *Sketch Book*; equally candid, intelligent, sound-principled, pleasant, and unaffected.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer respectfully invite the attention of the dinner-giving department of the metropolis to the following candid statement of facts:—

It happens in London, every day, that gentlemen mount to sudden wealth by Spanish bonds, fluctuations of English stock, death of distant relations, and what not. When this event occurs, a carriage is bespoken, the ladies go to the Soho Bazaar, the father takes a house in Baker-street or Connaught-place, and the sons get blackballed at all the new clubs in the environs of the Haymarket. Yet still something is wanting. Like the Greek or Persian king (Messrs. Clack and Caterer will not be precise as to the nation) who pined to death in the midst of plenty, gentlemen thus jumping into high life, from the abysses of Lower Thames-street and St. Mary-Axe, lament the lack of good dinner company. If they rely upon coffee-house society, their silver spoons are in jeopardy; and if they invite their own relations, they are ruined: nobody will come twice to such society. An uncle with an unpowdered pigtail, who prates of pepper and pimiento; an aunt in a brown silk gown, who drinks every body's health; a son from Stockwell, who is silent when he ought to talk, accompanied by a wife, who talks when she ought to be silent, compose a species of society which may do very well at Kensington or Camden-town, but which, Messrs. Clack and Caterer confidently predict, can never take root west of Temple-bar. The consequence is, that gentlemen thus circumstanced must "cut" their own relations, or nobody else will "come again." Singers may be hired at so much a-head: every body knows, to an odd sixpence, the price of "Non nobis, Domine," "Hail, Star of Brunswick," "Glorious Apollo," and "Scots wha hae." Good set speakers for charity dinners may also be obtained, by inquiry at the bar of the tavern. These latter go through the routine of duty with a vast deal of decorum. They call the attention of the company in a particular manner to the present charity, leaving a blank for its name. They ascribe half of its success to the worthy treasurer, and the other half to the noble chairman, whose health they conclude with proposing, with three times three: and the accuracy of their ear enables them to cry "hip, hip, hip," nine times, interlarded at the third and sixth close with a hurra! aided by a sharp yell which Messrs. Clack and Caterer have never been able to distinguish from the yelp of a trodden lapdog. All this is very well in its way; and it is not the wish of the advertisers to disparage such doings. Far from it; "live and let live" is their maxim. Many gentlemen by practice qualify themselves for public speakers; but good private-dinner company is still a desideratum.

Impressed with this truth, Messrs. Clack and Caterer, at a considerable expense, have provided, at their manufactory in Leicester-square, a choice assortment of good diners out, of various prices, who, in clean white waistcoats, and at the shortest notice, will attend to enliven any dull gentleman's dull dinner-table. Messrs. Clack and Caterer are possessed of three silver-toned young barristers, who have their way to make in Lincoln's-inn. These gentlemen respectively and anxiously inquire after the health of any married lady's little Charlotte; ask when she last heard from Hastings; think they never saw curtains better hung in the whole course of their lives; tenderly caress the poodle that occupies the hearth-rug; and should its front teeth meet in their forefinger, will, for an additional trifle, exclaim, "Pretty little fellow! I don't wonder he's such a favourite." Messrs. Clack and Caterer are also provided with two unbeneficed clergymen, who have guaranteed a short grace, and undertake not to eat of the second course. These gentlemen tell a choice collection of good jokes, with a rigid abstinence from *Joc Miller*. They have various common-places at hand, which they can throw in when conversation flags. The one of them remarks that London begins to look dull in September, and that Waterloo-place is a great improvement; and the other observes, that Elliston has much beautified Drury-lane, and that Kean's voice is apt to fail him in the fifth act. This kind of talk is not brilliant, but it wears well, and never provokes animosity.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg also to acquaint the nobility and gentry, that they have laid in a couple of quadrillers and three pair of parasites; who take children upon their knees in spite of tamarinds and Guava jelly; cut turbot into choice parallelograms; pat plain children on the head, and assure their mamma that their hair is not red but auburn; never meddle with the two long-necked bottles on the table; address half of their conversation to the lady of the house, and the other half to any deaf gentleman on their other side, who tilts his ear in the hollow of his hand. Should either of these personages be so far forgetful of his duty as to contradict a county member, introduce agricultural distress, or prove the cause of the present low prices; wonder what happened at Verona, or who wrote the Scotch novels; gentlemen are requested to write "bore" upon his back with a piece of chalk (which the butler had better be provided with), and then to return the offender to the advertisers, when the money will be paid back, deducting coach-hire. Cheap goods rarely turn out well. Some dinner-giving gentlemen have hired diners out at an inferior price; and what was lately the consequence at a Baronet's in Portland-place? A Birmingham article of this sort entered the drawing-room with a hackney straw adhering to one stocking, and a pedicular ladder ascending the other. He drank twice of champagne; called for beer; had never heard that the opera opened without Angrisani; wondered why Miss Paton and Braham did not sing together (forgetting that all Great Russell-street and a part of the Piazza yawned between them); spilt red wine on the table cloth, and tried to rectify the error by a smear of salt and Madeira; left the fish-cruets as bare as the pitchers of the Belides; and committed various other errors, which Messrs. Clack and Caterer scorn to enumerate. All this proceeds from not going to the best shops and paying accordingly.

Messrs. Clack and Caterer beg likewise to acquaint a liberal and candid public, that they have an unexceptionable assortment of three-day visitors, who go by the stage to villas from Saturday to Monday. These out-of-towners know all about Webb Hall and the drill-plough; take a hand at whist; never beat their host at billiards; have no objection to go to church; and are ready to look at improvements on being provided with thick shoes. If up hill, or through a copse of the party's own planting, a small additional sum will be required. For further particulars inquire at the warehouse in Leicester-square. If Messrs. Clack and Caterer give satisfaction, it is all they require; money is no object. Letters, post paid, will be duly attended to.

The following striking picture of savage life is taken from the recently published memoirs of his captivity among the North American Indians, by John D. Hunter. Descended from European settlers, it appears that all Mr. Hunter's relatives were murdered, while he was yet a child, and himself carried into captivity by the Indians, by whom he was brought up. He quitted his savage companions at the age of nineteen, on discovering their intention of massacring a party of white traders encamped in the vicinity, and with difficulty escaped to the Europeans, whom he warned of their danger. So great were his compunctions after deserting his Indian to save his European friends, that he could not even endure the society of those he had rescued. Receiving a present of ammunition, he left the party and tells us,

"I journeyed nearly north, over a country which at first was level and partly composed of prairie-land, though afterwards it was somewhat hilly; and in the course of a few days struck upon the waters flowing, as I have since learned, into White River, at which I afterwards arrived, and ascended in a northern direction till it became only a small stream.

"The prairie-lands I passed over were covered with a very luxuriant grazing vegetation, and afforded subsistence for exceedingly numerous herds of buffalo, elk, and deer.

"Rattlesnakes both black and party-coloured, were larger and more numerous than I had ever before seen; and they would infest the country, to a much greater extent, were it not for the hostility that exists between them and the deer. This animal, on discovering a snake, as I have repeatedly witnessed, retreats some distance from it, then running with great rapidity alights with its collected feet upon it; and repeats this manœuvre till it has destroyed its enemy.

"The hunting season for furs had now gone by, and the time and labour necessary to procure food for myself was very inconsiderable. I knew of no Indian being near me; my only companions were the grazing herds, the rapacious animals that preyed on them, the beaver and other animals that afforded pelts, and birds, fish, and reptiles. Notwithstanding this solitude, many sources of amusement presented themselves to me, especially after I had become somewhat familiarized to it. The country around was delightful, and I roved over it a most incessantly, in ardent expectation of falling in with some party of Indians, with whom I might be permitted to associate myself. Apart from the hunting that was essential to my subsistence, I practised various arts to take fish, birds, and small game, frequently bathed in the river, and took great pleasure in regarding the dispositions and habits of such animals as were presented to my observations.

"The conflicts of the male buffaloes and deer, the attack of the latter on the rattlesnake, the industry and ingenuity of the beaver in constructing its dam, &c. and the attacks of the panther on its prey, afforded much interest, and engrossed much time. Indeed, I have lain for half a day at a time in the shade, to witness the management and policy observed by the ants in stiring up their food, the manœuvres of the spider in taking its prey, the artifice of the mason-fly (*Sphex*) in constructing and storing its clayey cells, and the voraciousness and industry of the dragon fly (*Libellula*) to satisfy its appetite. In one instance I vexed a rattlesnake till it bit itself, and subsequently saw it die from the poison of its own fangs. I also saw one strangled in the wreathed folds of its inveterate enemy the black snake. But in the midst of this extraordinary employment, my mind was far from being satisfied. I looked back with the most painful reflections on what I had been; and on the irreparable sacrifices I had made, merely to become an outcast, to be hated and despised by those I sincerely loved and esteemed. But however much I was disposed to be dissatisfied and quarrel with myself, the consolation of the most entire conviction that I had acted rightly always followed, and silenced my self-upbraidings. I became satisfied with the loneliness of my situation, could lie down to sleep among the rocks, ravines, and ferns, in careless quietude, and hear the wolf and the panther prowling around me; and almost feel the venomous reptiles seeking shelter and repose under my robe with sensations bordering on indifference.

"In one of my excursions, while seated in the shade of a large tree, situated on a gentle declivity, with a view to procure some mitigation from the oppressive heat of the mid-day sun, I was surprised by a tremendous rushing noise. I sprang up, and discovered a herd, I believe, of a thousand buffaloes running at full speed directly towards me; with a view, as I supposed, to beat off the flies, which at this season are inconceivably troublesome to those animals. I placed myself behind the tree, so as not to be seen, not apprehending any danger; because they ran with no great rapidity, and too closely together, to afford any one of them an opportunity of injuring me, while protected in this manner. The buffaloes passed so near me on both sides, that I could have touched several of them merely by extending my arm. In the rear of the herd was one on which a huge panther had fixed, and was voraciously engaged in cutting off the muscles of its neck. I did not discover this circumstance till it had nearly passed beyond rifle-shot distance, when I discharged my piece, and wounded the panther. It instantly left its hold on the buffalo, and bounded with great rapidity towards me. On witnessing the result of my shot, the apprehensions I suffered can scarcely be imagined. I had, however, sufficient presence of mind to retreat and secrete myself behind the trunk of the tree, opposite to its approaching direction. Here, solicitous for what possibly might be the result of my unfortunate shot, I prepared my knife and tomahawk, for what I supposed a deadly conflict with this terrible animal. In a few moments, however, I had the satisfaction to hear it in the branches of the tree over my head. My rifle had been just discharged, and I entertained fears that I could not re-load it, without discovering and yet exposing myself to the fury of its destructive rage. I looked into the tree with the utmost caution, but could not perceive it, though its groans and vengeance-breathing growls told me that it was not far off, and also what I had to expect in case it should discover me. In this situation, with my eyes almost constantly directed upwards to observe its motion, I

of the tree, saw my formidable enemy resting on a considerable branch, about thirty feet from the ground, with his side fairly exposed. I was unobserved, took deliberate aim, and shot it through the heart. It made a single bound from the tree to the earth, and died in a moment afterwards.

"On several occasions, when I waked in the morning, I found a rattlesnake coiled up close along side of me: some precaution was necessarily used to avoid them. In one instance I lay quiet till the snake saw fit to retire; in another, I rolled gradually and imperceptibly two or three times over, till out of its reach. And in another, where the snake was more remote, but in which we simultaneously discovered each other, I was obliged, while it was generously warning me of the danger I had to fear from the venomous potency of its fangs, to kill it with my tomahawk. These reptiles, as before observed, especially in stony grounds, are very numerous: the black ones are short and thick, but the party-coloured ones are very large and long. I saw many that would, I am certain, have measured seven or eight feet in length. They are not, however, considered by the Indians so poisonous as the former; but, from the distance they are able to strike, and the great depth of the wounds they inflict, they are much the most to be dreaded. They never attack till after they have alarmed the object of their fears, and on account of this conceived magnanimity, the Indians very seldom destroy them."

An incident occurred some years ago amidst the savage scenery of Hoy, in the Orkney Islands, which bears the stamp of corresponding savagism in some of its inhabitants. The particulars are authentically and even judicially established. In November 1815, a vessel, named the Albion of Blyth, was driven among the rocks at the Stower, betwixt Rackwick and the Old Man, a complete wreck. Only two of the crew were on board, all the rest having perished at sea. One of the survivors had fastened himself in the rigging, and the other was lying on his back upon the quarter-deck. The latter was alive, but speechless, when two fishermen from Rackwick, who had observed the wreck, descended through a cleft in the rock, and got on board. After plundering what they could conveniently carry from the wreck, they carried the speechless man from it, and laid him on a shelf of the cliff, where they left him, still in life, all night,—a night of November, when the earth was buried in deep snow, when an intense frost prevailed, and when a piercing sea-wind would have chilled to death, on the rocks of Hoy, the most vigorous human being, if exposed in a state of inaction to its power. The rocks above are some hundred feet of perpendicular height; but the natives ascend and descend surprisingly through some crevices and rents; and, after they left the dying man on the bare rock, they dragged up through the chasms an additional visitant, who had got drunk with rum pilfered from the wreck. They also moved up pieces of timber, and there is little doubt, that, if the exhausted mariner had been removed when first discovered, and proper means been employed, his life might have been preserved. On returning next day he was found dead, as was to be expected, and was covered with turf on the spot where he expired. It was only on this occasion that his fellow sufferer was discovered in the shrouds breathless, but the warmth of life still in his body. He, too, must have been alive the preceding day; and had not the love of plunder, and the desire to commit unwitnessed deeds, quenched every emotion of humanity, the lives of two human beings might, in all probability, have been saved. His corpse was consigned to the same sod with his ill-fated companion.—*Peterkin's Notes on Orkney and Zetland.*

The Lake of Wallenstadt, in Switzerland, is haunted by the Lammergeyer (the vulture of lambs), the largest of all birds of prey after the American Condor. Kids and even dogs are among its spoil; the expansion of its wings, which from tip to tip measure 16 feet, seem to make it a fitter instrument for Jupiter's abductions, than the comparatively little bird whom he dispatched to Ida for a cup-bearer. On the Tongfraw a Lammergeyer once alighted with an infant which it had carried from the village of Murren; fragments of the child's clothes for years marked the fatal spot. A hunter once had killed a male of these birds, and having discovered the nest, was creeping barefooted along a shelf of rock to secure the young. The observant hen meantime pounced upon the invader, and struck her claws into his arm, and her bill into his back. The slightest movement would have dashed the hunter from his dizzy height: he remained at first quite still, then gradually with his foot directing the muzzle of his gun, which he held in his left hand, towards the bird, he in the same manner cocked it, pulled the trigger, and shot her dead: not, however, till she had inflicted wounds sufficient to confine him to his bed during many months. Few, indeed, of this hazardous profession die the natural death of other men: they disappear from time to time, and the occasional discovery of their mangled remains is the only clue to their fate.

On the shore of the Waldstätten, in Switzerland, once existed the republic of Gersau, the smallest territory in Europe. Five hundred and fifty strokes of the oar will carry a boat along its entire line of coast. During four centuries it possessed independent sovereignty, but having been forgotten at the Congress of Vienna, it merged in the neighbouring Canton of Schwytz. The annals of this republic present a fact unique in the history of mankind: while Gersau existed as a state, no instance occurred of any inhabitant being punished for any crime.

A letter in the last number of Blackwood's Magazine, signed *Acus Edinensis*, speaks of a time within the recollection of the writer, when "even *Honourables* were often enough to be seen behind a counter—nay, when such a thing has happened even to Right Honourables. I myself, Sir, (he adds), can all but recollect the lawful daughter of a Scotch Earl practising the noble art of obstetric in the Lawn-market—nay, start not, I remember to have heard a good lady, that has not been long in her grave, speak of dancing at a 'Peers' Ball, with a partner, who was at one and the same moment a glover in High-street, and a Viscount of the realm."

In the article *Simond's Switzerland*, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, there is a disquisition on the manners of the English, which has excited a good deal of attention. Mr. Simond having contrasted us with some of our neighbours, in a way not very flattering to us, the Reviewer admits "the *Morgue Aristocratique*," as Bonaparte called it, of the English Gentry—the sort of sulky and contemptuous reserve, with which, both at home and abroad, almost all who have any pretensions to *bon ton* seem to think it necessary to defend those pretensions.

"The thing has undoubtedly been carried of late years to an excess that is both ludicrous and offensive, and is in its own nature unquestionably a blemish and a misfortune. But it does not arise, we are persuaded, from anything intrinsically haughty or dull in our temperament—but is a natural consequence of, and it must be admitted a considerable drawback from, two very proud peculiarities in our condition—the freedom of our Constitution, and the rapid progress of wealth and intelligence in the body of the nation. In most of the other countries of Europe; if a man was not born in high and polished society, he had scarcely any other means of gaining admission to it; and honour and dignity, it was supposed, belonged by inheritance to a very limited class of the people. —Within that circle, therefore, there could be no derogation—and from without it there could be no intrusion. But in this country, persons of every condition were always entitled to aspire to every situation; and, from the nature of our political Constitution, any one who had individual influence, by talent, wealth, or activity, became at once of consequence in the community, and was classed as the open rival or necessary auxiliary of those who had the strongest hereditary claims to importance. But though the circle of society was in this way at all times larger than in the Continental nations, and embraced more persons of dissimilar training and habits, it does not appear to have given a tone of repulsion to the manners of those who affected the superiority, till a period comparatively remote. In the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, there was a wide pale of separation between the landed aristocracy and the rest of the population; and accordingly, down at least to the end of Charles the Second's reign, there seems to have been none of this dull and frozen arrogance in the habits of good company. The true reason of this, however, was, that though the competition was constitutionally open, good education was in fact till after this period confined to the children of the gentry; and a certain parade in equipage and dress, which could not be easily assumed but by the opulent, nor naturally carried but by those who had been long accustomed to it, threw additional difficulties in the way of those who wished to push themselves forward in society, and rendered any other bulwarks unnecessary for the protection of the sanctuary of fashion. From the time of Sir Robert Walpole, however, the communication between the higher and the lower orders became far more open and easy—commercial wealth and enterprise were prodigiously extended—literature and intelligence spread with unprecedented rapidity among the body of the people; and the increased intercourse between the different parts of the country naturally produced a greater mixture of the different classes of the people. This was followed by a general relaxation in those costly external observances by which persons of condition had till then been distinguished—Ladies laid aside their hoops, trains, and elaborate head-dresses; and Gentlemen their swords, periwigs, and embroidery;—and at the same time that it thus became quite practicable for an attorney's clerk or a mercer's apprentice to assume the exterior of a Nobleman, it happened also, both that many persons of that condition had the education that fitted them for a higher rank—and that several had actually won their way to it by talents and activity which had not formerly been looked for in that quarter. Their success was well merited undoubtedly, and honourable both to themselves and their country; but its occasional occurrence, even more than the discontinuance of Aristocratical forms, or the popular spirit of the Government, tended strongly to encourage the pretensions of others, who had little qualification for success beyond an eager desire to obtain it. So many persons now raised themselves by their own exertions, that every one thought himself entitled to rise; and very few proportionally were contented to remain in the rank to which they were born; and as vanity is a still more active principle than ambition, the effects of this aspiring spirit were more conspicuously seen in the invasion which it prompted on the prerogatives of polite society, than in its more serious occupations; and a herd of uncomfortable and unsuitable companions beset all the approaches to good company, and seemed determined to force all its barriers.

"We think we have now stated the true causes of this phenomenon—but at all events, the fact we believe to be incontrovertible, that within the last fifty years there has been an incredible increase of forwardness and solid impudence among the half-bred and half-educated classes of this country—and that there was consequently some apology for the assumption of more distant and forbidding manners towards strangers on the part of those who were already satisfied with the extent of their society. It was evidently easier and more prudent to reject the overtures of unknown acquaintances, than to shake them off after they had been once allowed to fasten themselves—to repress in short the first attempts at familiarity, and repel, by a chilling and somewhat disdainful air the advances of all of whom it might any way be suspected that they might turn out discreditable or unfit associates.

"This we have no doubt is the true history of that awful tone of gloomy indifference and stupid arrogance which has unfortunately become so striking a characteristic of English manners. We should not quarrel much with a man of family and breeding, being a little distant and cold to the many affable people he may meet with, either in his travels or in places of public resort at home. But the provoking thing is to see the same frigid and unsociable manner adopted in private society, and towards persons of the highest character if they happen not to belong to the same set, or to be occupied with the same pursuits with these fastidious morals."

In a work published in 1770, entitled "A Review of the Characters of the principal Nations in Europe," evidently the result of much personal observation in different countries, and in which we still recognise the leading features of most of these nations, the author makes it the distinguishing characteristic of the English Nobility and Gentry, that they alone, of all the European Aristocracy, were affable to their inferiors.

"A forgetfulness of their dignity (he says) has also been objected to our Nobility and Gentry, in mixing too sociably with their inferiors, sharing their diversions, and condescending to resent affronts from the meanest of the populace, and even to enter the lists of combat with them. But they who have made the popularity of their behaviour an article of

ensure, seem to forget the nature of our Government, which has not set mankind at that distance from each other wherein absolute Monarchies or Aristocracies have placed them abroad. Our great ones are in very frequent want of the lower classes in the pursuit of their various schemes of ambition, and therefore dare not treat them with much superciliousness. They who have tried the experiment have repented it. Hence whatever respect our Grandees have a right to claim, and whatever deference men of sense and breeding are ever willing to shew them, while their reputation remains unsullied, yet they must not, and, indeed, to do justice to their magnanimity and rectitude of thinking, they expect not that servility of submission which the tyrannical nobles of so many other countries are so jealous in exacting."

We could produce a multitude of authorities to shew that at the period in question, there was less of arrogance and superciliousness in the manners of English Gentry, than in the manners of the gentry of any other country in Europe, Holland only excepted. All travellers now agree that the picture is quite reversed. Even in Germany, where, thirty years ago, the arrogance of the gentry was quite insufferable—where in a coffee-house, or any other place, frequented by the gentry, a plebeian durst not even set his foot, and where a contravention would have been attended with their desertion of it, just as no white man in New York would be shaved by a barber who should also shave negroes,—even in Germany (with the exception of Hanover and Mecklenburg, and one or two other small States in the North), all classes and descriptions of men mix with each other at the same places of amusement, and display the most complete absence of etiquette. The same thing is observable over nearly all the Continent.

A young Englishman while at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend—"There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?" "Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality." "I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman, "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray," said his friend, "be quiet, and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box." "Well, how did you obtain it?" "Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket of it."—*Duten's Memoirs*.

Our title of *General* was once very strangely mistaken, and by no less a personage than the celebrated King of Prussia, Frederic II. It happened thus:—"A great intimacy and friendship, private as well as political, subsisted between the late Lord Ash—n (Mr. D—g) and Colonel Barré. They travelled to the continent together, and chanced to arrive at Berlin or Potsdam (I forget which,) exactly at the time of a grand review. Being particularly desirous of seeing it, they found means to be presented to the King on the very ground, as two Englishmen of distinction, and Members of the British Parliament. Colonel Barré as Colonel Barré, and D—g as the King's Solicitor General. Frederic knew enough of Colonels and Generals to be caught by the sound of such titles, never dreaming that in this particular instance they were not equally military. War-horses, richly caparisoned, were immediately offered to the English Colonel and General, and of necessity accepted. The Colonel rode like a colonel, but the General no better than any other Solicitor-General, and very unlike what the Prussian troops and Frederic himself had been accustomed to see in the field. The horse besides on which he rode, being under the same mistake as his royal master, was not sparing of his military movements, to the no small embarrassment of his *law-full* rider, who being quite unused to such action, had a hard difficulty to keep his seat; and in going through the various manœuvres, which he had no means of controlling, afforded considerable amusement to the company at large."—*Heraldic Anomalies*.

The following anecdote is recorded of Judge Dodderidge:—Having, at Huntingdon Assizes in 1619, reproved the Sheriff for returning persons on the Jury who were not of sufficient respectability, at the next Assizes the Sheriff presented the following list, at which the Judge smiled, and at the same time applauded his ingenious indutry:—*Mamilian King*, of Torland; *Henry Prince*, of Godmanchester; *George Duke*, of Somersham; *William Marquis*, of Stukeley; *Edward Earl*, of Hartford; *Robert Lord*, of Worsley; *Richard Baron*, of Bythorpe; *Edmund Knight*, of St. Neots; *Peter Esquire*, of Easton; *George Gentleman*, of Spaldock; *Robert Yeoman*, of Barham; *Stephen Pope*, of Weston; *Humphrey Cardinal*, of Kimbolton; *William Bishop*, of Bagden; *John Abbot*, of Stukeley; *Richard Friar*, of Ellington; *Henry Monk*, of Stukeley; *Edw. Priest*, of Graffham; *R. Deacon*, of Catsworth.

After the death of Porson, the finest Greek scholar of modern times, his head was dissected, and to the confusion of all craniologists, but to the consolation of all blockheads, it was discovered that he had the thickest skull of any Professor in Europe. Professor Gall, on being called upon to explain this phenomenon, and to reconcile so tenacious a memory with so thick a receptacle for it, is said to have replied,—"How the ideas got into such a skull, is their business, not mine: I have nothing to do with that: but let them once get in, that it is all I want: once in, I will defy them ever to get out again."

So close in our minds is the connection between form and figure, and the moral qualities, that we almost as uniformly attach good humour and indolence, if not stupidity, to corpulency—as we do restlessness, and perhaps malevolence, to meagreness. This made Hume, the historian, humorously observe in one of his letters, that instead of the old divisions of Whig and Tory, and so forth, the best division would be that of nature—into *fat* and *lean*. The lean men are every where from their restlessness the rulers, and the fat the ruled. One consolation the fat men had, that if too much oppressed, they would become lean themselves, and rulers in their turn.

THE GOLDEN PALACE.

Sung at Midnight in the Greek Churches the Week before Easter.

THE Golden Palace of my God
Tow'ring above the clouds I see:
Beyond the cherubs' bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be:
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, thou Life-Giver there,
Conduct me to Thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with Thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My SAVIOUR and my God!

MIDNIGHT HYMN

Of the Russian Churches, sung at Easter.

Why, thou never-sitting Light,
Is thy brightness veiled from me?
Why does this unusual night
Cloud thy blest benignity?
I am lost without Thy ray,
Guide my wand'ring footsteps, LORD!
Light my dark and erring way
To the noontide of Thy Word!

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

A SONG, BY T. MOORE, ESQ.

Go where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.
When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so lov'd by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

When around thee dying
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee,
Then let memory bring thee,
Strains I us'd to sing thee,
Oh! then remember me.

FABLE.

[From the Fables of Mr. Moore, just published.]

A Scythian philosopher (nephew they say,
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis)
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

He saw a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
Made much of, and worshipp'd as something divine;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

Surpris'd at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher—
"If 'tisn't impertinent, may I ask why
"Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
"Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?"

"No wonder"—said t'other—"you stare at the sight;
"But we as a Symbol of Monarchy view it—
"That Fly on the shrine is Monarchy's Right,
"And that Bullock the People, that's sacrific'd to it."

IN Moore's "Loves of the Angels," an Angel thus exquisitely describes the Creation of Woman:

You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,
Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see that last perfection rise,
That crowning of creation's birth,
When, 'mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, Woman's eyes
First open'd upon heaven and earth;
And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!
Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awakened breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of Mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?
Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflections there—
Or, like the light of evening, stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

Can you forget her blush, when round
Through Eden's lone, enchanted ground
She look'd—and at the sea—the skies,
And heard the rush of many a wing,
By God's command then vanishing,
And saw the last few angel eyes,
Still lingering—mine among the rest,—
Reluctant leaving scene so blest?

THE MINSTREL.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

There sits a man near Sadler's Wells,
Whose limb-excited peal of bells
Disuse will never moulder:
Each elbow, by a skillful twist,
Rings one, one rings from either wrist,
And one from either shoulder.
Each foot, bell-mounted, aids the din;
Each knee, with nodding bell, chimes in
Its phil-harmonic clapper.
One bell sends forth a louder tone
From that round ball which tops the throat,
By bruisers called the napper.

Thus, sightless, by the river side
He tunes his lays, like him who cried
"Descend from heaven, Urania,"
But not as poor: his wiser slave
Is, like the laureat's, mere God save
The King—not Rule Britannia.

Tho' but a single tune he knows,
His gains are far exceeding those
Of pass-supported Homer,
He keeps the wolf outside the door,
And, doing that, to call him poor
Were, certes, a misnomer.

The school-boy lags astride the rail,
The milkman drops his clanking pail,
The serving maid her pitcher,
The painter quits th' unwhiten'd fence
To greet with tributary pence
This general bewitcher.

See! where he nods his pealing brow,
Now strikes a fifth, a second now,
In regular confusion:
But, ere he finishes the strain,
Da capo goes his pate again,
The key-note of conclusion.

Satire, suspend your baseless wit,
The tuneful tribe may sometimes hit
On patrons bent on giving.
Here's one, at least, obscurely bred,
Who by the labour of his head,
Picks up a decent living!

PART OF AN EPISTLE ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY T. CROSSE, ESQ.

The world's esteem be you content to gain,
Its admiration leave the gay and vain;
To flattery now no longer lend your ear,
But speak with caution, and with caution hear;
Regard not fops, though they in raptures swear
You are born for conquest, and divinely fair.
O! let the coxcombs see you can despise,
And find a fool, though hid in gay disguise!
Each prating puppy then shall hold his tongue,
Nor even scandal do your honour wrong.
Your husband's love your first attention claims,
If he approves, no matter then who blames.
And take this truth, though in no flow'ry strain,
That love once lost, is ne'er renew'd again.
An oath, my dear! you to high Heaven have made,
Each power stood witness while the words were said!
Though unpollite, I must the truth convey;
Be not surpris'd—you promis'd to obey!
Obedience pure, and unrefin'd by art,
That takes its rise from virtue in the heart;
That springs from love, to sordid minds unknown,
And reigns in tempers, generous as your own.
O! may the man, who from the Altar led
Your blooming beauties to the bridal bed;
Sooth'd by your friendship, ne'er repent the hour
He gave his soul a victim to love's power.
O! be it thine by each endearing art,
To gain the soft dominion o'er the heart;
Then, when the beauties of thy form shall fade,
By sickness wasted, or by age decay'd;
Thy mind shall then the transient charms supply,
And give those beauties that can never die!

LINES.

From Poems, Dramatic & Miscellaneous, by HENRY NEELE.

"Old man, old man, thy locks are grey,
And the winter winds blow cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?"
"The winter winds blow cold, 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heather and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"
"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;
I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each loved name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who loved thee in days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,
And sorrow shall chill it no more."
"To the friends of my youth in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount, I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek, as he spake, grew pale;
On the grass green sod he sank,
While the evening sun o'er the western vale
Set midst clouds and vapours dank.
On the morrow that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he press'd that night.

ON MY HOURS.

BY THE LATE DR. WOLCOT.

(Never before printed.)

My Hours are Children I revere.
In comes a fool and stuns my ear—
Unhappy Hours, Heaven help 'em!
An Indian, with a Knife of Death,
Methinks breaks in, with yelling breath,
Poor souls! to seize and scalp 'em.

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God; there is no god beside!
Being above all beings! Three in One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore:
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone:
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels infinite and dark;
And Thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moment in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence: Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Spring forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, Life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches, lighted by thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command;
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against thy greatness! Is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought.

Nought! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! But I live, and on Hope's pinions fly
Eager towards thy presence: for in Thee
I live and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! Directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashion'd by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
When came I here, and how? so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! thy wisdom and thy word
Created *me*! thou source of life and good!
Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond its little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author, there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude!

* This is the poem, of which Golownin says, in his Narrative, that it has been rendered into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. We learn from the Periodicals, that an honour somewhat similar has been done in China to the same poem. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the Imperial palace at Peking.

[From Mr. Crotty's Illustrations of Gems.]

DEATH.

The Genius of Death is beautifully represented in the Gem as a Winged Boy; his weeping eyes covered with his left arm, and trailing a torch reversed in his right hand.

WHAT is Death? 'Tis to be free!
No more to love, or hope, or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled there!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave;
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge-house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art king?
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strew'd
Their multitude
Sink, like waves upon the shore;
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne!
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band—
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darken'd nations when they died!

Earth has hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years roll'd on:
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fix'd, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!

[The following beautiful Stanzas, by Mr. BOWRING, are taken from a little volume just published by that gentleman, entitled "Matus and Vespers," &c.]

Look around thee—see Decay,
On her wings of darkness, sweeping
Earth's proud monuments away—
See the Muse of history weeping
O'er the ruins Time hath made—
Strength in dust and ashes laid,
Virtue in oblivion sleeping.

Look around thee—Wisdom there
Careless Death confounds with Folly
In a common sepulchre:
See the unrighteous and the holy
Blended in the general wreck.
Well those tears may wet thy cheek—
Tears of doubt and melancholy.

Look around thee—Beauty's light
Is extinguished,—Death assembles
Youth's gay morn and age's night,—
And the steadfast mountain trembles
At his glance, like autumn's leaf—
All, he cries, is vain, is brief:
And the tyrant ne'er dissembles.

Look behind thee—cities hid
In the night of treacherous story;
Many a crumbling pyramid,
Many a pile of senseless glory,
Temples, into ruin hurl'd,
(Fragments of an earlier world,)
Broken fanes, and altars hoary.

Look behind thee—men whose frown
Made whole nations quake before them—
What is left of their renown?
Wrecks around, oblivion o'er them.
Kings and conquerors, where are they?
Ask yon worthless heaps of clay—
Oh despise not, but deplore them!

Look behind thee—bards sublime,
Smiling nymphs, and solemn sages—
Go! inquire their names of time;
Bid it read its earliest pages.
Foolish questioner! If fame
Guard through years a cherished name—
Fame itself decays in ages.

Look before thee—all the glare,
All the pomp, around thee glowing;
All that charms the eye or ear,
Strains of softest music flowing,
Grace and beauty—all are sped
Towards the ruins of the dead:
Thither thou and thine are going.

Look before thee—at yon vault,
Where Time's ravage is recorded,
Thou wilt be compelled to halt:
Thou wilt be no more regarded
Than the meekest, meanest slave,
Sleeping in a common grave,
Unrespected—unrewarded.

Look before thee—at thy feet
Monarchs sleep like meaner creatures:
Where the voices, now so sweet?
Where the fair ones' smiling features?—
Hopedst thou to escape the tomb?
That which was thy father's doom
Will be thine, thy son's, and nature's.

Look above thee—there indeed
May thy thoughts repose delighted.
If thy wounded bosom bleed,
If thy fondest hopes are blighted,
There a stream of comfort flows,
There a sun of splendour glows:
Wander, then, no more benighted.

Look above thee—ages roll,
Present, past, and future blending—
Earth hath nought to soothe a soul
Neath affliction's burden bending,
Nothing 'gainst the tempest's shock;
Heaven must be the pilgrim's rock,
And to Heaven his steps are tending.

Look above thee—never eye
Saw such pleasures as await thee;
Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy
As are there prepared to meet thee:
Light undying,—seraphs' lyres—
Angel-welcomes—cherub-choirs
Smiling through heaven's doors to greet thee.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL,

BY W. P. TAPPEN, AN AMERICAN POET.

I saw the outcast—an abandoned boy,
Whom wretchedness, debased, might call its own.
His look was wan, and his sad sunken eye,
Mute pleader, told a bosom-harrowing tale;
For he was one unknown to foster care,
Which should have shielded and protected him
In childhood's dangerous hour. No father's prayer,
In midnight orison, had ris'n ever,
Before the viewless throne, to fall again
In blessings on the lad. No mother's tear
Had dropt in secret for the wanderer. He,
Dejected, stood before me, and methought
Resembled much a flower, a ruin'd flower,
But lovely once, and might have bourgeon'd gaily,
Had not adversity's dread simoon pass'd,
And blighted all its sweets. The bud of hope
Bloom'd on—but not for him. The morning sun
Shone gladly out—but all to him was dark.
His soul was in eclipse—the energies
Of mind lay dormant, with'ring in their prime,
I look—but he pass'd me—he stole on
Despondingly, irresolute his pace,
As on forbidden ground. The world seem'd not
For him—haply its frigid boon were much
To yield the sufferer misery's sheltering grave.

I saw the outcast—but to fancy's view
Methought a vision, fair and bright, appeared.
So chang'd, I mus'd—but the intelligence
Darting, in lustre, from his mild blue eye
Assur'd, my throbbing heart 'twas he indeed.
Gone was the sallow hue, the sombre cast
Of wretchedness, and in its stead, the glow
Of cheerfulness shone out. His parting lip
Disclos'd the smile content delights to wear,
When peace within sits revelling. His step erect,
Told of a heart at peace. He walk'd in the beauty
Of reckless boyhood. Wond'ring, then, I ask'd
The cause. He pointed meekly to a dome
Whose hallow'd portals tell the passenger
That the Eternal deigns to call it his:
Known of all nations as the house of prayer.
Here, said the youth, while glist'ning drops bedew'd
His beauteous cheek—here pity led my way;
And he that knew no father, soon found one
Able and sure to save. And he, whose tears
No mother's hand had kindly wip'd away,
Found one who said, "Come! thou forsaken, come
"Into my bosom—rest, poor wanderer here!"
He ceased. My full heart, as I went my way,
Call'd down God's benison on the Sunday School.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL MEMORANDA.

(FROM THE AUBREY MANUSCRIPTS AT OXFORD.) (1)

COFFEE-HOUSES.—Coffee-houses appear to be of as late an origin as the reign of Charles II. Aubrey, in a letter to Anthony Wood, the Antiquary, dated 1680, speaks of "the moderne advantage of coffee-houses in this great citie (London) before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their owne relations or societies." And in his memoir of Sir Henry Blount, he adds, "when he first came in, he (Sir Henry) was a great upholder of coffee-houses, and hath ever since been a constant frequenter of coffee-houses, especially Mr. Farre's, at the Rainbowe, by the Inner Temple Gate, and lately John's Coffee-house in Fuller's Rents." The first coffee-house in London was in *St. Michael's Alley*, Cornhill, opposite to the Church, which was set up by one Bowman, (coachman to Mr. Hodges, a Turkey merchant, who put him upon it) in or about the year 1652. It was about four years before any other was set up, and that was by the above-mentioned Farre. Jonathan Paynter, opposite to St. Michael's Church, was the first apprentice to the trade, viz. to Bowman. MEM. The Bagnio, in Newgate-street, was built and first opened in 1679. It was built by some Turkish merchants.

STOCKING WEAVING.—"William Lec, M. M., I thinke," says Aubrey, "of Magdalen Hall, Oxon), was the first inventor of the weaving of stockings, by an engine of his contrivance. He was a Sussex man born, or els lived there. He was a poor curate, and, observing how much paines his wife tooke in knitting a paire of stockings, he bought a stocking and a halfe, and observed the contrivance of the stich, which he designed in his loome, which (though some of the instruments of the engine be altered) keepes the same to this day. He went into France, and there died before his loome was made there. So the art was not long since in no part of the world, except England. Oliver Cromwell, Protector, made an Act that it should be felony to transport this engine. This information I tooke from a weaver (by this engine) in Pearpöle-lane, 1656. Sir I. Hoskyns, Mr. Stafford Tyndale, and I, went purposely to see it."

ALLUM WORKS.—"Sir Thomas Challoner, on his return from his travels in Germany, riding a hunting in Yorkshire (where the Allum Workes now are) on a common, he tooke notice of the soyle and herbage, and tasted the water, and found it to be like that where he had seen the Allum Workes in Germaine. Whereupon he gott a patent of the King (Chas. I.) for an Allum Worke (which was the first that ever was in England), which was worth to him 2,000*l.* per annum, or better; but tempore Car. I. some courtiers did think the profit too much for him, and prevailed so with the King that notwithstanding the patent aforesayd, he graunted a moietie, or more, to another (a courtier), which was the reason that made Sir Thomas so interest himselfe in the Parliament cause, and in revenge to be one of the King's Judges."

THE DRAMA.—"Being freed from imprisonment, because playes were in those Presbyterian time scandalous, he" (Sir William D'Avenant) "contrives to set up an opera *stylo recitativo*, wherein Sergeant Maynard and severall citizens were engagers. It began at Rutland-house, in Charterhouse-yard. Next at the Cockpitt in Drury-lane, where were acted very well, *stylo recitativo*, Sir Francis Drake, and the Siege of Rhodes, 1st and 2nd part. This first brought scenes in fashion in England; before, all playes, was only a hanging. A. D. 1660, was the happy restauration of his Majestic Charles II. Then was the Tennis-court, in Little Lincolnes-Inne-fielde, turned into a playhouse for the Duke of Yorke's players, where Sir William had lodgings, and where he dyed."

WATCHES—COACHES.—Mr. Thomas Allen, of Oxford, who died in 1630, aged about ninety, was esteemed the best astrologer of his time. "In those darke times," says Aubrey, "astrologer, mathematician, and conjurer, were accounted the same thinges, and the vulgar did verily believe him to be a conjurer. He had a great many mathematical instruments and glasses in his chamber, which did also confirme the ignorant in their opinion, and his servitor (to impose on freshmen and simple people) would tell them that sometimes he should meet the spirits coming up his staires like bees. One time being in the country, he happened to leave his watch in the chamber window (watches were then rarities). The maydes came in to make the bed, and hearing a thing in a case cry *tick, tick, tick*, presently concluded that that was his devill, and tooke it by the string with the tongues, and threw it out of the window into the mote (to drowne the devill). It so happened that the string hung on a sprig of an elder, that grew out of the mote, and this confirmed them that 'twas the devill; so the good old gentleman got his watch again." "Old Judge Atkins remembered Dr. Aubrey when he was a boy, he lay at his father's house in Gloucestershire; he kept his coach, which was rare in those dayes. The Judge told me they then (vulgarly) called it a *quitch*."

DR. HARVEY.—"He lies buried in a vault at Hempsted, in Essex, which his brother, Eliab Harvey, built; he is lapt in lead, and on his breast in great letters, 'Dr. William Harvey.' I was at his funerall, and helpt to carry him into his vault."

"When K. Ch. I. by reason of the tumults left London, he attended him, and was at the fight of Edge-hill with him; and during the fight the Prince and Duke of York were committed to his care. He told me that he withdrew with them under a hedge, and took out of his pocket a booke and read; but he had not read very long before a bullet of a great gun grazed on the ground neare him, which made him remove his station; he told me that Sir A. Scrope was dangerously wounded there, and left for dead

amongst the dead men, stript; which happened to be the saving of his life. It was cold, clear weather, and a frost that night; which stauched his bleeding; and about midnight, or some hours after his hurt, he awaked, and was faine to drawe a dead body upon him for warmeth sake."

"He was, as all the rest of his brothers, very cholericke; and in his younger days wore a dagger (as the fashion then was, nay, I remember my old schoolmaster Mr. Latimer at 70 wore a dudgeon, with a knife and bodkin, as also my old grandfather Lyte, and Alderman Whitson of Bristowe, which I suppose was the common fashion in their young days), but this Doctor would be apt to drawe out his dagger upon every slight occasion. In visiting his patients, he rode on horseback, his man following on foot, as the fashion then was, which was very decent, now quite discontinued. The Judges rode also with their foot-clothes to Westminster Hall, which ended at the death of Sir Robert Hyde, Lord Chief Justice. Anth., Earl of Shaftesbury, would have revived it, but several of the Judges being old and ill-horsemen, would not agree to it."

VICAR OF BRAY.—Of this often-mentioned character, (author of the well-known song of *The Vicar of Bray*), Mr. Brome in a letter to Mr. Rawlins, dated 1735, thus writes—"I have had a long chace after the Vicar of Bray, on whom the proverb. Mr. Hearne, though born in that neighbourhood, and should have mentioned him, knew not who he was, but in his *last letter* desired me if I found him out to let him know it. Dr. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, and Mr. Ray from him, takes no notice of him in his *Proverbs*. I suppose neither knew his name. But I am informed it is Simon Aleyn, or Allen, who was Vicar of Bray about 1540, and died 1588, so was Vicar of Bray near 50 years. You now partake of the sport that has cost me some pains to take. And if the pursuit after such game seems mean, one Mr. Vernon followed a butterfly nine miles before he could catch him. But this apology will take this turn; I excuse my folly by a greater folly in another."

SIR KENELM DIGBY.—"After the Restoration, he lived in the last fair house westward, in the North portico of Covent-garden, where my Lord Denzie Holles lived since. He had a laboratory there. I think he died in this house. Before the Civil Wars, he lived in one of the faire houses in Holborne, between King-street and Southampton-street, which were built by him about 1633. After his wife's death, to avoyd envy and scandall, he retired into Gresham College, at London, where he diverted himselfe with his chemistry, and the professors' good conversation. He wore there a long mourning cloake, a high cornerred hatt, his beard unshorne, look't like a hermitt, as signes of sorrow for her loss, to whose memory he erected a sumptuose monument, which was destroyed by the great conflagration."

MILES FLEETWOOD (Recorder of London).—"When King James came into England, he made his harangue to the City of London, wherein was this passage:—"When I consider your wealth I admire your wisdom, and when I consider your wisdom I admire your wealth." It was a two-handed rhetorication; but the citizens tooke it in the best sense. He was a very severe hanger of highwaymen, so that the fraternity were resolved to make an example of his worship, which they executed in this manner:—They lay in wayte for him not far from Tyburne, as he was to come from his house in Buckinghamshire; had a halter in readinesse, brought him under the gallows, fastened the rope about his neck, his hands tyed behind him (and servants bound), and then left him to the mercy of his horse, which he called Ball. So he cryed, "Ho, Ball! Ho, Ball!" and it pleased God that his horse stood still till somebody came along, which was halfe an hour or more. He ordered that this horse should be kept as long as he would live, which was so."

Dr. JAQUINTO was physieian to King James I., and adopted the following singular method to discover a cure for a consumption.—"He went into the marshes of Essex, where they put their sheep to cure them of the rot, where he lived sometime, purposely to observe what plants the sheep did eat; of which herbs he made his medicine for the consumption, which Mr. E. W. has."

ANDREW MARVEL.—"This well-known patriot, (whose native towne of Hull loved him so well, that they elected him their Representative in Parliament, and gave him an honourable pension to maintaine him), was of a middling stature, pretty strong sett, roundish faced, cherry-cheek't, hazell eie, browne haire."—"He lies under the pewes in in ye south-side of St. Giles' church in ye Fields, under the window wherein is painted on glass a red lyon. (It was given by the Inne-holder of the Red Lyon Inn, in Holborne), and is the — window from the east.—This account I had from the sexton that made his grave."

SIR THOMAS MORE.—"After he was beheaded, his trunk was interred in Chelsey church: his head was fixed upon London Bridge. There goes this story in the family, viz.—that one day, as one of his daughters was passing under the bridge, looking on her father's head, said she, 'That head has layne many a time in my lappe, would to God it would fall into my lappe as I pass under;' she had her wish, and it did fall into her lappe, and is now preserved in a vault in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury. The descendant of Sir Thomas, is Mr. More, of Chelston, in Hertfordshire; where, amonge a great many things of value plundered by the soldiers, was his chap, which they kept for a relique. Methinks 'tis strange that all this time he is not canonized, for he merited highly of the church."

THE PRETENDER.—The following account is transcribed from one of Dr. Rawlinson's MSS. in the Bodleian:—"A. Alsop has been with one of Corpus, who came from Dr. Wallis, where had been some talk of the F Kg's proclaiming the P. of W. James the III^d, and the Dr. told this gentleman how many original letters he had

(1) Written in the reign of King Charles II.

the Queen's own hand; the bricklayer's wife, and others concerned in the matter, and a long letter also in cypher, which cost him some pains; all which made it out clear to him, and he thought 'twou'd to any body, that 'twas all cheat and imposture. It chanc'd at this time, that Sir Godfrey Kneller, coming down to draw the Dr.'s picture, was present; "Wat de devil (says he), de Prince Wales te son of a brick bat woman! be G—t it is a ly. I am not of his party, nor shall not be for him, I am satisfiet wit wat ye Parliament has done, but I must tell you wat I am sure of, and in wat I cannot be mistaken. His fader and moder have set to me about 36 times a-piece, and I know every bit and line in their faces. Be Got I could paint K James just now by memory. I say the child is so like both, yet there is not a feature in his face but wat belongs either to fader or moder; this I am sure of, and be Got I cannot be mistaken. Nay, the nails of his fingers are his moder's, ye Queen yat was. Dr., you may be out in your letters, but be Got I cannot be out in my lines."

Hearne corroborates this account in his *Diary*, vol. v., p. 137:—"When Sir Godfrey Kneller (as Dr. Hudson informs me) came to Oxon, by Mr. Pepys' order, to draw Dr. Wallis's picture, he, at dinner with Dr. Wallis, was pleased to say, upon the Doctor's questioning the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales, that he did not in the least doubt but he was the son of King James and Queen Mary; and, to evince this, he added, that, upon the sight of the picture of the Prince of Wales, sent from Paris into England, he was fully satisfied of what others seemed so much to doubt of; for, as he farther said, he had manifest lines and features of both their faces, which he knew very well, having drawn them both several times."

The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of a written notice, which was posted in the New Shambles, yesterday afternoon:—"John Thexton at the Eagle and Child In Stavelay Respectfulley Informs his friends and the Publeck that on Wisintide Tusday he will give A Shott Belt to Shoot for A pair of Gloves to Leap for A Belt to Wosel for by Boys under sixteen years of Age—and A Belt to be Woseled for by Men—A pound of Tobacco to Bowl for."—*Kendal Chronicle*.

Such towns, cities, or villages, whose terminations are *chester*, *caster*, or *eester*, show that the Romans, in their stay among us, made fortifications about the places where they are now situated. In the Latin tongue, *castra* is the name for these fortifications. Such are *Castor*, *Chester*, *Doncaster*, *Leicester*. *Don* signifies a mountain, and *ley* or *lei* ground widely overgrown, in our antient tongue. *Wyke*, *wick*, or *wich*, means a place of refuge, and is the termination of Warwick, Sandwich, Greenwich, and Woolwich. *Thorp*, before the word *village* was borrowed from the French, was used in its stead, and is found at the end of many town's names. *Bury*, *Burgh*, or *Berry*, signifies metaphorically a town having a wall about it; sometimes a high or chief place. *Wold* means a plain open country; *combe* a valley between two hills; *knoek*, a hill; *hurst*, signifies a woody place; *magh*, a field; *innes*, an island; *worth*, a place situated between two rivers; and *ing*, a track of meadows. *Minster* is a contraction of monastery. All these words are found in many of our places, either at their beginning or end.

General —, when past 80 years of age, married a very amiable young lady of 18. He was an acquaintance of Kant, the philosopher, whom he informed of his having married, adding, "I do not think I have to *hope* for any posterity." "Certainly not," replied Kant, "but to *fear*!"

A man who wished to pass one of the barriers of Paris, in 1793, was required to give his name, &c. to the persons on duty. "I am Monsieur le Marquis de St. Cyr." "Citizen, there are no Monsieurs now." "Very well, then le Marquis St. Cyr." "You ought to know, citizen, that there are neither nobles, titles, nor *marquisats*." "In that case, de St. Cyr, if you please." "De is not used now." "Then say simply, St. Cyr." "Ah! but all saints, you know, have been abolished." "Well, if it must be so, write *Cyr*." "No, citizen, there are no longer any *Sires*," (the pronunciation is the same.) Thus, piece by piece, the unfortunate Marquis was stripped by the Revolution, until he found himself at the barrier of Paris without a name!

Amongst the various novelties of the day is an advertisement in a Morning Paper, of a Matrimonial Agent, who engages to carry on confidentially all correspondence on this subject, and to ascertain the sincerity and real circumstances of each party before meeting.

The opposition among the Steam Packets, although not very profitable to the proprietors, is likely to operate greatly to the advantage of the public. In the notices of two establishments of this description, a few days ago, we observed a curious contest as to who should accommodate the public on the cheapest terms; at length, one of them, thinking he would give his rival the *coup-de-grace*, announced in large letters—"*Fare to —, £0 0s. 0d!*" But the adverse party, that he might not be outdone, immediately announced—"*Fare to —, £0 0s. 0d. (and a Bottle of Porter to each Passenger!!!)*"

Reading derives its name from the British word, *Reden*, which signifies *fern*; of which great abundance formerly grew in that place and its vicinity.

Maidenhead is so called from a head kept there of one of the eleven thousand virgins who accompanied St. Ursula to Germany, where they all suffered martyrdom.

The following narrative of the capture of a fortress celebrated in English history, is taken from an old French work, giving an account of the wars of the Protestants in France:—

"In the year 1593, the fort of Fecamp, in Normandy, was taken by Marshal de Biron. Bois Rose, an able and intrepid officer, perceiving the depression felt by the Calvinists at this loss, conceived the design of restoring the place to his party. This act of bravery deserves a particular detail. The side of the fort which looks towards the sea, is a rock in the form of a precipice, six hundred feet high. The sea continually washes its base to the height of about twelve feet with the exception of four or five days in the year, when it is left dry for the space of two or three hours. Bois Rose, who had no other way of surprising a garrison, cautiously attentive to a newly captured place, did not doubt if he could get at it by this side, that he should succeed in his design; it only remained to render it practicable. For this purpose he had gained two soldiers of the garrison. One of these during the ebb of the tide, was on the watch, at the top of the rock, where he waited for the concerted signal. Bois Rose having selected a very dark night, lands with fifty picked men, and two chaloups at the foot of the precipice. He had provided himself with a thick cable equal in length to the height of the rock, and had made in it, at short intervals, knots, through which sticks were passed to support the hands and feet. One of the soldiers (who was on duty as sentinel) no sooner received the signal than he lowered down a small rope to which those below attached the cable, which was thus pulled to the top, and with the aid of the other soldier, fastened to the middle of the embrasure with a strong bar passed through an iron ring made for this purpose. Bois Rose sends foremost as leaders, two serjeants, of whose resolution he is assured, and orders the fifty soldiers to attach themselves to this ladder, their arms fastened round their bodies, and to follow close in file, placing himself the last of the whole to cut off all hope of retreat from any who might be tempted to desert. Thus do these fifty men and their commander remain suspended between Heaven and the waters in the midst of darkness, depending on so perilous an engine; and whom the slightest want of precaution—the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the least fear may precipitate into the abyss of the ocean, or crush on the rocks. If to these causes of terror are added the noise of the waves below the vast height of the rocks, the lassitude and exhaustion arising from their exertions, there was enough to shake the stoutest heart amongst them. It began, in fact, to have this effect upon the leader of the party. This serjeant told those who were following him, that he could ascend no higher, and that his heart failed him. Bois Rose, to whom the speech was passed from mouth to mouth, and who had begun to suspect the fact from their not continuing to advance—without a moment's hesitation, resolved upon the course to be adopted—he passed over the bodies of all the fifty men who preceded him, exhorting them to keep firm, and arriving at the first man, endeavours to revive his courage. Perceiving that he could not succeed by persuasion, he compelled him—his dagger to his loins—to ascend. At length, with toil and labour more easily imagined than described, they reached the top of the rock before the point of day, and were led by the two soldiers into the castle, where they began to massacre without mercy, the sentinels and soldiers on guard. Sleep placed the rest of the garrison at the mercy of the enemy, who put to death, indiscriminately, all who made the least resistance, and finally took possession of the fort.

A negro servant in the West Indies, having carried a letter from his master to a neighbouring planter, fell asleep on the floor, while the latter was preparing an answer. When it was finished, he desired that the negro might be awakened; but this was no easy matter. The negro, who attempted to rouse him, exclaimed "you no hear, Massa call you?" "Sleep," replied the poor fellow, "Sleep hab no massa!"

An honest German being told in his own country that Bonaparte was dead, shook his head, and said to his informant—"Bonaparte dead! Ah, you don't know him!"

A Clergyman, on leaving church, was complimented by one of his friends on the discourse he had been delivering. 'South himself,' exclaimed the delighted auditor, 'never preached a better.' 'You are right,' replied the honest divine,—'it was the very best he ever did preach!'

A Magistrate for Middlesex, well known on the *Stock Exchange*, lately bargaining for a *pony*, offered to him at the price of 12*l.*, proposed to buy him by weight at *eighteen pence* per pound. The animal being placed on the machine, his Worship was *electrified* at seeing the index point to somewhat more than 600 pounds, for which the seller claimed, and duly received, a draught for 45*l.*—Balance against *Judgment in live weights*, 33*l.*

A notorious miser, having heard a very eloquent charity sermon—"This sermon," said he, "so strongly proves the necessity of *alms*, I have almost a mind to beg!"

The following singular notice or hand-bill, appeared lately on a smith's shop door at Tiverton, Devon:—

On Wednesday night, the 19th Feb. 1823
stolen or Borrowed from out of my Stack Yard
A saw and a hammir By som sorre Black gard
whoivir has got thim and will them restor
I will faerly for giv him if hell do so no more
But if he stains them after this notice
He deserves a tight rop round the place where his throat is.

ORIGINAL.

Men often express their wishes when enraged;—Lord Byron calls his abusers *dogs*; no doubt he wishes them and their censures *curtailed*.

A poor corset maker, once out of work, and starving, thus vented his miserable complaint, "Shame that I should be without bread, that have *stayed the stomachs* of thousands."

CARPENTER was eotemporary with JOHNSON;—Carpenter was famed for his knowledge of old books, his detection of plagiarism, and a laconic mode of disposing of a wordy argument by an old proverb, or what was termed in those days, "*an antique saw*." If the verbose moralist lectured on the Christian code of human action, "Yes, yes, we know what you mean; do as you would be done by."—On avarice, "Yes, grasp all, lose all."—On unsteadiness in human pursuits, "Yes, a rolling stone gathers no moss."—On the folly of speculation, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."—On friendship, "Daub yourself with honey, and you will never want flies."—CARPENTER said, "He did not like old gold beat out into tinsel, and time lost never was regained."—JOHNSON, on the contrary, thought that a good text required a commentary, and the longer the better. Nay, though CARPENTER is to be blamed (not for *rudeness*, for there was not a more rude man in the insolence of overbearing scholarship than the Doctor) but for his matter of fact restraint upon illustration, yet it is thought that if JOHNSON could have crammed the words of his whole dictionary, meanings and all, into an essay, he would have done it, so fond was he of verbosity and elongation, a very flattening mill in literature. The *unknown Scot* is the only one, (*in that particular*), that comes near him now-a-days.—The Doctor was sadly nettled one evening by his laconic friend; he tried every subject, but to no purpose, Carpenter was "*down upon him as a hammer*," he endeavoured to amplify, but it would not do, he "*riced*" him, and the lexicographer could not move. CARPENTER was cool as ice, JOHNSON as warm as any one rubbed with it. "Zounds," says the doctor at last, "give over your vile *saws*." "Yes," returned LACON, "*so said the log to the carpenter*."

A man sold himself to a Surgeon, but outlived him, the surgeon in his last illness forgave him for what he termed "*a dead take in*."

A quaint simile comes within the province of wit; a fellow much importuned by his creditors, cried, "*Why, gentlemen, you are as hard upon me as the lid of an iron coffin*."

The English are noted for punning on people's names, in allusion to their talent or profession,—Giinaldi was called from his "grim faces," *Grim-all-day*; Macready from his quick study "*Make ready*;" YOUNG, from his youthful appearance, "*the young Actor*;" Kean, from his new readings, "*the keen actor*;" Sinelair, from his beautiful voice, "*Mr. Sing clear*;" Miss Tree, the lovely vocalist, "*the Mystery*," &c. &c. &c.; innumerable are the instances in the political world, but *quant. suff.* Perhaps one of the most laughable of the present day is the pun upon Mr. Thomas Bish, the Stockbroker's name, he is now at the head, and we bless him "in our matin bowl and our vesper cup," of one of the most respectable tea dealing establishments in London. His friends have sunk his christian name, excepting the first letter, and jocosely call him Mr. *Tea* Bish; perhaps the joke was borrowed from an epigram on Mr. Twining, the Tea dealer, viz.

"How curiously names with professions agree,

For Twining would be *wining* dispossessed of his T.

Being on the subject of Tea, the following story may suit to a T. About the time of the new crown pieces, Messrs. Bish and Sparrow, though strongly opposed to each other, for two of a trade never agree, set about, highly to their credit, a reformation in the price and quality of the "*fragrant lymph*." An old Irish woman, fond of a cup of "good mixed," thought, what much more sensible people do, that the above worthies were no less than *patriots*, but she even went further, on being asked by a neighbour the meaning round the edge of the coin of "*Decus et Tutamen*," said she, "By the powers I suppose *Deus* means the King, but Bish and Sparrow are the *Two Taymen*."

A gentleman helping a friend to some pie made of raspberry jam, inquired if he would have some more fruit, *jam satis*, replied the punster.

A couple of antiquated Vestals had, a few days ago, the inexpressible grief to witness the tribute paid alike by cats and kings to the remorseless mouser, death; and when the torrent of their affliction had subsided into a calm—but still deep flow of woe, they applied to a young gentleman for an appropriate inscription for the votive slab which should denote the spot where Tabby's ashes rested. The ingenious and classical youth was at length enabled to assuage their grief and solace their despair by the following:—

Requies—CAT in pace.—Country paper.

One day the Queen (Maria Leckzinska) being in the library of the Due de Luynes, took up several books and read their titles, among the rest a translation of *Ovid's Art of Pleasing*, falling into her hands, she replaced the book with quickness, crying, "Ah fie!" "What! Madame," said the president, "is it your Majesty who thus treats the *Art of Pleasing*?"—"No, no, *Henault*," replied the Queen, "I much esteem the *Art of Pleasing*, but I detest that of *seducing*."

Lord Mansfield frequently enlivened the tedium of a cause with sallies of good-humoured wit. A Jew, of a very bad character but covered with gold lace, was brought before him to justify bail for 50l. The Counsel asked him the usual question, if he were worth 50l. after all his just debts were paid.—"Why do you ask him that question," said his Lordship, "don't you see that he would burn for twice the sum?"

Pope ALEXANDER VII. one day asked the keeper of the Vatican Library (ALLATIUS) why he did not take orders: "Because," he replied, "I would be free to marry."—"But, if so," observed the POPE, "why don't you marry?" "Because," replied the keeper, "I would be at liberty to take orders." So he died, neither a priest nor a married man.

Marshal Tallard told Lord Devonshire, at parting from him, "that when he returned to France, and reckoned up the days of his captivity, he should leave out those he spent at Chatsworth."

Collins, the poet, was extremely attached to a young lady who was born the day before him, and who did not return his passion. He said, on that occasion, "that he came into the world a day after the fair."

Some time since a vessel freighted with wine from Bordeaux landed two pipes, in the Channel, which were conveyed to the abode of a shopkeeper at Rydd. A Custom House Officer, who had information, and witnessed the transfer, called a few hours after, and as he was an acquaintance was welcomed with a glass of ale, and an invitation to come in the evening and smoke a pipe. "No," replied the Officer, "*I smoked two pipes* with you this morning, and if I can find more in your cellar, I mean to smoke them also." The officer finally concluded his visit, to the discomfiture of his host after taking five pipes.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO GO TO SEA.—Mr. Gamble, in his *View of Society and Manners in the North of Ireland*, being undetermined whether, on account of the weather, he should venture to sail from Liverpool to Ireland, was told by a master of a vessel for his encouragement, "that he was a lucky Captain, for he was once shipwrecked, and every body on board perished but himself."

The notes of a Redbreast outvoiced the organ and the choir, at the church of Hexham, on Sunday se'nnight; there was something peculiarly affecting in the simple and natural song of thanksgiving, thus mingled with and heard above the power of human harmony.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—The number of students in the University of Gottingen has increased during the last half year; it amounts at present to 1419; among them are 4 Prinees; viz.—the Prince of Brunswick, the Prince of Linanges, and the two Prinees of Salm; also 17 Counts. Notwithstanding this great number, the students are distinguished by exemplary diligence, good manners, and order. They may be classed as follows; students of divinity, 270; Law, 730; Medicine, 224; and philosophy, 105.

George the Second, on his first visit to Hanover after his accession to the throne, met with such weather on his passage to Helvoetsluys, that his Majesty and the Duke of Chandos, who accompanied him, were under the necessity of being personally relieved by Mr. Rodney. The King thinking highly of the obligation, asked what recompense he should make him? Mr. Rodney replied, "Sire, I am no courtier, and if I were, you have no doubt sufficient claims on me; the only favour, therefore, that I have to ask, is, that you and the Duke of Chandos will stand god-father to my son, who is just born." This request being instantly complied with, the child was baptized George Brydges. The King afterwards took the boy under his protection, sent him to the navy, and ere long, the god-son of George the Second became the celebrated Admiral Rodney.

In the year 1474, the physicians and surgeons of Paris represented to Louis IX. that "several persons of condition were afflicted with the stone, cholic pains, and stitches in the side; that it would be proper to inspect the parts where these disorders were engendered; that the greatest light they could receive would be from performing an operation on a living man, and therefore they begged that a franc archer, condemned to be hanged for a robbery, who was frequently afflicted with these complaints, should be delivered up to them." Their petition was granted, and the operation, the first in the lithotomy ever made, was publicly performed in St. Saverin's church-yard. After the operators had examined and made their experiment, the bowels were replaced in the body, which was sewed up, and so well dressed, that in a fortnight's time the man was cured and pardoned his crime.

Cannon were originally made of iron bars soldered together, and bound round with strong iron hoops. Some of these relics of the clumsiness of our ancestors may still be seen. One is in the Tower of London, two at Woolwich, and one in the Royal Arsenal at Lisbon. They were also sometimes made with leather and plates of iron and copper. The oldest piece of cannon in existence, is preserved in the castle of St. Juliao da Barra, ten miles from Lisbon. It is 20 feet 7 inches in length, and discharges a ball of 100lb. weight. It has neither dolphins, rings, nor button; is of a strange metal, and has an Hindostan inscription, which says it was cast in the year 1400.

DESCARTES' WOODEN DAUGHTER.—When Descartes resided in Holland, he with great labour and industry, made a female automaton, which occasioned some wicked wits to report that he had an illegitimate daughter, named Franchine. The object of Descartes was to prove demonstratively that beasts have no souls, and that they are but machines nicely composed, and move whenever another body strikes them, and communicates to them a portion of its motion. Having put this singular machine on board a vessel, the Dutch Captain, who sometimes heard it move, had the curiosity to open the box. Astonished to see a little human form uncommonly animated, yet, when touched, appearing to be nothing but wood, and being little versed in science, but very superstitious, he took the ingenious labour of the philosopher for a little devil, and terminated the experiment of Descartes, by throwing his wooden daughter into the sea.

The enthusiasm of ardent and powerful minds appears madness to those that are dull and phlegmatic. The pleasure it inspires is the greatest and the most independent remuneration that men of genius receive for their efforts and exertions. Donatello, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith; and on giving the last stroke of the chisel to it, he was heard to exclaim, "speak now! I am sure you can!"

When Mr. PITT proposed to lay a tax on watches, it was proved to him by a Committee of watchmakers, that a piece of the value of 300l. had been made out of materials, which did not, in their native original state, cost more than sixpence.

FROG MARKET.—The greatest novelty in Brussels to tourists is the Frog Market. The animals are brought alive in pails and cans, and are sold by tale. The frog-women are arranged on forms, like the oyster-women in the Edinburgh fish-market, and, like them, they prepare the article for the purchaser at the spot: as the oyster women dexterously open the shells with her gully, the frog women show no less adroitness, although more barbarity, in the exercise of her scissors: with these she clips off the hind limbs (being the only parts used), flaying them at the same time with great rapidity, and sticking them on wooden skewers. Many hundred of the bodies of the frogs, thus cruelly mangled, were crawling in the keel, or lying in heaps, till they should be carried off in the dust carts. The species thus used as food is generally larger, and more arched on the back, than our common frog, and the colour is rather green, while our's is rather yellow.

Jeremy Taylor said one day, to a lady of his acquaintance, who had been very neglectful of the education of her son, "Madam, if you do not chuse to fill your boy's head with something, believe me, the devil will."

An Irish Gentleman having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on; but, after a great deal of labour and pulling and straining, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that he perceived very clearly he should never get these boots on till he had worn them a day or two!

The Marquis de Voyer d'Argenson kept for many years, Mademoiselle Jehan, an actress, at Ormeau, in Touraine, his country seat. She died, and as Christian burial was not then allowed to players, the Marquis had her body burnt, and reduced to ashes, in a case of *amyanthe* (*asbestos*). As he was a great lover of chemistry, the idea then occurred to him of subjecting the ashes to the operation of heat. By this means a small quantity of glass was produced, which he sent to his jeweller, with directions to make two rings, which was accordingly done. One of those rings was in the possession of the late M. de la Borde, Chamberlain to Louis XVI. It appeared of common green glass.

About the end of the 13th century, spectacles for assisting the sight were invented by Alexander Spina, a monk of Pisa. One cannot help pitying the condition of learned men before that invention, many of whom must have had their sight greatly impaired while their appetite for reading was yet in its vigour.

"What!" said some one to Mr. R., "you have been in Ireland, and have never yet seen Cork?"—"No," replied he; "but I have seen a great many drawings of it!"

Swift dining one day at Sir Arthur Acheson's, the hock was given round in very small glasses; "Come Mr. Dean (said the host) I'll pledge you in a glass of *hic, hae, hoc*." "No, Sir (replied Swift) I beg leave to decline it; so John (turning to the servant) bring me a *hujus* glass."

Miss Wilson, who two years ago made so successful a debut at Drury-lane Theatre, and subsequently in Ireland, is going to Italy to perfect her taste in that celebrated land of song.

In a work of Mr. Bentham's, on the Judicial Establishment—a work never sold, but of which at various times, between the year 1790 and the present, copies have found their way into a variety of hands, chap. ii. tit. ii. p. 18, I read these words:—"Quashing, the favourite pastime of English Judges, has no license from me. *Nulity*, the choicest instrument of fraud and oblique, is not upon my list. I care not by whom, or in what way, justice be done, so what is done be justice. In my system is neither dispensing power nor vicarious punishment. I give to no lawyer's clerk, to no hackney writer, a negative upon the laws. I set up in no garret, nor in any cellar, an office for selling pardons. With me judgments are alterable or reversible always for injustice, never for irregularity. If there be blame, I punish the author of the mismanagement, not the innocent who suffer by it."

GENTLE ORTHOGRAPHY.—The following curious literary production was addressed to the Governor of the Work-house at Alvington, in this county, by a pauper seeking relief there, as his proposed terms of going into the house:—

"For the azement of my timed mind, I heave set down the prinsible part of what I supzist upon Tea for breakfast, a little Tozt and butter; for supper & dinner, a Little mutton and bred. Alf a pinte of Good bear with dinner, and alf a pinte with supper—betwene breakfast and dinner a boiled egg and a little bread—in the evening tea—The bread which I have been accuztomed to cate, is from the bakers fresh and lite. Good fresh milk butter—the mutton Lane—I always sleep in blakits. In this way I heave continued to Live for more than 18 months; without these trifels I cannot do."—*Gloucester Herald*.

BOX MOR.—After the adjournment of Mr. Owen's meeting at Dublin, a number of gentlemen on the platform were collected, and complained of the unfair means resorted to by Mr. Owen's opponents for preventing those favourable to him from delivering their opinions; others were defending the conduct of Mr. Owen's opponents, and the conversation was becoming warm, when Mr. Owen interfered, and said, his object in coming to Ireland was not to divide but to unite. Lord Cloncurry instantaneously replied, "Mr. Owen; it is against the law to make United Irishmen."

AN IRISH TENANT.—An English Gentleman, who was lately on a visit in Ireland, in the course of his rambling, went into a miserable cottage, or rather hovel, in which he found a poor woman in a state of severe illness, with no companion but a pig. He consoled with her on her suffering, and thinking that the unmusical noises of her grunting friend must be extremely annoying to her in such a situation, offered to remove him. "Faith you'd better let the pig alone," said the woman, "he has more right to be here than I have, for he pays the rent."

STRENGTH OF GUNPOWDER.—The following circumstance took place this week. The toll collector of the Hartwell gate, near Aylesbury, having occasion to discharge a military gun, in which the iron ramrod was fast, by being connected with the wadding, fired it at one of the main posts of the gate, which is eleven inches square, and of old seasoned oak; when to his great surprise, he found the ramrod had passed through the post, and more than three inches of the taper end projected on the other side, where it still remains to the astonishment of many spectators.—*Bucks Chronicle*.

QUEER ADVENTURE.—On Tuesday morning, as Mason, one of the Bow-street Patrol, was shaving himself up stairs in his house, in Little Russell-street, Covent-garden, he heard a noise below, as if some person had entered the house, and instantly ran down half shaved, without coat or waistcoat, with a razor in his hand, and saw a fellow in the passage who got in by picking the lock of the street door; the fellow, on seeing Mason, ran off, but was pursued by the latter with the razor in his hand, and calling out stop thief! The fellow taking advantage of the state in which mason appeared, roared out, murder! murder!—"He's a madman—wants to murder me—for God's sake stop him!"—The passers by thinking there was some truth in this, suffered the thief to escape a considerable way, but Mason meeting with some of his brother Officers, who knew him, half shaved as he was, kept up the chase and succeeded in taking the offender.

A musician of some eminence who became possessed of a good hereditary estate, determined to keep the farm in his hands, but not being quite so good a judge of ploughing and harrowing as of crotchets and quavers, he was obliged to confide the care of it to an overseer. Matters went on pretty well for a time, but at length he found himself a complete dupe, and saw very plainly that he was in the situation of the hackney-man, who found out that he not only shared the fares with his driver, but that whenever it came to an odd shilling, it was a toss-up which should have it. One day having been caught in the rain, he took shelter in a double barn, where, being concealed from observation, he had an opportunity of hearing the conversation of some of his people, who were in the other part of the building. By these means he completely discovered his situation, and perfectly agreed with the conclusions which these trusty servants drew

POETS AND POETRY.—It is only through early peculiarities of thought, that men become poets. Of that which they have all their lives been ruminating upon, they have ideas more vivid than other people; and by giving those ideas, with all the force of language, they write poetry. This is true of more than poets professed. Old Isaac Wallon, the sole employment of whose life was angling, has, without knowing it, written a poetical pastoral, more natural than Shenstone or Cunningham, more simple than Gesner, and more sincere than Thompson. Nay, some of the books of the old pharmacopoeists, especially under the head of Cordial Waters, from a habit of observing, and minutely describing the effect of these "distillments" upon the nervous system, are as poetical here and there as any thing in Dr. Armstrong. If we look over the extensive catalogue of English poetry, we shall find it to be a set of oddities diversified. The poets are a set of harmonious quizzers, and their poems are tinged throughout with their particularities of disposition,—the ideas arising from the pursuits of life, nay, from the very diseases of the writers. There is no selection of subject; what they felt keenly and saw strongly, they have made poetry of. A sharp physiologist might trace out the constitution, profession, and usual residence of a poet, from his works only. Lord Byron who has travelled, tells about gondolas, mantillas, combolios, gazelle eyes, mosquos and fatliced windows. The head of Mr. Wordsworth who lives amongst lakes and mountains, is filled with rocks, clouds, leech-patherers, pedlars, dallidils, and waterlilies. Mr. Crabbe, whose clerical smeltious, have made him familiar with vestries, workhouses, and the whole economy of a country parish, in lieu of the rocks and rills of Mr. Wordsworth, has extracted poetry out of the stony hearts of churchwardens, and the scanty stream of parish charity. We have poems about ships and about religion—about steam engines and hydraulic presses—about hunting, shooting, and fishing—about war and waltzing—about astronomy and gastronomy—about bees and silk-worms—and syphilis, and spleen and diseases in general—about playing at whist and chess, and smoking tobacco, and making sugar wine, and cider, and liquid blacking. In fact there is scarcely any human pursuit that has not been, directly or indirectly, introduced into poetry; and the obliquities and excellencies of the human mind have each had about an equal share in imparting interest to its pages.

ANTIQUITIES.—The *Diario di Roma* gives an account of an interesting discovery made on the 11th ult., in making repairs near the Monastery of St. Lucia. At a small depth in the ground, the workman found a finger and a fragment of the arm of a statue, and on digging to the depth of a few palms, five statues were discovered. Three of these are Fauns in different attitudes; one, a Silenus; the fifth represents one of the Appiades. The most perfect of the Fauns has the head; the others, and the Silenus, want the head, or some other parts, which, it is hoped, will yet be found. The workmanship is extremely beautiful, and the lustre of the surface still preserved. There have also been discovered, a column of dark brown colour, about two palms in diameter; another smaller; and part of an ancient wall. The interior of this wall was found to be faced with marble. The pavement before it is entire, and constructed of marble of various colours. At the distance of about eight palms, the plinths of the first-mentioned column, and of two others, were found. It appears that, at this spot, there had been a portico with statues, which had been thrown down towards the road, which is the direction of the fragments, and the bricks of the ruin. By prosecuting the digging, the other sides of the building will, perhaps, be found; and we shall then learn the dimensions of the edifice. About this monastery, and that of San Martino, exists considerable remains of ancient public works, which, according to the opinion of antiquaries, belonged to the baths of Trajan.

At the renewal of a treaty of Alliance between Zurich and France, in 1614, a great entertainment was given to M. de Castille, Ambassador of the King. The Lords, Counsellors, of Zurich, had at first intended to present him with a prodigious ox, with gilt horns, but, upon further consideration, it was thought best to change the offering to a terrestrial globe of silver, gilt, which divided into two large cups, for the purpose of drinking.

In Switzerland, it is deemed unsafe to cut down the grass on very steep declivities, as it binds the snow to the ground, and prevents its sliding down in Avalanches; an instance of apparent disproportion between cause and effect, which recalls to mind the Dutch expedient for securing their dykes against the encroachments of the sea, viz. by covering them with straw mats, pinned down to the ground.

Theodore Zwinger's abode was ornamented with numerous inscriptions, composed by himself, in Hebrew, in Greek, and in German, all, as is affirmed, most ingeniously devised. He took a great deal of time to peruse this learned house. Amateurs may find a selection of these inscriptions in the *Basilia Sepulta* of Tanjola.

We are told by Linnæus, that the Martin dwells on the outside of houses in Europe, under the roof; and that when it has built its nest, the Sparrow frequently takes possession of it. The Martin, unable to dislodge his intruding enemy, convokes his companions, some of whom guard the captive whilst others bring clay, completely close up the entrance of the nest, and then fly away, leaving the Sparrow to be suffocated, as the punishment due to his injustice and temerity.

HUMOROUS MISTAKE.—On Saturday week, as a country woman with her market basket on her arm, was gazing with astonishment at a bit of finery, in a draper's window, in York, perhaps coveting and desiring that which she could not purchase, her partner in life came up, and in the true simplicity of a "Johnny Raw" thought he would have a little fun by playing an innocent trick on his gazing and unsuspecting rib. There was a handkerchief in the basket, which "Johnny" cunningly caught out, and deposited in his own pocket, at the same time proceeding forward on his way, in the full enjoyment of the anticipation of his wife's distress on the discovery of her loss. Unfortunately, however, a certain gentleman from a neighbouring village, observed the trick, and not knowing the circumstances of the case, he desired a constable, residing near the place, to secure the supposed villain, and to take him before a magistrate. The man of "brief authority" was faithful to his trust, and poor Johnny Raw was seized in the Pavement, and an altercation ensued, the result of which was, that the countryman was borne by force before a magistrate's judgment seat. The unsuspecting rib had now to appear to identify the luckless handkerchief.—She did so.—It was her own—the very one which she had been deprived of. Turning to the imagined villain, with all the virulence of an injured woman, she started—she was ready to faint—and in the feeble accents of surprise and of fear, she exclaimed, "Oh, Lord! Gentlemen, its mah husband." The sword of justice now fell prostrate, the affair was explained—he had but taken his own—the magistrate laughed at the mistake, the informing gentleman and the

constable retired, and Johnny Raw, with his artless better part, posted away, arm in arm, to tell their village neighbours what awful things had happened.

The undermentioned was lately put on a stone at Torkey, to commemorate the unfortunate event of the loss of a favourite Newfoundland dog, who, in walking with his master, Captain Hood, fell over a precipice near 200 feet. His name was Grog. If you think it worthy of filling a spare chasm in your paper, you are perfectly welcome to this poor attempt of

A GENERAL ADMIRER OF THE STAR.

Stop,
Traveller,
Ere you farther jog;
Know,
Here lies entomb'd,
Poor honest Grog!

A quadruped, whose merit stood
In high esteem, with Capt. H—D.
But DEATH, whose never-erring dart,
Makes Dogs, and Cats, and Men, to part,
This friend to realms of silence bore,
And faithful Grog will bark—no more!
No more his Master's ship defend,
Nor frisk the deck from end to end.
A failing scheme of observation,
To him (in love) was detestation.
Eager, perhaps, his flame to meet,
He threw himself 200 feet.
Come then, ye brethren of the howl,
Around his tomb dull dirges growl;
But if dog-matical you grow,
Or of this dog would further know,
Reader, apply to D—o—

EPITAPH ON THE REV. MR. B—,

AT MORETON, IN HAMPSHIRE.

If wise or virtuous, to this tomb draw near!
If Knave or Hypocrite, shrink back with fear!
Here lies a Man, who living did detest
Alike the Rogue conceal'd and Rogue confess'd.
If he but knew such here presum'd to tread,
The stone would be much heavier on his head.

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG CLOTHIER.

How still he lies!
And closed these eyes,
That shone as bright as day!
The cruel measles,
Like Clothier's teasles,
Have scratched his life away.
Cochineal red
His lips has fled;
Which now are blue and black:
Dear pretty wretch,
How thy limbs stretch,
Like Cloth upon the rack.
Repress thy sighs,
The Father cries;
My dear, and not repine;
For ten to one,
When God's work's done,
He'll come off *superfine*!

ORIGINAL EPITAPH on a VILLAGE MAIDEN.

STOP Traveller, and gravely muse on
The new rais'd turf of lovely Susan;
Death has been here, alas! to pillage
From us the flower of all the village!
Her cheeks were of the vernal hue,
Milk-white her skin, her eyes were blue;
Her curling locks were brown as berries;
Her lips were like carnation cherries;
But vain, alas! are pretty faces,
Adorn'd with all the loves and graces,
Since we are left forlorn to rue
The early fate of lovely Sue.

EPITAPH. Ockham in Surrey, 1736.

"The Lord saw good, I was lopping of wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so death lopped off me."

A DRUNKARD'S EPITAPH.
(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Here lie the remains of a jolly good fellow,
Who, while he was living, still loved to be mellow,
Whose only employ, till by Death's arrow slain,
Was to go to the cellar, and thence back again.

Extempore Epitaph on Thomas Jones, of Langport, Carrier of the Sherborne Mercury and Weekly Entertainer, who was Drowned Feb. 4, 1790, in the River Parret.

INSTEAD of raising sculptur'd stones,
I pay this tribute to T. Jones;
'Tis said he was an honest man,
But lik'd to swig the jug or can;
Who can blame a faithful fellow
If he get a little mellow?
For twenty years, and some time more,
Down Parret's margin news he bore;
Tom to his trust was ever true,
His books and news were always new;
But tho' he knew the path* so well,
He steer'd awry, and in he fell;
Sad news to tell Tom's masters round,
That he in Parret stream is drown'd!
Whatever is—we'll think it best,
And Tom we hope is now at rest.

Epitaph on Richard III. buried at Leicester, by the Order and at the Expence of King Henry VII.

I WHO am lay'd beneath this marble stone,
Richard III. possess'd the British throne;
My country's guardian in my nephew's claim,
By trust betray'd, I to the kingdom came;
Two years and sixty days, save two, I reign'd,
And bravely strove in fight; but, unsustain'd,
My English left me in the luckless field,
Where I to Henry's arms was forc'd to yield.
Yet at his charge my corse this tomb obtains,
Who piously interr'd me, and ordains,
That regal honours wait a King's remains.
The year fourteen hundred 'twas, and eighty-four,
The twenty-first of August, when its power
And all its rights I did to the red rose restore.
Reader, who'er thou art, thy prayer bestow,
T'atone my crimes, and ease my pain below.

Epitaph on ANNE GREEN, a Quaker in Ramsbury.

HERE lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A wedge of gold, a china dish that must
Be us'd in Heaven, when Christ doth feed the just.

Epitaph on a Tomb Stone, at Mottisfont, near Romsey.

MYE Husbandye lyethe deyde
Ondyer this Stone,
Deythe camye to hyme and feyde
Oh! ho! John.

ON CECIL CLAY, THE COUNSELLOR OF CHESTERFIELD.

SUM quod fui—I am what I was (clay).

E P I T A P H.

[Communicated by J*** W*****, of Bristol.]

HERE lies Dr. Evans,
Who dy'd as he liv'd—by sixes and sevens.

Epitaph written upon a Steeple, from whence a Sexton falling, was killed upon the Spot.

LEST he should unremember'd be,
Who to their graves so many sent;
Death and the parish did decree
This steeple for his monument.

EPITAPH on a BARBER.

TO such as do instruction wait,
This tomb-stone is a *tete-a-tete*;
A barber here lies low—poor Puff,
Of powder now thou hast enough.
Reader, thine own confusion see,
Soon thou, like him, shalt powder be;
Let not the thought thy feelings shock,
The barber's gone—here lies the block.

Epitaph on a Marine Officer, buried in Stonehouse Church-Yard.

HERE lies, retir'd from busy scenes,
A first-lieutenant of marines,
Who lately liv'd, in gay content,
On board the brave ship Diligent.
Now stripp'd of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm-below,
Confin'd in earth in narrow borders,
He rises not 'till further orders.

STANZAS,

Written as an Inscription for a Tablet, in a Village Church-yard.

O Stranger! let no ill-timed tear
Be shed for those who slumber here;
But rather envy them the sleep,
From which they ne'er can wake—to weep!
Why mourn, since freed from human ill,
The throbbing bosom, cold and still?
Why mourn, since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease?
The shattered bark from adverse winds,
Here her last anchor drops, and finds
Safe, where life's storms no more molest,
A haven of untroubled rest.
Then, Stranger! let no ill-timed tear
Be shed for those who slumber here;
But rather envy them the sleep,
From which they ne'er can wake—to weep.
Yet, O! if thou hast learn to scan,
With feeling eye, the fate of man,
Go weep for those, still doom'd to sorrow,
Who mourn the past, nor hope the morrow.

Epitaph in Portesham Church Yard.

Here lies the body of Susan Pitcher, died 16th August, 1809,
Twenty years a maid,
Forty-five years a wife,
Forty years a mother,
And so I end this life.
My husband dear I left behind,
And likewise children three;
If in the Lord they put their trust,
Then happy will they be.
So husband this is the last,
And all I have to say,
And when your thread of life is cut,
Then down by me you lay.

EPITAPH ON A GEOLOGIST.

Where shall we our great Professor inter
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element under ground.
If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil
He'll start up and snatch those tools away,
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains,
That embedded should he his organic remains.
Thus exposed to the drip of some case-hard'ning spring,
His carcass let stalactite cover:
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When he is incrustated all over:
Then 'mid mammoths and crocodiles high on a shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

At the entrance of the church of San Salvador, in the city of Oviedo, in Spain, is a tomb, erected by a Prince named *Silo*, with a Latin inscription, which may be read 270 ways, by beginning with the capital S in the centre.

SILO PRINCEPS FECIT.

T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E S F E C
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
P E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
P E C N I R P O L I S I L O P R I N C E
S P E C N I R P O L O P R I N C E P S
F S P E C N I R P O P R I N C E P S F
E F S P E C N I R P R I N C E P S F E
C E F S P E C N I R I N C E P S F E C
I C E F S P E C N I N C E P S F E C I
T I C E F S P E C N C E P S F E C I T

On the tomb are inscribed these letters:
H. S. E. S. S. T. T. L.

Singular Epitaph, written by Ralph Tyrer, Vicar of Kendal, Westmorland, who died 1627, and inscribed on his tomb by his friends:—

"London bred me, Westminster fed me,
Cambridge sped me, my sister wed me*,
Study taught me, living sought me,
Learning brought me. Kendal caught me.
Labour prest me, sickness distrest me,
Death opprest me, the grave posset me,
God first gave me, Christ did save me,
Earth did crave me, and Heaven would have me.
* Meaning at the instigation of his sister.

The following is a transcript from a tomb-stone in Wigton Church-yard:—

Here lies John Taggart, of honest fame,
Of stature low and a leg lame;
Content he was with portion small,
Kept a shop in Wigton—and that's all.

EPITAPH.

By the late Rev. R. ROBINSON, of Cambridge.
Bold Infidelity, turn pale and die!
Beneath this stone four infants' ashes lie:
Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinn'd; for they are here:
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear.
Reason, ah, how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page; the knot's untied:
They live for Jesus died.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS WYMARK,

DROWNED AT SEA, JUNE 26, 1816, AGED TWENTY YEARS,
AND INTERRED IN NEWHAVEN CHURCH-YARD, SUSSEX.

Hard is the heart that reads, without a sigh,
This stone that tells where WYMARK's ashes lie;
A youth he was, belov'd by all he knew—
His form was manly and his heart was true!
Tho' fond of mirth, from youthful vices free,
For friendship form'd, and form'd for love was he:
In honest toils his useful days he spent,
And earn'd that chiefest, noblest wealth, content!
But short his date!—from yonder fatal shore
He sail'd for pleasure, but return'd no more;
Till the rude swelling of the cruel main
Restor'd him lifeless to his friends again!
His early fate they wept, with many a tear,
And all that is not Heav'n's they buried here!

EPITAPH

ON THE TOMB OF A COUNTRY APOTHECARY, ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PARISHIONERS.

Hac sub humo, per quem tot jacuere, jacet, i. e.
A Grave for him is here provided,
Thro' whom so many of us lie dead.

EPITAPH.

Here lies my dear wife, a sad vixen and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too!

DR. JENNER.—The following is the epitaph to be placed on the tomb of this lamented individual:—

Within this tomb hath found a resting place
The great Physician of the human race—
Immortal JENNER! whose gigantic mind
Brought life and health to more than half mankind.
Let rescued Infancy his worth proclaim,
And hush out blessings on his honor'd name;
And radiant Beauty drop her saddest tear,
For Beauty's truest, trustiest friend lies here!

EPITAPH.—The following epitaph on a favourite waiter at the Old Boar's Head Tavern, in Great Eastcheap, formerly frequented by Sir JOHN FALSTAFF and Prince HENRY, is on a large stone, let into the wall in the Church-yard of St. Michael's, Crooked lane, which was put up by some Gentlemen who use the house, at their expense:

"Here lieth the body of Robert Preston, late drawer at the Boar's Head Tavern, Great Eastcheap, who departed this life March 16, Anno Domini, 1730, aged 27 years.
Bacchus, to give the toying world surprize,
Produc'd one sober son, and here he lies:
Tho' nurs'd among full bogsheads, he defied
The charms of wine and every vice beside.
O, Reader, if to virtue thou'rt inclin'd,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind,
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundrie virtues, which outweigh'd his faults.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance!

In the church of Aberconway, in the county of Caernarvon, is a stone with this remarkable inscription upon it:

"Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hooker, Esq. Gent. who was the one and fortieth child of his father, by Alice, his only wife;—and the father of seven and twenty children, by one wife. He died the 20th day of March, 1637.

In Hadleigh church-yard, Suffolk, is the following laconic Epitaph:

"To disengage me from domestic strife,
"Death call'd at my house—but he spoke to my wife.
"Susan, wife of David Patison, lies here.—
"Stop, reader, if not in a hurry, and shed a tear.
"October 19, 1706."

Epitaph on a tomb-stone in the Church-yard of Loch Ransa, in the island of Ateran:—

"Here lies Donald, and his Wife
Janet M'Fee;
Aged 40 He,
And 30 She."

Greenock Advertiser.

A record of an accident, occasioned by the downfall of ice, is to be found as an epitaph on the son of the then parish-clerk at Bampton, in Devonshire, who was killed by an icicle falling upon and fracturing his skull.

In memory of the clerk's son.
Bless my i, i, i, i, i, i,
Here I lies
In a sad pickle,
Kill'd by icicle

In the year of Anno Domini, 1776.

The following whimsical epitaph was inscribed on the tomb of a Dancing-master at Brynylls, in Brecknockshire:—

Man's life is a vapour,
And full of woes;
He cuts a caper, and
Down he goes.

Whitsuntide was anciently observed with a number of ceremonies, most of which are now forgotten, or only partially exist in remote parts of the country. The most general of these was the custom of holding what were called Whitsun Ales, which consisted of public diversions and entertainments, accompanied by pageants, games of sport, and other displays of festivity. In the Catholic times, and for a considerable while afterwards, every parish, more or less, took a part in these kind of amusements, to defray the expenses of which collections were regularly made, and most of them, as was the case at Easter and other great festivals, kept or provided dresses and other paraphernalia, for the representation of different characters, in order to give to the celebration of these rites, a more showy and dramatic effect.

Stubbs, a writer of the reign of Elizabeth, in a work called "*The Anatomie of Abuses*," in which he generally inveighs against the keeping up of every old custom, observes as to these Whitsun Ales, "that 'in certaine townes, where dronken Bacchus beares swaie, the churchwardens of every parishe, with the consent of the whole parishe, provide halfe a score or twenty quarters of mault, whereof some they buy of the churches stocke, and some is given them of the parishioners themselves, every one conferring somewhat according to his abilitie; whiche mault being made into very strong ale or beer, is sette to sale either in the church or some other place assigned to that purpose. Then, when this is set abroche, well is he that can gette the soonest to it and spend the most at it. In this kinde of practice they continue six weekes, a quarter of a year, yea, halfe a yeare together.'" "That money, they say, is to repaire the churches and chappels with, to buy bookes for service, cuppes for the celebration of the Sacrament, surplices for Sir John, and other necessaries. And they maintaine other extraordinarie charges in their parishe besides."

Among other spectacles exhibited at this season, mention is made in the church books of St. Giles, Reading, of "*The King Play at Whitsuntide*." This is thought to have been of a similar nature with a sort of dramatic representation shown anciently at Easter, under the name of Kyngham or King-game, which had an allusion to the Wise Men's Offering; who are supposed by the Romish church to have been kings, and interred at Cologne. In the Churchwarden's accounts of Kingston-upon-Thames, in the reign of Henry VII., the expense of keeping the "Keng gam that same tym don, Willin Kempe, *kenge*, and Joan Whytebrede, *quen*," is stated to have amounted to 4l. 5s.; whereof thirty-three shillings were paid for "whet and malt and vele and mutton and pygges and ger and eoks (cooks); six and eight-pence to the "taberare," (tabor player), and two shillings to the "leutare," (piper). And the parish records of St. Laurence, Reading, in the years 1502 and 1504, contain entries both of monies expended and collected at Whitsuntide, for apparently the same kind of celebration; among which are items for "bred and ale spent to the use of the church at Whytson-tyd; for wyne at the same tyme," and "for makynge up of the mayden's baner." As also entries of receipts for the "mayden's gadyring at Whitsontyde by the tree at the church dore," &c.

Hallowing the Church Font appears to have been formerly a custom at Whitsuntide. In the ancient yearly church disbursements of St. Mary at Hill, London, are the following entries:—"Garlands, Whitsunday, *iiid*," and "Water for the Funt on Whitsun Eve, *id*." Strutt, in his *Manners and Customs*, mentions this Font hallowing on Whitsun Eve; and a MS. volume of *Homilies* in the Harleian Library, at the British Museum, informs us further, that "in the begynnyng of Holy Chireh, all the children weren kept to be crystened on this even at the Font hallowyng; but now, for enehesone that in so long abyding they might dye without crystendome, therefore Holi Chireh ordeyneth to erysten at all tymes of the yeere; save eyght dayes before thys even, the chylde shalle abyde 'till the Font hallowing, if it may safely for perill of death, and ells not."

To suspend the representation of a dove likewise, in some part of the church (probably intended as emblematical of the descent of the HOLY GHOST) seems to have been customary anciently at this season, and is alluded to in the following satirical lines of Navgeorgus, a writer against the Catholic religion:—

"On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame in strings from heaven fle,
And one that framed is of wood, still hangyth in the skie.
Thou seest how they with idols play, and teach the people too,
None otherwise than little gyrls with puppets used to do."

With this subject also, seems to be connected the following entries from the Churchwarden's accounts of Kingston, just mentioned, viz.—"for a pair of pigeons holes, 1s. 6d.; to Goodwife Ansell, for the pigeing holes, 1s. 6d.; and for making a newe pair of pigeing holes, 2s. 6d."

After the Reformation several of the Catholic observances at Whitsuntide grew into disuse; that of the Whitsun ales however, though greatly found fault with by different writers, was still kept up, and in some places at least, with the appearance of much harmless enjoyment. Carewe, an old writer, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, speaking of the custom of that county says—"Two young men of the parish, are yearly chosen by their last foregoers to be Wardens, who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they employ in brewing, baking, and other achates, against Witson-suntide; upon which holydays the neighbourhood meet at the church-house, and there merrily feed on their owne victuals, contributing some portion to the stock, which by many smalls groweth to a meetly greatness: for there is entertyned a kind of emulation between those wardens, who by their graciousness in gathering, and good

husbandry in expending, can best advance the churches profit. Besides the neighbour parishes at these times lovingly visit one another, and this way frankly spend their money together. The afternoones are consumed in such exercises as olde and yong folke (having leysure), doe accustomably wear out the time withall. When the feast is ended, the Wardens yeeld in their account to the parishioners, and such money as exceeds the disbursement, is laid up in store to defray any extraordinary charges arising in the parish, or imposed on them for the good of the country, or the Prince's service, neither of which commonly gripe so much, but that somewhat still remaineth to cover the porse's bottom."

And Aubrey, in his account of Wiltshire, written in the reign of Charles II., speaking of the Whitsun Ales in that county, says, "There no rates for the poor in my grandfather's days; but for Kingston St. Michael (no small parish), church ale of Whitsuntide did the business. In every parish was a church-house, to which belouged spits, crooks, &c., utensils for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on. All things were civil and without scandal." "These churches," he adds, "are doubtless derived from the Love Feasts mentioned in the New Testament." At Brentford, a parish document, in 1621, states this custom to have been observed in a similar manner there, where the inhabitants had for many years held meetings at Whitsuntide, "in the church house and other places, in friendly manner to eat and drink together, and liberally to spend their monies, to the end neighbourly society might be maintained; and also a common stock raised for the repairs of the church, keeping of orphans, placing poor children in service, and defraying other charges."

Harmless as these amusements are here described, they are commented on with great severity by a reverend writer in 1736, who, in "a serious dissuasive against Whitsun Ales," tells his parishioners, "These sports are attended usually with ludicrous gestures, and acts of foolery and buffoonery—but children's play, and what, therefore, grown people should be ashamed of." Morris dances, formerly introduced in celebrating this and other festivals, he describes as nothing else but reliques of Paganism; "the professors of which, among other diversions, were accustomed to dance after an antique way in their sacrifices and worship paid to their Gods; and hence, as the ancient fathers of the Christian Church did rightly judge it to be sinful to observe any reliques of paganism, so they did accordingly, among other practices of the heathen, renounce morris dances."

"At present," says Mr. Douce,* "the Whitsun ales ore conducted in the following way. Two persons are chosen, previously to the meeting, to be *lord and lady of the ale*, who dress as suitable as they can to the characters they assume: a large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and regale, in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford, and each young fellow treats his girl with ribband or favour. The lord and lady honour the ball with their presence, attended by their steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a train-bearer or page, and a fool or jester, dressed in a parti-coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulations contribute not a little to the entertainment of some part of the company. The lord's music, consisting of a pipe and tabor, is employed to conduct the dance. Some people think this custom is a commemoration of the ancient *Drink-lean*, a day of festivity formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the lord of the fee, within his manor; the memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. The glossaries inform us, that this *Drink-lean* was a contribution of tenants towards a potation or *ale*, provided to entertain the lord of the manor."

Concerning the etymology of the word *ale*, applied to this and other festive occasions, the same gentleman thinks, that it merely means a feast or merry-making, as in the terms Leet Ale, Lamb Ale, Clerk Ale, Bride Ale, Church Ale, &c. *Ale* appearing at these feasts to have been the predominant liquor, and that it is exceedingly probable that from this circumstance the metonymy arose.

The Lord and Lady mentioned on this occasion might have succeeded the *King and Queen* of the King game, named in the entry quoted. A payment of five shillings "to her that was *Lady at Whitsuntide*" occurs in some chapel warden's accounts in 1621, in *Lysons' Environs of London*. This character, in keeping Whitsuntide at Kidlington, in Oxfordshire, is called "*the Lady of the Lamb*," from a custom there of setting the maids of the town to catch, in a particular manner, a live lamb, which, after certain ceremonies, is dressed for a feast. She who catches the lamb presides at table on this occasion as the Lady of the Lamb, or feast, attended by music, &c. and receives the compliments of the company.

In *Poor Robin's Almanack* for 1676, stool ball and barley break are spoken of as Whitsun-sports; and in the *Almanack* for the next year, in June, opposite Whitsunday and holydays, we read—

"At Islington a fair they hold,
Where ale and cakes are to be sold:
At Highgate and at Holloway,
The like is kept here every day;
At Tot'nam Court and Kentish Town,
And all those places up and down."

* *Carter's Ancient Sculpture and Painting.*

The Bill which Lord Nugent obtained leave to bring into the House of Commons, is to place the Roman Catholics in England in the same situation, as nearly as circumstances will permit, in the eye of the law, with the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and this Bill, it appears to be understood, is not to be opposed either by the Government or the Anti-Catholic party in Parliament. The total number of Roman Catholics in England and Wales, who will be benefited by this measure, are calculated not greatly to exceed 300,000. The principal Roman Catholic counties, in England, are Lancashire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Northumberland. These, with Durham and Cheshire, the next in number, contain about 200,000. London and its suburbs, with Surrey and Middlesex, are rated as low as 50,000. The remaining 50,000 are thinly scattered through the other counties and cities—but chiefly in Bristol, Bath, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Southampton, Exeter, Gloucester, and a few watering places. In every county of England there are Roman Catholic chapels and congregations; altogether there are about 900 Catholic chapels, mostly erected within the last twenty-five years. Lancashire alone counts upwards of 100 Catholic chapels. Moreover, most of the Roman Catholic country gentlemen of fortune maintain chapels in their own houses. The Roman Catholic Peers are nine in number; the Baronets seventeen. Amongst the English Roman Catholics are many ancient families of name and renown in English history. The present heads are mostly country gentlemen, of retired, reserved, or sedentary, and nearly secluded habits of life. There are about 500 of these Roman Catholic families not inferior to many in the British Peerage, in ancient, pure, and noble lineage—some who can boast the legitimate Plantagenet blood—several who enjoy landed estates, lineally transmitted since the Norman days, and even the Saxon era. Those, though not now entitled, may be classed by the herald amongst Nobility. The heads of those families mostly live retired upon patrimonial incomes, varying in annual amount, from 1,500*l.* to 25,000*l.* Wales contains but few Roman Catholics. In the beginning of the last century, there were above six thousand Roman Catholics in the Highlands of Scotland alone. With few exceptions, most of the Gordons, Macdonalds, Mackintoshes, McPhersons, &c. were Roman Catholics; their grand and great-grand-children are Protestants. The Rebellions of 1715 and 1745 effected this change, by dissolving the feudal system. Lord Nugent stated that his Bill did not result from the expressed wishes and concurrence of the English Roman Catholics, as he had had no communication with them on the subject.

AMERICANISM.—The verb “to progress” is at present peculiar to the Anglo-American dialect. It is, however, to be found in some of our older writers; being one of those words of Latin derivation, which, having once been neutralized in the language, are since become obsolete. Thus in Shakespeare’s *King John*:

‘Let me wipe off this honourable dew,

Which silvery doth progress down thy cheeks.’

And Milton (who probably pronounced it after the American manner) speaks, in some of his prose works, of “progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity.”—*Kedge*, brisk or lively, (as “are her spirits kedge?” in Fearon,) is of native English growth: in an old Latin dictionary, of which we cannot specify the author, (for well-a-day, the title-page was lost,) we read as follows: “*Kedge*, vegetus, vividus, alacer.”—*Boss*, master, is perhaps from the Dutch *baas*.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.—“The country *Attorney*, in calling himself *Solicitor*, seems to forget his origin. I believe the following to be a pretty true account of his office and profession:—In the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every Shire met twice a-year, under the presidency of the *Shire-Reeve*, or Sheriff, and this meeting was called the *Sheriff’s Torn*. By degrees the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who *did* attend, carried with him the *proxies* of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff’s *Torn*, was said, according to the old Saxon, to *GO AT THE TORN*, and hence came the word *Attorney*, which signified one that went to the *Torn* for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him. I do not conceive that the Attorney has any right to call himself a Solicitor, except when he has business in a Court of *Equity*. If he choose to act more upon the principle of equity than of law, let him be Solicitor by all means, but *not otherwise*; for law and equity are very different things; neither of them *very good*, as overwhelmed with forms and technicalities, but upon the whole, *equity* is surely the best; if it were but for the *name* of the thing.”—*Heraldic Anomalies*.

MINUTE PENMANSHIP.—The achievements of Mr. Beedell, of Ottery St. Mary, in the art of exquisitely minute penmanship, have been so often mentioned by us, each surpassing the preceding one, that we were not prepared for another triumph: but we have now in our possession a specimen so extraordinary, as absolutely to excite astonishment, and which, but for ocular evidence, would defy credibility. In the space of a sixpence, Mr. B. has written the Lord’s Prayer, Creed, the Ten Commandments, the 133d, 134th, and 135th Psalms, with the first verse of the 136th, his name and place of abode, without the smallest abbreviation, being a total of 4,288 letters. The lines are distinctly visible to the naked eye, but to read them requires a glass of large magnifying powers, though it was written without such assistance. It is intended to accompany his former production as a present to the British Museum.—*Exeter Gazette*.

Odd numbers seem to have been much regarded, particularly the number 3, as having a beginning, a middle, and an end. The adoption of this number probably arose from the Trinity, and is generally made use of as follows:—If the eyes were sore, they were washed 3 times; if a potion was given it was at 3 times; in sacrifices the priests sprinkle 3 times; in the Salian dance they beat the ground 3 times; in execrations they spat 3 times upon the earth; Jupiter’s thunderbolt had 3 forks; the trident of Neptune had 3 prongs; Cerberus, the dog of Pluto, had 3 heads; the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod, the 3 legs of which signified the knowledge of the God, as distinguished by the past, the present, and the future; there were likewise 3 *Pareæ*, 3 *Furies*, and 3 several capacities to the Sun, as Sol, Apollo, and Liber; there were 3 capacities also to the Moon, as Hecate, Diana, and Luña; the Sabians prayed 3 times a day; and many nations in performing acts of adoration bow 3 times; in this country people are dipped in holy water 3 times; and diseases were cured by 3 circumlocutions; in approaching royalty it is customary to bow 3 times, one on entering the presence-chamber, one half-way to the Sovereign, and one at the foot of the throne; Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, has 3 witehes, and their dances have been generally performed 3 times, or 3 times 3; Gay in his fourth pastoral also alludes to this number.

HAPPINESS.—The *present* (in the opinion of Dr. Johnson) was never a happy state to any human being; but that, as every part of life of which we are conscious was at some point of time a period yet to come, in which felicity was expected, there was some happiness produced by *hope*. Being pressed upon this subject, and asked, if he was really of opinion, that, though in general happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present,—Johnson answered, “Never, but when he is drunk!”

Ingenious Thief and Hopeful Family.—James Mackcoul, a notorious pickpocket, having in the course of his business, remarked how very disagreeable it was to come in contact with a bad breath in a crowd, used to chew onions when he fixed upon a subject to be robbed, and getting up with him, and breathing in his face, was sure of making him turn away his head, until he stole either his pocket, watch, or money. James Mackcoul died in Edinburgh gaol while under sentence of death for robbing the Bank at Glasgow: Ben, the younger brother, was hanged; and John, the eldest, (who published a book called “The Abuses of Justice,”) was frequently tried for his life. The only sister of these worthies was a notorious thief, &c.

APPEARANCE.—I became poor, and my apparel soon evinced it—I was universally avoided—I passed through the streets as through a desert. I had three old hats—I gave them all for a new one; put it on, and went out—I was immediately accosted by dozens. My wife contrived to get up one tolerable coat out of two old ones—I put that on also, and went out—every one now recognized me, and I was shaken hands with at every corner. Those that unfortunately have more brains than bank-notes, can apply the moral.—*New York Paper*.

LEGAL ADVICE.—“Sir,” said a barber to an attorney, who was passing his door, “will you tell me if this is a good seven-shilling piece?” The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his pocket, adding, with great gravity, “If you’ll send your lad to my office, I’ll return the 4*d.*!”

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A gentleman, lately deceased, left to a friend, among a variety of other property, a chest of tools, with which he had been accustomed to amuse himself. The legatee, having no use for the chest himself, sold it to a Quaker living near Brighton, who, on examining it, found in a secret drawer 130 guineas. He immediately waited on the gentleman, saying, “Friend, thou didst sell me a chest of tools, but thou didst not sell me thy money—here are thy 130 guineas.” The satisfaction of the other party at this consummation may better be imagined than described.

A RARE PATRIMONY.—A young man of Nuremberg (says the Journal of that city), who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend, he asked him if he had any money at all. No, replied he. Well, said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your *nose*, if he should give you 20,000 dollars for it? (What an idea!)—Not for all the world! ’Tis well, replied the lawyer, I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl’s father, he said, I have inquired about this young man’s circumstances; he has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel, for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered, and has refused, 20,000 dollars. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place; though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head, when he thought of the *jewel*!

PARLIAMENTARY WIT.—Alluding to the adjournment of the Commons over this day, Mr. B. a Member, observed to Lord S. son of the Earl of D. “Oh, we adjourn on account of the *Derby Stakes*, I suppose.”—“No,” said his Lordship, “Thursday, the *Oak’s* are run for.”—“Oh then, it is Royal *Oak* Day, so we adjourn.”

A correspondent in *The Suffolk Chronicle* says the strong and only admitted argument by way of apology for the practice of disturbing the graves of the dead, is, that without such acts the students in anatomy would not have sufficient opportunities for acquiring the knowledge requisite in their profession; and suggests that every medical man, on entering upon his profession, shall, as a *sine qua non*, pledge his body, whenever it shall become inanimate, for anatomical investigation, and his bones to be strung for a skeleton.—As a testimony of respect for the sons of the healing art spacious buildings might be erected, and the bony parts of practitioners preserved in glass cases, with tablets to record their fame.

When Voltaire said that "a man hanged is good for nothing"—this wise aphorism might be very true in his day, and in his country; but we have lived to see many changes, which controvert the dicta of philosophers; a "hanged man," at this day, becomes at once a "good subject," whatever his proportions, his defects, or his crimes, and is worth 11*l.* to 12*l.* Very few living subjects, however honest, and proper men, would fetch half that sum with the condition of "keeping them alive."

BALLAD SINGING DIVINE.—Dr. Richard Corbet, Bishop of Norwich was a good humourist, both in words and actions.—"After he was D.D." says Aubrey, "he sang ballads at the Crosse at Abingdon. On a market day, he, and some of his comrades, were at the tavern by the Crosse, (which by the way, was then the finest in England). A ballad singer complained that he had no custom; he could not put off his ballads. The jolly Dr. puts off his gown, and puts on the ballad singer's leathern jacket, and being a handsome man, and having a rare full voice, he presently vended a great many and had a great audience."

LUTHER.—"Music," says Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows, and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline, it refines the passions, and improves the understanding.—Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is more conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music, are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," adds Luther, "and would not, for a great matter, be without the little skill which I possess in the art."

A sportsman, by touching his horse near the withers with his whip, taught him to kneel immediately; when shooting, and when a dog came to a point, he made the horse kneel, and persuaded those present that the horse was an *excellent pointer*. A gentleman having purchased the gelding, was fording a river with him, when, having touched his withers, he was true to the touch, down he dropped in the stream, and soused his new master in the water. The latter, in a great passion, asked his former owner what he meant by selling him a horse that played him such a trick in the water? "Oh!" said the other, "you bought him as a pointer, and at the time he went on his knees he was *pointing a salmon*."

CHARACTERS OF THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.—(Translated from the Works of an Italian Author):—

In their Manners—The Frenchman is more than civil, he is courtly; the German benevolent; the Italian civil; the Spaniard disdainful, and thinks too little of others; the Englishman haughty, and thinks too much of himself.

With respect to Stature—The Frenchman is of a good size; the German tall; the Italian middling; the Spaniard short; the Englishman portly.

In Apparel—The Frenchman is an innovator; the German an imitator; the Italian stingy; the Spaniard thrifty; the Englishman sumptuous.

In their Feasts—The Frenchman is delicate; the German is a drunkard; the Italian sober; the Spaniard penurious; the Englishman prodigal.

In their Tempers—The Frenchman is a sneerer; the German affable; the Italian complaisant; the Spaniard grave; the Englishman changeable.

With regard to Beauty—The Frenchman is handsome; the German not inferior to him; the Italian neither handsome or ugly; the Spaniard rather ugly than handsome; the Englishman resembling angles.

In Council—The Frenchman is not slow; the German more slow; the Italian subtle; the Spaniard more cautious; the Englishman resolute.

In their Writings—The Frenchman speaks well, writes better; the German writes much; the Italian with solidity; the Spaniard little and well; the Englishman learnedly.

In Knowledge—The Frenchman knows something of every thing; the German is a pedant; the Italian is learned; the Spaniard is profound; the Englishman a philosopher.

In Religion—The Frenchman is zealous; the German religious; the Italian fond of ceremonies; the Spaniard tainted with superstition; the Englishman with bigotry.

In their Undertakings—The Frenchman is like an eagle; the German like a bear; the Italian like a fox; the Spaniard like an elephant; the Englishman like a lion.

In offices of Friendship—The Frenchman is faithful; the German good company; the Italian respectful; the Spaniard submissive; the Englishman a slave.

In Marriage—The Frenchman is free; the German a patron; the Italian a goaler; the Spaniard a tyrant; the Englishman a servant or drudge.

Their Women—In France they are full of quality and pride; in Germany economists and cold; in Italy prisoners and wicked; in Spain slaves and amorous; in England queens and libertines.

Their Languages—(Charles V. said he would speak French to his friend; High Dutch to his horse; Italian to his mistress; Spanish to God; English to birds.)

* The whistling of the letter S caused the latter conclusion to be made on our speech.

THE ASH.—(From the *Sylva Florifera*, by H. Phillips, F.H.S.)—Tradition has handed down to us an allegory, which we relate, not only to show that the ash was esteemed a sacred tree, but because we recognise in this fable of the heathens, a disfigured, but very striking analogy to the tree of knowledge of good and evil, which proves that the heathens of the earliest days formed the same idea of an Omnipotent Being, and of good and evil, as is expressed by the Hebrew writers. This figurative fable, which is from the Edda, states, that the court of the Gods is held beneath a miraculous ash, whose branches cover the surface of the world, and whose summit touches the heavens; whilst its roots descend to the regions of Pluto. An eagle constantly reposes on the tree to observe any thing, whilst a squirrel ascends and descends incessantly to make report.—Serpents are twined around the trunk; beneath one of its roots runs a limpid fountain, where wisdom is concealed: it communicates with a neighbouring stream, in which is found the knowledge of things to come.—This ingenious idea signifies that wisdom knows how to profit for the future by the remembrance of what is useful in the past. Three virgins are entrusted with the guardianship of this sacred tree, who always remain beneath the branches to refresh the ash with these salutary waters, which, on falling back on the earth, forms a dew which produces honey: happy effects of the invention of wisdom and science. The Edda of Woden, holds the ash in so high a veneration, that man is described as being formed from it. Hesiod, who is supposed to have lived in Homer's time, deduces his brazen race of men from the ash, and in his Theogony has nymphs of the name of Μελαίαι.

That the ancient writers should so highly extol the ash is not extraordinary, as its inner bark often was the substance they wrote on before the invention of paper. Ancient writers state, that serpents have such an antipathy to the ash that they will not approach even within its morning or evening shadow; and Pliny tells us (he says upon experience) that if a fire and a serpent be surrounded by ash boughs, the serpent will sooner run into the fire than into the boughs. He considers it as providential that the ash should blossom before the serpents appear, and that it should not cast its leaves until these reptiles were gone. Dioscorides, the celebrated physician to Antony and Cleopatra, assures us, that the leaves of the ash applied to the wound, or the juice of them being mixed with wine and drunk, was a cure for the venomous bite of vipers. We may still trace in this country the remains of a superstitious veneration towards this tree. In the south-east part of the kingdom, the country people split young ash trees, and make their distempered children pass through the chasm in hopes of a cure. They have also a superstitious custom of boring a hole in an ash, and fastening in a shrew mouse; a few strokes with a branch of this tree is then accounted a sovereign remedy against cramps and lameness in cattle, which are ignorantly supposed to proceed from this harmless animal.

Lightfoot says, that in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, at the birth of a child, the nurse or midwife puts one end of a great stick of this tree into the fire, and while it is burning, receives into a spoon the sap or juice which oozes out at the other end, and administers this at the first spoonful of liquor to the new-born babe.

THE BOX.—We believe box is the only European wood that will sink in the water, and that is sold by the weight. Pliny observes, that it is as hard to burn as iron, and that it will neither flame nor burn clear; nor can it be converted into charcoal.

THE ELM.—Madame de Genlis speaks of an elm of great size in this country, in the hollow trunk of which she says a poor woman gave birth to an infant, and afterwards resided there for a long time. This tree, which is a great curiosity, is still standing in the village of Crawley; but as the parish is not willing to be burthened with all the young elms that might have been brought forth from the trunk of this singular tree, the lord of the manor has very wisely put up a door to the entrance of this lying-in hospital, and which is kept locked, except upon particular occasions, when the neighbours meet to enjoy their pipe, and tell old tales in the cavity of this elm, that is capable of containing a party of more than a dozen. The interior of this tree is paved with bricks, and in other respects made comfortable for those that it embarks.

On Sunday forenoon, as a clergyman was passing along the Skinnergate, Perth, to his church, he was shocked to hear the sanctity of the day broken by a shrill pipe whistling "Up and waur them a' Willie."—His own name is William; and his first thought was that some profane boy might be mocking him, as the children did the prophet of old. Next day, he ascertained that the unconscious offender was beyond the reach of the spiritual censures or the police court. The musician was a blackbird. At the worthy minister's suggestion, however, the sooty songster is on future Sundays to be confined to a back room.—*Scotch paper.*

The Monks of a Monastery near Messina, exhibited with great triumph a letter written by the Virgin Mary, with her very own hand. Unluckily for them, this was not, as it easily might have been, written on the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On some occasion, a visitor to whom this was shown, observed with affected solemnity, that the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence till several hundred years after the Mother of our Lord had ascended into Heaven.

From the singular circumstance that a very large proportion of the earlier printers bore the name of John (as John Fast, John Gattenberg, John Spira, John Mentelin, John of Cologne,) the printers of Leipzig chose the festival of St. John for the celebration of their anniversary.

A field preacher, who had been a printer, observed, in the usual harangue, "that youth might be compared to a *comma*, manhood to a *semicolon*, old age to a *colon*—to which death puts a *period* or *full stop*."

The manner in which the eagle will sometimes attack oxen in Heligoland is very singular. It plunges itself into the waves, and after being completely drenched, rolls itself on the shore, till its wings are quite covered with sand. It then rises in the air and hovers over its victim. When close to it, it shakes its wings, and throws stones and sand into the eyes of the ox, while it completes the terror of the animal by blows with its powerful wings. The blinded ox runs about quite raving, and at length falls down wholly exhausted or dashes himself to death by falling from some cliff.—The eagle then mangles undisturbed the fruits of his victory.

THE BIVOUACK OF AN ARMY.—It is a pleasing sight to see a column arrive at its halting ground. The camp is generally marked out, if circumstances allow of it, on the edge of some wood, and near a river or stream. The troops are halted in open columns, arms piled, picquets and guards are paraded and posted, and in two minutes all appear at home. Some fetch large stones to form fireplaces; others hurry off with canteens and kettles for water, while the wood resounds with the blows of the bill-hook. Dispersed, under the more distant trees, you see the officers; some dressing, some arranging a few boughs to shelter them by night; others kindling their own fires; while the most active are seen returning from the village laden with bread, or, from some flock of goats feeding near us, with a supply of new milk. How often, under some spreading cork tree, which offered shade, shelter, and fuel, have I taken up my lodging for the night; and here, or by some gurgling stream, my bosom fanned by whatever air was stirring, made my careless toilet, and sat down, with men I both liked and esteemed, to a coarse, but wholesome meal, seasoned by hunger and by cheerfulness. The rude simplicity of this life I found most pleasing. Strange, indeed, to observe how soon men, delicately brought up, can inure themselves to any thing. Wrapt in a blanket, or a cloak, the head reclining on a stone or a knapsack, covered by the dews of the night, or drenched perhaps by the thunder-shower, sleeps many a youth, to whom the carpeted chamber, the curtained couch, and the bed of down, have been from infancy familiar. A bivouack in heavy weather does not, I allow, present a very comfortable appearance. The officers sit shivering in their wet tents, idle and angry till dinner time, after which they generally contrive to kill the evening with mulled wine, round a camp kettle-lid filled with hot wood-ashes by way of a fire. The men, with their forage caps drawn over their ears, huddle together under banks or walls, or crowd round cheerless, smoky fires, cursing their commissaries, the rain, and the French.—*Recollection of the Peninsula.*

PREPARATIONS FOR BATTLE.—The battle-array of a large army is a most noble and imposing sight.—To see the hostile lines and columns formed, and prepared for action; to observe their generals and mounted officers riding smartly from point to point, and to mark, every now and then, one of their guns opening on your own staff, reconnoitering them, is a scene very animating, and a fine prelude to a general engagement. On your own side, too, the hammering of flints and loosening of cartridges; the rattle of guns and tumbrils, as they come careering up to take their appointed stations; and the swift galloping of aid-de-camps in every direction, here bringing reports to their generals, there conveying orders to the attacking columns, all speak of peril and death, but also of anticipated victory; and so cheerfully, that a sensation of proud hope swells the bosom, which is equal, if not superior, to the feeling of exultation in the secure moment of pursuit and triumph.—*Ibid.*

PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.—Talma, the French tragedian has in his possession a portrait of Shakspeare, which he purchased of a broker in France, and he has determined on bringing it to England. The painting is in oil, upon a pannel of an oval form, which is inserted in the centre of a piece of wood that once formed the upper part of a pair of bellows; the lower part of which, together with the nozzle and leather, is lost. On each side of this piece of wood, and attached to the edge, is a pair of carved wings. Around the surface, close to the edge, and in one line, is rudely carved, in letters rather more than half an inch in length, the following verse—

Who have we here,
Stuck on these bellows,
But the Prince of good fellows,
Willy Shakspeare

Directly over the portrait are these lines also carved—

O base and coward luck;
To be so stuck. *Poins.*

And immediately under it are the following—

Nay, but a godlike luck's to him assign'd,
Who, like the Almighty, rides upon the wind. *Pistol.*

The above exclamation of Poins alludes, no doubt, to the insertion of the portrait into the wood that was used for so base and homely a purpose as that of blowing a fire; it is, however, wittily answered by Pistol. The portrait is said to bear a strong resemblance to the wood-cuts in the old folio editions of his works. It is in excellent preservation, and represents a man about thirty years of age, with anburn hair, grey eyes, a remarkable high forehead, mustachios, and a sharp pointed beard; a florid complexion, and a fine expressive countenance, full of sweetness, "smiles and affability."

JAMES THE SIXTH.—When James the Sixth of Scotland was on his way to occupy the English throne, he gave a sad omen of his reign by an act of wanton despotism. A cut purse, who had followed the king's retinue from Berwick, was taken at Newark on Trent, in the fact; and having confessed his guilt, the King, of his own authority, and without even the form of trial, directed a warrant to the Recorder of Newark, to have him hanged, which was executed accordingly. Although not the slightest resistance was made to this needless and daring violation of the laws of England, and of the first principles of all civilized government, yet it made a deep impression. The Tudors, with all their tyranny, had never been guilty of so wanton an outrage on the most venerated institution of the country—trial by jury; and men wondered what further

The Society *Artis Salutaris*, of Amsterdam, met on the 14th inst. to celebrate the anniversary of the discovery of Vaccination by the immortal Jenner. M. Van der Breggen, president of the Society, made an animated address, in which he did merited justice to the illustrious deceased, whose bust, covered with a veil, stood before him. In the middle of the discourse, he took off the veil, and placed on the bust the Civic Crown.

When the Princes of Conde and Conti were both imprisoned at Vincennes by order of Cardinal Mazarin, they corresponded with their friends by means of wine bottles which were purposely made with a false bottom, and by crown pieces hollowed out, and made to screw together.

A Jewish play, of which fragments are still preserved in Greek lambres, is the first known to have been written on a scripture subject. It is taken from the Exodus, or departure of the Israelites from Egypt under their leader prophet Moses. The principal characters are *Moses*, *Zapphara*, and *God from the Bush*, or *God speaking from the Bush*. Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The author of the play is Ezekiel, a Jew, who is called the tragic poet of the Jews. Warton supposes that he wrote it after the destruction of Jerusalem, as a political spectacle to animate his dispersed brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity under the conduct of a Moses; and that it was composed in imitation of the Greek drama at the close of the second century.—*Hone on Mysteries.*

LIBERALITY.—Cicero, after enumerating and discussing some mistaken notions on the subject, subjoins, that *liberality consists in giving with judgment.*

BARBER'S WIT.—A hair-dresser, at Halifax, informed one of his customers, the other morning, that he had just been *finishing off* an attorney in that place, who had departed soon after to York, to attend his professional duties at the assizes. On which the gentleman inquired if he (the barber) had any cause to try there. "No," replied the operator, with great neatness, "I had much rather *shave* a lawyer than let a lawyer *shave* me."—*York Courant.*

A Dublin Paper gives an account of a gentleman who walked in his sleep, having fallen out of his window, and *killed himself* before he awoke.

AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF TURNING A MISFORTUNE TO PROFIT.—Not many years ago, a man was hanged at a county town in Ireland for highway robbery; but his friends having taken the body to a house, fancied that they discovered some signs of life, and immediately applied to a surgeon, who, with considerable difficulty, succeeded in restoring the man to his senses. Finding himself much annoyed by the multitude of visitors, and the questions which he was asked respecting his short excursion to the other world, the man declared that he would not gratify their curiosity until each person should have paid the sum of two pence. With this demand they readily complied, and he very seriously informed them, that at the moment when he was recalled to this world by the surgeon's assistance, he had just arrived at the gates of heaven, where he saw St. Peter sitting with the keys in his hand. The anecdote was related by the surgeon as a matter of fact to a gentleman now residing in London.—*Museum.*

MARTYRED MOTHER.—In the commencement of Cardinal Beaton's persecution of the Protestants in Scotland, 4 men were condemned to the stake at Perth; and the wife of one of them to be drowned, because, when in the agony of labour, she had refused to invoke the Virgin Mary, affirming that she would pray to God alone, in the name of Jesus Christ. The circumstances attending the last scene of this unfortunate woman's life, must move every heart from which the best feelings of our nature have not been eradicated. Warmly attached to her husband, with whom she had enjoyed some years of uninterrupted domestic happiness, she implored that they might die together. This affecting request having been barbarously refused, she soothed, by the most impressive consolations, his departing moments; and after witnessing his execution, prepared for her own. The tenderness of a parent agitated her mind.—She beseeched her neighbours to show humanity to her children, and resigned into their hands the infant whom she suckled at her bosom. An agonizing separation! Her mind, notwithstanding, rose superior to her sufferings, and she died with courage and with comfort.

SINGULAR FACT.—A charitable lady had procured admission for a deaf and dumb boy, who resides in the neighbourhood of Axminster, to an establishment for those afflicted with similar deprivations in Friday-street, London. The boy's father took an opportunity of going to town cheaply, inside a road waggon. On their arrival he left his son, apparently delighted with the situation, and his numerous companions and brothers in affliction. The next morning he set out on his way home by a similar conveyance. It appears that the boy, who is a little intelligent-looking lad, in the course of the next day sighed for the liberty he enjoyed at home: watching an opportunity, he contrived to escape into the street, and guided as it were by instinct, made on his way for Devonshire. Nothing is known respecting his journey till he reached Andover, where a waggoner, who was acquainted with him, met him apparently much exhausted. On his making signs of being hungry, the man purchased some refreshment for him which was greedily devoured. He reached home a day after his father.

John Wesley, in a considerable party, had been maintaining with great earnestness the doctrine of *Vox Populi, Vox Dei*, against his sister, whose talents were not unworthy of the family to which she belonged. At last the preacher, to put an end to the controversy, put his argument in the shape of a dictum, and said, "I tell you, sister, the voice of the people is the voice of God." "Yes," she mildly replied, "it cried, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'" A more admirable answer was, perhaps, never given.

ANECDOTE OF A PAWNEE BRAVE.*

The facts in the following anecdote of a Pawnee Brave, son of old Knife, one of the delegation who visited Washington last winter, are taken from a very interesting MS. journal of Capt. Bell, of his expedition, with Major Long, to the foot of the rocky mountains in 1821. This Brave, of fine size, figure, and countenance, is now about 25 years old. At the age of 21, his heroic deeds had acquired him in his nation the rank of the bravest of the Braves. The savage practice of torturing and burning to death their prisoners existed in this nation. An unfortunate female, of the Paduca nation, taken in war, was destined to this horrid death. The fatal hour had arrived; the trembling victim, far from her home and friends, was fastened to the stake—the whole tribe was assembled on the surrounding plain to witness the awful scene. Just when the funeral pile was to be kindled, and the whole multitude of spectators were on the tiptoe of expectation, this young warrior, having, unnoticed, prepared two fleet horses, with the necessary provisions, sprang from his seat, rushed through the crowd, liberated the victim, seized her in his arms, placed her on one of the horses, mounted the other himself, and made the utmost speed towards the nation and friends of the captive. The multitude, dumb and nerveless with amazement at the daring deed, made no effort to rescue their victim from her deliverer. They viewed it as the immediate act of the great spirit, submitted to it without a murmur, and quietly retired to their village. The released captive was accompanied three days through the wilderness towards her home; he then gave her the horse on which she rode, with the necessary provisions for the remainder of her journey, and they parted. On his return to the village, such was his popularity, no enquiry was made into his conduct, no censure was passed on it. And since this transaction, no human sacrifice has been offered in this or in any other of the Pawnee tribes. The practice is abandoned. Of what influence is one bold act in a good cause? The publication of this anecdote at Washington led the young ladies of Miss White's seminary, in that city, in a manner highly creditable to their good sense and feeling, to present this brave and humane Indian with a handsome silver medal, with an appropriate inscription, as a token of their sincere commendation of the noble act. Their address closed thus—"Brother, accept this token of our esteem—always wear it for our sakes—and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death and torture, think of this and of us, and fly to her relief and her rescue." The Pawnee's reply was—"Sisters, this medal will give me ease more than I ever had, and I will listen more than I ever did to white men. I am glad that my brothers and sisters have heard of the good act that I have done. My brothers and sisters think that I did it in ignorance, but I now know what I have done—I did it in ignorance, and did not know that I did good; but by giving me this medal, I know it."

* The Braves are warriors who have distinguished themselves in battle, and stand highest in the estimation of the tribe.

† This custom does not now exist in the surrounding tribes.

Heraldic Anomalies.—The following quotation from a new publication, under this title, makes us acquainted with some curious facts, with which, we presume, not many persons, even in the Herald's College, are familiar:—"The order of precedence; as it affects the daughters of Peers, has something very strange in it. It may not perhaps be generally known, that unmarried daughters have always the same rank as their eldest brother, during the lifetime of the father; and this independent of the particular title which by courtesy the brother may bear. A Duke's eldest son, for instance, ranks as a Marquis; consequently all his sisters unmarried, have the rank of Marchioness, though he himself should be nominally but an Earl or Baron; for the title of Marquis being less ancient than the latter, is not the title of the oldest and highest Dukes of the realm. The Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is only Earl of Surrey, and the Duke of Somerset's eldest son but Baron Seymour. Still their daughters would all rank as Marchionesses till they married, and under particular circumstances, even afterwards; which forms one of the strangest anomalies of all. For if a Duke had ten daughters, three of whom were to marry Earls; three, Viscounts; and three, Barons; and the tenth and youngest should marry her father's footman, the latter would retain her rank of Marchioness, and go before all her elder sisters, though every one of them peeresses; for in marrying commoners, they do not cease to be Duke's daughters; they retain their original rank without elevating their husbands; which latter circumstance is a point to be attended to, to obviate such mistakes as a certain foreigner of low condition is said to have fallen into, when he married a Lady Betty, of a very ancient and distinguished family. He had entirely calculated upon becoming Lord Betty."

The Aspen.—The heart-shaped leaves of this tree adhere to the twigs by a long and slender stalk, the plane of which is at right angles to that of the leaf, and consequently allows them a much freer motion than other leaves that have their planes parallel with their stalks. This, with their cottony lining below, and their hairy surface above, causes that perpetual motion and quivering, even when we cannot perceive by other means the least breath of air stirring in the atmosphere. This trepidation is attended of course with a rattling noise, on which account country people often call it Rattler. Ignorance, which has ever been more attached to superstition than to philosophical reasoning, accounts for this phenomenon, from a notion that our Saviour's cross was made of this tree, and that therefore the leaves can never rest."

ROSE TREES.—There is a classical custom observed, time out of mind, at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting rose trees on the graves, especially of the young men and maidens, who have lost their lovers; so that this church-yard is now full of them. It is the more remarkable; since it was anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans; who were so very religious in it, that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills (as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna and another at Milan) by which they ordered roses to be yearly strewed and planted on their grave. Hence the line of Propertius: *Et teneret poneret ossa rosa*.—And old Anacreon, speaking of it, says that it doth protect the dead.—*Camden's*

Perfidious Persecution of the Jews in Portugal.

Ferdinand within three months after the taking of the city of Granada, by a public edict, commanded all the Jews, if they would not be baptized, to depart with their families within four months out of all his dominions upon pain of death, which most of them did; some going into Italy; others to Turkey and Barbary; but the main body of them went into Portugal; where, for a great sum of money, they obtained leave of King John II. to continue for some months until they could be provided with ships to carry them off: but notwithstanding, why they did not leave Portugal within the time prefixed, was, that the King would not suffer any ships to take them aboard, and by land they durst not go (the Spaniard having made it death to go into his dominions). They were all, as soon as that term was expired, stripped by the king of all their goods, and sold to his subjects for slaves.

King Emanuel, who succeeded John, accounting it to have been both an unjust and dishonourable thing that his predecessor had done to the Jews, he set them all at liberty again; but at the same time commanded them all upon pain of perpetual servitude either to be baptized within a certain term of months, or to leave Portugal; promising that ships should be provided for all that would depart at the three chief ports of his kingdom. The Jews, who had all left Spain, where they and their ancestors had lived for a great many generations, because they would not turn Christians, did intend to have left Portugal for the same reason, and did accordingly repair with their families to the ports appointed for their embarkation; where, instead of ships to carry them off, they met with a proclamation, prohibiting them on pain of death, to embark any where but at Lisbon; to which city when they were all come with their families, the king commanded all their children that were under 14 years of age to be taken from them and to be baptized by force, with which unexpected violence several parents were so enraged, that they threw their children that were under that age into the river and into wells, and themselves after them. But the time appointed for their embarkation being expired and no ships being permitted to take any of them aboard, they did, rather than consent to be made slaves, consent to be baptized, practising their own rites in secret. This dispersion of the Spanish Jews is reckoned by all of that nation to have been both as to hardships and as to their numbers nothing inferior to what was practised at Jerusalem, above 800,000 men, women, and children having been driven out of Spain at this time.—In 1810, the Moors were expelled from Spain. Some say they were a million, some 900,000, some 600,000 only.

It was not long after these expulsions that Spain began to feel the bad effects they had upon her, as is plain from a memorandum delivered in the year 1618 to Philip the Third, by a Junta that had been assembled to consider how the ruinous estate of his kingdom might be remedied. The memorial begins with the following complaint:

"The depopulation and want of people in Spain is at present much greater than was ever seen or heard of before in the reigns of any of your Majesty's predecessors: it being in truth so great at this time, that if God do not provide such a remedy for us as we may expect from your Majesty's piety and wisdom, the Crown of Spain is hastening to its total ruin and destruction, nothing being more visible than that Spain is on the point of falling flat to the ground, its houses being in ruins every where and without any body to rebuild them, and its towns and villages lying like so many deserts."

Anecdote.—A surgeon of much practice, residing in a sea-port village in Hampshire, was, one dark winter's night, about the "celebrated hour of twelve o'clock" (to borrow a phrase from a popular novel), called from his bed to visit a patient suddenly taken ill. "*Linquenda domus et placens uxor*" never reads worse than in the middle of a cold frosty night; but the surgeon (like all other surgeons) comforted himself with the thought of the double honorarium "in that case provided;" and, huddling on his clothes as fast as he could, he descended in the dark to open the street-door. On again closing it behind him, and proceeding a few paces down the street, he felt himself suddenly seized by a vigorous grasp, while the muzzle of a pistol pressed hard against his breast. His interlocutor, wrapped in an immense cloak, in no very silver tones desired him to follow, and, as he valued his life, to proceed in silence. At the turning of the street, a second man started forth from a projecting doorway, and in a low anxious whisper asked, "Have you got him?" "Got him," was the laconic reply, and the three passed on without farther speaking. Farther on another confederate joined them, and "have you got him?" was repeated in the same way, and produced the same brief half-suppressed "Got him" as before. Thus they proceeded to the outskirts of the village, where they met other men mounted, and holding led horses. "Have you got him?" cried the horsemen under less restraint, and therefore in a louder key. "Got him," more freely breathed the inflexible conductor; and placing the terrified surgeon on the saddle of one of the led steeds, he got up behind him, and the whole company scoured away over fields, heaths, and hogs, occasionally reconnoitred and joined by scrutinizing vedettes, after the accustomed "Have you got him?" had assured them that they had got him; and that all was right. The poor man's anxiety, increasing at every step that led him farther from the "haunts of man" through ways which, though he perfectly knew the country, were still new to him, was now wound up to absolute despair, when suddenly the horsemen paused, and alighted at the door of a lone cottage, in which lay a wounded man stretched on a bed. The surgeon was dismounted and ordered to examine and dress the wound, and to prescribe directions for its management; which being done, the escort took to their horses again, and, replacing the surgeon behind old "Got him," remained in the same order and with the same precaution as before. Towards break of day they arrived at the town's end, where "Got him" having first paid the surgeon handsomely for his night's work, and threatened him with the severest vengeance if he spoke of this adventure, these "ugly customers" took their leave and departed. In this manner, till the convalescence of the sick man made his visits no longer necessary. It is scarcely necessary to add that the parties were smugglers, who had had an engagement with the custom-house officers; and that the secrecy of their proceeding arose from the fear of the man's situation leading to detection.—*New Monthly Mag.*

The following account of one of these dreadful sacrifices is extracted from the letter of an English officer, who superintended the ceremony he describes :

"Burdwan, Oct. 18. In my present situation it falls to my lot to preside over the execution of criminals, and also over those horrible exhibitions peculiar to this country, of a widow burning herself on the funeral pile of her dead husband; and as the authentic act of such a scene may be interesting, I send you a short description of a suttee at which I was lately present in my new character of presiding officer. The day before it took place (as is customary) a report came from the police of the widow's intention to burn herself, if the magistrate gave his permission. On the principle of religious toleration this is always given; the magistrate is allowed to argue, and to endeavour to dissuade the woman from her purpose, but cannot absolutely forbid it, unless under certain circumstances, such as when it is not perfectly voluntary on her part. Myself and several friends went to her house, and did all we could to turn her from her design; but she answered only by quoting her bible, in which she observed, it is written, 'The widow who burns herself with her husband's body enjoys happiness with him in heaven.' Having thus failed in our entreaties, which are, indeed, usually to no purpose, we ordered a guard to watch, and take care that she had no opium or intoxicating drugs given her, and that she went to death in her senses, at least as much as she could be under the influence of such extraordinary fanaticism. The next morning, at day-break, we proceeded to the ground appropriated to the ceremony, where the woman had just arrived in a rude sort of car, carried on men's shoulders, and accompanied by the barbarous music of her country. She seemed quite unconcerned at the preparations for the horrid sacrifice she was about to perform. For my part, when I looked at the pile on which lay her husband's dead body, the faggots, her nearest relations with firebrands lighting the pile, the victim dressed and adorned with flowers, the whole scene appeared to me as a frightful vision: I could hardly persuade myself of its reality. I spoke to her once more, (being a high-caste woman, she spoke the Hindostanee language,) and represented to her the horrible death she was about to suffer, and the long time she must continue in the most dreadful agony. I urged to her that it was no sudden or easy death by which she was to reach Paradise, but a protracted course of torture. She heard me out with calmness, thanked me for my intentions, which she admitted were good, but again repeated her intention so decidedly, as to preclude any hope of saving her. I felt her pulse, and it was far calmer than my own at the moment I am writing. Mrs. E. (of whom I have often made honourable mention,) thinking her persuasions, as one of her own sex, might avail, then went up to the wretched victim, and in the most earnest manner tried to dissuade her. She offered her a pension for life, and an honourable asylum in the Company's territories. Among other inducements, intending it probably as an appeal to female vanity, Mrs. E. said that she should be made a lady of, and have a palanquin to ride; she immediately answered, pointing to the pile, '*ce humaru palkee hy*—that is my palanquin.' The victim then performed various ceremonies, and prepared herself to jump on the pile, which was blazing to receive her. The flames had arisen to a great height, and they were feeding them with tar and faggots. I then addressed her for the last time; told her no force should be used to keep her in the fire, but conjured her, if her resolution failed, to jump out and run to me; that I was surrounded by my police-men, and that I would bear her away from her cruel relations to a place of safety, where they should never see her more. Her resolution was not to be shaken. She then distributed flowers and sweetmeats, gave me a piece of her dress, and having danced three times round the pile, threw herself in. At that moment the people shouted, the drums and native music struck up; and if she uttered any cries, I heard them not. She resolutely sat in the fire, apparently alive, for two or three minutes, but moved only her hands occasionally. Such is the description of a dreadful act that takes place every day."

Sketch of an Arragoneze Guerrilla.—He was wounded in the leg, and of course for a time incapable of service. The circumstances of his situation, the fate of his family, and his language, will explain the nature both of the formation and feelings of many of these Guerrilla corps, better perhaps than a far longer and more detailed account of them. I asked him where he lived, and under whom he served. 'Senhor,' said he, 'I have no home, no relations, nothing save my country and sword. My father was led out, and shot in the marketplace of my native village; our cottage was burned; my mother died of grief; and my wife, who had been violated by the enemy, fled to me, then a volunteer with Palafox, and died in my arms in a hospital in Saragossa. I serve under no particular chief. I am too miserable: I feel too revengeful to support the restraint of discipline and the delay of manoeuvre. I go on any enterprise I hear of; if I am poor, on foot; if chance or plunder has made me rich, on horseback; I follow the boldest leader; but I have sworn never to dress a vine, or plough a field, till the enemy is driven out of Spain.' Such was the desperate, the undying hatred to the French which many of these Guerrillas cherished—a hatred which often had its source in wrongs and losses like those I have related.—*Recollections of the Peninsula.*

Eels.—Of the longevity of this fish, the following instance is recorded. John Meredith, an officer of excise, who resided in a cottage at Llanvys, Brecon, having, in the year 1781, caught a small eel, put it into a well in his garden, which is about nine feet deep, and three in diameter, but seldom contains more than two feet of water, except the neighbouring river, Usk, is swelled by floods, when it completely fills. Upon one inundation, in 1822, the eel above mentioned appeared on the surface, and was caught in a pail, when, to use the language of Margaret Price, who tenanted the cottage at the time, it was "as thick as her arm, and coiled round the pail from the bottom to top." 41 years it had existed in its narrow abode, to which it was again consigned, and where it may probably still continue.—*Annals of Sporting.*

"Philip, who had lived apace, dying a few months after Ferdinand had left Castile, his Queen, whose brain was somewhat disordered before, did upon this loss sink into so deep a melancholy that those who were about her had much ado to keep her from starving herself. And, as during the whole time of her husband's sickness, she had never, though she was big with child, day or night, stirred from his bedside; so having some days after he was buried been told by a monk, that he had read in some legend or other of a king who had come to life again after he had been dead fourteen years, she immediately commanded her husband's body to be brought into her bedchamber, where, having taken it out of the coffin and laid it in a bed of state with its face uncovered, she kept it 20 years, after which it was interred in the cathedral of Granada, and when she was awake she was continually looking at it, and watching when it would rise. And as the Queen's fondness for her husband (who had little deserved it from her), so her jealousy of him was so much increased by his death, that she would never suffer any woman but herself to go near his corpse: nor one of that sex, besides her old servants and confidants, to come within the door of the room where it lay; and having left Burgos with a resolution never to see that or any other city any more, she travelled in the night by torch light, with her husband's corpse drawn in a hearse by six Flanders mares, from one obscure village to another, until she settled at last at Tortelas, where, in a very mean house, she was delivered of a daughter without the help of a midwife. For as there was no persuading her to lie in any other room but in that where her husband's corpse was, so she never would hear of a midwife, though never so ancient, being introduced."

Trading Authors.—In London and Paris, where artificial employments are carried to the highest degree of refinement, there are tribes of men who live by writing for the public press. Periodical works must be filled. A certain number of pages are pledged to appear, and originality of form and composition is expected. Hence there is constant employment in Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, for those who combine some talent with much industry. Translating, too, is another source of literary employment; and editing new editions of books, and index making, are other sources.

As quality is not reducible to any previous standard, payment is generally made by the printed sheet; and the measure being superficial, it is not to be wondered that the productions are also superficial. Thought is the material of the writer by the sheet, and is the gold with which he contrives to gild a certain number of pages. Of course he lays it on in proportion to the price he is paid, and we have single and double gilding, and plaiting of various thicknesses, in literature, as well as in the metallic arts.—It is amusing to carry this idea through the pages of a review or magazine. The writers and the readers are constantly at issue. The former is endeavouring to beat out his small stock of thoughts into the greatest number of pages, seeking them out by antitheses, comparisons, figures, and well-rounded periods; while the weary reader is vainly looking for original ideas and useful conclusions. Their objects, however, are different. The author must eat, and must fill a certain number of pages; and the reader must be content if he catch one good thought in a thousand words, or in ten thousand if the style be easy, graceful, and flowing.

Small type and matters of fact are the bane of authorship. A closely-printed page, and the details of art and science, are as much dreaded by a practised author as a whipping-cart by a pick-pocket. On the contrary, essays about nothing, about trifles or common-place topics, or reviews which admit of long quotations, strung together with short paragraphs, are perennial blessings. Of the former an industrious writer cannot produce a sheet in a month, while of the latter he can produce a sheet, day after day, before he dines.

In my early days the Monthly Review used to give three guineas a sheet, or four shillings a page, quotations included; and it transcended and has outlived the Critical, because the latter paid but two, and therefore had the aid only of those writers who could not get engagements in the Monthly. The Magazines in general paid but two, but the European under Perry paid three. Phillips got the ill-will of the other proprietors by paying five, and upwards; but then he undid his authors by his small type, and by his matters of fact, of which he exhausts them, in succession, in a few months. The Edinburgh Review gave ten guineas for essays; the Quarterly followed at fifteen; others have given as much: and while the public, or any considerable portion of the public, are gratified by long-winded essays, this species of publication will succeed. But it is melancholy to see on the book-stalls the numerous extinct works, which are selling for little more than waste paper, though filled with ably written essays, paid for at the best price of the day. They seem like the garnish at a feast, which may please the eye and the fancy, but we turn from them to the solid dishes, just as we do to works of solid information. The one is the art of the cook paid far per quantum; and the other is eternal nature, which no art can supply, or essentially improve.

I was delighted in Paris to find that the *corps de gens de lettres* consist for the most part of men of small independent fortunes, and could even boast of men of wealth; whereas in London, where every thing is so commercial, this class consists chiefly of needy adventurers, dependant from month to month on the exertions of their brains.

The proprietors of our two most established miscellanies have at different times assured me, that they value their successive numbers in the inverse ratio of the number of their purchased communications; and that their most interesting papers consist in the occasional volunteer contributions of the public at large. These they consider as their substantial dishes, and the paid communications merely as garnish. This seems likely to be the fact.—*Stephensianna.*

Cranology.—Dr. Patterson, of Calcutta, has observed, that the skulls of Hindoos are to those of Europeans as two to three, or that the head of an European of fifteen years is equal in size to that of an Hindoo of thirty. If the size of the head indicate a corresponding intellectual capacity, it may be conceived how 20,000 Europeans have in subjection 1,000,000,000 of Asiatics.

THE TORCH OF LIBERTY.

[From FABLES of the HOLY ALLIANCE.]

I SAW it all in Fancy's glass—
Herself, the fair, the wild magician,
That bid this splendid day-dream pass,
And nam'd each gliding apparition.

'Twas like a torch-race—such as they
Of Greece perform'd, in ages gone,
When the fleet youths, in long array,
Passed the bright torch triumphant on.

I saw th' expectant nations stand,
To catch the coming flame in turn—
I saw, from ready hand to hand,
The clear, but struggling glory burn.

And, oh! their joy, as it came near,
'Twas in itself a joy to see—
While Fancy whisper'd in my ear,
"That torch they pass is Liberty!"

And each, as she received the flame,
Lighted her altar with its ray,
Then, smiling to the next who came,
Speeded it on its sparkling way.

From ALBION first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
COLUMBIA caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like ALBION's steady.

The splendid gift then GALLIA took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world ablazing.

And when she fired her altar, high
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that ALBION, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

Next, SPAIN, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.

Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes.

Who next received the flame? alas
Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting e'en to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

And fall'n it might have long remain'd,
But GREECE, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And wav'd it round her beauteous brow.

And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell'd, spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended.

"Shine, shine for ever, glorious flame,
"Divinest gift of God to men!
"From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,
"To GREECE thy ray returns again.

"Take, Freedom; take thy radiant round,
"When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return;
"Till not a shrine through earth be found,
"On which thy glories shall not burn!"

MY BIRTH-DAY.—By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

"MY Birth-day"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last!

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said—"were he ordain'd to run
"His long career of life again,
"He would do all that he had done!"

Ah! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth-days speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly—
Of counsel mock'd, of talents made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines—
Of nursing many a wrong desire—
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That cross'd my path-way for his star!

All this it tells: and, could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface,
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away—
All, but that freedom of the mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships in my boyhood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear Home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy, round!

* Fontenelle.—"Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferais tout ce que j'ai fait."

THE MATRIMONIAL LADDER:

Written on seeing an ingenious Toy, called "The MATRIMONIAL LADDER."

ADMIRATION.
While graceful Chloe leads the gay quadrille,
What new sensations Strephon's bosom fill;
An introduction gain'd, the youth advances,
And hopes she's disengag'd the two next dances.

FLIRTATION.
The suit obtain'd, they tread the mazy round;
At length fatigued, a seat's convenient found:
Strephon assiduous plies the glittering fan,
And proves himself a very nice young man.

APPROBATION.
With favouring smile the fair one hears his prattle,
Sips lemonade, and vows he's quite a rattle:
Then, as new raptures rise in every glance,
Exclaims, "I think we'd better join the dance."

DECLARATION.
Next morn he calls, (the custom's very old),
To hope the lady has not taken cold.
Thinks she looks charmingly in dishabille,
And tells what pangs his stricken bosom fill.

HESITATION.
While secret joy her soft confusion veils;
Miss gently checks her swain's romantic tales:
"She's sure Mamma will think these raptures wild—
She knows not how to act—she's quite a child!"

AGITATION.
With sighs and vows persists the wounded swain,
Begs she'll recall those words, and think again;
Fearful of frowns, or veto from Mamma,
The softening nymph refers him to Papa.

ACCEPTATION.
Joy on his lips, and rapture on his tongue,
On neat red tape his various parchments strung;
See Strephon bears the mystic circle high,
Which bids hope's tide flow strong, his terrors fly.

SOLEMNIZATION.
At church arriv'd on some unlucky day,
Poor Chloe falters out the word *obey*:
Thus of Love's Ladder gain'd the topmost place,
Her downward course the sorrowing Muse must trace.

POSSESSION.
Her honey-moon and raptures fled together;
Behold a rural walk in dirty weather;
The stile is slippery, but in vain the dame
Sues for that aid which once unask'd for came.

RUMINATION.
An evening tête-à-tête you next shall see;
No friendly chat succeeds departed tea:
Blue burn the candles, and the nymph looks blue,
And rumination serves them but to rue.

ALTERATION.
No more a social walk the morn employs,
A greasy novel constitutes her joys;
While he, poor soul, condemn'd alone to saunter,
Dines with some friend, and empties his decanter.

IRRITATION.
Return'd at eve, unnumber'd queries wait him,
And she who lov'd so late, appears to hate him:
From trifles light as air the quarrel swells,
The husband bullies, and the wife rebels.

DISPUTATION.
Fierce and more fierce the wordy contest grows;
Taunts, gibes, and sneers, and every thing but blows:
Each to a separate couch in rage retires,
Whence sleep is banish'd by vexatious fires.

DESPERATION.
Breakfast renews the quarrels of my fable,
She spoils the tea, and he upsets the table:
All patience lost, no power can peace impart;
In one thing only they agree—to part.

DETESTATION.
Loud she proclaims the thousands that she brought him;
He cool retorts, "'twas only those that caught him:
"The world shall know your conduct, brute," she cries,
"Sooner the better, sweet," the youth replies.

SEPARATION.
Equipp'd for parting, see these quondam turtles,
Dead are love's roses, wither'd all his myrtles;
Such are the ups and downs of love's short story,
"For better or for worse," 'tis death or glory.

ON SEEING A LITTLE POMPOUS MAN, WHO LOOKED ALL WIG.

THOUGH lordly Man will boast his parts,
So famed in sciences and arts,
Yet Fish, and Fowl, and Brutes have taught
The knowledge he has vainly sought:
Lest Man by winter should be chill'd,
The *Beaver* teaches him to build;
The *Nautilus* to spread his sail,
And take advantage of the gale;
The *Frog* extends each active limb,
To teach weak mortals how to swim;
His curious web the *Spider* plies,
Thus man in diagrams is wise;
The *Maggie* can his aid advance,
To teach proud Man to hop and dance;
And Egypt's *Ibis** can impart
Hints to the apothecaries' art;
Lo in yon ivy bush the *Owl*,
Who loves to snap his bill and scowl,
Instructs some men of vain pretence,
Fam'd for a 'plenteous lack of sense,'
To look as grave, and seem as big,
And wear, like him, a bushy wig.

* Gengius Pisides has written some Greek verses on the skill of the *Ibis* in purgatives.—*Hippoc.* see *Morell's* notes.

GREEK SONG.—THE BOWL OF LIBERTY.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

Before the fiery Sun—

The sun that looks on Greece with cloudless eye,
In the free air, and on the war-field won,
Our fathers crowned the Bowl of Liberty.*

Amidst the tombs they stood,
The tombs of Heroes! with the solemn skies
And the wide plain around, where patriot-blood
Had steeped the soil in hues of sacrifice.

They called the glorious Dead,
In the strong faith which brings the viewless nigh!
And poured rich odours o'er their battle-bed,
And bade them to the rite of Liberty.

They called them, from the shades,
The golden-fruited shades! where minstrels tell
How softer light th' immortal clime pervades,
And music floats o'er meads of Asphodel.

Then fast the bright red wine
Flowed to their names who taught the world to die,
And made the land's green turf a living shrine—
Meet for the wreath and Bowl of Liberty!

So the rejoicing Earth
Took from her vines again the blood she gave,
And richer flowers to deck the tomb drew birth
From the free soil, thus hallowed to the brave.

We have the battle-fields,
The tombs, the names, the blue majestic sky!
We have the founts the purple vintage yields;
—When shall we crown the Bowl of Liberty?

* At the Anniversary Solemnities, in memory of the Battle of
Platœa.—See Potter's Antiquities of Greece, vol. 1. p. 388.

[The following beautiful verses are ascribed to Mr. Alaric
Watts, Editor of the Leeds Intelligencer.]

TO OCTAVIA.

Full many a gloomy month hath past,
On flagging wing, regardless by,—
Unmark'd by aught, save grief—since last
I gazed upon thy bright blue eye,
And bade my Lyre pour forth for thee
Its strains of wildest minstrelsy!
For all my joys are wither'd now,—
The hopes I most relied on, thwarted,—
And sorrow hath o'erspread my brow
With many a shade since last we parted:
Yet, 'mid that murkiness of lot,
Young Peri, thou art unforget!

There are who love to trace the smile
Of dimples upon childhood's cheek,
And hear from lips devoid of guile,
The dictates of the bosom break:—
Ah! who of such could look on thee
Without a wish to rival me?
None;—his must be a stubborn heart,
And strange to every softer feeling,
Who from thy glance could bear to part
Cold and unmoved—without revealing
Some portion of the fond regret
Which dimm'd my eye when last we met!

Sweet bud of Beauty!—Mid the thrill—
The anguish'd thrill of hope delay'd,—
Peril—and pain—and every ill
That ean the breast of man invade,—
No tender thought of thine and thee
Hath faded from my memory;
But I have dwelt on each dear form
Till woe, awhile, gave place to gladness,
And that remembrance seem'd to charm,
Almost to peace, my bosom's sadness;—
And now again I breathe a lay
To hail thee on thy natal day!

O! might the fondest prayers prevail
For blessings on thy future years!
Or innocence, like thine, avail
To save thee from affliction's tears!
Each moment of thy life should bring
Some new delight upon its wing;
And the wild sparkle of thine eye—
Thy guilelessness of soul revealing—
Beam ever thus, as beautifully,
Undimm'd—save by those gems of feeling—
Those soft, luxurious drops which flow,
In pity, for another's woe.

But vain the thought!—It may not be!—
Could prayers avert misfortune's blight,
Or hearts, from sinful passion free,
Here hope for unalloy'd delight,
Then, those who guard thine opening bloom
Had never known one hour of gloom.
No—if the chastening stroke of Fate
On guilty heads alone descended,
Sure they would ne'er have felt its weight,
In whose pure bosoms, sweetly blended,
Life's dearest social virtues move,
In one bright endless chain of love!

Then since upon this earth, joy's beams
Are fading—frail, and few in number,
And melt—like the light-woven dreams
That steal upon the mourner's slumber,—
Sweet one! I'll wish thee strength to bear
The ills that Heaven may bid thee share;
And when thine infancy hath fled,
And Time with woman's zone hath bound thee,
If, in the path thou'rt doom'd to tread,
The thorns of sorrow lurk, and wound thee,
Be thine that exquisite relief
Which blossoms 'mid the springs of grief!

And like the many-tinted Bow,
Which smiles the showry clouds away,
May Hope—Grief's Iris here below—
Attend, and sooth thee on thy way,
Till, full of years—thy cares at rest—
Thou seek'st the mansions of the blest!
Young sister of a mortal NINE,
Farewell!—Perchance a long farewell!
Though woes unnumber'd yet be mine,
Woes, Hope may vainly strive to quell,
I'll half unteach my soul to pine,
So there be bliss for thee and THINE!

THE BARD'S SONG TO HIS DAUGHTER.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

O Daughter dear, my darling child,
Prop of my mortal pilgrimage,
Thou who hast care and pain beguiled,
And wreathed with Spring my wintry age,—
Through thee a second prospect opes
Of life, when but to live is glee,
And jocund joys, and youthful hopes,
Come thronging to my heart through thee.
Backward thou lead'st me to the bowers
Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers,
And bidst me live beyond the grave;
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line,
Thy face, my lineaments shall show,
And e'en my thoughts survive in thine.
Yes, Daughter, when this tongue is mute,
This heart is dust—these eyes are closed,
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy Sire composed,
To friends around thou may'st impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to fancy's gaze.
Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth,
The cheerful page, the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they heave the pensive sigh,
That friendship seeks not to controul,
And from the fix'd and thoughtful eye
The half unconscious tears may roll;—
Such now bedew my cheek—but mine
Are drops of gratitude and love,
That mingle human with divine,
The gift below, its source above.—
How exquisitely dear thou art
Can only be by tears exprest,
And the fond thrillings of my heart,
While thus I clasp thee to my breast.

H.

The following spirited production has succeeded the *Cordon
Sanitaire* in popularity. It owes, no doubt, much to its own
merits, but it owes much also to a name long dear to the French
soldier:—

L'OMBRE DE ROLAND.

AIR—DE LA MORT DE ROLAND.

Dans la plaine de Roncevaux,
Où de ROLAND dort la poussière,
Trois Grenadiers, ROLANDS nouveaux,
Évoquaient son ombre guerrière.
" Dans ton tombeau réveille toi,"
Disaient-ils, " Dieu de la vaillance!
De l'ennemi tu fus l'effroi:
Viens, de nouveau, venger la France!
Soldats Français! Chantons ROLAND,
L'honneur de la chevalerie,
Et répétons en combattant,
Ces mots sacrés (bis)—Gloire et Patrie (bis)!"

Soudain, de son tombeau brisé
S'élève le preux invincible,
Pale et le front cicatrisé,
Agitant sa lance terrible.
L'air frémit du bruit de son cor,
C'est ROLAND! Voilà son armure!
Il s'écrie, en montrant encor
Le sang de sa large blessure.
" Soldats Français! Serrez vos rangs!
Entendez ROLAND qui vous crie;
Armez vous contre vos tyrans!
Brisez les fers (bis) de la patrie (bis)!"

" Honte à ces guerriers Suzerains,
Qui, d'un maître esclaves stupides,
Contre les peuples souverains
Tournent leurs armes parricides!
Ah! Qu'à la voix des conquérans
Le Français jamais ne se lève!
Ce n'est que contre ses tyrans
Qu'un peuple doit tirer le glaive!
Soldats Français! . . . Serrez vos rangs!
Entendez ROLAND qui vous crie:
Armez vous contre vos tyrans!
Brisez les fers (bis) de la patrie (bis)!"

" Soldats!—Le devoir des héros
Est de protéger la victime;
Sur les trônes sont les boureaux,
Ce sont les peuples qu'on opprime:
Pour terrasser vos oppresseurs,
Français! je vous remets ma lance;
Qu'ils tombent sous vos coups vengeurs,
Ces vils **** de la France!
Soldats Français! Serrez vos rangs!
Entendez ROLAND qui vous crie;
Armez vous contre vos tyrans!
Brisez les fers (bis) de la patrie (bis)!"

Il dit en achevant ces mots,
En terre ayant planté sa lance,
L'Ombre sanglante du héros
Dans la tombe rentre en silence.
L'un des guerriers au fer vengeur,
Noue une écharpe tricolore;
Et le drapeau libérateur,
Dans les airs, brille avec l'Aurore.
Soldats Français! Serrez vos rangs!
Entendez ROLAND qui vous crie;

" Armez vous contre vos tyrans!
Brisez les fers (bis) de la patrie (bis)!"

By GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

A STAGE COACH ROMANCE.

"I'll cross it, though it blast me!"—HAMLET.

"It was a rainy Sunday, in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was fast recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-doing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

"I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travellers'-room. This is a public room set apart in most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travellers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day, to the knights errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armour of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travellers' room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

"I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarrelling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

"I sauntered to the window and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The hell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

"What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and every thing about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the Lady's Magazine. I read all the common-placed names of ambitious travellers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I decyphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

"The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter—patter—patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

"It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seated together, and reeking with the steams of wet box coats and upper Benjamins.

"The sound brought out from their lurking places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carrot-headed hostler, and that not-descript animal yeelped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again

to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up, the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess's tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the Almanack, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month 'expect—much—rain—about—this—time!'

"I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar: 'The stout gentleman in No. 13, wants his breakfast. Tea and bread butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not so much done.'

"In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as 'the gentleman in No. 13, it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but 'The Stout Gentleman!—the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

"He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt, a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

"There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance: 'well to do in the world;' accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; 'perhaps,' thought I, 'he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament?'

"The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. 'Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman! The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were over-done, the ham was too salt:—the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

"The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquetish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, intitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham, and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

"I had not made many turns about the travellers'-room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or, rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; 'who knows,' thought I, 'but it is Hunt himself?'

"My curiosity began to be awakened. I enquired of the waiter who was this stout gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information: nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-colour; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

"Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By and by I heard someone walking over head. *It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man, by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man, from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is a business," thought I, "some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast."*

"I now read all the advertisements of Coaches and Hotels, that were stuck about the mantel-piece. The Lady's Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighbouring bed-room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The stout gentleman had been rude to her!

"This sent a whole host of my deductions to the device in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman, for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confounded ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

"In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I got a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. 'She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant! If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant maid of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work—that's what she wouldn't.'

"As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly into the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm: the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high, windy clamour, for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret: then there was a laugh, and I heard nothing more.

"After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter: she said, 'Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool.'—I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a terribant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor so cross, nor so ugly either.

"I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Becher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life, up to the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, tounge the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

"The morning wore away in forming of these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect:—I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

"Dinner-time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the traveller's room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no—he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be 'God save the King.' 'Twas plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog.? 'God knows, said I, at my wit's end; 'it may be one of the royal family, for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!'

"The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own wagery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

"The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and their breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids, and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

"There was only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the stout gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could hear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. "Be he who or what he may," said I to myself, "I'll have a sight of him!" I seized a chamber candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered; the

room was deserted. There stood a large broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a "Times" newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

"The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terrible nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

"I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, "The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!" I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran "here it is! here's the gentleman's umbrella!"

"The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed—"all right!" was the word—the coach whirled off:—and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman!"

THE ROOKERY.

[From *Bracebridge Hall; or the Humorists*. By GEOFFREY CRAYON, Gent.]

In a grove of tall oaks and beeches, that crowns a terrace-walk, just on the skirts of the garden, is an ancient rookery; which is one of the most important provinces in the squire's rural domains. The old gentleman sets great store by his rooks, and will not suffer one of them to be killed; in consequence of which they have increased amazingly; the tree-tops are loaded with their nests; they have encroached upon the great avenue, and have even established, in times long past, a colony among the elms and pines of the churchyard, which, like other distant colonies, have already thrown off allegiance to the mother country.

The rooks are looked upon by the squire as a very ancient and honourable line of gentry, highly aristocratical in their notions, fond of place, and attached to church and state; as their building so loftily, keeping about churches and cathedrals, and in the venerable groves of old castles and manor-houses, sufficiently manifests. The good opinion thus expressed by the squire put me upon observing more narrowly these very respectable birds; for I confess, to my shame, I had been apt to confound them with their cousins-german the crows, to whom, at the first glance, they bear so great a family resemblance. Nothing, it seems, could be more unjust or injurious than such a mistake. The rooks and crows are, among the feathered tribes, what the Spaniards and Portuguese are among nations, the least loving, in consequence of their neighbourhood and similarity. The rooks are old-established house-keepers, high-minded gentlefolk, that have had their hereditary abodes time out of mind; but as to the poor crows, they are a kind of vagabond, predatory, gipsy race, roving about the country without any settled home; "their hands are against every body, and every body's against them," and they are gibbeted in every corn-field. Master Simon assures me that a female rook, that should so far forget herself as to consort with a crow, would inevitably be disinherited, and indeed would be totally discarded by all her genteel acquaintance.

The squire is very watchful over the interests and concerns of his sable neighbours. As to Master Simon, he even pretends to know many of them by sight, and to have given names to them; he points out several, which he says are old heads of families, and compares them to worthy old citizens, beforehand in the world, that wear cocked-hats, and silver buckles in their shoes. Notwithstanding the protecting benevolence of the squire, and their being residents in his empire, they seem to acknowledge no allegiance, and to hold no intercourse or intimacy. Their airy tenements are built almost out of the reach of gun-shot; and notwithstanding their vicinity to the Hall, they maintain a most reserved and distrustful shyness of mankind.

There is one season of the year, however, which brings all birds in a manner to a level, and tames the pride of the loftiest high-flyer; which is the season of building their nests. This takes place early in the spring, when the forest-trees first begin to show their buds; the long, withy ends of the branches to turn green; when the wild strawberry, and other herbage of the sheltered woodlands, put forth their tender and tinted leaves; and the daisy and the primrose peep from under the hedges. At this time there is a general bustle among the feathered tribes; an incessant flitting about, and a cheerful chirping; indicative, like the germination of the vegetable world, of the reviving life and fecundity of the year.

It is then that the rooks forget their usual stateliness, and their shy and lofty habits. Instead of keeping up in the high regions of the air, swinging on the breezy tree tops, and looking down with sovereign contempt upon the humble crawlers upon earth, they are fain to throw off for a time the dignity of a gentleman, to come down to the ground, and put on the pains-taking and industrious character of a labourer. They now lose their natural shyness, become fearless and familiar, and may be seen plying about in all directions, with an air of great assiduity, in search of building materials. Every now and then your path will be crossed by one of these busy old gentlemen, worrying about with awkward gait, as if troubled with the gout, or with corns on his toes, casting about many a prying look, turning down first one eye, then the other, in earnest consideration, upon every straw he meets with, until, espying some mighty twig, large enough to make a rafter for his air-castle, he will seize upon it with avidity, and hurry away with it to the tree-top; feasting, apparently, lest you should dispute with him the invaluable prize.

Like other castle builders, these airy architects seem rather fanciful in the materials with which they build, and to like those most which come from a distance. Thus, though there are abundance of dry twigs on the surrounding trees, yet they never think of making use of them, but to go foraging in distant lands, and come sailing home, one by one, from the ends of the earth, each bearing in his bill some precious piece of timber.

Nor must I avoid mentioning, what, I grieve to say, rather derogates from the grave and honourable character of these ancient geniefolk, that in the architectural season they are subject to great dissensions among themselves; that they make no scruple to defraud and plunder each other; and that sometimes the rookery is a scene of hideous brawl and commotion, in consequence of some delinquency of the kind. One of the partners generally remains on the nest to guard it from depredation; and I have seen severe contests, when some sly neighbour has endeavoured to filch away a tempting rafter that had captivated his eye. As I am not willing to admit any suspicion hastily that should throw a stigma on the general character of so worshipful a people, I am inclined to think that these larcenies are very much discountenanced by the higher classes, and even rigorously punished by those in authority; for I have now and then seen a whole gang of rooks fall upon the nest of some individual, pull it all to pieces, carry off the spoils, and even buffet the luckless proprietor. I have concluded this to be some signal punishment inflicted upon him, by the officers of the police, for some pilfering misdemeanor; or, perhaps, it was a crew of bailiffs carrying an execution into his house.

I have been amused with another of their movements during the building season. The steward has suffered a considerable number of sheep to graze on a lawn near the house, somewhat to the annoyance of the squire, who thinks this an innovation on the dignity of a park, which ought to be devoted to deer only. Be this as it may, there is a green knoll, not far from the drawing-room window, where the ewes and lambs are accustomed to assemble towards evening, for the benefit of the setting sun. No sooner were they gathered here, at the time when these politic birds were building, than a state old rook, who Master Simon assured me was the chief magistrate of this community, would settle down upon the head of one of the ewes, who, seeming conscious of this condescension, would desist from grazing, and stand fixed in motionless reverence of her august burthen; the rest of the rookery, would then come wheeling down in imitation of their leader, until every ewe had two or three of them cawing, and fluttering, and battling upon her back. Whether they required the submission of the sheep, by levying a contribution upon their fleece for the benefit of the rookery, I am not certain; though I presume they followed the usual custom of protecting powers.

The latter part of May is the time of great tribulation among the rookeries, when the young are just able to leave the nests, and balance themselves on the neighbouring branches. Now comes on the season of "rook shooting;" a terrible slaughter of the innocents. The squire, of course, prohibits all invasion of the kind on his territories; but I am told that a lamentable havoc takes place in the colony about the old church. Upon this devoted commonwealth the village charges "with all its chivalry." Every idle wight that is lucky enough to possess an old gun or blunderbuss, together with all the archery of Slingsby school, take the field on the occasion. In vain does the little parson interfere, or remonstrate, in angry tones, from his study window that looks into the churchyard; there is a continual popping from morning till night. Being no great marksmen, their shots are not often effective; but every now and then a great shout from the besieging army of bumpkins makes known the downfall of some unlucky, squab rook, which comes to the ground with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling.

Nor is the rookery entirely free from other troubles and disasters. In so aristocratical and lofty-minded a community, which boasts so much ancient blood and hereditary pride, it is natural to suppose that questions of etiquette will sometimes arise, and affairs of honour ensue. In fact, this is very often the case; bitter quarrels break out between individuals, which produce sad scufflings on the tree tops, and I have more than once seen a regular duel take place between two doughty heroes. Their field of battle is generally the air; and their contest is managed in the most scientific and elegant manner; wheeling round and round each other, and towering higher and higher to get the vantage ground, until they sometimes disappear in the clouds before the combat is determined.

They have also fierce combats now and then with an invading hawk, and will drive him off from their territories by a *posse committatus*. They are also extremely tenacious of their domains, and will suffer no other bird to inhabit the grove or its vicinity. There was a very ancient and respectable old bachelor owl that had long had his lodging in a corner of the grove, but has been fairly ejected by the rooks; and has retired, disgusted with the world, to a neighbouring wood, where he leads the life of a hermit, and makes nightly complaints of his ill treatment.

The hootings of this unhappy gentleman may generally be heard in the still evenings, when the rooks were all at rest; and I have often listened to them of a moonlight night, with a kind of mysterious gratification. This gray-bearded misanthrope of course is highly respected by the squire; but the servants have superstitious notions about him; and it would be difficult to get the dairymaid to venture after dark near to the wood which he inhabits.

Besides the private quarrels of the rooks, there are other misfortunes to which they are liable, and which often bring distress into the most respectable families of the rookery. Having the true spirit of the good old feudal times, they are apt now and then to issue forth from their castles on a foray, and to lay the plebeian fields of the neighbouring country under contribution; in the course of which chivalrous expeditions they now and then get a shot from the rusty artillery of some refractory farmer. Occasionally, too, while they are quietly taking the air beyond the park boundaries, they have the incaution to come within the reach of the truant bowmen of Slingsby's school, and receive a slight shot from some unlucky archer's arrow. In such a case the wounded adventurer will sometimes have just strength enough to bring himself home, and giving up the ghost at the rookery, will hang

dangling "all abroad" on a bough, like a *gibbet*, an awful warning to his friends, and an object of great commiseration to the squire.

But, manure all these untoward incidents, the rooks have, upon the whole, a happy holiday life of it. When their young are reared, and fairly launched upon their native element the air, the cares of the old folks seem over, and they resume all their aristocratical dignity and idleness. I have envied them the enjoyment which they appear to have in their ethereal heights, sporting with clamorous exultation about their lofty bowers; sometimes hovering over them, sometimes partially alighting upon the topmost branches, and there balancing with out-stretched wings, and swinging in the breeze. Sometimes they seem to take a fashionable drive to the church, and amuse themselves by circling in airy rings about its spire; at other times a mere garrison is left at home to mount guard in their strong hold at the grove, while the rest roam abroad to enjoy the fine weather. About sunset the garrison gives notice of their return; their faint cawing will be heard from a great distance, and they will be seen far off like a sable cloud, and then, nearer, until they all come soaring home. Then they perform several grand circuits in the air, over the hall and garden, wheeling closer and closer, until they gradually settle down upon the grove, when a prodigious cawing takes place, as though they were relating their day's adventures.

I like at such times to walk about these dusty groves, and hear the various sounds of these airy people roosted so high above me. As the gloom increases, their conversation subsides, and they seem to be gradually dropping asleep; but every now and then there is a querulous note, as if some one was quarrelling for a pillow, or a little more of the blanket. It is late in the evening before they completely sink to repose, and then their old anchorite neighbour, the owl, begins his lonely hootings from his bachelor's hall, in the wood.

A LONDON SPRING.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

Of all seasons the season of Spring is my favourite, and of all places the neighbourhood of London is the place in which I best love to enjoy it. It is impossible, I believe, for any one to know how pleasant an English Spring may be, if he has never happened to spend that season in London and its environs. While the inhabitants of other parts of the kingdom are cringing over their fires, or creeping out in their wintry habiliments, the Londoners are enjoying an early summer. Their country villas are gay with flowers; their meadows are as green as the eye can desire; their hedgerows are full of bud and bloom. It is a curious reflection, that they are thus enabled to beat the country people at their own game; but so it is. The empire of *fashion*, we know, is speedily extended. A few days will enable a country milliner, dress-maker, or tailor, to transport the most exquisite novelties from London to the remotest parts of the kingdom. The bonnet that attracted all eyes and won all hearts in Bond-street on Wednesday, may grace the head of some belle at the Land's End on the following Sunday. But of the garb of Nature it may be said that no power can enable the inhabitants of the country thus speedily to clothe their landscapes in the bright liveries every where visible around the metropolis. They must wait patiently till the hour of their revivification comes.

I am no Londoner myself, yet I have felt like one during occasional Spring visits to the busy world; and the days thus added to existence were some of the sweetest in my life. Never at any time did the meadows look so green, the aspect of Nature so beautiful, as when from time to time, a few days generally intervening, I marked her progress in excursions from London to the neighbouring country. The rapidity with which vegetation appeared to advance, the new creations every where taking place, beheld in contrast with the eternal sameness of our city dwellings,—all this gave me a greater relish for the country than I had ever experienced before.

And let no one scoff when I speak of *country* within a very few miles of Temple-bar. What! are aristocrats to deny us the credit of enjoying the country, because we have it not in solitary lordly enjoyment? Are we to see no beauty in our flowers and trees, the meadow, and the hill behind our dwelling, because our front windows present to our view many edifices like our own—in other words, because our fellow-creatures have a fellow-sentiment, and come like us to breathe untainted air, without any of that troublesome fastidiousness which makes children quarrel with their pudding because it is not pie?

But Spring is pleasant in London also. To say nothing of our more equivocal sources of amusement, our plays, our exhibitions, our various resorts of fashion and gaiety, there is something very exhilarating in a London morning's walk in Spring. You are sure to meet with some country friend or other; one, perhaps whom you had not seen since your childish years, and never might have met again but for the overwhelming attractions of this "resort and mart of all the earth." And this is also the season of London benevolence. Every society formed for the relief of suffering humanity is holding its meetings; and our excellent and gentle-minded friends, the Quakers, are abroad, pouring in upon us, to remind us of our debts of charity, and open our hearts and purses to the relief of our brethren. A true member of the Society of Friends may be regarded as a second conscience on these occasions.

I will mention but one more among the sources of attraction with which the metropolis is filled at this season of the year: and that is so far from being peculiar to the Spring, that I am doubtful whether it has any place in my record of its pleasures. I have been, however, particularly struck by the appearance of some individuals

necessary at this time to shew that we might come under the denomination of Christians, rather than Deists. Deist. So then old attachments are to be sacrificed for convenience?

Unitarian. Why, not quite so: have not we lately publicly declared* that Deism is the most ancient and respectable religion in the world.

Deist. Yes; I grant it: but I cannot agree with your author in the etymology of the word. I don't think his conjecture very lucky.

Unitarian. How then do you account for the word Deist?

Deist. Why, don't you know that a Theist was our ancient appellation; but when printers and authors were continually mistaking us for Atheists, we were obliged to change from the Greek to the Roman style?

Unitarian. Aye, I believe that you have hit upon it; but why should you be unwilling to let us rank under the general name of Christians?

Deist. Because I think you have no right to this name.

Unitarian. Yes, Sir, according to our definition, a Christian is one who believes in the divine mission of Jesus Christ.

Deist. There is here a slight ambiguity about the word divine mission. Most people would suppose that it was made to comprehend the divinity of Jesus Christ.

Unitarian. No: I do not believe that doctrine.

Deist. Then if I were you, I would use more explicit language for the future. But this definition will include your old friends the Mahometans.

Unitarian. Well, there is no help for that, as long as we save our own bacon. It is but the other day that some Mahometans attended our worship, and they were mightily pleased with it.

Deist. And yet you would call yourselves Christians rather than Deists! When you read about the holy wars you must exclaim, "Bella plusquam civilia!"

Unitarian. I see you are inclined to be merry: but I think I have sufficiently established my position.

Deist. Indeed, Sir, then I hope you will not be offended, if I attempt to shew you that you should adhere to us Deists, in preference to any body of Christians under the sun.

Unitarian. Certainly not: I am very fond of "free inquiry," and will follow wherever it conducts me.

Deist. Yes, Sir, this is our first great point of resemblance. We are both so fond of "free inquiry," that we have always our opinions to look for; and even when two of us have the same opinions, we generally draw different conclusions from them.

Unitarian. Yes; this was precisely the case with that great man Dr. Priestley, who boasted that he hoped he should go on changing till he died. What a true philosopher was he!

Deist. Yes; I think so too; but I don't think the generality of Christians are of our opinion. Old Sam Johnson said of him, "this man is for unsettling every thing and settling nothing."

Unitarian. Johnson was a downright bigot.

Deist. To be sure he was, and so are all the sound Christians whom I have met with.

Unitarian. But we are not.

Deist. No, Sir, precisely for this reason,—that you are not sound Christians. All real Christians are dogmatists, but you are sceptics.

Unitarian. Well, but you don't pretend to prefer dogmatism to the "spirit of free inquiry?"

Deist. By no means: but I pretend to say that in this respect you are more like us than any Christians on the face of the earth.

Unitarian. It may be so; but this is only a chance resemblance.

Deist. No: it extends to the whole of both of our characters.

Unitarian. How so?

Deist. Why it makes your belief of Christianity differ so very little from my Deism, that the difference is not worth contending for.

Unitarian. How do you shew this?

Deist. Why don't you think that all Christians besides yourselves are idolaters?

Unitarian. To be sure they are, if they believe in the Trinitarian doctrine.

Deist. And can you wish to go under an idolatrous name? For my part, I would as soon be classed with the Atheists. What must be your opinion of a religion which has only subverted different systems of Polytheism to establish its own?

Unitarian. Yes, Sir; but I believe in the authenticity of the Old and New Testament.

Deist. You believe in them only so far as it suits your purpose: for when any of what are called the Prophets speak of the divinity of Christ, you either explain away their meaning, or say that it was an interpolation, or a false reading. I don't know that I should have much objection to believe in it also, if I might treat it in this manner.

Unitarian. But, as I said, I believe in the authenticity of the New Testament, and in the divine mission of Jesus Christ.

Deist. You appear to me to believe on these subjects little more than I do. First, you think yourself at liberty to bring every thing in Revelation down to the level of reason, and to expunge whatever is too obstinate to be reduced. Thus you get rid of the most objectionable passages, such as the miraculous conception, and whatever relates to an atonement for sin. Really, Sir, if I could bring myself to believe in your interpretations, I should have no objection to take the mere husk—the story.

Unitarian. But what do you say to our belief in the resurrection of Jesus?

Deist. Say to it? That, on your principles, it is of no more consequence than the resurrection of Lazarus. I have no doubt they are both equally true; and in your way of interpretation you should look at them as equally important. In both instances it was the power of God which was exerted; and they differ only in this, that in the one, Jesus was the instrument, whilst in the other he was the subject. Now I say that this interpretation differs quite as much from that which is usually given it by Christians as it does from my opinions, who look upon it altogether as a forgery.

Unitarian. Well, Sir, but I believe in the miraculous conversion of St. Paul.

* See "The Deist, the Christian, and the Unitarian; a Sermon preached at the Unitarian Chapel, Bath, Nov. 28, 1819; by the Rev. Joseph Hunt."

Indeed! I thought that Dr. Priestley had charged him with being a very "inaccurate reasoner," and as having his head full of "Jewish prejudices." He appears, according to your account, to have been converted to very little purpose.

Unitarian. We think ourselves at liberty to exercise our reason as far as we please; in judging of his or any other man's writings.

Deist. I told you so; and I commend you for it: but then you should allow that this brings you much nearer to us Deists, than to any Christians in the world.

ENTER CHRISTIAN.

Deist. Well! here comes a neighbour of mine, who shall decide this point; and as you have lately been paying court to the Christians, he may be supposed partial to you rather than to me.

Christian. Good morning, Gentlemen; I am rather surprised to find you conversing so closely together: it looks as if you had made up your past differences.

Unitarian. Not at all, Sir; we were debating the points at issue between us, and we now appeal to you, as the umpire.

Christian. This is very strange; for you must know that I can agree with neither of you.

Deist. Well! for this reason we hope that you will pronounce impartially between us. Do you think that my Unitarian friend has any title to be called a Christian, or that he has any right to abuse me because I am a Deist?

Christian. This is a very delicate subject, and I would really wish to decline giving an opinion.

Unitarian. Nay, Sir, you will oblige both of us by declaring your sentiments.

Christian. Then, Sir, I would advise you to drop the name of Christian, and to take up with some more general word. Suppose you called yourselves "Unitarian Believers:" would not this satisfy you?

Unitarian. No; we are fond of the name of Christians: it is more familiar and popular.

Christian. I grant it; but how can you have any right to assume this name, when you say that Christ is not a proper object of religious worship, and that all prayers which are addressed to him are derogatory to God?

Unitarian. But I believe in his divine mission, that he was a prophet sent by God.

Christian. Is it not very strange that you should desire to be called by the name of Him, whom some of your writers have termed "the Idol of the Church of England," and whom Priestley himself asserted "to have been as peccable as Moses or any of the Prophets?"

Deist. Did I not tell you that these Christians would never look on you as their brethren? You had much better keep on good terms with your old friends.

Unitarian. No, Sir; I will be called a Christian, whether they like it or not; and I challenge them to shew that they have any right to the name. They are idolaters.

Christian. I did not undertake to fight you, or to prove my right to the name of Christian, but merely to endeavour to settle your disputes with the Deist.

Deist (goes away laughing). Did not I tell you that all Christians were bigots and dogmatists?

THE ANDROMETER,

Or Scale of Human Attainments & Enjoyments thro' Life.

By THE LATE SIR WILLIAM JONES.

YEAR		
1	Ideas received through the senses.	32 Habits of eloquence improved
2	Speaking and pronunciation.	33 Philosophy resumed at leisure
3	Letters and spelling.	34 Orations published.
4	Ideas retained in the memory.	35 Exertions in State and Parliament.
5	Reading and repeating.	36 Civil knowledge matured.
6	Grammar of his own language.	37 Eloquence perfect.
7	Memory exercised.	38 National rights defended.
8	Moral and religious lessons.	39 The learned protected.
9	Natural history & experiments	40 The virtuous assisted.
10	Dancing, music, and drawing exercises.	41 Compositions published.
11	History of his own country.	42 Science improved.
12	Latin.	43 Parliamentary affairs.
13	Greek.	44 Laws enacted and supported.
14	French and Italian.	45 Fine arts improved.
15	Translations.	46 Government of a family.
16	Compositions in prose & verse.	47 Education of children.
17	Rhetoric and declamation.	48 Vigilance as a magistrate.
18	History and law.	49 Firmness as a patriot.
19	Logic and mathematics.	50 Virtue as a citizen.
20	Rhetorical exercises.	51 Historical works.
21	Philosophy and politics.	52 Oratorical works.
22	Compositions in his own language.	53 Philosophical works.
23	Declamation continued.	54 Political works.
24	Ancient orators studied.	55 Mathematical works.
25	Travel and conversation.	56, 57, 58, 59, 60, Continuation of former pursuits.
26	Speeches at the Bar or in Parliament.	61 Fruits of his labours enjoyed.
27	State affairs.	62 A glorious retirement.
28	Historical studies continued.	63 An amiable family.
29	Law and eloquence.	64 Universal respect.
30	Public life.	65 Consciousness of a virtuous life.
31	Private and social virtues.	66, 67, 68, 69, Perfection of earthly happiness.
		70 Preparation for eternity.

Sir W. Jones had a view to those objects, the attainment of which he often meditated. We are not to conclude that the preparation for eternity, which stands at the end of the scale, was to be deferred until the 70th year, it is rather to be considered as the object to which he was perpetually to look, during the whole course of his life, and which was exclusively to engross the attention of his latter years. He was too well convinced of the precarious tenure of human existence to allow himself to rest the momentous concern of his eternal welfare on the fallacious expectation of a protracted life; he knew too well the power of habit, to admit a supposition that it could be effectually resisted or checked at the close of life. Neither are we to suppose that the moral and religious lessons which constitute the occupation of the eighth year, were from that period to be discontinued, although they were not afterwards mentioned; but the meaning of the author probably was, that it should be seriously and regularly inculcated at an age when the intellectual faculties had acquired strength and expansion by preceding exercises. That the order of arrangement in the Andrometer could never be strictly adhered to, in the application of our time, and cultivation of our talents, (if it were intended) is evident; but to those, who, from their situations, are enabled to avail themselves of the suggestions which it furnishes, it will supply useful hints for improvement, and serve as a standard of comparison for that progress. With respect to Sir W. Jones himself, if his own acquisitions, in his 30th year, when he constructed the Andrometer, be compared with it, they will be found to rise to a high degree in the scale.

Potatoes were first introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter discovered Virginia, where the potatoe was indigenous, in 1584; but it is doubtful whether he brought any potatoes along with him on his first voyage. He must, however, have imported them previously to 1590; for Gerard, an old English botanist, mentions, that he had received seedlings of the potatoe about that time, and that it grew as well in his garden as in its native soil, Virginia. Gerard was the person who gave the potatoe the name of *solanum tuberosum*—a name adopted by Linnæus, and which it still retains. Previously to 1684, the cultivation of the potatoe in England was confined to the gardens of a few of the nobility and gentry. It was then first planted in the open fields in Lancashire, a county in which it is now very extensively cultivated. In a MS. account of the household expenses of Queen Anne, wife of James I., who died in 1618, and which is supposed to have been written in 1613, the price of potatoes is stated at 1s. a pound!

Potatoes were not introduced into Ireland until 1610; when a small parcel of them was sent by Sir Walter Raleigh, to be planted in a garden on his estate in the vicinity of Youghall. It is, we believe, impossible to produce another instance, in the history of the world, of the cultivation of an exotic plant having been so rapidly extended in so short a period as has elapsed since potatoes were first planted in Ireland.

Potatoes were not raised in Scotland, except in gardens, till 1728, when they were planted in the open fields by Thomas Prentice, day-labourer, at Kilsyth. Prentice died at Edinburgh so late as 1792.

Those who wish to enter more at large into the history of this vegetable, may consult Dr. Campbell's Political Survey of Britain, vol. i., p. 246, (4to edit.); Smith's Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork, vol. i., p. 128, Sir Frederick M. Eden on the State of the Poor, vol. i., p. 508; and Wakefield's Ireland, vol. i., p. 442.

A COURTLY HINT.—One day, at the levee of Louis XIV., that Monarch asked a Nobleman present, "How many children have you?"—"Four, Sir." Shortly after the King asked the same question. "Four, Sir," replied the Nobleman. The same question was several times repeated by the King in the course of conversation, and the same answer given. At length the King asking once more—"How many children have you?" The Nobleman replied, "Six, Sir." "What," cried the King, with surprise, "Six! you told me four, just now!" "Sir," replied the courtier, "I thought your Majesty would be tired of hearing the same thing so often."

ANECDOTE.—When Mr. Thomas Sheridan, son of the late celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was candidate for the representation of a Cornish borough, he told his father, that if he succeeded, he should place a label on his forehead with the words "to let," and side with the party that made the best offer. "Right, Tom," said the father, "but don't forget to add the word 'unfurnished.'"

SHUTER AND WESTON.—Shuter had long been the favourite of the galleries; and Weston, before he was well known, appeared as a substitute for Shuter, in the part of *Sharp*. Shuter's name was in the play bills; and, when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated "Shuter! Shuter!" Mrs. Clive played the part of *Kitty Fry*, and was no less a favourite than the other. The uproar continued, and nothing could be heard but "Shuter! Shuter!" As soon as he could make himself audible, Weston, in his own inimitable and humorous manner, asked aloud, in a seriously stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive, "Shoot her! Shoot her!—why should I shoot her? I am sure she plays her part very well!" The apparent earnestness and simplicity with which he asked this question were so inimitable, and so truly applied to the excellent acting of Mrs. Clive, that the burst of laughter was universal, and the applause that Weston deserved attended him through the part.

A SINGULAR LAW IN FORCE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.—If a single woman prosecutes a single man for a rape, the ecclesiastical judges empanel a jury; and if the jury find him guilty, he is returned to the spiritual court, where, if he is found guilty, the doomster (i. e. the temporal judge) delivers to the woman a rope, a sword, and a ring, and she has it in her choice to have him hanged, beheaded, or to marry him.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—When the squadron lay in the Scheldt (in 1794), co-operating with the army, and protecting the transports, a curious accident occurred, highly characteristic of the manners and customs of the British navy. Captain Savage, of the *Albion*, of sixty-four guns, lying at anchor before Flushing, in company with the Dutch squadron, under Rear-Admiral Vangler, a friendly intercourse was kept up between them. Captain Savage was dining with the Dutch Admiral, when the latter received a message which occasioned some agitation; the Admiral went on deck, but returning to his seat, informed Captain Savage he had caused two of the crew to be taken out of his (Captain Savage's) barge, and put in irons, as they were found to be Dutch subjects. Captain Savage quietly observed, without interrupting his dinner, "You had better put them back again into the boat, Admiral." "Why," asked the Admiral in warmth, "had I better do so?" "Because," rejoined the British veteran, "if you do not, I shall order my first lieutenant (and he seldom disobeys my orders) to bring the *Albion* alongside the *Utrecht*, and (raising his voice just so much as to harmonize with the subject) d—n me if I don't walk your quarter-deck till he sinks you." It is scarcely necessary to add, the men were immediately returned to their boats.

GARRICK AND FOOTE.—The success of Garrick's *Stratford Jubilee*, which ran ninety nights in one season, so much annoyed Foote, that he was going to burlesque it by a mock procession. A man dressed like Garrick was to be introduced as the principal character, and some one was to address him in his own Jubilee lines—

"A nation's taste depends on you,
Perhaps a nation's virtue too."

To which he was to make answer only by clapping his arms like the wings of a cock, and crowing out—

"Cock-a-doodle doo!"

Garrick, hearing of this, was so much alarmed, that he got a nobleman to persuade Foote to abandon his mirth-moving design.

Two cases of monstrous births among the low have just been communicated to us, on the very best authority. The first of these is a kitten with two mouths, two noses, two rows of teeth, one eye in the centre of the forehead, and something like eyes at the sides, all completely and prominently formed, although the head, brain, and viscera, were all single. The last fact was distinctly ascertained by a medical gentleman of this town, who had the curiosity to dissect the animal, and who afterwards left it with Mr. Roberts, carver and gilder, at whose shop it may still be seen. The kitten, which was drowned at the end of 12 or 14 days, was very strong and healthy, and might have arrived at the age of *cat hood* but for the superstitious notions of the owner. Some of the neighbours who had an opportunity of seeing this singular animal, begged that its life might be spared; but Janet answered, "Na, na, there's never muckle luck whaur monsters is; and forbye that, I hae mair respect for what's gude than keep sic an unsensie beast about the house." Perhaps the honest woman had another and a better motive, and thought two mouths and a double row of grinders no great advantage in these *grinding* times. The other case referred to is that of a fine healthy lamb, of the black-faced breed, dropped on the farm of Upper Dalveen, a few days ago, with only one eye, and one horn placed right in the centre of the forehead. When the herd-boy discovered this strange creature, he went and informed his master that one of his ewes had lambed a *unicorn*! but the latter thinking its appearance among his ample flocks somewhat ominous, exclaimed, "Houn' the dog on't, Jock; and after it's weel worried, howk a hole and clap it under the yird." The boy did as he was bid, having first shown the sheep unicorn to one of the drivers of the Commercial coach. In monsters, a deficiency is far more rare than a redundancy of members, and perhaps it is not too late to recover the carcass of this singular creature.—*Dumfries Courier*.

QUICK TRAVELLING.—On Wednesday last, the Day and the Times Norwich coaches started from London at their usual time and place, the former from the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, at half past five, and the latter from the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-lane, at half past five. They came near each other shortly after they left town, and a trial of swiftness between them was the consequence throughout the journey. The Times arrived in Norwich at half past five in the afternoon, and the Day at twenty minutes past five, having performed the distance in twelve hours, including all stoppages. The Times coach (driven by its proprietor, Mr. Thorogood) generally changes horses at Tasburgh, as it makes three stages from Scole to Norwich, but finding that the Day was pressing hard upon him, passed through without taking fresh horses. The Day (Gurney), driven by Adams, after changing horses at Scole, again takes fresh cattle at Stratton, but the coachman drove the same through to Norwich, as the horses were not ready, and as the other coach had broken the accustomed regulations first. It is an extraordinary fact, that three of the horses which dragged the Day to Norwich from Scole, on this occasion, have been travelling in the coach ever since its establishment, without even a day's rest. It is supposed that in some part of the journey the coaches travelled at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The *Norwich Mercury*, from which we copy this, very properly reprobates the conduct of the drivers, who, for the mere gratification of outstripping each other, thus wantonly risked the lives and limbs of their passengers.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM DANDY.—This term, which has lately become so common an appellation for that feeble race of doubtful gender, who appear to have originally sprung from something between a staymaker and man-milliner, appears to have arisen from a small silver coin struck by King Henry VII., called a *Dandy pryll*; and hence Bishop Fleetwood observes, this appellation applied to is worthless and contemptible persons.

NAPOLEON ON CRANIOLOGY.—Gall, and all who resemble him (said the Emperor), had a great attachment to materialism, which was calculated to strengthen their theory and influence. But nature is not so barren. Were she so clumsy as to make herself known by external forms, we should go to work more promptly, and acquire a greater degree of knowledge. Her secrets are more subtle, more delicate, more evanescent, and have hitherto escaped the most minute researches. We find a great genius in a little hunch-back; and a man with a fine commanding person turns out to be a stupid fellow. A big head with a large brain is sometimes destitute of a single idea, while a small brain is found to possess a vast understanding. And observe the imbecility of Gall; he attributes to certain protuberances propensities and crimes which are not inherent in nature, which arise from society and the compact of mankind. What becomes of a protuberance denoting *thievery*, where there is no property to steal? Of that indicating *drunkenness*, where there are no fermented liquors? And of that characterizing *ambition*, where there is no social compact?—*Journal of Las Cases*.

COLONEL FORTUNE.—A gentleman, so calling himself, was a sojourner at the Gloucester Arms Hotel for better than a twelvemonth:—he obtained his rank and distinction, it is said, by what is called a Colonel of Guides in the American war; in America, under the command of Lord Cornwallis. He was pensioned by his Lordship; his income was rather under 100l. per annum. He left the Gloucester Hotel for Hurst, a country village ten or twelve miles hence, nearly six months ago, in the hope of improving his health. He was naturally of a cheerful disposition, and which did not desert him in illness, though attended with a gradual but general decay of the whole system. Finding his end inevitably approaching, he ordered a coffin, for which he was measured, and had it fashioned according to his own fancy; it consisted of polished planks of elm, without the ornamental nails, but with the initial letters of his christian name and surname on the lid. The inscription followed—no term of his age was specified, which was about 75 or 76. This depository for his remains completed, he carefully aired a pair of white silk hose, white overalls or trousers, a light morning gown, and a white cotton night cap. Those he continued to pay attention to, that they might be fit for use, he said, when needed. His particular request was, that when consigned to his "doomed" day habitation, his arms in his coffin should not have been extended on each side of him, but placed across the breast. His dissection occurred at Hurst, about three weeks since. He died with a struggle of apparent pain. His wishes, as above expressed, were scrupulously observed.—*English Paper*.

BANKERANIA.

AN INVITATION TO DINNER IN THE COUNTRY.

Lombard-street, Feb. 1823.

If you will give me your company at Cash Hall next Tuesday, I promise that you shall meet two of the greatest *Raikes* in London; but you must grant me your *Bond* not to get *Mello*—for the thaw has rendered the *Brooks* dangerous, and the melted *Snow* has so filled the holes, that you may, before you can say “*Jack Robinson*,” find yourself *Down* in a *Pitt*, much *Fuller* than you like. Your safest way is to come by the *Mills* (leaving the *Ridge* on your left), and along the *Brooks bank*; and, as you are a great *Walker*, just *Call* in at the *Wells*, as you pass through the *Greenwood*, and inquire for one of the *Hoares* (I strongly suspect there is a *Child* in that neighbourhood):—This will not be *Farr* out of your road, if you afterwards cross the *Marsh*, at the *Smith's Shop*, about 50 yards beyond the *Drummond Arms*. You may bring her with you, but pray don't let it be said you *Forster*; it will give me *Payne* if you do any thing which is not *Wright*. Recollect, she is my *Ward*—therefore, don't be too *Free*; but look *Sharpe*, and come whistling “*o'er the Lee*,” for Mrs. *Jones*, my cook, will lose her temper if the *Frys* are spoilt. Although my *Chambers* are small, you shall have the famous *Curiers*; I told you of, and *Goslings* roasted, which are not worth a *Grote* without *Burgess's* sauce. Then to follow, a couple of *Cocks*, (which, by the bye, are now at a great *Price*) with *Maldon Salt*; and, though last, not least, a Yorkshire pie from *Hallifax*. A few *Pares* from *Heygate* will be all the dessert I can offer you at this season. You can dress at the *Hall*, for there's a *Taylor* and a *Barber* close at hand, and my *Clarke*, who will be there, can fetch them. There's not a *Whitmore* business doing than when you were in town. Accounts of the expedition to the *North Pole* are hourly expected at *Lloyd's*. Although I think you are not much of a *Gillman*, I am sure you are *Towgood* to refuse an extra *Gill* to its success. I would *Fane* hope so: for my own part, I would gladly ride to the 10th mile *Stone* on the *Barnett* road, in this dirty weather, in 29 minutes, by *Arnold's* chronometer, to the utter discomfiture of *Martin's* blacking, to hear good tidings from it. You know, I suppose, that *Farquhar* is really the *Chapman* for *Fonthill*; but it's said, I know not with what truth, that both buyer and seller are so rich, that it is only like taking out of *Peter's* purse to put it into that of *Paul*. The *Wiltshire* folks think Mr. *Newcombe* might have been satisfied to remain in London, like a good *Denison*; but, in my opinion, it is not surprising that rich men should grasp at *Morland* and *Attwoods*, if they *Selby* by auction and *Wentworth* the money.

Yours, &c. &c.

DISCOUNT.

THE QUEEN OF HINGEA.—(From a Correspondent).—I went with some friends to view the remains of a Roman Villa at Shurdington (Sir Wm. Hicks's). An aged rustic living hard by was appointed to shew them. On arriving at the spot, our bumpkin antiquarian shewed us into the bath, which he mistook for the portico (the doo-erway, as he called it). Some debate arose between him and me on the question whether it was a doo-erway or a bath; to decide the dispute, he fetched from his cottage an engraved plan and description of the basement. Upon looking at them, I asked him where he got them? “Why, zur, a lady ginn un me, un a verry good lady a wuz, too; for a ginn mee hauf a ginney, un a put hur name at the bottom—look-ee thaare, zur!” “I see it,” said I; “do you know who the lady is?” “No, zur.” “Why, she is the Queen of India.” “The Queen of Hingea!—what's that, zur?” “India, my friend, is a great country in the East, twenty times as big as England, and she is Queen of it.” “Lord, zur, you don't zaay zoa now?” “I do say so, indeed.” “Well, I never zin a Queen before; huz a verry good Queen, however, un a mighty pretty Queen; bee all the Queens like hur, zur?” “No, my friend, not exactly, I wish they were.” “Well, I wish zoa, too, zur (hitching up his breeches), un then thu'd be all good uns!!!”

HUMANITY OF AN ANGLER.—“Put your hook into his mouth; which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the Frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained; but none except he whose name is Wonderful knows how:—I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the Frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.”—O rare gentle Izaak Walton!

WATTEAU.—The following passages, extracted from a notice of the Dutch Gallery in *The London Magazine*, just published, is a happy characterization of this fantastic painter. We know not whether it will give those who have not seen his works an idea of them, but it recalls them most vividly to the mind's eye of one who has:—

“There is something exceedingly light, agreeable, and characteristic, in this artist's productions. He might almost be said to breathe his figures and his flowers on the canvass—so fragile is their texture, so evanescent is his touch. He unites the Court and the Country at a sort of salient point—you would fancy yourself with Count GRAMMONT and the beauties of CHARLES II. in their gay retreat at Tunbridge Wells. His trees have a drawing-room air with them, an appearance of gentility and etiquette, and nod gracefully over-head; while the figures below, thin as air, and vegetably clad, in the midst of all their affectation and grimace, seem to have just sprung out of the ground, or to be the fairy inhabitants of the scene in masquerade. They are the Oreads and Dryads of the Luxembourg! Quaint association, happily effected by the pencil of WATTEAU! In the *Bal Champetre* we see Louis XIV. himself dancing, looking so like an old beau, his face flushed and puckered up with gay anxiety; but then the satin of his slashed doublet is made of the softest leaves of the water-lily; Zephyr plays wanton with the curls of his wig! We have nobody who could produce a companion to this picture now: nor do we very devoutly wish it. The Louis the Fourteenth is extinct, and we suspect their revival would hardly be compensated even by the re-appearance of a WATTEAU.”

THE OLD REGIME.—The dancing-master who had followed the Princesses (daughters of Louis XV.) to Fontevault, made them learn a dance then much in vogue, called the *Rose-coloured Minuet*. Madame ADELAIDE would have it called the *Blue Minuet*. The master would not conform to her wishes; he said that he should be laughed at at Court when Madame spoke of a *Blue Minuet*. The Princess refused to take her lesson, stamping and crying “*blue, blue!*” “*Rose, rose!*” said the master. The convent was assembled to decide this grave case; the nuns cried “*Blue!*” with Madame. The minuet was newly baptised, and the Princess continued her lesson.”—*Memoirs of Marie Antoinette*.

We have been favoured with the sight of a copy of this work, which will be published, we understand, in a few days. Hayley, as is well known, enjoyed the intimacy of most of the eminent persons who figured in his day; and his autobiography could hardly, therefore, fail to be entertaining. The letters from Mrs. Hayley to her husband are written with unaffected ease and good sense. The following extract from one of them places the curiosity of the Historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in an amusing point of view:—

“But to return to Gibbon! I think it necessary to mention particularly some circumstances, as you will certainly wish to thank him for his attention to me, when you write to him with your new poem; and I think he will expect you to do so, for though he has condescended to interest himself concerning my health and establishment, really with the delicate solicitude of a brother, yet I am convinced he wishes me to look up to him; but I cannot help telling you of some degree of fun which your four verses upon him have occasioned. I mentioned to him the having received a letter from you, and your having congratulated me on my good fortune in meeting him. I also ventured to say, you had expressed your concern, on account of the ladies, that so much entertainment should be lost at the whist table, and that you had given him a couplet: upon which he exclaimed with great eagerness ‘O shew me the couplet.’ ‘No! that I cannot; for it was not intended for you inspection, Mr. H. conceiving that he had already given you couplets enough. No indeed! those would make me wish for more.’ ‘That will be very flattering to Mr. H.'s vanity, or rather to his ambition.’ ‘Well! but my curiosity! you will not be so cruel as to awaken, and then refuse to gratify it?’ ‘I cannot suspect Mr. Gibbon of curiosity; and I hardly know why I mentioned it, unless it were to observe how much the Muse was mistaken in one line in which she says ‘smothers his wit to count his trumps,’ which I can vouch to be false, as I saw you trump with the ace by mistake. Then he began trying every kind of persuasion, and questioning me why I would not shew it him. I said I had only a lady's reason with a negative added, or to polish the language for Mr. Gibbon, because I could not. ‘Why! was it too flattering?’ ‘That was impossible.’ ‘Was it too severe?’ ‘By no means! nor was it (I added) too tender.’ ‘Was it proper for the old woman's inspection?’ (for I had given him Nurse's character) ‘Yes! I thought it possible she might have seen it.’ ‘That was indeed very hard, not to allow him the same indulgence.’ ‘Certainly, not to rank you as an old woman.’ In short, I had the curiosity to try if this great man had any grains of that feminine endowment, and I am satisfied that he has; though on my supposing him to be above it, he seemed as if he wished I should think so; yet, *en badinage*, on supplying Mrs. Holroyd's seat at the whist table, he charged her to get the secret for him, which she promised to do. After much entreaty from her (though she owned she had been a very false friend, and told Mr. G. almost every thing I had said of him), I at last said, if I did shew her the verses, it should not be till after Mr. G.'s departure; upon which she exclaimed, ‘then Mr. Gibbon, I must begin a correspondence with you.’ Well, but to conclude my history; he seriously did request Mrs. Holroyd the next morning to get the verses for him, as she told me after he left us; but that she told him, honour forbids; and on my reading them to her, and giving her the history of Cupid, or rather of his godfather Stevens, though she was much diverted, she said she did not wish him to know it, as she thought it would hurt him. I make no apologies for all this nonsense, for after the compliments you pay my last (which it seemed to me little to deserve), I think it may divert you and your old woman, to whom I beg you will remember me in the most affectionate manner.”

CHESS.—A writer in a Brussels publication denies to MAELZEL the invention both of the automaton chess player and of the Metronome, maintaining that the merit of the former belongs to the celebrated VAN KEMPELEN, and of the latter to W. WENCKEL of Amsterdam. It is also asserted that an amateur of chess in Brussels has discovered the secret of the Automaton Chess-player, which, he says, consists in concealing under the table a person who directs the moves. He has constructed a machine representing the table, and the drawer in which the pieces are kept, in order to prove that the real player may lie concealed in a recess behind that drawer, while the interior of the table is exposed to public view, and quit his hiding place as soon as the doors of the table are closed; and it is declared that he has, by repeated exhibitions, convinced thousands of persons of the practicability of such an arrangement.

A FAIR NOTICE.—The following advertisement lately appeared in an American newspaper:—“All persons are hereby not only warned, but absolutely forbid, to give me credit on any pretence whatever, as from this day forward I shall not pay any debts contracted by myself.—JOHN HEWIT.”

LORD NORBURY'S NEWEST.—His Lordship, while lately indisposed, was threatened with a determination of blood to the head. Surgeon C——I accordingly opened the temporal artery; and, whilst attending to the operation, his Lordship said to him, in his usual quick manner, “C——I, I believe you were never called to the Bar?” “No, my Lord, I never was,” replied the Surgeon. “Well, I am sure, Doctor, I can safely say, you have cut a figure in the Temple.”

A CURIOUS BILL, COPIED FROM AN ORIGINAL RECORD IN THE BOROUGH OF THETFORD.—This curious bill was entered in the record when John le Forrester was Mayor in the 10th year of Edward III. anno 1356. It exhibits an authentic account of the value of many articles at that time; being a bill inserted in the town book of the expences attending the sending two light horsemen from Thetford to the army, which was to march against the Scots that year:—

To two men chosen to go to the army against Scotland	£1 0 0
For cloth, and to the taylor for making it into two	
gowns	0 6 11
For two pair of gloves, and a stick or staff	0 0 2
For two horses	1 15 0½
For shoeing these horses	0 0 4
For two pair of boots for the light horsemen	0 2 8
Paid to a lad for going with the Mayor to Lenn*, to	
take care of the horses	0 0 3
To a boy for carrying a letter to Lenn	0 0 3
Expences for the horses for four days before they de-	
parted	0 1 0





